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HARPER'S

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VOLUME VI.

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THE THIRD YEAR CLOSED.

THE present Number closes the Third Year and the Sixth Volume of HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE. It has now reached a monthly edition of ONE HUNDRED AND EIGHTEEN THOUSAND copies: and the demand for it is still increasing with greater rapidity than ever. This unparalleled and unexpected success has compelled the Publishers to resort to extraordinary means for printing the work with the requisite rapidity, and at the same time preserving the typographical elegance by which it has always been distinguished. It is now *electrotyped* by a new process, which makes it easy to print any number of copies from the same plates without in the least impairing the clearness and beauty of the impression. The Publishers desire to repeat their cordial acknowledgments to the Press and the Public, for the extraordinary favor which has thus far attended their efforts to interest and instruct the great body of the American people; and to renew their assurances that every possible effort will be made to increase still further the claims of their Magazine upon public favor and support. It will continue to present, at the cheapest price, the most interesting and instructive literary matter, original and selected, domestic and foreign, in the most elegant and convenient style, and accompanied by the finest pictorial illustrations, which a lavish expenditure of money can command. They appeal with confidence to the past, as a guarantee that their promises for the future will be abundantly fulfilled.

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A SKETCH OF WASHINGTON CITY.

BY ANNE C. LYNCH.

AS a nation, we are generally, and with truth, considered a vain rather than a proud people, morbidly sensitive to the opinions and criticisms of our European neighbors; the distinction between vanity and pride being, that while the one restlessly desires and seeks the good opinion of the world, the other is satisfied with the consciousness of deserving it. But, more than elsewhere, at our seat of government, the true American finds his national vanity elevated into national pride. It is true, he may miss the magnificence of European capitals, the conventional elegance of European courts; but he walks through the wide avenues and the spacious edifices of Washington with a feeling of possession and ownership that could be felt in no other country, although he may not claim the title-deeds to an acre of the broad lands of which it is the centre. When he enters the legislative halls, where the talent of the country, from Maine to California, is assembled, to execute the will of that body of which he forms a part, that hackneyed phrase, *the sovereign people*, assumes a new significance—a majesty that reflects directly upon himself, and he feels a new consciousness of the dignity of his manhood and of the responsibility of his position as an American citizen. And well he may; for in our country a new field opens, and humanity here takes a new stand, fettered by no antiquity, borne down by no hereditary aristocracy. While other nations have gradually emerged from barbarism, ours has begun her career in the meridian sun of European civilization. With the broadest principles of freedom for the foundation of our government—with a magnificent country, whose shores are washed by the great oceans, whose lakes are seas, whose rivers are the most majestic that water the earth, whose commerce whitens every sea, whose railroads and canals, like great arteries, intersect its whole surface, and carry life and activity to its remotest corner; whose "magnetic nerves," with the rapidity of thought, bear intelligence to its distant extremities; with a people springing from the fusion of many races, and whose energies are as inexhaustible as the resources of the country they inhabit, it would seem that here the human mind is destined to develop its highest powers, and that, while on one side its influence will roll back upon the tottering monarchies of Europe, on the other its advancing tide of freedom and civilization will stretch across the Pacific, to the shores of Asia, and pour upon them its fertilizing flood. What the Roman empire was to the ancient world, our Republic seems destined to become to the modern; and well may the American citizen emulate the Roman in his patriotism; well then may he be proud, for with so noble a country national pride is neither a weakness nor a fault.

The capital of our country is often singularly misjudged—both by foreigners, who contrast it with the centralized capitals of Europe, and by ourselves, to whom its "magnificent distances" seem to imply an absence of the enterprise and commerce which constitute the life of all our other cities. But the great founders of our Republic wisely designed it only for the political centre of the country, to be far removed from the disturbing influences that agitate great capitals abroad; and growing, as it necessarily must, only by the reflected growth of the whole country, it may be considered a type of the Union in the grandeur of its plan and the incompleteness with which it is as yet carried out. In Pennsylvania Avenue, the main artery of the city, now crowded with continuous blocks of buildings, fifty years ago the sportsman started the partridge and woodcock from a swamp overgrown with underbrush, and the fifty years to come will doubtless make far greater changes than the last in the external aspect of the city. Like America, Washington must be judged only by looking to its future—that great future which we of this generation are destined to see only with prophetic eyes.



MAP OF WASHINGTON CITY.

It is a singular circumstance, that on the ground now occupied by the city of Washington, the neighboring Indian tribes formerly met to deliberate, and here the flame of their council-fires ascended as they unsheathed their war-knives or smoked the pipe of peace. It is also an historical fact, that as early as 1663 the city was laid out and called Rome, and the little stream that flows at the foot of Capitol Hill still retains its classical appellation of *the Tiber*.

When the seat of government was removed to Washington, in the year 1800, only one wing of the Capitol was built, and the whole surface of the city was covered with trees; yet the discerning eye could not fail to mark its great natural advantages of position, climate, and scenery, and to admire the wisdom that selected it for the capital of our Republic. Now, while each year adds to its stability by new structures and noble monuments, it adds also to its historical associations, and renders less probable the sacrilegious idea of its removal.

Standing on the shore of the broad and beautiful Potomac (or *River of Swans*, as the name signifies in the original), surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, luxuriant with every variety of foliage, there are many points from which Washington presents the most picturesque views, and its sites for suburban villas are unsurpassed even by those on the banks of the Hudson.

About six miles from the city is Riversdale, the seat of Charles Calvert, Esq., the lineal descendant of Lord Baltimore; and nearer is Kalorama, built by Joel Barlow, after his return from France in the year 1805. Here he completed and first gave to the world his Columbiad, at that time the most elegant volume that had ever issued from the American press, and now the only American poem that aspires to the dignity of an epic. Here also he devoted himself to the collection of materials for a history of the United States—a department in which he would doubtless have been more successful, having himself been an actor in the scenes of the Revolution; but in the midst of these pursuits he was appointed minister to France, and died, as is well known, on his way to visit the Emperor. His house at Kalorama, the grounds he laid out, and the trees he planted, remain a pleasing monument to his memory.

Arlington, the seat of G. W. P. Custis, Esq., occupies an elevation of about three hundred feet above the river, on the Virginia side, and commands a view of Washington, Georgetown, and the whole surrounding country. Mr. Custis himself, the last survivor of the family of Washington, seems to form a connecting link between the past and present. It is an event in one's life to have seen and spoken with a man who has sat at the feet of Washington, and listened to his voice as it spoke to him in the familiar tones of family intercourse, and whose mind is stored with incidents and anecdotes of the great men of the great age. Mr. Custis has great dramatic power in conversation; and in describing so vividly the scenes and actions that have made our history illustrious, he carries us back to them more nearly than any written narrative, even by himself, could do. The plate of Washington, and many curious and interesting relics, are in the possession of Mr. Custis. Among them is a picture, designed and executed by the wife of the first embassador from Holland, and presented by her to General Washington. The scene represents the cave of the Fates, who are weaving the thread of the hero's destiny. As Atropos approaches with her fatal scissors, Immortality descends, and seizing the thread, bears it away to distant ages. The lines accompanying this ingenious design, also by the same lady, are the following:

> "In vain the Sisters ply their busy care,
> To reel off years from Glory's deathless heir:
> Frail things may pass—his fame can never die,
> Rescued from Fate by Immortality."

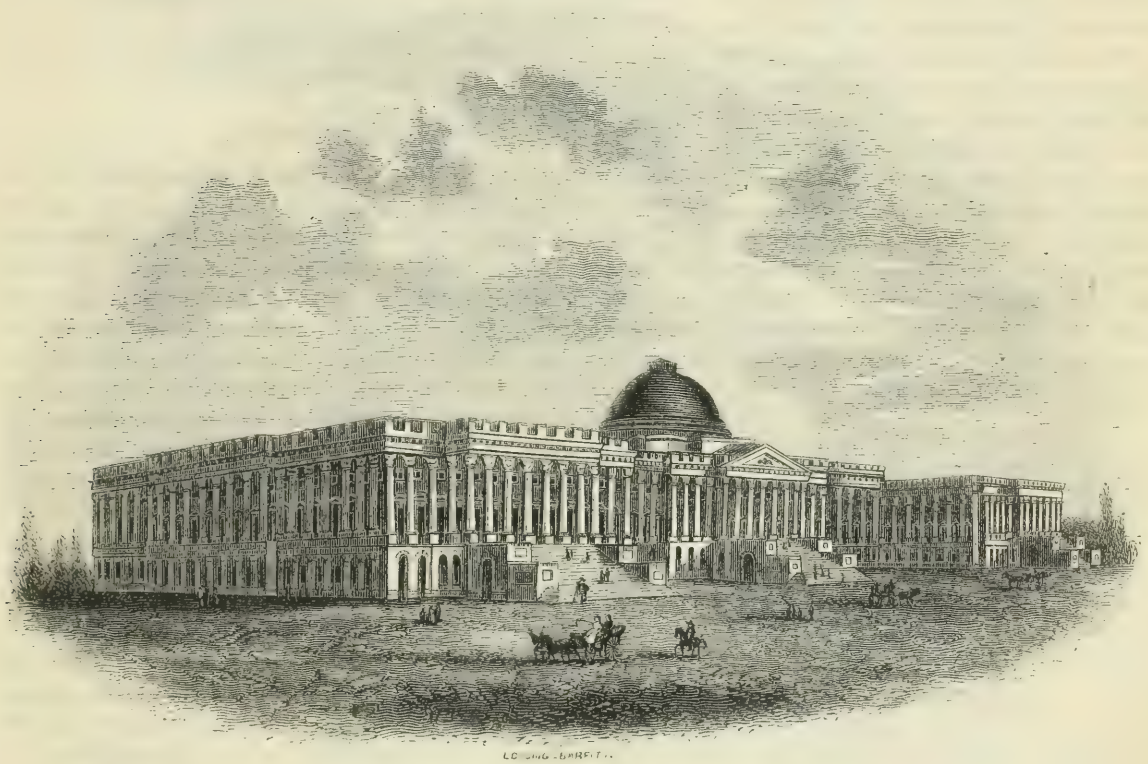
Mr. Custis has also in his possession a model of the Bastille, carved from one of the stones, after its destruction, and sent a present to Washington by Lafayette; and accompanying it was the veritable key of the Bastille which still hangs in the hall at Mount Vernon, calling up, in the sanctuary of freedom, dark pictures of the mystery, the crime, and the suffering that it locked in the cells and dungeons of that stronghold of tyranny.

Many anecdotes told by Mr. Custis, of Washington and of his father and mother, seemed almost to bring us into their august presence. Of the theory that the character of the child depends mainly on that of the mother, the history of Washington affords a striking illustration; and who shall say that if more American mothers made his mother the model of their lives, American sons would not more resemble hers? The mingled reverence and love with which she inspired all who came within the sphere of her influence, the blended dignity and grace of her manner, the firm will and the mild expression of it—above all, that elevation and nobility of character, that circumstances could no more give than they could take away—the possession of all these qualities rendered her fit to be the mother of such a son. Having been separated from her during the whole period of the war, after the surrender at Yorktown, he hastened to join her at Fredricksburg. She received him with that calm approval that expressed no surprise at his splendid career, but which conveyed the far higher praise of his having only fulfilled her expectations. Lafayette said of the mother of Washington, that she belonged to the Roman matrons of the best days of the Republic. On his first presentation to her, he found her in her morning-dress attending the flowers in her garden; but with the air of one conscious that her dignity did not depend on her garments, she advanced to meet him, and said: "Marquis, I wish not to pay you the poor compliment of making my toilet before I bid you welcome to my house."

The public buildings, of course, constitute one of the most important external features of Wash-

ington ; and it is to be regretted, as much on the score of convenience as of effect, that they are so scattered and often on such ill-chosen sites. Through a wholly mistaken economy, the Capitol and almost all the public edifices are built of a sandstone found in the vicinity, which is incapable of resisting the action of the atmosphere, and the cost of the paint required to preserve it equals that of erecting new walls every thirty years. The error has been at last perceived, and the wings to the Patent Office, and the additions to the Capitol now being erected, are of pure white marble.

As the public taste improves, more liberal ideas direct the legislation which has hitherto seemed to reverse the principle that prevailed in the Republics of Greece and Rome, where, according to Gibbon, "the modest simplicity of private houses announced the equal condition of freemen; while the sovereignty of the people was represented in the majestic edifices destined for public use." One of our own writers on this subject says: "With us it is the people alone whose sovereignty is constant and unchangeable. But what manifestation have we of their power, written in that eternal alphabet of stone and marble, which has preserved the memory of Egyptian kings and Roman emperors? Where are the resplendent temples in which their representatives make the laws and their judges administer them? Where are the magnificent halls in which their youth are instructed under the tutelary care of the state? Where the spacious galleries of art maintained by the public treasure for the public good? Where are the parks as spacious as those of London, the fountains as superb as those of Versailles? Are kings to have their pleasure-grounds and palaces, and not the people theirs also?" Before many years have passed away these questions may be in some measure answered; and we may point to the Capitol enlarged and beautified, to the National Park, and to the Monument, higher than the pyramids, as at least more in accordance with the dignity of the nation, and more worthy of its capital.



THE CAPITOL.

The Capitol of the United States stands on an eminence, about one mile east of the Potomac, overlooking the whole surrounding country. The corner-stone was laid in the presence of General Washington, in the year 1793. The building was suspended during the war of 1812, at which time both wings were destroyed by the enemy; and it was not entirely completed until 1827. The length of the building is three hundred and fifty-two feet, and it covers an area of one and a half acres. The columns of the eastern front compose a portico of one hundred and sixty feet in length, surmounted by a tympanum embellished with a colossal group of statuary, designed by John Quincy Adams, then President, and offered by him after forty designs had been rejected. It represents the Genius of America, attended by Justice and Hope, bearing the scroll of the Constitution. Two statues, nine feet in height, representing Peace and War, stand in the niches on either side of the entrance. The east and west fronts both lead to the Rotunda, which occupies the whole centre of the building, and is nearly one hundred feet in height, and of the same diameter. The panels of this magnificent hall are appropriated to historical paintings, and four sculptures in bas-relief, which were executed by pupils of Canova. The paintings by Colonel Trumball are remarkable for their historical accuracy. The artist, as is well known,

was aid-de-camp to General Washington, and afterward deputy-adjutant-general, under General Gates. He early resolved to cultivate his talents for painting, in order that he might become the delineator of the heroic scenes in which he took part. After the close of the war he continued his studies abroad; and on his return, he visited various parts of the country from New Hampshire to Carolina, and completed his collection of portraits and views of places. In 1816 Congress passed a resolution authorizing him to paint the four pictures that adorn the walls of the Rotunda, and which are—the *Declaration of Independence*, the *Surrender of Burgoyne*, the *Surrender of Cornwallis*, and the *Resignation of Washington*. The heads in these pictures are mostly from life. There are besides these, three other pictures—the *Embarkation of the Pilgrims*, by Weir; the *Baptism of Pocahontas*, by Chapman; and the *Landing of Columbus*, by Vanderlyn.



STATUE OF WASHINGTON.

The House of Representatives, occupying the south wing of the Capitol, has the distinction of being the most badly constructed hall for public speaking known in any country. At certain points, a whisper scarcely audible to the ear into which it is breathed, is distinctly heard at some remote extremity, while, at others, the voice of the loudest speaker seems lost in vacuum. Political and other secrets are thus discovered, and eloquence is often wasted on the empty air. The hall is built in the form of the ancient Grecian theatre, with the dome, which is sixty feet in height, supported by columns of variegated marble. Above the Speaker's chair is a colossal figure of Liberty, and in front and immediately over the entrance is a beautiful statue in marble, representing History, in a winged car, traversing the globe, on which are figured the signs of the zodiac, and the wheel of the car constitutes the face of a clock. The whole design is full of significance, the visible personification of a great truth. While the hours roll on, History, in her winged car, is indeed there, to record the thoughts that are uttered, and to bear them over the world that listens for them anxiously, but with hope and faith.



CLOCK IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

The Senate Chamber, which is in the north wing of the Capitol, is poor and meagre in design, and although in some respects similar to the House of Representatives, is of much smaller dimensions. The galleries are accessible only through dark and narrow passages, and are wholly destitute of elegance, comfort, and ventilation. Beneath the Senate Chamber is the Supreme Court room, an apartment entirely inappropriate to the dignity of this high tribunal. The Congressional Library, consisting of fifty thousand volumes, recently destroyed by fire, occupied the western front of the main body of the Capitol, and afforded one of the most pleasant resorts in the city. The first Library, selected under the direction of Mr. Gallatin and others, was burned by the English during the late war. Mr. Jefferson's library, afterward purchased, formed the nucleus of the one lately destroyed, and his arrangement of the books was still preserved.

Among these many valuable works, there were few that can not be replaced; but the new books and the new apartments, like new friends, will lack the charm of association, and thus fail wholly to supply the places of the old ones.

The proposed addition to the Capitol is to be in the form of wings, north and south, projecting both east and west beyond the main building and connected with it by corridors, the three other sides of the wing being surrounded by a colonnade of a corresponding style of architecture. The new House of Representatives and Senate Chamber are each to be in the form of a parallelogram, which has been found best adapted to halls for public speaking. The work is under the direction of Mr. Walters, an able architect, and when complete the whole building will cover four acres and a quarter. At present, the Capitol is inclosed within an area of forty acres. In the centre of the space on the eastern side stands the colossal statue of Washington, by Greenough. This is a magnificent work of art, and not unworthy of any age. It is purely classical in its design, and hence it finds little favor with the strict admirers of modern art.

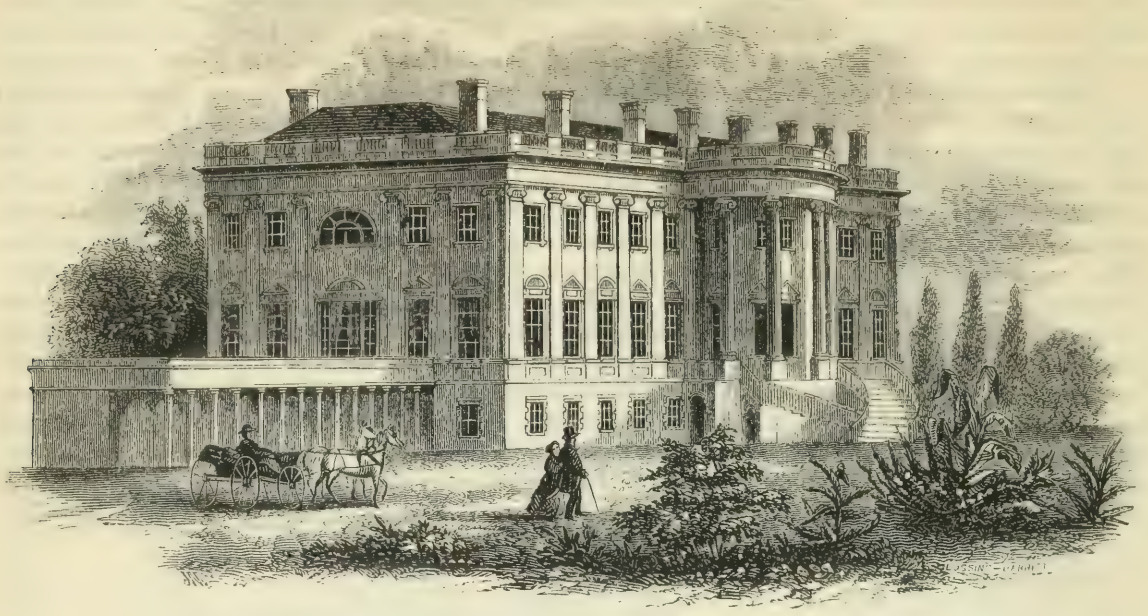
The figure, which is in a sitting posture, erect would be twelve feet in height, and is represented as holding a Roman sword in one hand, and pointing upward with the other. The design is not intended to commemorate any single action, but to express in marble the energy, the fortitude, the integrity, and the devotion of which the character of Washington was the embodiment and realization. The other sculptures of the Capitol have been executed by foreign artists; but the names of Greenough, of Powers, of Crawford, of Mills, and a long list of others, both in painting and sculpture, indicate that the day has gone by when we must depend on Europe for our works of art. As wealth, intelligence, and refinement become more and more diffused among the people, they demand a more liberal expenditure from their representatives, as is seen by the large appropriations made at the last session of Congress for the enlargement of the Capitol and the extension of the public grounds.

The grounds about the Capitol, disproportionate to its original size, would still less accord with its increased dimensions. The open waste, therefore, lying between the Capitol, the President's house, and the Potomac, is about to be converted into a National Park, upon a plan proposed by Mr. Downing, to whom we already owe such a national debt of gratitude for the taste and elegance he has introduced into the architecture of country residences. His name is synonymous, not only in this country but abroad, with whatever is tasteful, beautiful, and correct in landscape gardening and rural architecture, and the country can have no better guarantee of the excellency of the plan than to know that he conceived and is to execute it.* The area contains about one hundred and fifty acres, and the principal entrance is to be through a superb marble gateway, in the form of a triumphal arch, which is to stand at the western side of Pennsylvania Avenue, and which will form one of the most striking features that meets the eye of a



ENTRANCE TO THE PUBLIC GROUNDS.

* Since this paragraph was written, a frightful calamity, so fresh in the minds of the community that it need not be designated, has deprived the country of the invaluable services of Mr. Downing. Standing, as he did, alone in his profession, without a rival or a competitor, his death, at the early age of thirty-seven, has left a vacancy that we seek in vain to fill. Although so young, he has exerted an unbounded influence on the public taste, and there is scarcely a town or village in our country that has not some monument of his genius.



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE.

stranger on entering the city. From this entrance a series of carriage drives, forty feet wide, crossing the canal by a suspension bridge, will lead, in graceful curved lines, beneath lofty shade trees, through the whole park to the gate at the other extremity. The carriage drive, going and returning, will give a circuit of between five and six miles. The park will include within its area both the Washington Monument and the Smithsonian Institution, which, with its fountains, pavilion, and summer-houses, will give it an architectural and picturesque interest, apart from its silvan and rural beauties. Besides the most effective groupings of trees and shrubs, besides the smooth lawns, embowered walks, and artificial lakes, Mr. Downing proposes to introduce another and higher feature in the National Park; this is an *arboretum*, or scientific collection of trees, forming a kind of boundary plantation to the whole area, where will be assembled at least one specimen of all the trees and shrubs that will grow in the climate of Washington. It is especially his intention to plant specimens of every American tree that belongs to our widely extended silva; and each, marked with its popular and scientific name, and the part of the country from which it has been obtained, will thus be made to convey instruction in a form as novel as it is agreeable. To enliven the winter landscape, the park will be largely planted with evergreens. The transformation of this marshy and desolate waste into a National Park, has been already begun, but it will probably not be completed for four or five years to come—even with all the aid that the advanced science of the day affords for preparing the soil, and transplanting nearly full grown trees.

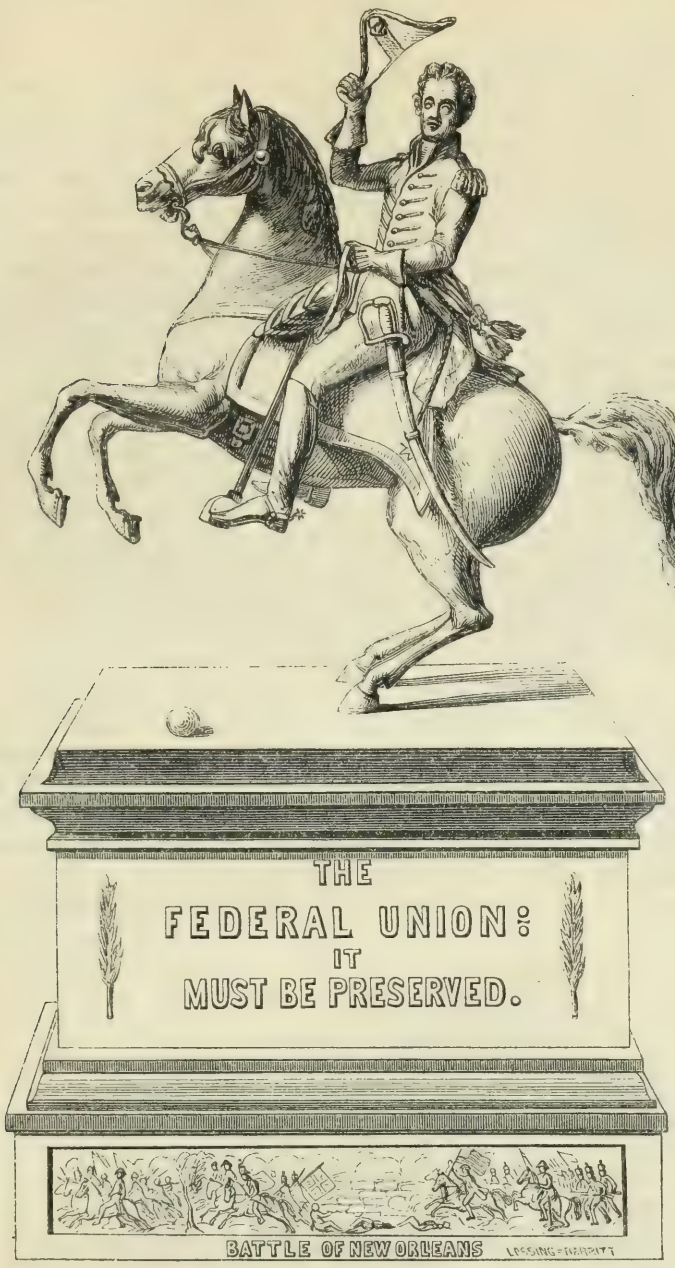
After the Capitol, the next object of attention is the President's mansion; and to not a few of our aspiring fellow citizens it has even a higher interest. It is about one mile west of the Capitol, forty or fifty feet above the level of the Potomac, which spreads out its calm waters before the southern front. The east room, the principal apartment, is magnificent in its proportions, and, like the other parts of the house, is not wanting in mere furniture; but the entire absence of all works of art and taste, gives to the whole house more the air of a great hotel, than of the residence of the chief magistrate of a nation where painting and sculpture are beginning to be appreciated and encouraged.*

* The following extracts from the letters of Mrs. Adams, the wife of the first President of that name, give a picture of the White House in the year 1800.

MRS. ABIGAIL ADAMS TO MRS. SMITH.

"WASHINGTON, *November* 21, 1800.

"In the city are buildings enough, if they were compact and finished, to accommodate Congress and those attached to it; but as they are, I see no great comfort for them. The river, which runs up to Alexandria, is in full view of my window, and I see the vessels as they pass and repass. The house is upon a grand and superb scale, requiring about thirty servants to attend and keep the apartments in proper order, and perform the ordinary business of the house and stables; an establishment very well proportioned to the President's salary. The lighting the apartments, from the kitchen to the parlors and chambers, is a tax indeed; and the fires we are obliged to keep, to secure us from daily agues, is another very cheering comfort. To assist us in this great castle, and render less attendance necessary, bells are wholly wanting, not one single one being hung through the whole house, and promises are all you can obtain. This is so great an inconvenience, that I know not what to do or how to do. The ladies from Georgetown and in the city have many of them visited me. Yesterday I returned fifteen visits; but such a place as Georgetown appears—why, our Milton is beautiful. But no comparisons;—if they will put me up some bells, and let me have wood enough to keep fires, I design to be pleased. I could content myself almost any where three months; but surrounded with forests, can you believe that wood is not to be had, because people can not be found to cut and cart it! Briesler entered into a contract with a man to supply him with wood. A small part, a few cords only, has he been able to get. Most of that was expended to dry the walls of the house before we came in, and yesterday the man told him it was



EQUESTRIAN STATUE OF JACKSON.

The only work of statuary to be seen here is a bust placed conspicuously in the entrance hall, but whom it is intended to immortalize no one appears to know. Our legislators do not apparently remember that it is the arts, not less than the arms, the laws, and the institutions of a country, that make it illustrious. Phidias and Praxiteles have added a lustre to the glory of Greece not less than Solon, Lycurgus, and Aristotle; and the creations of Da Vinci, Michael Angelo, and Raphael would, of themselves, make Italy immortal, had she no other remembrances of the past. Take from her the splendor that the arts shed upon her, and her glory would be departed. In the open square, opposite the President's house, is about to be placed the equestrian statue of Jackson in bronze. This work is remarkable not only for its excellence, but from the fact that it is the first piece of statuary of any magnitude, in this material, that has ever been cast in this country. The artist, Mr. Mills of Charleston, previously known only as the sculptor of a bust of Mr. Calhoun, and some others, when applied to by the committee to furnish a model for this work, declined to do so, feeling himself incompetent to the task, having never even seen an equestrian statue. But, haunted by the idea, he commenced the design, and after some months of labor, submitted a model to the committee, which was at once adopted. It was said by all connoisseurs that

impossible for him to procure it to be cut and carted. He has had recourse to coals; but we can not get grates made and set. We have indeed come into *a new country*.

"You must keep this to yourself, and, when asked how I like it, say that I write you the situation is beautiful, which is true. The house is made habitable, but there is not a single apartment finished, and all withinside, except the plastering, has been done since Briesler came. We have not the least fence, or yard, or other convenience without; and the great unfinished audience room I make a drying room of, to hang up the clothes in. The principal stairs are not up, and will not be this winter. Six chambers are made comfortable; two are occupied by the President and Mr. Shaw; two lower rooms, one for a common parlor, and one for a levee room. Up-stairs there is the oval room, which is designed for the drawing-room, and has the crimson furniture in it. It is a very handsome room now; but when completed, it will be beautiful. If the twelve years, in which this place has been considered as the future seat of government, had been improved, as they would have been if in New England, very many of the inconveniences would have been removed. It is a beautiful spot, capable of every improvement, and the more I view it, the more I am delighted with it."

MRS. ADAMS TO MRS. SMITH.

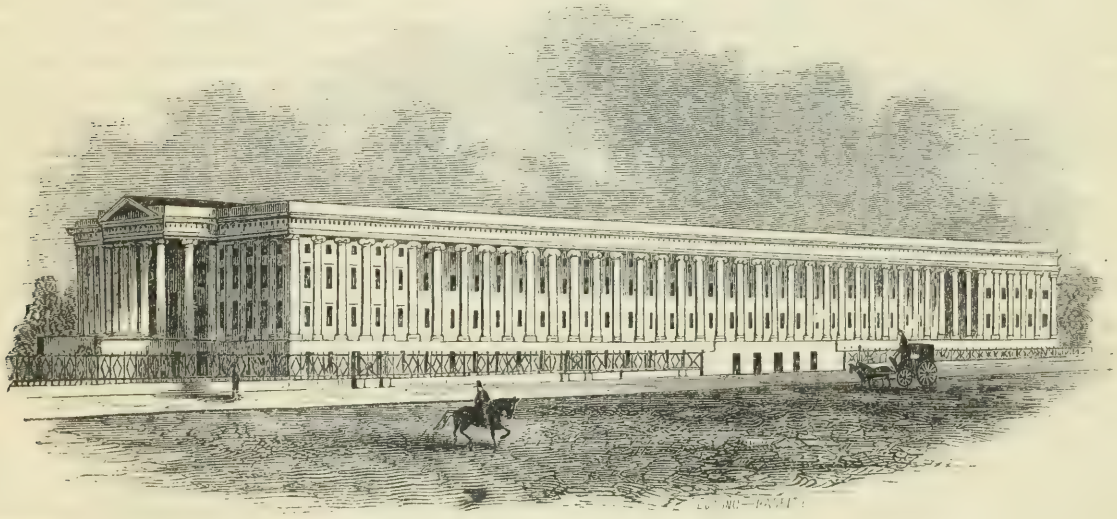
"WASHINGTON, *November* 21, 1800.

". . . . . Two articles we are much distressed for; one is bells, but the more important one is wood. Yet you can not see for trees. No arrangement has been made yet, but promises never performed, to supply the new comers with fuel. Of the promises, Briesler had received his full share. He had procured nine cords of wood; between six and seven of that was kindly burnt up to dry the walls of the house, which ought to have been done by the commissioners, but which, if left to them, would have remained undone to this day. Congress poured in, but shiver, shiver. No woodcutters or carters to be had at any rate. We are now indebted to a Pennsylvania wagon to bring us, through the first clerk in the Treasury office, one cord and a half of wood, which is all we have for this house, where twelve fires are constantly required, and where, we are told, the roads will soon be so bad that it can not be drawn. Briesler procured two hundred bushels of coals, or we must have suffered. This is the situation of almost every person. The public officers have sent to Philadelphia for woodcutters and wagons. . . . . The ladies are impatient for a drawing-room; I have no looking-glasses but dwarfs for this house; nor a twentieth part lamps enough to light it."

it would be impossible to cast such a statue in this country, and the price offered by the committee did not warrant its being done abroad. Mr. Mills, nothing daunted by the difficulties in his way, with true American enterprise and energy, set about removing them. He remembered that when a boy, he had seen a heavy iron chain melted when by accident exposed to the heat of a coal-pit, and on this suggestion he constructed a furnace, and found it entirely successful. With less than half a cord of pine wood he melted sixteen hundred pounds of metal. Leaving his valuable invention to be perfected at some future time, he has gone on with his work, which is now nearly completed. The whole group is entirely sustained by the two legs of the horse upon which it rests, an experiment which has never before been tried in any similar work. The figure of Jackson in this statue, if erect, would be eight feet in height, and the whole is cast of the bronze of condemned cannon. This production of Mr. Mills, executed under so many disadvantages, as well as many other works of our native artists, indicate that a talent for sculpture is one of the peculiar gifts of our countrymen, and that the time is not far distant when our public edifices and squares will be peopled by these bronze and marble resemblances of our great and good, which, though mute, will yet speak and awaken in the youth of our country a purer patriotism and a higher virtue

The Departments of State and of War, near the President's house, are wholly unworthy of notice in any architectural point of view, and not being fire-proof, they wait only the accident of being burned down, as the other Departments have successively been, with all their valuable records, in order to be substantially rebuilt. For the members of the cabinet the government has as yet provided no residences, and as the private houses of Washington are generally very small, they afford the most inadequate accommodations for the entertainments these officers are expected by the public to give, and convey the idea of national poverty not at all belonging to the country. But what Congress has failed to do, the public spirit of a citizen of Washington is about to effect. Mr. Corcoran, the banker, so well known for his extensive charities and his liberal patronage of the arts, has proposed to build a certain number of residences for members of the cabinet, in keeping with the dignity of the office, and to transfer them to the government at their actual cost. Should this proposal be accepted, this very desirable work will be soon accomplished, and the time seems to have come when it can not longer be delayed. Every year Washington is becoming more an intellectual and scientific, as well as a political centre, and its improvement and embellishment is now an object of national interest.

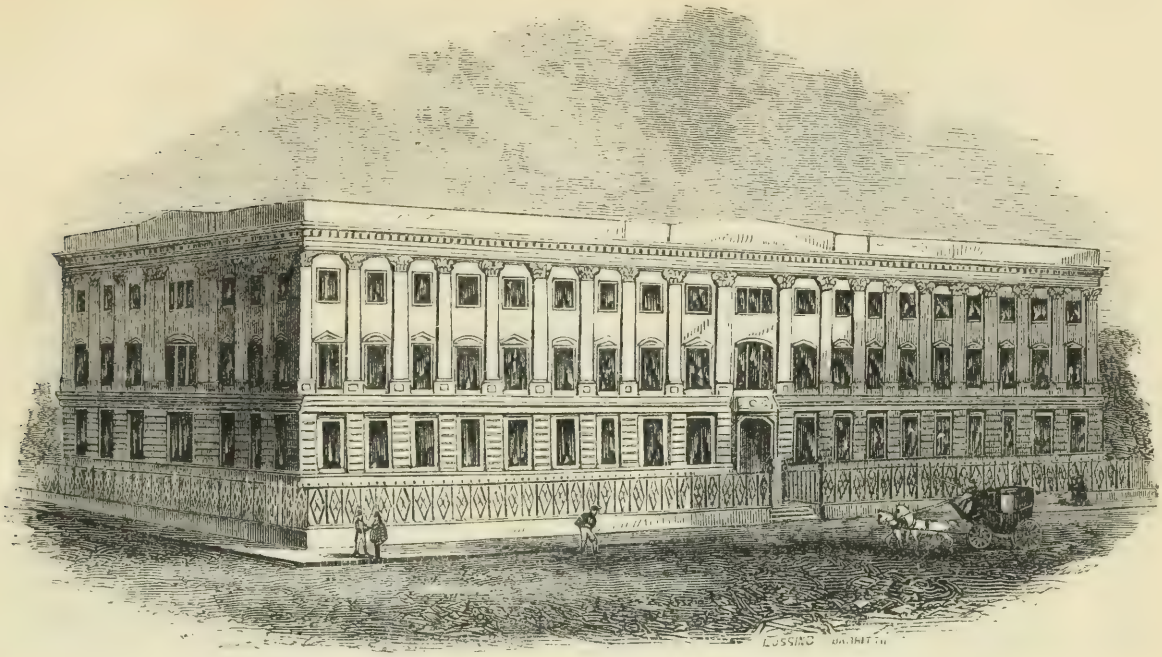
The Treasury, notwithstanding its architectural faults and its unfavorable position, from its extent and the beauty of its Ionic columns, had an imposing air, which has been wholly destroyed by the paint with which it has recently been defaced, which, instead of being of one uniform shade, is of three distinct and inappropriate colors.



TREASURY.

The General Post-office is a spacious and well-proportioned edifice of white marble, in the Italian style of architecture, and the Patent Office, in the Grecian Doric, is unsurpassed by any of the public buildings. Here are deposited all the models for which patents have been granted, the original Declaration of Independence, the camp-chest and a part of the wardrobe of Washington, the gifts presented to our naval and civil officers by foreign powers, pictures, busts, Indian portraits, the collections of the National Institute, and all the treasures of the Exploring Expedition under Commodore Wilkes.

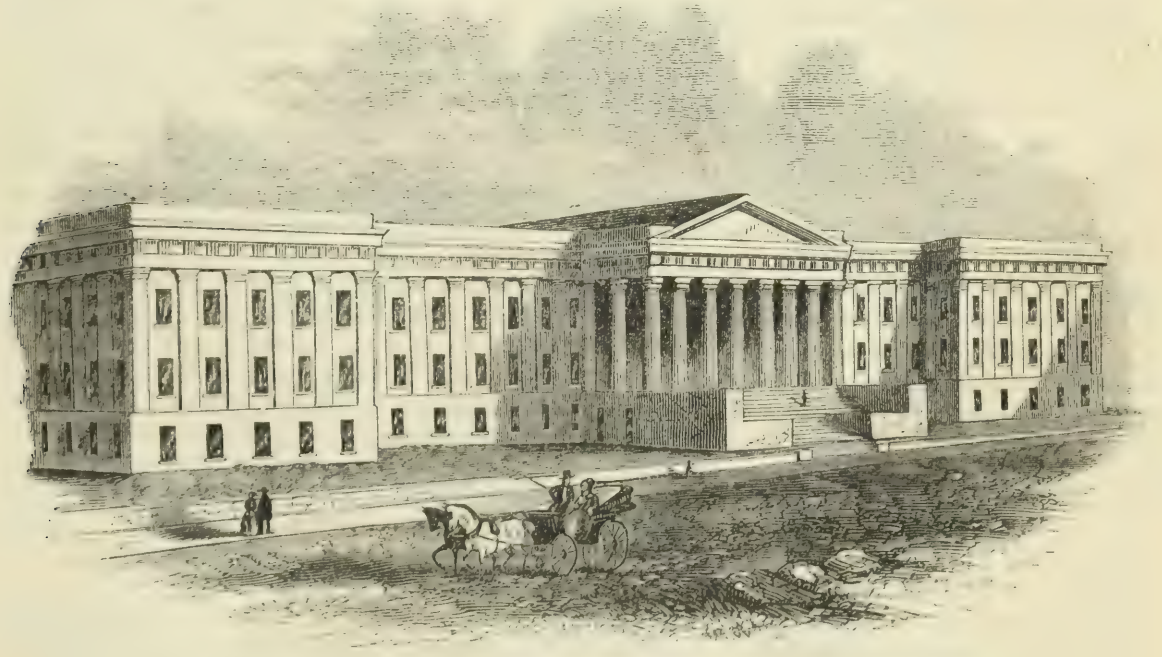
The National Observatory recently established, and now under the able superintendence of Lieutenant Maury, is not less creditable to the country in a scientific point of view, than useful for the attainment of astronomical information. Besides the various instruments for determining the latitude and longitude of the stars there is a large transit instrument which, in connection



GENERAL POST OFFICE.

with the magnetic telegraph, will afford the readiest means of ascertaining the exact longitude of any point, thus greatly increasing the accuracy of geographical knowledge. The principal object of interest, however, to the unscientific observer, is the great equatorial telescope, arranged under the dome of the building, which moves with the slightest force, and enables the observer to turn the instrument in any direction. In one apartment of the Observatory all the chronometers are tested that supply our national vessels, and their exactness, when ready for use, has done much to render navigation more secure. A small equatorial instrument is mounted in the open air, and two comet-seekers are kept constantly employed in clear weather, watching for the approach of these wandering eccentricities. A meteorological register is kept with great minuteness and accuracy, and every thing relating to astronomical science receives its full share of attention.

About one mile from the Capitol, on the eastern branch of the Potomac, is the Navy Yard, probably the most complete and extensive in the United States. Here chains and anchors are made for the largest ships, and a foundry has lately been erected for the heaviest castings necessary for government use. The Arsenal is at the junction of the eastern branch with the Potomac, surrounded on three sides by water. Here are foundries, workshops, magazines, laboratories, and every thing necessary to the preparation of the implements and munitions of war.



PATENT OFFICE.

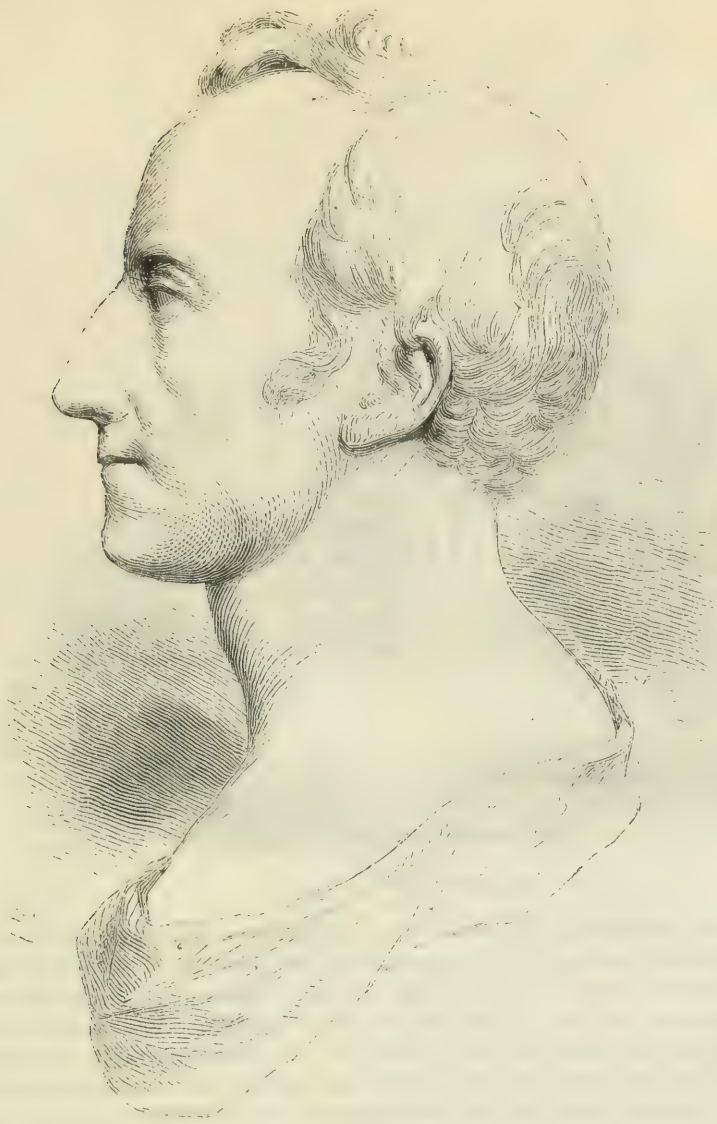


CONGRESSIONAL BURYING GROUND.

Not far from the Navy Yard is the Congressional Burying Ground where are many monuments inscribed with names familiar to us on the page of history. Over the remains of every member of Congress is erected a plain white monument of peculiar form, and every year they dot more thickly the green foliage of this beautiful spot. This cemetery is indebted to nature only for its picturesque beauty—and art will have much to accomplish before it will compare with Mount Auburn, Greenwood, or the beautiful cemetery on the heights of Georgetown which has just been completed at a cost of fifty thousand dollars, and presented to the city by Mr. Corcoran. This lovely dell is wooded with native forest trees and laid out with great skill and taste; an entrance lodge and a small stone chapel add much to its beauty.

Near the Capitol is the office of the Coast Survey, one of the most important of the government works. The project for the survey of our thirty thousand miles of coast, which has been in operation since 1832, is probably more perfectly organized than that of any other country. The object is to form accurate maps of our extended sea-board, to ascertain the latitude and longitude of the principal points, the topography of the country parallel to the coast, the nature of the bottom of the sea accessible to the sounding line; the position of bars, harbors, and channels; the direction and depth of currents; the declination of the magnetic needle, and every particular connected with the improvement of navigation and the defense of the coast. Upon their observations the most correct geographical maps are constructed. The charts exhibit the foundation of the bottom of the sea, specimens of which are collected, and which not only serve as indications to the navigator, but are also of great interest to the naturalist, as they are found to contain organisms of great variety and minuteness, showing that at different depths of the sea, as on land, distinct species have their places assigned them. The development of the laws which govern the distribution of these infusoria, by which an elevation or depression, however gradual, may be detected, will be found of great importance to the geologist. The charts of the Coast Survey, invaluable to our commerce, are copied by an ingenious application of the electrotype to the original plate, which remains almost unimpaired, and immediately furnished to the public at a low cost. Among other discoveries that have signalized the progress of the coast survey, is that of a new channel, more straight and deep, into the harbor of New York; sunken rocks have been indicated, the Gulf Stream, that remarkable phenomenon of our continent, has been explored, and new investigations made on a point of great scientific interest, the determination of a degree of latitude on different parallels, and deducing from this the figure of the earth. These and other observations have given to experimental science an impulse it has never before received; and, under the able superintendence of Professor Bache, whose eminent attainments and discoveries have enabled him to introduce improvements into every department of the work, it is still going on with energy and success, creditable alike to himself and his corps, and useful to the government and the nation at large. Our revenue, as is well known, is derived mostly from merchant ships, and the loss of the duties upon four of them would actually cover the whole amount of the yearly appropriation for the Coast Survey, to say nothing of the loss of life, or the loss of time by ships having no accurate charts, being obliged to wait for pilots.

In 1829, James Smithson, Esq., a descendant of the Duke of Northumberland, died leaving to the United States, the sum of more than half a

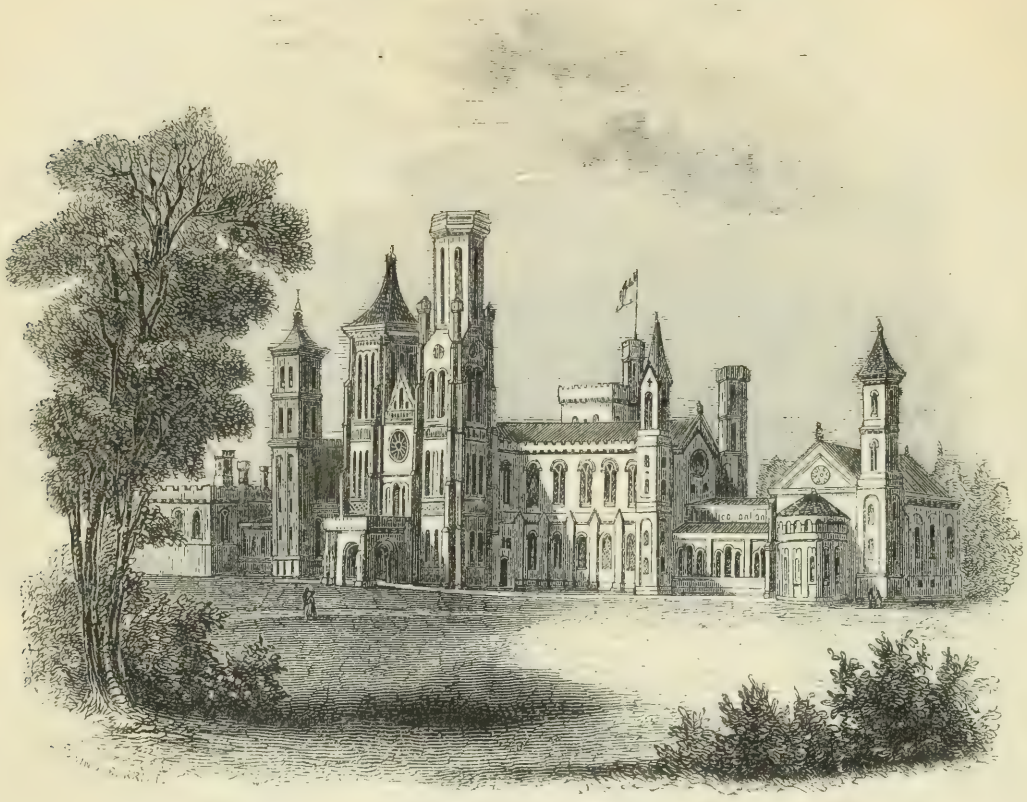


SMITHSON

million of dollars, to found, under the name of the Smithsonian Institute, an establishment for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men. Mr. Smithson was a gentleman of retired and studious habits, who devoted his attention to the sciences, particularly that of chemistry, and among his personal effects preserved at the Patent Office, are many small vessels for experiments upon the most minute scale; one of the subjects of his analysis having been a *lady's tear*. By a law enacted in 1846, the President, cabinet, and some other officers of the government, to have perpetual succession, constitute the Smithsonian Institute, the immediate superintendence being given to a Secretary. By the authority of these officers, constituting the Board, a picturesque and stately pile has been erected, of red freestone, in the Norman or Romanesque style of architecture, comprising a library, lecture-room, museum, laboratories, and galleries of art. Its length is four hundred and fifty feet, and its breadth one hundred and forty. The office of the Secretary is to take charge of the property of the Institution, to superintend its literary and scientific operations, and to give an annual report to the Regents. By a skillful management of the funds, the original amount not only remains unimpaired, but is considerably augmented, and the Regents have resolved to divide the income into two equal portions, one to be devoted to the encouragement of original research, and the other to the foundation of a Library, Museum, and Gallery of Art. Under the first head several valuable works have already appeared or are now in press, and the library numbers about ten thousand volumes. The gallery of art contains the choicest collection of engravings and books on art in the country, comprising some of the best works of nearly every engraver of celebrity, such as the engravings of Albert Durer, the etchings of Claude Lorraine, Rembrandt, and others.

Professor Henry, who holds a position of the highest eminence in the scientific world, has filled the office of Secretary of the Institution since its establishment, and it is gratifying to know that it could not be more ably filled. In his researches on the subject of electro-magnetism, he was the first to develop the principle of immense magnetic force, and to apply it to the moving of a machine. In his experiments on the transmission of electrical currents through long wires, he pointed out the applicability of the result to the telegraph, and the publication of these papers in this country and in Europe were the immediate precursors of the invention of the present system of telegraphing. Professor Henry has constructed a thermal telescope, by which the heat of bodies may be made perceptible at the distance of miles, and he has discovered that two rays of heat may be so combined as to produce a diminution of temperature or comparative cold. His experiments on the phosphorogenic emanation of the sun, or that which produces the glow of the diamond in the dark, after its exposure to the solar rays, and on the heat of the spots on the sun, are of the highest interest.

Professor Jewett, the Assistant Secretary of the Institution, has in his last report submitted to the Board of Regents a plan for forming a general catalogue of American libraries, which promises to lead to very important results. As most libraries are constantly increasing, the continual re-arranging and reprinting of the catalogues becomes at last, even in our national establishments, an intolerable burden, and all the large libraries of Europe have been driven to the necessity of printing none at all. Professor

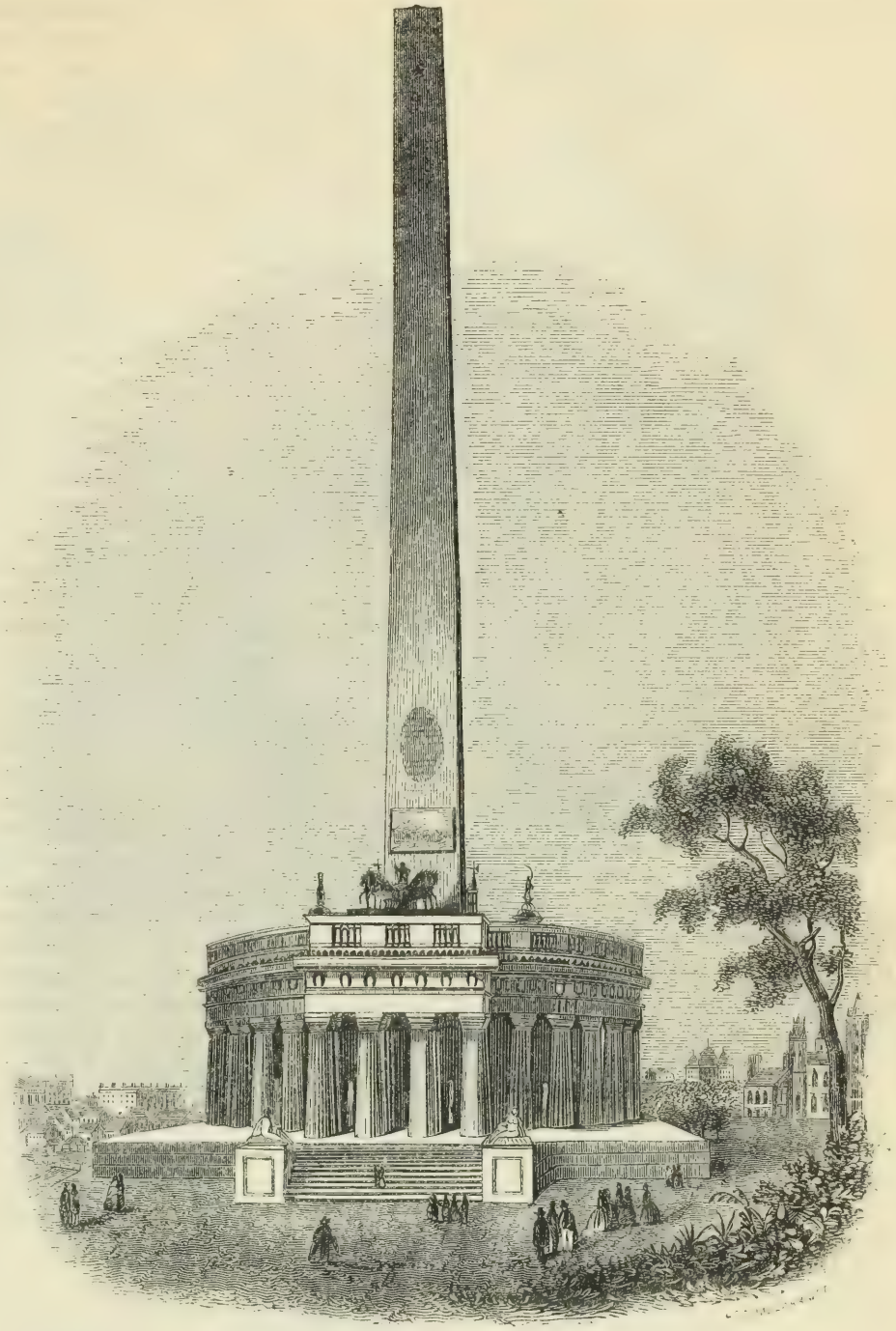


SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE.

Jewett proposes to stereotype all titles separately, and to preserve the plates in alphabetical order, so as readily to insert additional titles in their proper order. By these means the great cost of republication, that of composition, revision, and correction of the press, would be avoided, and difficulties that have discouraged librarians, and involved such enormous expenses, would be overcome. The importance of the Smithsonian Institution in the centre of our country, and the benefits it will confer, have not yet been truly estimated. Science, literature, and art will concentrate here; and in the enlightened encouragement they will receive, they will diffuse their radiance over the whole length and breadth of the land, and the political centre of our country will thus become, as it should be, the seat of learning and the arts. It is a significant fact that a descendant of one of the most renowned families in England should have chosen this country as the field wherein his great idea should germinate and expand, and it was in a prophetic spirit that he has somewhere expressed his belief that his name would be remembered when that of the Percys was forgotten. Their conquest was on the field of battle; those won by his munificence will be in the regions of thought, of wisdom, and of beauty: their victories were for one generation, these will be for all time.

About midway between the Capitol and the President's house, stands the national monument erected to the memory of Washington. As yet it has only reached the elevation of about one hundred feet. It is to be constructed of granite encased in marble, and the height to be six hundred feet. The base is to consist of a grand circular temple, two hundred and fifty feet in diameter and one hundred in height, from which springs the obelisk, seventy feet square at the base, and five hundred in height. The spacious gallery of the rotunda at the base of the column is designed to be the Westminster Abbey, or the National Pantheon, to contain statues of the heroes of the Revolution, and pictures to commemorate their victories, while the space beneath is intended as a place of burial for those whom the nation may honor by an interment here; and in the centre of the monument are to be placed the remains of Washington. Each State has been invited to furnish a block of native marble with the name and arms of the State inscribed upon it. The temple-base, in the plan of the monument, has been objected to by artists and architects, and it is possible that the design may be somewhat modified. The whole cost of this structure, it is estimated, will not much exceed one million of dollars, and this is to be collected by the voluntary gift of the people for the erection of the noblest monument ever raised by the gratitude of man. It will exceed the Pyramids in height, as it will far transcend them and all the monuments of antiquity in the moral grandeur of the sentiment that rears it, and the character it commemorates. The Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in his address on the laying of the corner-stone, in 1848, says, "Build it to the skies, you can not outreach the loftiness of his principles; found it upon the massive and eternal rock, you can not make it more enduring than his fame; construct it of the peerless Parian marble, you can

not make it purer than his life; exhaust upon it the rules and principles of ancient and modern art, you can not make it more proportionate than his character." At present there are some fears expressed that the contributions will not be sufficient to carry on the work, and that to another generation will belong the glory of completing it.

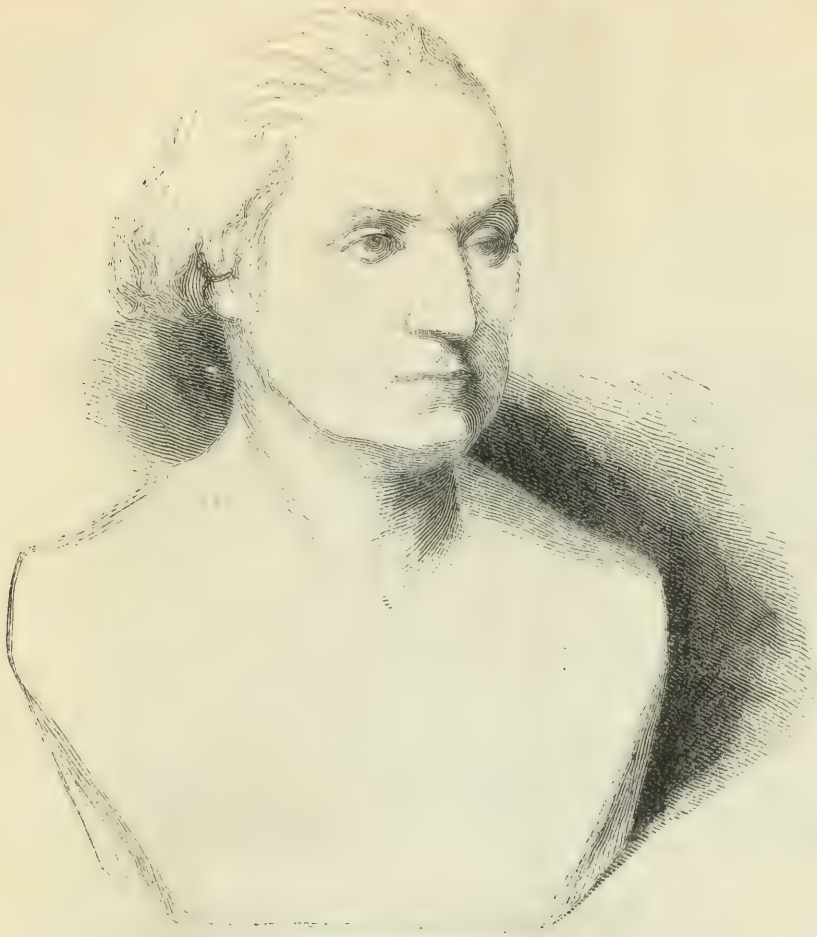


WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

About fourteen miles from Washington, washed by the waters of Potomac, is Mount Vernon, the Mecca of the New World; a spot of profound interest not only to every American, but strangers from all parts of the world turn aside to visit the hallowed ground, and ships from foreign lands reverently lower their flags as they pass by. The shadow of the departed whose ashes repose here seems to lie on all around; a spirit whispers in every breeze, and a spell is written on every leaf. The house itself is a vestige of former days, and its wainscoted halls, its spacious and hospitable dining-hall, the library, and every object within and around is instinct with the noblest associations. Here is the bust of Washington, cast from the living model by Houdon in 1785, and although smaller than those usually seen of Washington, it is by far the most majestic head that art has preserved.

Mount Vernon was built by the elder brother of Washington, and named by him after Admiral Vernon, under whom he had served. It is beautifully situated on the banks of the Potomac, the lawn before it sloping gradually down to the river, the bank of which is densely wooded with venerable trees, except an occasional opening, where, through the green vistas, the broad and shining river is seen flowing beneath. Not many rods from the house is the tomb in which stands the sarcophagus containing the remains of Washington. It is simple, and almost without inscription; but the inscription is written on the hearts of his countrymen, and "We read his history in a nation's eyes."

The society of the City of Washington has peculiar features which distinguish it from that of any other in the Union. It is certain that, whatever the political institutions of our country may be, its social organization is far from being democratic. Every town and village has its exclusive circle, composed of those who from wealth, family, or fashion, assume, with more or less absurdity, to be the aristocracy of the place.



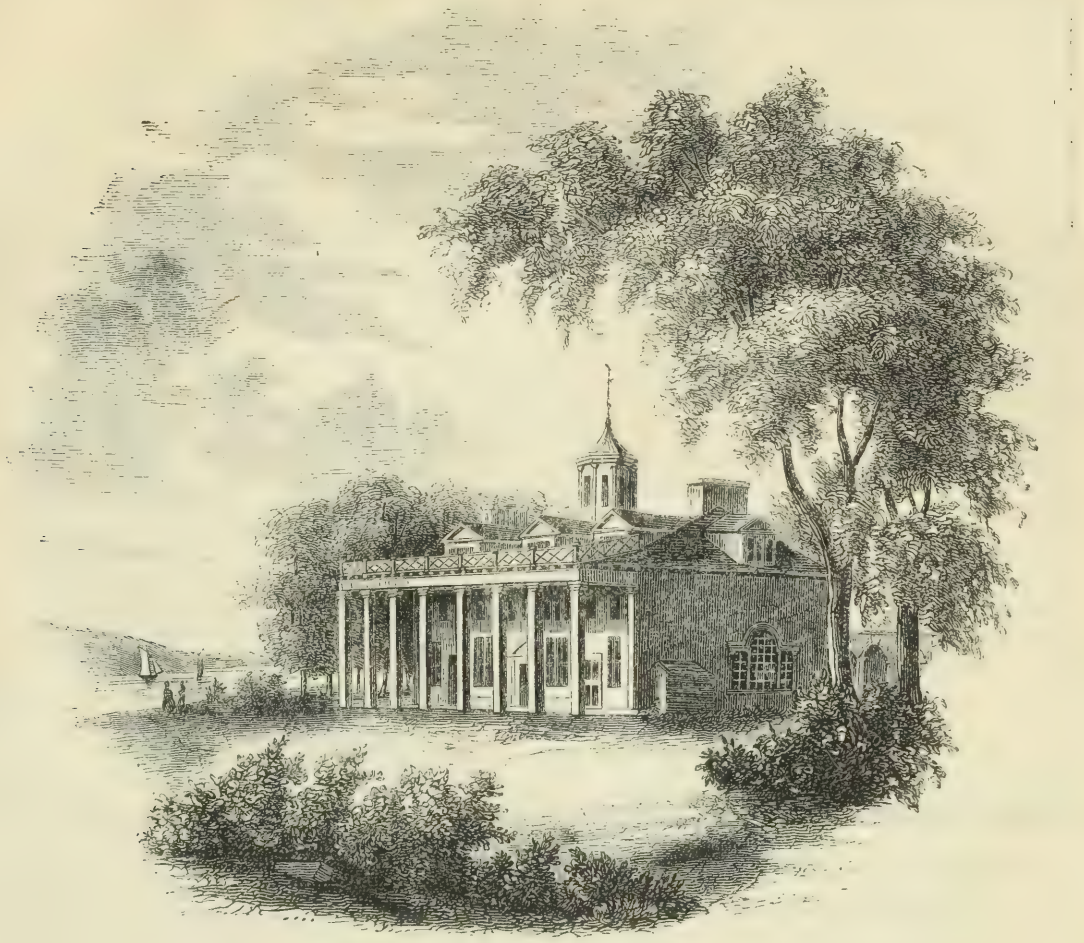
BUST OF WASHINGTON.

towers above another, is the result of native superiority alone, and not of artificial props. As a natural consequence, character soon finds its level, and receives its just appreciation. The fact that one is a governor, a judge, a millionaire, or a leader of fashion, at home, where these qualifications give him standing, avails him nothing here, and he inevitably falls into the place which nature, and not adventitious circumstance, assigns him. It is found, that this peculiar atmosphere of Washington affects astonishingly all who come under its influence; and the magnate of the town or city, at home so unapproachable and so tenacious of his position, here, finding how little his factitious advantages avail him, suddenly becomes affable, genial, and courteous to all. Hundreds of people, not only members of the Government, but temporary residents, thus brought together from all parts of the Union, and tried by this new standard, can not fail to compose a society of the most striking and original elements, and incomparably superior to any other that our country affords. In this social collision, sectional prejudices wear off, and the East and West, the South and North thus brought into closer intimacy, become cemented by more enduring ties. As "the king never dies," so the Government never ceases, but it is constantly changing its officers.

At Washington, on the contrary, the President and officers of the Government, holding their position directly from the people, owe, even to the humblest of them, a certain allegiance, and it is the tacit admission of this that gives to the society of the capital such entire freedom from all constraint and formality, and renders it the only truly and practically democratic city, not only in the Union, but in the world. In the capitals of other countries the stranger is impressed only with the power and the majesty of the Government, every where forced upon him by the pomp and circumstance with which it surrounds itself, and the deference it demands; while in that of our own he feels only the sovereignty of the people, of whom the Government is absolutely and literally the servant. In other cities in our own country, "the best society," as it is called, and often justly, is hedged round by so many conventionalties that it is almost inaccessible to those who are without its charmed circle; but here, the President and Cabinet open their doors to all, and all meet on the same social plane; not that distinctions are not felt here, more, perhaps, than elsewhere, but the distance with which one



WASHINGTON'S TOMB



MOUNT VERNON.

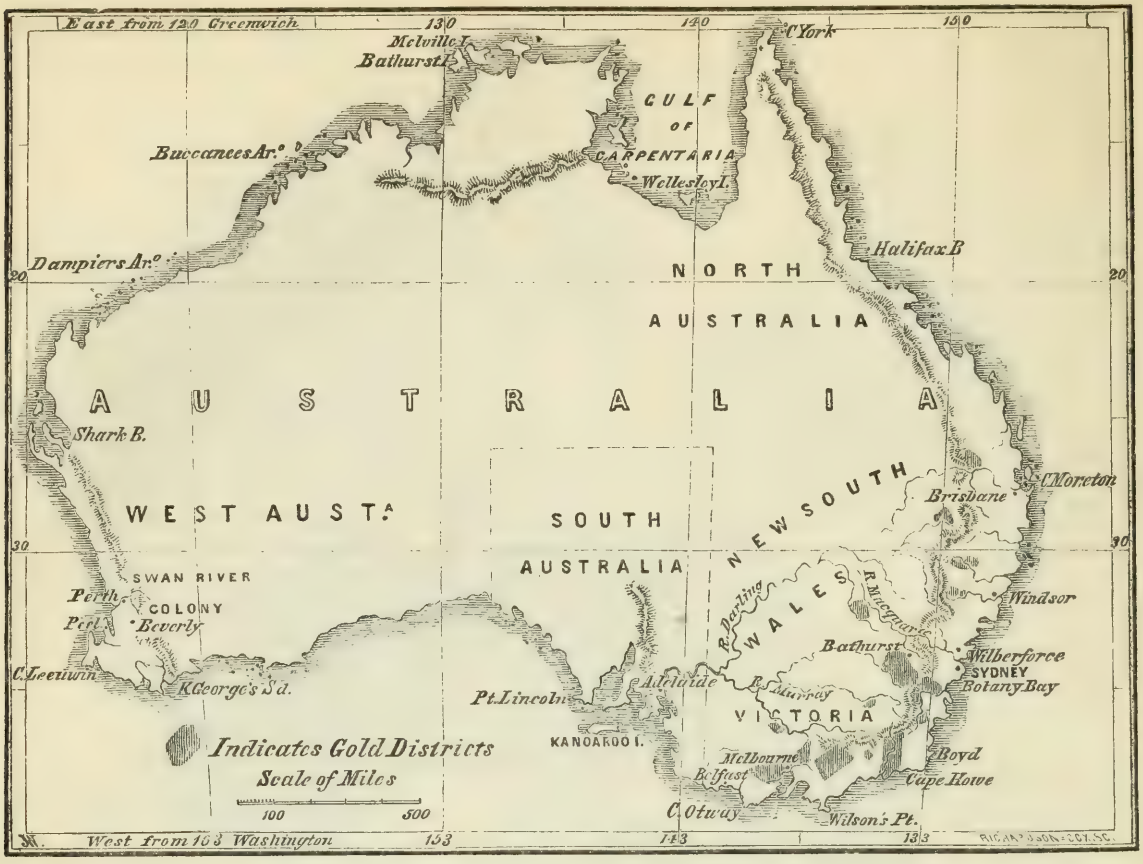
and it is this perpetual change that gives to Washington all the gayety and *abandon* of a great watering-place, without its accompanying frivolity.

Another characteristic feature of social life in Washington, is, that here men and women take their proper places as leaders of society, while in our country generally, it is mostly given up to the young and unmarried of both sexes, the fathers often absenting themselves entirely, and the mothers merely fulfilling the duty of matronizing their daughters. This circumstance alone would give a higher tone to society here, even if it were not, as it is, composed of the most brilliant talent in the country.

The President's reception or levee, which takes place one evening of every week during the season, is open to all, and the President and the ladies of his family, after receiving their guests, mingle with them in the drawing-room. In this promiscuous assemblage, we meet with representatives from every class of society, and every State in the Union; with foreigners, titled and untitled, citizens distinguished and undistinguished, and with characters, manners, and toilets equally diverse. In such a gathering one can scarcely fail to find amusement and interest. The hours of reception are limited from eight to ten o'clock, and no refreshments are offered, the Chief Magistrate thus setting an example of true republican simplicity. The members of the Cabinet also receive in the same general and unostentatious manner, although they are expected by the public to give other and more substantial entertainments, such as dinners and evening parties, and otherwise to maintain the dignity of the office, in a manner not at all warranted by the salary; and hence, without an income independent of that, a man can scarcely afford to accept a seat in the Cabinet, however he might desire the honor.

The resident foreign Diplomatic Corps constitute another interesting element in the society of Washington. Adopting the maxim of doing in Rome as the Romans do, they open their doors with little exclusiveness, and their entertainments are always the most brilliant of the season.

In conclusion, it may be repeated, that it is only here that the great principles upon which our government is founded, are fully and practically carried out in social life. Like the high offices of State, the high places of society are open to all; and while the Government has solved the great political problem, and demonstrated that men are competent to govern themselves, society has solved the great social problem, and shown that there is no natural or necessary alliance between democracy and vulgarity.



AUSTRALIA AND ITS GOLD.

BY ALFRED H. GUERNSEY

PHYSICAL CHARACTERISTICS.

AUSTRALIA*—the Southern Land—is the name now given to that great island-continent formerly called New Holland, lying between the parallels of 10° and 40° south latitude, and those of 112° and 154° east longitude from Greenwich. The extreme length of the island from east to west is about 2500 miles, and its utmost breadth from north to south is about 2000 miles, the mean length and breadth being each some 500 miles less. The coast line is indented upon the north by the deep Gulf of Carpentaria, and upon the south by the great Australian Bight. The distance between the northern and southern shores at these opposite indentations is something more than a thousand miles. The whole island has a superficial area of between three and four millions of square miles; and may be stated, with sufficient accuracy for general purposes, to be equal in extent to the United States or the whole of Europe.

For a great part of its circumference the island is surrounded by almost continuous ranges of mountains or highlands, in no place attaining a very considerable altitude, and for long distances consisting of elevated plateaus or table-lands, with isolated peaks and detached chains springing above the general level. There is, however, along all these chains a continuous height of land or water-shed which is never broken through, and which never recedes to any very great distance from the coast. The habitable portions of the island are limited to the slopes of these mountains and the space between them and the coast. The width of this habitable belt, in those parts which have been explored and settled, is from two to three hundred miles; but is probably much less in the remainder of the island. The interior consists wholly of an immense depressed plain, more hopelessly barren and uninhabitable than the desert of Sahara. Australia therefore presents a smaller proportion of habitable territory than either of the other great divisions of the globe.

This great interior desert has probably never been traversed by the foot of man; and only two or three expeditions have ever penetrated far into its depths. The farthest point attained was by Captain Sturt in 1844. He made his way some four hundred miles beyond the habitable limits, which brought him very nearly into the geographical centre of the island. This he found occupied by an immense plain covered with ridges of drifting sand, often rising to the height of eighty or a hundred feet, and stretching away in either direction as far as the eye could reach. In isolated spots grew a few solitary tufts of grass, the necessary moisture for whose sustenance was supplied by infrequent thunder showers. Permanent water there was none, and the sand was heated to such a degree that a match dropped upon it became instantly ignited. The thermometer on one occasion rose to 153° in the coolest place to be found. In the midst of this sterile tract was a desert of still deeper gloom, which was traced for a dis-

* From *Auster*, the South Wind, the South, *Australis*, Southern.

tance of eighty miles in one direction, and thirty-five miles in the other. Its surface was paved with a solid bed of dark ironstone, upon which the horses' hoofs rung as upon a metallic floor, but left not the least impression, and in which not the slightest trace of water or vegetation was found.

Mr. Leichardt, a German naturalist, succeeded in penetrating from the settlements on the eastern coast through the unexplored interior to the northern side of the island; but his course only led him along the skirts of the great central desert; yet more than once even here he was saved from perishing from thirst by following the flight of the bronze-winged pigeon directing its course to some solitary water-hole. In 1846 he set out on a new journey intending to pass from the east through the central desert to the little colony on the western shore. The journey was expected to occupy two and a half years. In April, 1848, a letter was received from him written upon the verge of habitation, since which time his fate is unknown; but he doubtless perished long ago in the great desert.

When it was ascertained that no rivers from the interior reached the sea-coast it was supposed that a great inland lake existed which received the central waters; and that navigable streams would be discovered, leading into the interior. This opinion was apparently supported by the fact that one river at least, the Victoria, poured a large current directly into the interior; but Captain Sturt traced its course, and instead of augmenting in size, it decreased as he followed it down, dwindling into a succession of water-holes, and was finally lost among the barren sands.

The mountain chains of which mention has been made, constitute the leading feature in the physical geography of Australia, determining as they do the character of its river-system, and consequently the whole character of the country. The principal of these ranges runs in a general north and south course along the eastern shore of the island. The name of the Australian Cordilleras has been proposed for this whole chain; but at present it is known by different names in different parts of its course. It attains its greatest altitude near the southern extremity, where Mount Kosciusko, the highest peak, rises to the height of 6500 feet, an elevation equal to that of Mount Washington in our White Mountains. This part of the range is called the White Mountains, and though not covered with perpetual snow, is elevated enough to feed the affluents of the Murray River, almost the only Australian stream, which has running water at all times. As this range of mountains goes northward toward the equator, its height diminishes until at its northern extremity it is merely a chain of slight hills. This great eastern chain is not, however, a continuous ridge, but for a considerable part of its course a succession of broad plateaus and elevated table-lands, from which spring separate peaks and minor ranges, sometimes running parallel to and sometimes at various angles with its general course. There is a well-defined height of land or water-shed, which is nowhere broken through, and maintains a nearly uniform distance of eighty or a hundred miles from the shore. Great spurs frequently shoot out from the main range, running down to the sea-coast on the one side, or striking off toward the interior on the other.

Farther west a smaller chain leaves the southern coast, but after a course of a few hundred miles is lost in the central desert. The western and northern shores are in like manner furnished with chains running parallel to their course, as laid down on the map. These, however, are less elevated than the eastern chain; but like that present a continuous water-shed at no great distance from the coast. The southern coast only is destitute of this bounding ridge; and here, for a great portion of its extent, the great central desert appears to extend down to the sea-shore.

As the mountains in which the Australian streams take their rise are so near the coast, the rivers have but a short course, and are mostly incapable of navigation. Few of them, indeed, are navigable twenty miles from their mouths And as the mountains mostly fall far below the line of perpetual snow, the rivers are fed merely by the rains, and consequently vary greatly in the amount of water. The large maps of Australia are marked with a network of rivers, conveying the idea of a country abundantly watered But there the actual presence of water is not at all essential to the existence of a river; all that is involved is, a channel down which water has flowed, or may flow. A river, except in seasons of flood, is generally a mere succession of water-holes, at the bottom of a deep ravine, sometimes connected by a scanty stream, and sometimes entirely isolated; and in times of drought even these disappear altogether. So too what are laid down on the maps as lakes, are but valleys filled with soft mud, growing more and more moist toward the centre, where water may perhaps exist.

SOIL, CLIMATE, AND PRODUCTIONS.

The settled portions of Australia occupying the same general position in south latitude that we do in north, their seasons are the reverse of our own. New Year's day falls in midsummer, and the Dog-days come at Christmas, to the great detriment of young Australian poets, who can make no use of the stock phrases of "rosy May," "bleak December," "Christmas fires," and the like.

The latitude of the colonies corresponds to that of Florida, the Carolinas, and Virginia, but the temperature and productions are varied more by position and elevation than by latitude. The daily range of the thermometer is greater than with us: but the annual range of the mean temperature is much less. Thus, at Sydney, though the thermometer sometimes rises to 118° the mean temperature during the summer months is but 67°, and that of the winter months is 57°. In this respect the climate approximates to that

of Italy. The climate of Australia is beyond all doubt one of the most salubrious and healthful in the world, and is extremely favorable to physical and intellectual vigor. Owing to the dryness of the atmosphere, the absence of marshes, and of rank vegetation, those intermittent fevers and agues are utterly unknown, which "do so shake from their propriety" the settlers in most new countries; and the inhabitants sleep in the open air with the most absolute impunity.

The soil presents some singular anomalies, especially in respect to the distribution of the fertile portions. In other countries the fertile tracts lie usually in masses, and generally along the courses of the rivers. In Australia they occur in isolated patches, and most frequently upon the sides and summits of the hills. These fertile tracts are continually intersected by broad plains, the soil of which is too light for cultivation, though forming the most admirable pasturage in the world, or by barren tracts furrowed by ravines, and clothed with scrub, entirely destitute of value. The best authorities assure us that of the land worth occupying, not more than one-third is fit for cultivation; the remaining two-thirds being only available for pasture-grounds.

The productiveness of the land adapted for agricultural purposes is very great, and the range of available productions is wide. With few exceptions the trees, fruits, vegetables, and cerealia of the temperate zone flourish, besides many of those belonging to those tropical regions farthest removed from the equator. This is the more remarkable, because every thing of the kind is exotic.

When Australia was taken possession of by the European race, scarcely half a century ago, it was by far the most destitute of natural productions of any habitable land on the globe. No species of grain was known to the natives; not a single fruit worthy of notice grew wild; not an edible root of any value was produced. The only game was the shy kangaroo, and a few species of birds; domestic animals were unknown; and the only carnivorous animal was the *dingo* or native dog.

In some districts, especially upon the seaward slope of the hills, where there is an accumulation of moisture, the forests present something of a tropical character; lofty trees spread their umbrageous branches about, with great cable-like creepers climbing from tree to tree, forming an almost impervious mass. But the prevalent native tree is the "gum-tree." These trees usually stand wide apart, their bare stems covered with ragged bark like worn-out matting. The leaves are few and scattered, so that they afford but little shade. They spread over the most barren and rocky ground, where there is apparently not a particle of soil. The ground is destitute of underbrush, but scattered around on the brown surface are old decayed branches and trunks often blackened by fire, with which also the still living trees are frequently scarred. This is "the Bush"—the scene of so much wild romance and startling adventure in the early days of the colony.

But the "Plains" are the characteristic feature of Australia. These are open park-like intervals, where the gum-trees stand singly or in clumps, and the undulating ground is covered with rich and luxuriant grass. These plains sometimes stretch away for hundreds of miles, over the broad plateaus and table-lands, or are broken by rocky ranges, and end in deep gullies. Over these plains the stockman drives his herds, or the shepherd his flocks, for days or weeks, without meeting any serious interruption to his progress, or without failure of the pasturage except in seasons of drought. These plains are the feeding-places of those mighty herds of cattle and horses, and those vast droves of sheep, "of noble race, whose feet"—so runs the old Spanish saying—"turn all they touch to gold." Those plains are the sources of wealth to Australia, more permanent, and perhaps not less valuable than her new-found gold-deposits.

COLONIZATION AND SETTLEMENT.

Captain Dirk Hartog, of the good ship Endracht, of Amsterdam, landed upon the western shore of Australia, Oct. 25th, 1616, as we learn from an inscription upon a plate of pewter which was found on the spot in 1801. This, as far as is certainly known, was the first time that any European had set foot on the Island. The Hollanders took the lead in exploring the shores, and gave to the island the name of New Holland; but the expedition sent out by the Dutch East India Company to examine the country, with a view to colonization, reported that it was the "abode of howling evil spirits," a country of "barren coasts, shallow water, islands, thinly peopled by cruel, poor and brutal natives, and of very little use to the Company." Subsequent navigators of all nations concurred in this evil report of the land, and the tide of emigration was directed toward America.

The colonization of Australia by the British stands in close connection with that war which lost them the Thirteen American Colonies. That outlet for the banishment of their criminal population being closed, it became a great problem how to get rid of the annual accumulation of roguery Cook had recently made some explorations in Australia, and it was finally resolved to make the island a penal colony. The first convict fleet sailed on the 13th of May, 1787, and reached Botany Bay, which had been selected as the site for the settlement, on the 20th of the following January.

This "goodly company" of patriots "who left their country for their country's good," consisted of 565 men, 192 women, under the charge of a military force of about 200 men, with whom were 40 women, the wives of the soldiers. It was at once found that Botany Bay was an unsuitable place for the settlement, and it was formed at a distance of about 18 miles, upon the spot where now stands the city of Sydney. Botany Bay, however, long continued to be the popular name given to the whole penal colony.

The colony commenced under most unfavorable auspices. No agriculturist had been sent to teach the cultivation of the soil to those London pickpockets whose only harvest-field had been the pockets of their neighbors. The very supply of mechanics was left to the chances of the previous pursuits of the criminals; and as it happened, there were in all but a dozen carpenters, and but one bricklayer; and not a single mechanic with skill enough to erect a corn-mill. Such were the "Pilgrim Fathers" of Australia.

In one thing they were fortunate. If the island was destitute of natural productions, there were also no warlike natives to dispute the possession with them. The aborigines were few; they cultivated no soil, built no huts, possessed no ornaments of gold and silver, and knew not the use of metals. Their dwellings consisted merely of a few bits of thick bark peeled from the trees and set upright, as a protection from the wind; a fire was built in front of the open side, and their habitation was complete. Such a hut was called a *gunyah*.



AUSTRALIAN ABORIGINES UNDER GUNYAH.

Their weapons were the club, the spear—they do not seem to have been acquainted with the bow—and the *boomerang*. This last weapon is peculiar to the aborigines of Australia, and its mode of action is a puzzle to mathematicians. It is simply a crooked piece of hard wood, three feet long and three inches broad, pointed at each end, the concave side a quarter of an inch thick, the convex side made sharp. The native takes it by one end, and flings it sickle-wise with his hand, when it of course revolves as though upon an axis. If he wishes to strike an object at a distance, he flings it toward the ground, as a boy does a flat stone upon the water, to make it "skip." And just so the boomerang goes skipping to its mark. If he wishes to throw it so that it shall fall at his own feet, he flings it at a particular angle up into the air; away goes the boomerang whizzing and whirling in ascending curves, until all at once it turns short round, and flies back directly to its master. And so, by altering the angle at which it is thrown, the weapon strikes at any point behind him. In like manner, the boomerang may be thrown around an intervening object, actualizing, in a fashion, the old joke of the crooked gun to shoot around a corner. The weapon is useless in the hands of a European, being quite as likely to strike the thrower as the object aimed at; but in the hands of a native it is a formidable missile, striking from the most unsuspected direction, in spite of any defense. You sit unconcernedly behind a rock or tree, thinking yourself safe from an attack in the rear; but the boomerang doubles the corner, and is upon you. That innocent-looking native, walking off with his back to you, may be at the instant taking aim at you with the inevitable back-flying boomerang. It doubtless originated from the necessity, in hunting the kangaroo, that the shy animal should not see his assailant; but it is singular that so barbarous a people should have invented such a weapon.

The aborigines of Australia possess a physical appearance different from any other race; or rather compounded of many To the black color

of the African, they add the straight silky hair of the Malay, and the lean, long limbs of the Hindoo, while their language bears a remarkable affinity with that of the North American Indians. They seemed to be entirely destitute of any form of government or chieftainship, and to be merely an aggregation of separate families. Though possessing no fixed habitations, their migrations were confined within narrow limits, no family apparently exceeding fifty or sixty miles in their wanderings. Their numbers were small, never probably amounting to more than a hundred thousand souls. This paucity arose less from wars among themselves, than from the incapacity of the country for their support. Nothing came amiss to their omniverous appetites; worms and slugs were as little distasteful to them as oysters and shrimps are to us; and the larvæ of insects constituted a dainty dish. So feeble a race, of course, melted away before the rough convicts and settlers, who shot them down with as little scruple as so many kangaroos; and they are now almost extinct. The few attempts made to instruct them in the arts of civilized life, have proved utter failures.

The colony, at first, was unsuccessful enough; and was more than once reduced to the verge of starvation, being dependent for food upon supplies from the parent country. About six months after the first settlement, it is recorded as a great calamity, that two bulls and four cows, the major part of the stock of neat cattle, had escaped into the bush, and could not be recovered —a loss, however, which subsequent events proved to be an immense gain.

We can not detail the miseries of the first few years of the colony; and of its moral and social state it is sufficient to say that, eighteen years after its first foundation, the current coin of the capital was rum, and that of the births two-thirds were illegitimate. The government was conducted at the Colonial Office in England with that blundering, official stolidity, which has always been characteristic of British administration abroad; the result of which has been, and will be, that no sooner does a colony begin to feel its strength, than it seeks to become independent of the parent state. In the mean time free settlers began to arrive in Australia, to whom grants of land and convict laborers were made, in proportion to the amount of capital they brought with them; these convicts being fed and clothed by the Crown.

We must, however, glance for a moment at the system pursued in reference to the public lands, as this furnishes the key to the whole character of Australian emigration. In 1831 the free grants of land were discontinued, and the lands were ordered to be sold. The price was at first fixed at five shillings an acre; and a considerable body of emigrants were attracted, of that class who were desirous of living upon their own land. These, of course, brought their families, and scattered themselves over the colony, wherever they could find land upon which to settle.

In the course of time, the theory was propounded that it was desirable to concentrate the population, and to effect this the price of land was raised to a minimum of twelve, and subsequently of twenty shillings an acre; and the quantity put up for sale at a time largely increased, with the avowed object of preventing the purchase of land by any persons except large capitalists. A further object was to keep the great body of emigrants in the condition of laborers and servants, in order that by competition the price of labor might be kept down. This is perhaps the solitary instance in modern times when legislation has been framed with the avowed object of reducing the price of labor. A portion of the sum derived from the sale of lands was appropriated to giving a free passage to emigrants, who were approved by the Colonial Office at home, and whose competition in the labor market, on their arrival in Australia, would tend to keep down the price. Thus the landholder, who paid an exorbitant price for his land, had the sum refunded to him by way of cheapened labor.

But it was soon discovered that the great body of land in Australia, though not adapted to cultivation, was the finest in the world for pasturing cattle and sheep. We have mentioned the grief occasioned by the loss of a great part of the cattle, in 1788. Seven years afterward it was reported by the natives that cattle had been seen grazing on the plains in the interior; an expedition was sent to investigate the matter; and sixty animals were found feeding in a single herd, the produce of the lost beasts. This was the origin of the immense herds of cattle which now cover the Australian plains.

About the same time John M'Arthur, who had come out as an officer in the army, happened to observe that the hairy wool of a few Indian sheep which had been imported, became much finer among the rich pastures of the plains. He was a man of far-reaching views, great energy, and indomitable courage. The discovery did not lie idle, and he devoted himself, in the midst of the ridicule of the colony, to improving the breed of sheep. At this time the exportation of merinos from Spain was strictly forbidden, and severely punished; but in 1803 M'Arthur visited England and succeeded in obtaining a few pure merinos from the flock of George III. From these have sprung those countless flocks of sheep which in less than half a century have made Australia the greatest wool-growing country in the world.

The introduction of flocks and herds was destined to effect a great change in Australian society. The saying of one of the early governors, that there were only two classes of inhabitants in Australia—convicts, and those who ought to have been convicted—had ceased to be true. The number of free emigrants greatly exceeded that of the convicts; and of the "emancipists" not a few retrieved their characters in the new circumstances in which they were placed.

The British Government, with its usual wrong-headedness, set itself seriously to work to neu-

tralize the blessings which nature, ever bountiful, was so freely proffering to the superabundant agricultural population of the mother country. The price which had been fixed upon land, was of course far beyond its value for pastoral purposes. But to reduce the price would put it in the power of large numbers of persons, with limited means to purchase. A most complicated system of leasing the grazing lands was then adopted, by which persons of considerable capital only could occupy the lands for pasturage. These pastoral occupants—in Australia called squatters—in course of time became the leading interest in the colony; and gradually absorbed a great share of the labor, in the shape of shepherds and stockmen. In the eyes of the new aristocracy, the great end and aim of the Australian colonies was to produce cattle and sheep—the character of the men and women produced was of no importance. Their *beau ideal* of a laborer was an able-bodied, unmarried man, from an agricultural county, humble, ignorant, and strong, and the Colonial Office adapted their measures to supply just this class of emigrants. The consequence was that except the utterly destitute among the laboring classes, few went to Australia, and the better classes of emigrants made their way to America. Emigration by families, in particular, was strongly discouraged.

The consequence was what might have been anticipated. From the original constitution of the colony as a penal settlement, there was of course a large preponderance of males. The new emigration kept up this disproportion by bringing over only single men, and married couples without children. In the course of time a great demand sprung up for female servants; and this was sought to be met by sending over shiploads of young women, who were landed at Sydney, unprotected and without means of finding their way to those rural districts where their labor was required. Thus, by a complication of errors, Australian society was undergoing a two-fold process of demoralization. In the rural districts the men were lapsing into barbarism from lack of female influence, and in the cities the female population were falling into ruin for want of protection.

Government, of course, had quite other things to attend to than to attempt to remedy a social evil like this. And it was reserved for a private individual, and that a woman, to develop a scheme of colonization adapted to Australia. We will therefore devote a few paragraphs to the career of this benefactor of this colony.



CAROLINE CHISHOLM

Sometime in the early years of the present century, the home of William Jones, a sturdy Northamptonshire yeoman, was gladdened by the birth of a daughter. The girl grew up tall and vigorous, with that fine physical development in which our American women are so deficient—a sound mind in a sound body. At the age of twenty she was married to Alexander Chisholm, an officer in the East Indian army, whom two years after she accompanied to India. Here her sympathies were aroused by the condition of the daughters of the soldiers, exposed to the twofold pollutions of the barracks and of heathendom. Feeling with her was the parent of action, and she proceeded to establish and superintend a school of Industry for their benefit, which has grown up into an extensive orphan institution, though her own labors were transferred to a wider sphere.

In 1838 the health of her husband became impaired, and he was advised to visit the more genial climate of Australia, with his wife and young children. The colony was now passing into the second stage of its development, and from a penal settlement becoming a colony of freemen. The attention of Mrs. Chisholm was soon directed to the unhappy condition of the young women whom Government had sent out as emigrants; who in a strange country, ignorant and unprotected, were exposed to the most deadly perils. But the little that she could personally do for their benefit only showed her how much remained to be done. What could she do—a woman and a stranger? Yet the work was

forced upon her by influences from without and impulses from within. "When I heard," she writes, "of a poor girl suffering distress, and losing her reputation in consequence, I felt that I was not clear of her sin, for I did not do all I could to prevent it."

Now came the solemn season of Lent, when the Catholic church, of which she is a member, so affectingly commemorates the voluntary humiliation of "him who though he was rich, yet for our sakes became poor;" and the associations of the season pressed her task upon her mind. At length came Easter Sunday, when her church celebrates the finished work of redemption; and upon that day, she writes, "I was enabled upon the altar of our Lord to make an offering of my talents to the Lord who gave them. I promised to know neither county nor creed, but to try to serve all justly and impartially. I asked only to be enabled to keep these poor girls from being tempted by their need to mortal sin; and resolved that, to accomplish this, I would in every way sacrifice my feelings —surrender all comfort, and wholly devote myself to the work I had in hand."

For all the encouragement and support she at first received, she might as well have been a prophet in the old Hebrew times. But though wearied she was not disheartened. The co-operation of Government seemed essential to any effectual result. Sir George Gipps, the Governor, was an obstinate, self-conceited haughty man; yet not without certain personal good qualities: the very counterpart of those colonial governors who drove our fathers to insurrection. At last, after repeated and urgent solicitations he was induced to grant an interview to Mrs. Chisholm. "I had expected," he afterward said, "to have seen an old lady in white cap and spectacles, who would have talked to me about my soul. I was amazed when my *aide* introduced a handsome stately young woman, who proceeded to reason the question, as if she thought her reason and experience worth as much as mine." The Governor was slow to be convinced even by the arguments of a "handsome stately young woman;" but upon receiving a guarantee that Government should be put to no expense, he granted her the occupancy of a little wooden building, used as a government storehouse. She soon found that to exercise any adequate superintendence over the charge which surrounded her, she must herself occupy the premises. Her husband had been meanwhile recalled to India, but had feared to take with him his young family; and she took possession of a vacant room, seven feet square, infested with rats. Sickness among the emigrants compelled her to send her own three children away; but she courageously kept her post.

It was no part of Mrs. Chisholm's plan to found an alms-house. When she opened her "Home of Protection" there were at Sydney 600 young women unprovided with work; while all through the colony there was the most urgent demand for their labor; but those who wished to work, and those who desired their labor were at a distance from each other. Her purpose was simply to make herself acquainted with both parties, and to bring them together. Having, by means of circulars, ascertained the locations where labor was wanted, she undertook to convoy parties to these places. Her plan succeeded. Journey after journey added to her means of information. The settlers in "the Bush" came to her assistance, and supplied sustenance and transport for her parties. The public inns refused pay for shelter for her charges and food for herself; so that her personal expenses during her journeys, for seven years, were actually less than ten dollars.

It was not long before she saw that it was not necessary to confine her services to female emigrants. Fathers, husbands, sons, and brothers asked to be allowed to accompany her parties; and thus her journeys became longer, and her parties larger, until on one occasion a company of 240 persons were under her charge, "bushing it," some on foot, some in drays, she herself leading the way on horseback, acting as guide, purveyor, and director. One of these expeditions occupied five weeks, of which three weeks were spent in "the Bush."

Emigrants often arrived ignorant of the manners and customs of the colony, liable to imposition from their own ignorance or the trickery of employers. For their benefit she opened a registry-office for servants and laborers, with a printed form, specifying all the essential points of agreement, to be signed in duplicate by each party. Employers were frequently unwilling to advance the sums necessary to transport the emigrants to their fields of labor. In hundreds of cases, Mrs. Chisholm advanced the needed sums, sometimes amounting to £40 for a single party; and all that she ever lost by this means was £16. During the seven years which she spent in the colony she was thus the means of settling 11,000 individuals.

A scheme of colonization gradually grew up in the mind of Mrs. Chisholm, based upon a keen insight into human nature, and a thorough knowledge of the wants of the colonies. All experience has shown that it is not good for man, or woman either, to be alone; and that a virtuous society can be reared only upon the basis of the family state. Her published reports contain many instances, half-sad, half-ludicrous, of the anxiety of the better part of the settlers for virtuous wives, and of the impossibility of their obtaining them. The anxious question of the stockman, "When they were to have a Governor who would attend to matters of importance like that?" embodied more wisdom than the Colonial Office was aware of. Something else is requisite for a flourishing state than fat cattle and fine-wooled sheep. With practical good sense Mrs. Chisholm thus hits the nail upon the head: "To supply flockmasters with good shepherds is a good work; to supply those shepherds with good wives is a better. To give the shepherd a good wife is to make a gloomy, miserable hut a cheer-



"BUSHING IT."

ful, contented home. To introduce married females into the interior is to make the squatters' stations fit abodes for Christian men.....All the clergy you can dispatch, all the schoolmasters you can appoint, all the churches you can build, and all the books you can export, will never do much good, without 'God's police'—wives and little children." But seeing all this, she also saw that sending out female emigrants, as Government had done, like so much merchandise to supply the matrimonial market, would not remedy the evil. The only feasible means of removing the disparity between the sexes, was to send out emigrants in families. To organize a scheme of family emigration, Mrs. Chisholm, accompanied by her husband, who had now rejoined her, and family, left Australia for England, in 1846, bearing with her the warmest good-will of colonists of every class.

Immediately upon her arrival in England, she set herself resolutely to her task. The modest house which her circumstances allowed her to select for a home was crowded by those seeking for information on the subject of emigration. Government even so far relaxed from its official dignity as to ask information and advice from her. In the course of a year or two she had organized her plan, and had enlisted powerful support in its favor. This plan was to establish a Family Colonization Loan Society, the object of which was to assist families of good character to emigrate. If necessary, the Society undertook to advance a certain portion of the requisite expense of passage; but the main assistance rendered was that more needed than money, advice as what to do and how to do it. The Society undertook to charter ships, see to it that the accommodations and supplies were of a proper character, and that the emigrants should be so brought together in groups, before setting out, that they might render each other mutual aid and assistance. This scheme was brought forward in May, 1850. In September of that year the first ship was dispatched by the Society, which has since been followed by four others, conveying more than a thousand emigrants. Besides superintending all these outfits, Mrs. Chisholm has corresponded with and advised more than twenty thousand persons upon the subject of emigration. Her husband has recently taken passage from Australia, to open an office for the advice of emigrants upon their arrival, where they can at once receive information as to the most advisable places of location, and thus not be left to wander aimless and hopeless in the streets of the sea-port where they first land. To this woman then belongs the merit of having developed the only means by which the superfluous mass of human life, which is now heaped up and stagnates upon the narrow rim of overcrowded Europe, may be spread abroad, blest and blessing, over the broad uninhabited regions crying out for human inhabitants; fields which no plow has furrowed, so wide that their gleanings would feed the pent-up starving millions of Europe.

PASTORAL LIFE.

Poets have contrived to throw a coloring of romance over the most prosaic and monotonous mode of human life. Sentimental readers of Virgil and Florian picture a shepherd as a rosy-

cheeked youth reclining upon a bank of flowers under a shady tree, with nothing to do but to watch his fleecy flock and make music on the oaten pipe. Pastoral life is anything but romantic in Australia. Any man can be a shepherd who has a tolerable pair of eyes ; a wooden leg is no special objection, provided the owner can stump along at the rate of about a mile an hour. Hence it is a ready resource, everything else failing, of all those who prefer working to stealing or starving. The future shepherd takes service with some of the great squatting aristocracy—the grazing grandees—the magnates of the Bush—who count their flocks by tens of thousands, and their pasture-lands, leased of the Crown, by scores of thousands of acres. He is then dispatched on foot to the "station" in the Bush, a distance of probably two or three hundred miles. If he have a wife and children—a consummation most devoutly to be wished—they are sent on by a bullock-dray. The "station" consists of a hut designed for two shepherds and a hut-keeper, who takes charge of the hut, cooks for the shepherds, and watches the sheepfold by night. If one of the shepherds have a wife and children, they perform among them the duties of hut-keeper. Each of the shepherds has charge of a flock of sheep, which are driven in opposite directions by day, but at night are folded together close by the hut. The shepherd rises at break of day, makes his breakfast of mutton, unleavened bread baked in the ashes, known as "damper," and tea, made in "Bush fashion" by boiling the Chinese leaf in an open kettle with sugar and milk. Our Australian Corydon now takes his pipe—not the poetical instrument so called, but a blackened *dudheen* redolent of fragrant "negro-head" and "pig-tail," and drives his flock a-field. But, alas for the dreams of flowery banks and cool shades, the best pastures only produce grass without flowers and gum-trees, which cast no shade. The flock feed walking, and it is the shepherd's duty to keep with them, letting them go where they please, unless they approach too near the "scrub," when he must head them off. By the time the sun has reached mid-heaven, he turns them toward some creek or water-hole, where after they have drank they camp down in a ring, with their heads turned socially toward the centre. This is the time



A SHEPHERD'S HUT.

when an Arcadian shepherd would tune his pipes ; his Australian brother, if of a musical turn, solaces the hour with a Jews-harp, or an accordeon. These instruments accordingly figure largely in the list of imports, five hundred of the latter, and fifty gross of the former, being no extravagant venture by a single vessel ; and a shepherd has been known to walk a couple of hundred miles to purchase one of these solacers of his weary hours. As evening approaches, he drives his flock homeward, shuts them in the fold, and delivers them to the charge of the hut-keeper. He then makes his supper of the unvarying mutton, and damper, and tea, and his day's work is done. If the night is clear, as it usually is in Australia, the sheep need no watching till midnight, at which hour the watch takes his post near the fold. If the night is stormy it invites the attacks of the dingo, or native dog, and the watch must walk about his woolly charge. The wages of the shepherd, previous to the discovery of gold, were from 60 to 100 dollars a

year, with abundant rations of meat, flour, tea, and sugar; what further luxuries he wishes, he provides for himself. If a man were an oyster, no pleasanter life could be asked. For months at a time he may not see a single human face by daylight; and by firelight only those of the companions of his hut. Even the busy times of shearing and washing do not disturb the monotony of his life; for these more active operations are usually performed by itinerant professors, who travel from station to station, busying themselves during the remainder of the year in other occupations. A strike among the tailors in London, some years since, and the consequent emigration of many of the craft, furnished Australia with a number of amateur shearers, who wielded the blades as deftly upon the fleece as they had been wont to do upon the web.

For the more stirring and adventurous spirits among the colonists, the care of cattle affords a more congenial occupation. The Australian "stockman" is a sort of Europeanized Tartar. He lives on horseback, and scarcely enters a hut except to sleep. His food is beef and "damper;" his pride is his horse; he scorns those who plow and sow, and, above all things, despises a "crawling shepherd." As for the "crawlers" themselves, as he contemptuously denominates the sheep, he regards them as did that good old hater, John Randolph of Roanoke, who declared that he would go an indefinite distance out of his way to kick one. In his "run" the stockman is a king: his cattle are his subjects; his saddle is his throne; his sceptre is the stock-whip. This is a thong of leather twelve or fourteen feet long, weighing a couple of pounds, thick at the "belly," and tapering to the end where it is finished off by silken cracker, and attached to a handle not more than eighteen inches long. Bearing this official sceptre, the stockman from his saddle-throne keeps watch over his pasture-ground. Woe to the unlucky beast who attempts to stray beyond the limits; the stockman is upon him at once, with his whip, each blow of which, from a practiced hand, cuts through hide and flesh to the very bone. Dexterity in the use of this weapon can be acquired only by long practice; and the young stockman expectant devotes all his leisure to its acquirement, with the grave devotion and persistence of a juvenile practitioner on the violin or French horn; and makes quite as much noise in attaining a respectable proficiency. At noon, the herds are assembled at the "camping-ground," close by a water-course, if possible, where they lie chewing the cud. It takes a year or two to teach a new herd to betake themselves to the spot at the proper hour. The stockman trains them to this by riding about and flogging every beast found straying at camp-hours. In the course of time the whole herd get so trained that at the cracking of the whip, which rings like a musket-shot, they gallop spontaneously to camp. The life of the stockman has at times the excitement of a bull-fight. Once a year the cattle are mustered for inspection and branding, and a maddened bull not unfrequently breaks away from the yard and heads back for the bush; a stockman gallops after him, and cuts his flanks with the terrible whip; the beast turns when his pursuer is close beside him, and, unless both horse and rider are wary, the steed is impaled on the horns of the infuriated bull. But, sooner or later, the bullock is subdued, and makes his way back to the yard, his hide covered with mingled blood and foam, his eyes glaring, and tongue protruding with agony and fear.

The bullock-driver is a sort of necessary mediator between the city and the pastoral regions. He conducts the enormous carts, with their loads of wool, to market, and brings back the annual returns of stores, and articles of luxury and necessity. His slow journey sometimes occupies two or three months, up the steep mountain side, over apparently impracticable roads, through heat and dust, rain and snow. During the whole time he does not probably once enter a human dwelling, sleeping in his vehicle, while his dog keeps charge over his bullocks turned out to gather their food. The setting out and return of the dray are the great annual events in the lives of the settlers in the Bush, for they are almost the sole links which bind the solitary inhabitants to the great world beyond.

A FEW STATISTICS.

Those portions of Australia which have been settled by emigrants from Great Britain are comprised in three principal colonies. The statistics given are from the census of March, 1851, the last which has been taken. The total population at that time, it will be seen, amounted to 322,000. The discovery of gold has given a great impulse to emigration, so that the population at present probably numbers 450,000. We have tables in detail respecting the population of only New South Wales, where the adult males amount to 60,500, while the adult females number only 33,700; the adult males numbering almost twice as many as the females. The proportion in the other colonies is probably about the same. The colonies are:

I. *New South Wales*, situated upon the eastern shore. Founded in 1787, as a penal settlement. Population, 187,000; sheep, 7,026,000; cattle, 1,360,000; horses, 111,200; exports, £1,990,900; imports, £1,670,300. Sydney, the capital, has 60,000 inhabitants.

II. *Victoria*, situated at the southeastern angle of the island. First settled in 1835; cut off from New South Wales and erected into a separate colony in 1841. Population, 78,000; sheep, 6,033,000; cattle, 346,500; horses, 16,743; exports, £1,041,796; imports, £744,295. The capital is Melbourne, having a population of 25,000. This has been by far the most flourishing of the Australian colonies; and the richest deposits of gold have also been discovered here.

III. *South Australia*, lying on the southern shore of the island, immediately west of Victoria. Founded in 1835. Population, 67,000;

sheep, 1,200,000; cattle, 100,000; horses, 6000; exports, £571,000, imports, £887,000. Adelaide, the capital, contains 14,000 inhabitants. This is less a pastoral colony than either of the others, the principal article of export being copper. It has suffered very severely from speculations in copper mines, and, on the whole, has not been successful. The discoveries of gold in the neighboring colony of Victoria, have likewise proved injurious to South Australia, drawing away a considerable share of its population. It is not known that any gold has been discovered in this colony

In addition to these colonies, an attempt was made in 1829 to found the colony of Western Australia or Swan River, on the western shore. There are said to be some ten thousand inhabitants in this unfortunate district. The name of Northern Australia has been vaguely bestowed upon the whole central and northern parts of the island; but no permanent settlements have as yet been formed there.

NATURAL HISTORY OF GOLD.

Long ago—so long that we have no numerals to express either the date or the duration of the period—the layers which compose the superficial shell of our earth were slowly deposited around a still older rocky nucleus. This was the period of these shell-fish, and lizards, and huge monsters whose fossilized remains are disinterred by geologists, deposited in museums, and labeled with names as long and uncouth as themselves. Generation after generation, species after species, of these animals lived and died, and were buried, and the rock deposited from the surrounding waters was formed around their remains. At length the inner core, which lay below all organized life, and whose structure at once suggests the idea that it was formed in fire, was thrust up, by some force, the present existence of which is hinted to as by volcanoes and earthquakes. Through and among the aqueous rocks the fiery intruders made their way, overturning and displacing the quiet strata above, filling them with cracks and fissures, and in some cases giving them a semi-igneous character. Into many of these fissures the molten rock found its way, forming when cooled veins and dykes running in every direction.

The most frequent of these intruding rocks was quartz, either alone, or in connection with other kindred rocks. It is almost exclusively in the quartz veins thus forced up among the more ancient species of the aqueous rocks, that gold is found; not that it is always found there, but it is rarely found any where else. How the gold made its way there geologists no more know than thick-lipped and thick-headed King George knew how the apple got inside of the dumpling; but there it is, sometimes in lumps and veins, sometimes in flakes and spangles, and sometimes scattered through the whole mass of quartz in grains so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye. In the course of ages this aqueous shell, with the intruding gold-bearing quartz, was again and again sunk beneath the sea, and elevated above it. Thus every portion of the earth's surface has been exposed to the action of tides and currents and waves, similar to those which now waste away our sea-shores. The waters wore away and broke off portions of these rocks, pounded them into boulders and pebbles, crushed them into gravel and sand, ground them into mud and clay, and spread the fragments out in broad alluvial tracts, deposited them in narrow patches, or heaped them up in hollows and depressions. The various substances swept along by these currents would be gradually dropped, according to their size and specific gravity—the larger and heavier portions first reaching the bottom. If these currents acted upon gold-bearing quartz, the portions of precious metal, being some seven times heavier than its stony matrix, would be deposited sooner than fragments of quartz of similar size and shape. But larger fragments of stone and smaller ones of gold would be deposited together; while the finer portions of the stone would be borne farther than any part of the metal. But though gold and quartz were deposited together, the agitation of the current would in the course of time sink the heavy metal to the bottom of the boulders and pebbles, till it rested upon a solid bottom of rock or clay; and if the bottom were tolerably soft clay it would even become imbedded for a short distance in that. In case there were any cracks or crannies in this bottom, they would become filled with the metal, forming what miners call "pockets." So too in case the bottom was crossed by a bar or obstruction of any kind, as was frequently the case, the gold as it was swept along would be arrested and accumulated upon the upper side of the bar. Wherever, in short, the current was in any way obstructed, the deposition would be more rapid. In all these cases the heavy gold would slowly but surely make its way through the lighter matter deposited with it, till it rested upon a solid bottom.

But though gold is usually found in the beds of rivers, we must not infer that it is our present rivers whose waters have broken down and swept away the stony matrix, liberated the gold, and sorted and sifted it for the digger. Our rivers have flowed but a few years, geologically speaking; but they would naturally for the most part follow the channels worn through countless ages by the ante-diluvian and pre-Adamic currents. It sometimes happens that the ancient channel of a river has become filled up and obstructed, so that it has taken another course. If the old channel passed through a vein of auriferous quartz, the gold would be deposited in the old bed, and buried beneath the matter which choked it up. These deposits in ancient water-courses, now dry, are what are known as the "dry diggings," while those in the bed of a running stream are the "wet diggings."

The nature and composition of a gold-field result from the manner of its formation. The larger lumps of gold, which the current can carry but a short distance, are first deposited. In Australia these are called "nuggets," and are usually



ROCKING THE CRADLE.

found near or upon the surface of the ground; for the lighter materials have been mainly swept further onward. These nuggets occur in masses from the weight of a few grains up to that of the "great lump," the largest ever discovered, which weighed more than a hundred pounds. Further down the stream are deposited the smaller flakes and grains of gold, together with boulders and pebbles; still further down are borne the fine dust and invisible particles. Nuggets are thus found sparingly, and only in the close vicinity of the original spot where they originated. As a general rule, the less rapid the current, the smaller the particles deposited, and the more evenly are they distributed.

Almost all the gold in circulation has been obtained by washing these alluvial sands. Nature has here done all the crushing and grinding, and a great portion of the washing and sifting; and to complete the work, the gold-digger merely imitates on a small scale the processes which Nature has been carrying on for leagues and ages. These processes are too simple and too well-known by this time to demand more than a passing notice; and they are now adverted to merely to point out their analogy with those employed by Nature. The cradle—very similar to the nursery article of the same name—is but a contrivance to produce an artificial current of water; the cleets across its bottom answer to the bars and obstructions in the bed of the river, which catch the gold drifting down. The river, in fact, is but a gigantic cradle, or the cradle but a miniature river; while the washing-bowl is neither more nor less than an artificial "pocket," from which all but the gold has been swept away. So well has Nature performed these preliminary operations that, except in the rarest instances, gold-mining can never become profitable until after the washings have been exhausted—which is not likely to happen in our day. For—to say nothing of the fact that the auriferous sands must be richer than the rock from which they are derived, because a greater proportion of



THE WASHING-BOWL.

the rock than of the gold has been washed away—the action of the rollers and stamping-mill pulverizes the gold as well as the quartz, and leaves it in such a form that it can be separated only by complicated and expensive chemical processes, instead of the cheap and simple operation of washing.



GOLD-DIGGING IN AUSTRALIA

It was not from lack of abundant indications of their existence that the golden treasures of Australia remained so long unknown, and that the shepherds and stockmen and bush-rangers were ignorant of the wealth which lay beneath their feet. A quarter of a century ago a convict was found in possession of a "nugget" of gold, which he professed to have found in the neighborhood where gold has since been discovered. His story was disbelieved, and he was soundly flogged, on suspicion of having obtained the gold by robbery, and of having melted it down in order to destroy the evidence of its identity. At occasional intervals gold was offered for sale to the jewelers of Sydney; and one old "emancipist" named M'Gregor gained some notoriety as a gold-finder; though it was shrewdly suspected that the real source of his findings was the pockets of unwary travelers. The old clansman's prospecting, however, does not seem to have been over-successful, since at the outbreak of the gold-fever, he was confined in Sydney for debt. A party of speculative miners paid his debts on condition that he should give them the sole benefit of his gold-hunting experience. But it is ill bargaining with rogues: M'Gregor took the earliest opportunity of cutting loose from his benefactors, and picking up a companion more to his liking, made his way to his old haunts, and "lay by" on his own account.

Science also pointed to the probability of the existence of gold in Australia. Humboldt had announced the *à priori* probability that mountains of the general geological character of those of the Australian Cordilleras, especially if running north and south, would be found to be auriferous. In 1841, and subsequently, Mr. Clarke, a colonial geologist, affirmed that gold "in considerable quantities" existed in certain Australian rocks. In 1844, and afterward, Sir Roderick Murchison, the eminent English geologist, expressed the same opinion, which he based upon the resemblance between the Australian Cordilleras and the Ural Mountains. In 1848, he wrote to Earl Gray, the Colonial Minister, urging measures to facilitate the search for gold. But that wise functionary shook his head, and declined interfering, on the ground that "the agitation of the discovery of the precious metals would prove injurious to an agricultural and wool-growing community."

In 1848 one Mr. Smith produced a piece of gold imbedded in quartz, which he stated that he had found, and offered to disclose the spot to Government for a reward of £800. But Sir Charles Fitzroy, the "sporting Governor," suspecting the lump to be a "plant" on the Dousterswivel plan, and that its true origin was California, refused to give the reward in advance; but promised that if the disclosure should prove valuable, the discoverer should be liberally rewarded. But Mr. Smith would no more trust the Government than the Government would trust him. And thus he lost the chance of immortal-

izing himself as "*the* Mr. Smith" who discovered the gold mines of Australia



EDWARD HARGRAVES.

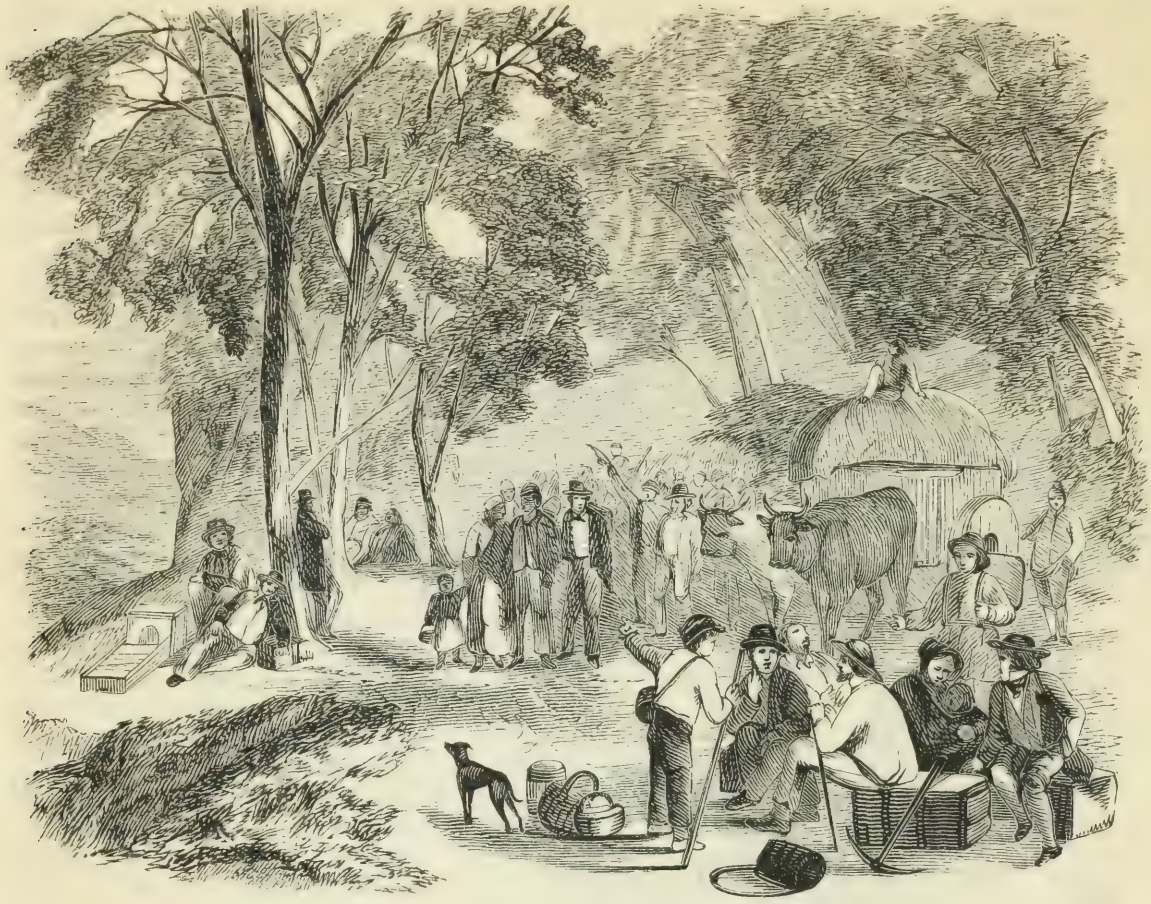
But the Hour and the Man were at hand. Among those persons whom the gold-fields of California had attracted from Sydney, was Edward Hargraves. Emigrants from the penal colony were not in the best odor in the new State; the severe code of Judge Lynch began to be applied to them, sometimes by way of precaution rather than of punishment, with very uncomfortable stringency; and hints which admitted of no misunderstanding were given that their presence could very well be dispensed with. Mr. Hargraves seems to have been an honest and honorable man, and we are not informed whether or no the suspicious place from whence he came had any thing to do with his want of success—for unsuccessful he was. He returned to Sydney with little gold, but with some valuable experience; and immediately began a series of explorations at home.

On the 3d of April, 1851, he made a communication to Government, stating that, as the result of two months' search, he had discovered valuable deposits of gold, which he offered to make public for a consideration. To this offer an answer was returned similar to that given to the communication of Mr. Smith, three years before. Mr. Hargraves, wiser than that gentleman, accepted the proposition of Government, and proceeded to the places which he designated, in company with the Government geologist. The first place where search was made was at Summerhill Creek, near the town of Bathurst, on the western side of the mountains, 150 miles from Sydney, the very district where old M'Gregor professed to have found his nuggets

Early in May the discovery began to be bruited abroad, and by the 19th of that month hundreds of persons were digging at Summerhill Creek, to which they gave the name of Ophir. Three days after this, the Government issued a proclamation claiming as the property of the Crown all gold found in its natural place of deposit, whether on public or private lands; forbidding all persons to dig or search for gold on Crown lands, without previously procuring a license; and settling the amount of the "Royalty" to be paid by those obtaining gold on their own lands.

By the first of June the current had set strongly toward the gold diggings. Sydney assumed a new aspect. Blue and red woolen shirts and California hats became the show-goods in the fashionable streets; from the stock of cradles displayed for sale, a stranger would gain an alarming impression as to the sudden increase of the infantile population of the colony. Waterproof tents, quicksilver for amalgamating gold soil, preserved provisions, spring-carts for the diggings, cradles and prospecting-pans, became the leading features of newspaper advertisements. The booksellers found their trade limited to "Digger's Hand-books" and "Gold-digger's Guides." Conversation took a golden turn: "Have you been to the diggings?" "Are you going?" "Have your servants gone yet?" were the standing questions. The sudden intrusion of gold, disturbed society as much as the obtrusion of the igneous gold-bearing quartz had long ago disturbed the quiet aqueous rocks. The man inured to toil, for a time at least, was the equal of any one. Tradesmen, mechanics, and servants, who a week before had stood cap in hand before their employers and masters, now "flashed their independence" in their faces. Every body who could go to the mines prepared to do so. The rugged defiles of the Blue Mountains were crowded with drays and ox-carts, piled with stores and mining utensils, and escorted by long lines of travelers on horseback or a-foot, all in search of the new Ophir.

It was soon discovered that gold-mining was no child's play. The work was of the hardest a man can perform, the fare of the roughest, and



GOING TO THE DIGGINGS

the company with whom the miner found himself none of the most select. To dwell in tents was hardly as poetic as it had seemed when contemplated at a distance. Nuggets were like "angels' visits, few and far between." Rocking the cradle was quite a different thing from the



DINNER AT THE DIGGINGS.

same interesting performance at home. To breakfast at daybreak in a tent or gunyah crowded with a mass of unwashed human beings in calico shirts, then work till mid-day in the water, snatch at noon a hasty meal of mutton, damper, and Bush tea, without even stopping for ablution, and back to the mines till dark, was something that many had not bargained for. Besides, fortunes were not to be made in a day. Of the thousands at the mines, the Government Commissioner reported that about two-fifths were making five dollars a day; about the same proportion gained from fifty cents to a dollar and a half; and the remainder earned nothing. By the first of July—the Australian mid-winter—a reaction had taken place. The weather grew cold and stormy; the river was flooded, so that no work could be carried on at the "wet-diggings," and the miners were reduced to the alternative of lying idle, or going prospecting in



GOING PROSPECTING.

search of "dry-diggings," carrying their implements and stores as best they might. Many sold their implements and stores for a trifle, and made their way homeward, pursued by the jeers of the passers-by, and met every where by the taunting question, "Have you sold your cradle?"

Just at this time was found the famous "Hundred-pound Lump," whose history would furnish materials for a romance. A native in the service of a certain Dr. Kerr, was lounging along, hatchet in hand through a sheep-run where he had walked a hundred times before. His eyes caught something yellow upon the surface of a block of quartz; and a blow with his hatchet revealed a mass of gold. He hastened back to his master, who took horse and rode to the spot. The largest block weighed 75 pounds, and by its side were two fragments, each of about half the weight, which had apparently originally formed part of it. Like the man who drew an elephant in a lottery, the doctor was at a loss how to dispose of his prize. At last he concluded to break it up, put it in a pair of saddle-bags, and convey it home on horseback, a ride of many hours. As he was compelled to halt at some human habitation for refreshment, he would lift the saddle-bags, with forced indifference, and fling them carelessly over a rail-fence. —"It seems heavy?" some suspicious-looking bystander—perhaps stockman, perhaps bush-ranger—would remark, interrogatively. "Oh yes," the doctor would answer, endeavoring to allay suspicion by an apparent jest, "full of gold, of course!" When the gigantic nuggets came to be weighed, they were found to contain a little more than a hundred pounds of pure gold, worth, as metal, more than twenty thousand dollars. But now the thought flashed upon the doctor that, had it remained unbroken, it would have been worth much more as a specimen; what a fortune might have been made by exhibiting it; and the poor practitioner began to look upon himself, and to be looked on by his neighbors, not as the lucky man who had made twenty thousand dollars by a single day's ride, but as the unfortunate individual, who had lost ten times as much by a few blows of a hatchet. But the misfortunes of the lump did not end here. The merchant who bought it had taken his passage with it from Bathurst to Sydney, when he was stopped by an officer of Government, who claimed the prize as the property of the Crown —the doctor had not taken out a license to search for gold. The astounded merchant refused to stand and deliver, but it was of no avail; the officer took possession of the prize. Arriving at Sydney it was restored to the poor merchant on condition of his paying a "Royalty" of ten per cent., and an additional percentage for its safe conduct by Government from Bathurst. To avoid all further chance of accidents, it was shipped by its harassed owner for England on the very day of its arrival in Sydney, with strict orders that it should be consigned to the melting-pot immediately on its arrival in England; in order that its identity might be destroyed. And so "*Hie hat de Mahr' ein Ende,*

das ist der Nibelungen Lied"—Here ends the story of the Australian Nibelungen Treasure.

The discoveries of gold in New South Wales were soon thrown into the shade by still more astounding discoveries in the Colony of Victoria, made about six weeks later. We have before us a print of the curious volcanic hill of Buninyong some fifty miles from Melbourne, as it appeared in 1850. A fine sweep of pastoral landscape, shaded here and there by a solitary gum-tree occupies the foreground. Over this a flock of sheep are wandering under the care of a solitary shepherd—sheep and shepherd alike unconscious that they were walking over a golden pavement. In the background the volcanic hill of Buninyong rears its conical head in the distance. Here were the famous diggings of Ballarat—famous for a few weeks, that is, till they were eclipsed by the still more famous ones of Mount Alexander. The deposits here were of richness unexampled. The Governor of the colony once saw eight pounds' weight—two thousand dollars' worth—washed from a couple of pans-full of clay. In a fortnight after the discovery of the Ballarat diggings Melbourne was deserted. The mechanic left his work-bench, the carman his team, the servant his knives and forks, for the diggings. The tradesmen and merchants were forced to follow—for what was the use of their staying when their customers were gone? What an overturn there was! How gold levels distinctions! A flannel shirt, California hat, and unshorn chin became emblems of nobility, and took the front rank every where. A sad case was it for poor helpless mortals who had been accustomed to be waited upon. Governor and Bishop presented a sorry spectacle—the former must groom his own horse, and the latter must black his own shoes. The gouty Judge could get to court only by being wheeled by his own sons—let us hope that these modern Biton and Cleobis will not fail to get their reward. "My good fellow," said a spruce new-comer to a rough looking fellow, "carry this bag, and you shall have a shilling." The other coolly transferred a quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other, as he placed a cow-hide-shod foot on a convenient stone, with the words, "Here my fine lad, tie my shoe and here's a half crown for you." And so on *ad infinitum*. Twenty thousand—thirty thousand—forty thousand diggers were vibrating from Ballarat to Mount Alexander, from Mount Alexander to Bendigo Creek, from Bendigo Creek to Fryar's Creek. All had heard of extraordinary yields—of gold by the pound, of nuggets by the quart, but when the first excitement was over it was seen that few had met with any such luck. One by one the disappointed diggers slunk back to their former posts. The Governor's horse rejoiced in the care of his old groom. The Bishop grew fat and rosy in the performance of his spiritual functions: his ancient groom blacked his shoes once more—for a reasonable advance on his old wages. The dutiful sons of the Judge were released from the task of wheeling that gouty minister of the law; and at the latest dates society had fallen back much into its ancient routine.

Yet not wholly. Taking one with another, fifty thousand diggers were earning each at the rate of a thousand dollars a year; mechanics commanded two or three dollars a day; and shepherds who were leaving the mines, returned to their pastoral pursuits, their Jews-harps and accordeons, at a salary of one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars, besides unlimited rations of mutton and damper. One year's experiment of the Australian gold mines has added to the stock of precious metals the amount of twenty millions of dollars; while for the later portions of that time, which may be assumed to present a fair average of the yield for a year to come, the production has been at the rate of fifty millions of dollars a year. Divide this among fifty thousand miners, and make allowance for the increased expense and decreased comfort of living at the mines, and it will present the fair average of what one miner with another may hope to gain. The shrewd and forecasting Yankees, of whom some five thousand have gone there, will exceed the average, while some other classes of emigrants will fall as much below it.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE IMPERIAL THRONE.

THE conspiracy of the French princes for the assassination of Napoleon, roused republican France to increased efforts to consolidate the new government. The execution of the Duke d'Enghien, a prince of the blood-royal, exasperated the feudal monarchs of Europe, and inspired them with additional hostility against the supremacy of the people. The royalists considered Napoleon, with his almost superhuman energy, as the only obstacle to their projects. They were ready, at every hazard, to strike him down. The people of France, profoundly admiring the wisdom and efficiency of his government, were grateful for the harmony which he had restored to the republic, and for the abounding prosperity with which, by his labors, it had been crowned. Immediately, in the legislative bodies, in the streets of Paris, through all the principal towns in the departments, and in the camps distributed along the coasts, all tongues were busy in pleading that the crown should be placed upon that brow, on whose safety reposed the destinies of France. It was declared that experience had abundantly proved that republicanism was not adapted to the genius of the French people; that the object of the revolution was accomplished, in reforming abuses, in abolishing the old feudal system, and in limiting the royal authority; and that now the dignity and the safety of France required that Napoleon should be invested with regal power, that he might thus be on a level with surrounding monarchs.

Never was the impulsive character of the French people more conspicuous than on this occasion. Fouché, in the ardor of his zeal, was the first to approach Napoleon, with an expression of the universal desire. In reiterated interviews, he represented the necessity of putting an end to the anxieties of France, by returning to that monarchical form of government, which might appease the hostility of the surrounding nations, which would invest the person of Napoleon with new sacredness, and which would consolidate the work of the revolution. A blaze of enthusiasm flamed over all France at the idea of investing the First Consul, the friend of the people, and the idol of the people, with imperial dignity. Addresses were now poured in upon Napoleon without number, imploring him to accept the crown of France. The First Consul sent for Lebrun and Cambaceres, to confer with them upon the subject. Frankly he avowed that he wished to ascend the throne, stating that it was manifest to every one, that France desired a king ; that every day she was receding farther from the wild excesses of the revolution ; that the adoption of the forms of monarchy would be an act of conciliation to the rest of Europe, and would enable him, with less opposition from abroad, to promote the popular interests of France.

Napoleon, with his accustomed prudence, immediately sent to most of the governments of Europe, to ascertain if the change would be acceptable to them. France was at war with England, consequently the consent of that power was out of the question. The hostile attitude which Russia had recently assumed, rendered it a point of dignity not to address her. Prussia, Austria, Spain, and the minor powers were consulted. As it was now generally esteemed impossible throughout Europe that the Bourbons could be restored, all the courts experienced much satisfaction at the idea of having the republic abolished in France. The King of Prussia wrote, with his own hand, to his minister in Paris, in the following cordial terms : " I unhesitatingly authorize you, to seize the earliest possible opportunity to make known to M. Talleyrand, that after having seen the supreme power conferred for life upon the First Consul, I should see, with still greater interest, the public order, established by his wisdom and his great actions, consolidated by the hereditary establishment of his family ; and that I should not hesitate to acknowledge it." This letter, written but about a fortnight after the execution of the Duke d'Enghien, seems to indicate, that however deeply that event might have been deplored by the courts of Europe, the exasperating circumstances which led to the reprisal were fully appreciated. The Emperor Francis of Austria promptly assured Napoleon of his readiness to recognize that change in the government of France which could not but be acceptable to the surrounding monarchies. This was the general sentiment throughout all of the courts of Europe.

Bourrienne, in conversation with Napoleon one day, remarked that he thought that it would be impossible for Napoleon to get himself acknowledged emperor by the old reigning families of Europe. " If it comes to that," he replied, " I will dethrone them all, and then I shall be the oldest sovereign among them."

The Senate of France, by unanimous acclamation, without a single dissentient voice, passed the decree, " That Napoleon Bonaparte be named Emperor, and in that capacity invested with the government of the French Republic." The Senate, in its enthusiasm, resolved to go in a body to St. Cloud, to present the decree to the First Consul, and to salute him as Emperor. It was the 18th of May, 1804. The fields were green, the trees in full foliage, and the bland atmosphere of the most lovely of spring mornings exhilarated all spirits. A long procession of carriages, escorted by a brilliant guard of cavalry, conveyed the senators to the rural palace of St. Cloud. Napoleon, with that perfect tranquillity of spirit which seemed never to forsake him, was ready to receive them. Josephine stood by his side, flushed with agitation, trembling in anticipation of the future, yet gratified at the new honor about to be conferred upon her husband. Cambaceres, the President of the Senate, bowing profoundly before his former colleague, now his new sovereign, thus addressed him :

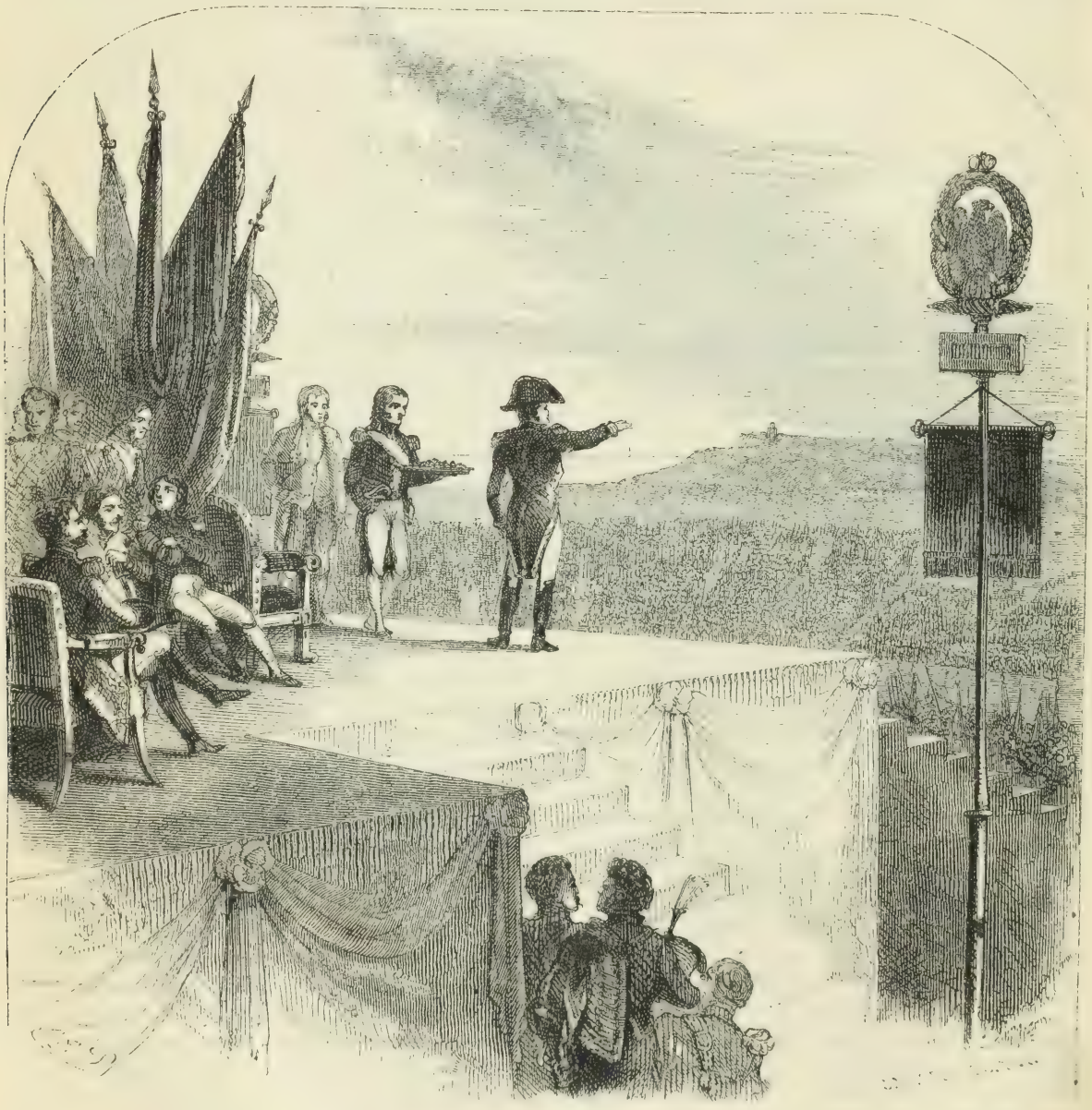
" Sire. Four years ago the affection and the gratitude of the French people intrusted the reins of government to your Majesty, and the constitutions of the state had already left to you the choice of a successor. The more imposing title which is now decreed to you, therefore, is but a tribute that the nation pays to its own dignity, and to the necessity it experiences of daily offering you new proofs of its daily increasing respect and attachment. How, indeed, can the French people reflect, without enthusiasm, upon the happiness it has experienced since providence prompted it to throw itself into your arms? Our armies were vanquished, the finances in disorder, public credit was annihilated ; the remnants of our ancient splendor were disputed by factions ; the ideas of religion, and even of morality, were obscured. Your Majesty appeared. You recalled victory to our standards. You restored order and economy in the public expenditure. The nation, encouraged by the use you made of them, took confidence in its own resources. Your wisdom calmed down the fury of parties. Religion saw her altars raised again. Finally—and that is doubtless the greatest of the miracles worked by your genius—that people, whom civil ferments had rendered indocile to all restraints, and inimical to all authority have been, by you, taught to cherish and respect a power exercised only for its repose and glory."

The moment these words were concluded, the cry of " Vive l'Empereur" resounded, in tones of deepest enthusiasm, throughout the palace. The multitude, drawn by the occasion to the courtyard and the gardens, caught the cry, and repeated it with reiterated and joyful shouts. As

soon as silence was restored, Napoleon briefly replied, in the following terms:

"Every thing which can contribute to the weal of the country is essentially connected with my happiness. I accept the title, which you believe to be useful to the glory of the nation. I submit to the people the sanction of the law of hereditary succession. I hope that France will never repent of the honors with which she shall invest my family. At all events, my spirit will no longer be with my posterity on that day when it shall cease to merit the love and confidence of the grand nation."

Cambaceres then addressed a few words of congratulation to the Empress Josephine, to which she replied only by her tears. Napoleon, desirous of surrounding the newly established throne by all those influences which could give it stability, resolved to have himself crowned by the Pope, in Paris. It will be remembered that Pope Pius VII. was the personal friend of Napoleon. He felt grateful for the favors which the First Consul had conferred upon the Church. Never before had a Pope condescended to leave Rome, to place the crown upon a monarch's brow. Pius VII., however, promptly yielded to the wishes of his illustrious friend. It was now the month of May. Napoleon wished, before the coronation, to accomplish his projected attack upon England. The preparations were finally so matured, that even Napoleon became sanguine of success. He immediately visited all the camps upon the coast, and inspected them with the utmost care. He even examined the flotilla, boat by boat, to see if every order had been strictly attended to. Every thing was in accordance with his wishes. A magnificent spectacle was arranged, in the presence of the English squadron, for the distribution of the crosses of the "Legion of Honor." Napoleon was seated upon a throne, constructed on the brink of the ocean, with his magnificent army assembled, in the form of a semi-circular amphitheatre, around him The shouts of a hundred thousand men filled the air. The explosion of thousands of pieces of artillery, of heaviest calibre, sent their reverberations even to the shores of England. The impressive scene filled all



THE FETE AT BOULOGNE.

hearts. In the midst of the imposing spectacle, a division of the flotilla, from Havre, approaching Boulogne, was attacked by the English squadron, in view of the countless multitude surrounding the Emperor. Napoleon, in the midst of the solemnities of the occasion, from time to time turned his telescope, to watch the progress of the fight. The gun-boats entered the harbor in safety, thus crowning the festivities of the day.

A short time afterward Napoleon had another opportunity of witnessing a battle between the flotilla and the English ships. It was the 26th of August, at two o'clock in the afternoon, Napoleon was in the roadstead, inspecting the line of gun-boats. The English squadron, consisting of twenty ships, was moored at some distance from the shore. A ship detaching herself from the main body approached the French line, to reconnoitre and to discharge some broadsides. A few gun-boats immediately weighed anchor, and bore down upon the ship. Seeing this, the English sent a reinforcement of one frigate and several brigs, to attack the gun-boats. The Emperor was in his barge with Admiral Bruis. He ordered his barge to be steered into the midst of the boats that were fighting, and to advance full sail for the frigate. He was aware that the sailors and soldiers, who admired his fearlessness upon the shore, sometimes asked themselves if he would be equally daring upon the sea. He wished to enlighten them upon that point. The imperial barge, brilliantly decorated with banners, rapidly approached the frigate. She, suspecting the precious freight it bore, reserved her fire, that with one crushing broadside she might annihilate her audacious foe. The Minister of Marine, trembling for the fate of the Emperor, seized the rudder, and was about to alter the course of the barge. An imperative gesture from Napoleon arrested the movement, and the barge held on its course. Napoleon was examining the frigate with his telescope, when suddenly she discharged her broadside. The tempest of iron was hurled around them, lashing the water into foam, yet no one was injured. The rest of the gun-boats rapidly came up and assailed the English with a shower of balls and grape-shot. Soon the frigate, seriously damaged, was obliged to stand out to sea. The brigs soon followed, seriously battered, and one so riddled that she was seen to sink.

Napoleon, delighted with the result of the battle, wrote to Marshal Soult: "The little battle at which I was present, has produced an immense effect in England. It has created a real alarm there. The howitzers, which are on board the gun-boats, *tell* admirably. The private information that I have received makes the loss of the enemy, sixty wounded, and from twelve to fifteen killed. The frigate was much damaged." The loss of the French was but two killed, and seven wounded.

England was now thoroughly alarmed. It was evident to all, that Herculean as was the enterprise of invading England, Napoleon had accumulated materials commensurate with the undertaking. All France was in a state of the highest enthusiasm. The most magnificent preparations were being made for the coronation. The rumor had spread abroad that the Pope was



THE GUN-BOATS AND THE FRIGATE

coming to Paris to crown the Emperor. The devout population heard the news with wonder and admiration. Opposition, however, arose in the Council of State. Many arguments were urged against receiving the crown from the Sovereign Pontiff, which was in reality conferred by the will of the nation and the exploits of the army. Napoleon was as powerful in the cabinet as on the field of battle. His arguments were as decisive as his bomb-shells. He terminated the discussion by this pointed question: "Gentlemen, you are deliberating at Paris, at the Tuileries. Suppose that you were in London, in the British Cabinet—that you were the Ministers of the King of England, and that you were informed that at this moment, the Pope crosses the Alps to crown the Emperor of the French. Would you look upon that as a triumph for England or for France?" This settled the question beyond reply.

Napoleon justly considered that the benediction of the Pope, would, in the eyes of Catholic Europe, be a seal of his legitimacy as a sovereign, which nothing else could supply. His letter to the Pope was thus expressed: "Most Holy Father—The happy effect produced upon the character and the morality of my people by the re-establishment of religion, induces me to beg your Holiness to give me a new proof of your interest in my destiny, and in that of this great nation, in one of the most important conjunctures presented in the annals of the world. I beg you to come and give, to the highest degree, a religious character to the anointing and coronation of the first Emperor of the French. That ceremony will acquire a new lustre by being performed by your Holiness in person. It will bring down upon yourself and our people the blessing of God, whose decrees rule the destiny of empires and families. Your Holiness is aware of the affectionate sentiments I have long borne toward you, and can thence judge of the pleasure that this occurrence will afford me, of testifying them anew. We pray God that he may preserve you, most Holy Father, for many years, to rule and govern our mother, the Holy Church.—Your dutiful son, Napoleon."

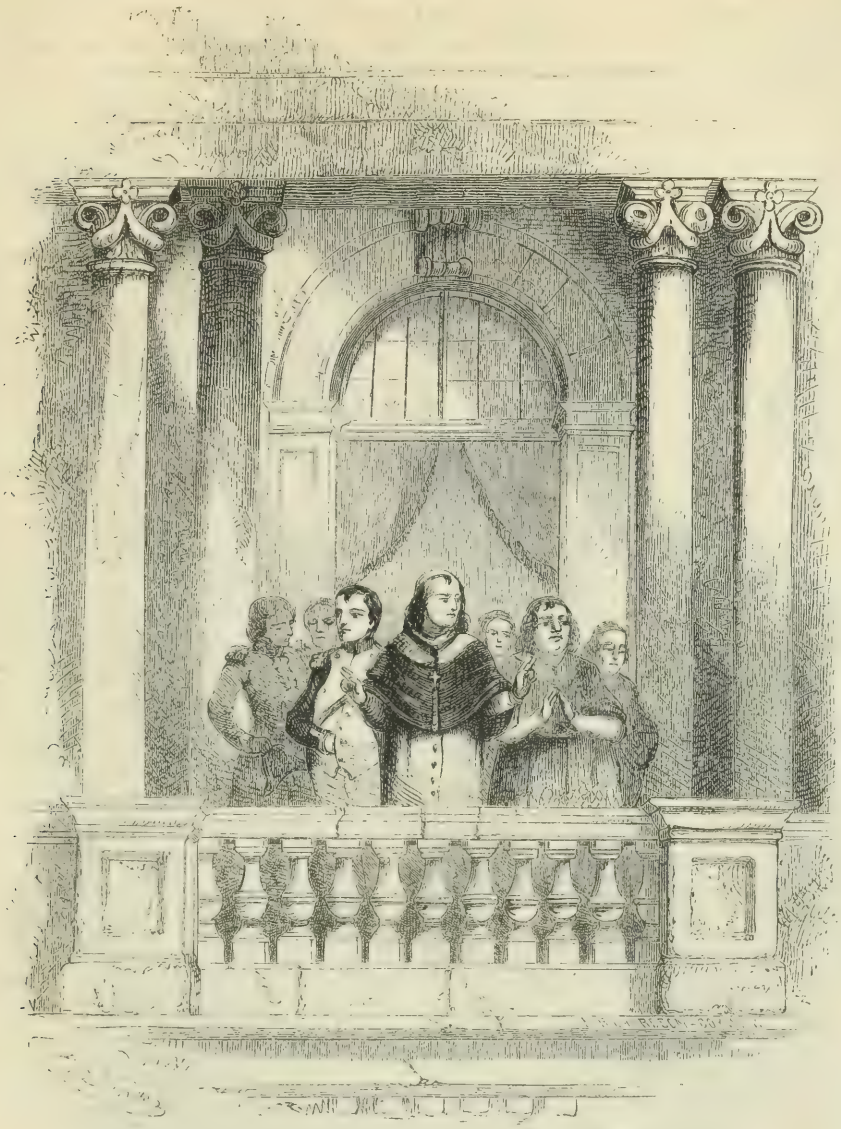
The Pope was not insensible to ridicule. The nickname his enemies gave him, of *Chaplain to Napoleon*, wounded him deeply. And though the Pope for a little time hesitated, he at length yielded himself entirely to the wishes of the Emperor.

Josephine trembled in view of the height to which her husband had attained. Rumors still filled the air that state necessity required that Napoleon should be the founder of a new dynasty, that he should transmit his crown to his descendants, and that divorce was essential, that he might be blest with an heir. She ardently desired that she might be crowned with her husband, for it would be a new tie to bind Napoleon to her, and a new guarantee against that divorce which ever haunted her with the most fearful forebodings. Napoleon loved her tenderly, and yet was deeply impressed with the apparent policy of entering into a new nuptial alliance. A scene occurred at this time between them, when Napoleon was so much overcome by the fearful apprehensions, the love, and the grief of his wife, that, in a sudden outburst of affection, he threw his arms around her, pressed her to his heart, and assured her, that whatever policy might require, he never could gain strength to separate from one whom he loved so dearly. He declared that she should be crowned with him, and that she should receive, at his side, and from the hands of the Pope, the divine consecration. It was now the last of November. Every thing was in readiness at Nôtre Dame. Pius VII. commenced his journey from Rome to Paris. He was every where received in France with the highest marks of respect and attention. As the pontifical cortège arrived at the Palace of Fontainebleau, Napoleon, on horseback, with a magnificent retinue, met the Pope. Alighting, the Emperor embraced the Holy Father, and the two sovereigns entered the carriage together, the Emperor courteously assigning the right side to the Head of the Church. At the rural Palace of Fontainebleau, he was received with a degree of splendor which both delighted and amazed him. The mild and benevolent countenance, and the dignified manners of Pius VII. won all hearts. After three days of repose, the Emperor and the Pope, entering the same carriage, proceeded to Paris. The Pope was lodged in the Pavilion of Flora, in the Palace of the Tuileries, which had been sumptuously prepared for his reception. With a delicacy characteristic of Napoleon, the Pope found his apartments furnished, in every respect, precisely like those he had left in the Vatican. Thus the aged prelate truly found himself at home.

The populace of Paris daily crowded beneath the windows of the Tuileries, soliciting his appearance. The fame of his benignity had spread through the capital. Pius VII. frequently presented himself at the balcony of the Tuileries, always accompanied by Napoleon, and was saluted with most enthusiastic acclamations. The vast throng threw themselves upon their knees before him, and implored the pontifical benediction. Strange inconsistency! But ten years before, the populace of Paris had hunted the priests of Rome through the streets, and had shot them down without mercy.

It will be remembered that at the time of the marriage of Napoleon and Josephine, all religious ceremonies had been abolished, and they were only united by a civil bond. Napoleon had endeavored to reform this state of things, and upon the marriage of his sister to Murat, he insisted upon their receiving the nuptial benediction of the church.

Josephine immediately interceded with the Pope, to secure for herself the blessing of a religious sanction upon her union. With deep emotion, and heartfelt delight, on the very night preceding the coronation, the marriage between Napoleon and Josephine was secretly celebrated in the chapel of the Tuileries. Upon this occa-



THE POPE AT THE TUILERIES.

sion Josephine was perfectly overcome with emotion. On the following morning, her reddened eyes still testified to the tears she had shed.

Sunday, the 2d of December, was a clear, cold winter's day. All Paris was in a state of the highest enthusiasm to witness the coronation of the Emperor. The Church of Nôtre Dame was decorated with surpassing magnificence. The most gorgeous drapery of silken velvet ornamented the walls, descending from the roof to the pavement. An immense throne was erected for Napoleon and Josephine, at the west end of the church, raised upon twenty-four steps. The Emperor left the Tuileries in a carriage completely surrounded with glass. His costume was designed by the most distinguished painter of the day. The acclamations of immense crowds followed him, and all were delighted to see the idol of the people become the Emperor of France. With a golden laurel upon that noble brow, which attracted the attention of every observer, Napoleon entered the church, while five hundred musicians pealed forth a solemn chant. The Pope anointed the Emperor, blessed the sword, and the sceptre, and as he approached to take up the crown, Napoleon firmly and with dignity took it in his own hand, and placed it himself upon his head. This characteristic act produced an indescribable effect upon the assembly. Napoleon then took the crown prepared for the Empress, and approaching Josephine, as she knelt before him, with visible tenderness and affection placed it upon her head. Josephine for a moment gazed earnestly, with swimming eyes, into the face of her illustrious and idolized husband. Napoleon with a recognizing glance of love returned the gaze. Josephine, entirely overcome, bowed her head and burst into tears. An enthusiastic shout of "Live the Emperor," burst from every lip, and resounded through the arches of Nôtre Dame. The thunders of innumerable cannon reverberating through the streets of Paris, announced to all the inhabitants of the metropolis, that Napoleon was the consecrated Emperor of France. The shades of evening had fallen over the thronged city; and the Palace and the Garden of the Tuileries were blazing with illuminations, when the Emperor and the Empress returned to their imperial abode. Josephine, overwhelmed with the intensest emotions which the scenes of the day had excited, retired to her chamber, and, falling upon her knees, implored the guidance of the King of kings. Napoleon, who personally disliked all pomp and parade, and who arranged these scenes of grandeur only to impress the minds of the multitude, hastened to his room, and exclaimed, impatiently, to an attendant as he entered, "Off! off with these confounded trappings!" He threw the mantle into one corner of the room, the gorgeous robe into another; and thus violently disencumbering himself, declared that hours of such mortal tediousness he had never passed before.

The court of France had for ages exhibited to the nation the spectacle of the most voluptuous and unblushing vice. Manners the most dissolute had been rendered attractive by the grace in which they had been robed. Napoleon had resolved that his court should present a model of moral purity. He resolved to give no one an appointment among the royal retinue, whose character was not above reproach. The Duchess D'Aiguillon, during the license of those times,



THE CORONATION.

in which all the restraints of Christian morality had been swept away, had availed herself of the facile liberty of divorce from her husband, and had formed other unions. Josephine, in her days of adversity, had received favors from the Duchess, and wished to testify her gratitude, by receiving her at court. Napoleon peremptorily refused. Josephine thus wrote to her friend.

"I am deeply afflicted. My former friends, supposing that I am able to obtain the fulfillment of all my wishes, must suppose that I have forgotten the past. Alas! it is not so. The Emperor, indignant at the total disregard of morality, and alarmed at the progress it might still make, is resolved that the example of a life of regularity and of religion shall be presented at the palace where he reigns. Desirous of strengthening more and more the church re-established by himself, and unable to change the laws appointed by her observances, his intention is, at least, to keep at a distance from his court all who may have availed themselves of an opportunity for a divorce. Hence the cause of his refusing the favor I asked, of having you with me. The refusal has occasioned me unspeakable regret, but he is too absolute to leave even the hope of seeing him retract."

The season was now so inclement that the Pope could not immediately repass the Alps. Napoleon, by his frankness, courtesy, and kindliness gained the most sincere affection of the Holy Pontiff. The Pope became one of the most

ardent admirers of that extraordinary man, who won the love of all that approached him

The loss of time appeared to the Emperor so great a calamity that he scarcely ever failed to unite an indispensable solemnity to some day already devoted to sacred purposes. "What renders me," he said, "most hostile to the Catholic worship are the numerous festivals, formerly observed. A *saint's day* is a day of idleness, and I do not wish for that. People must labor, in order to live. I shall consent to four holydays during the year, but to no more. If the gentlemen from Rome are not satisfied with that, they must take their departure."

One great cause of the hostility of monarchical Europe against republican France, was the apprehension entertained by the allied monarchs that republican principles might extend through their dominions. One of the considerations which influenced Napoleon in changing the government from a republic to an empire, was the hope that Europe would be conciliated by this change. One of his first acts after his enthronement, was to make a new attempt in behalf of peace. Again he wrote with his own hand to the King of England. His letter was thus expressed.

"SIR, MY BROTHER :—Called to the throne by Providence, by the suffrages of the Senate, of the people, and of the army, my first desire is peace. France and England, abusing their prosperity, may contend for ages. But do their respective governments fulfill their most sacred duties, in causing so much blood to be vainly shed, without the hope of advantage or prospect of cessation? I do not conceive that it can be deemed dishonorable in me to make the first advances. I believe it has been sufficiently proved to the world that I dread none of the chances of war, which indeed offer nothing which I can fear. Though peace is the wish of my heart, yet war has never been adverse to my glory. I conjure your Majesty then, not to refuse the happiness, of giving peace to the world. Delay not that grateful satisfaction, that it may be a legacy for your children; for never have arisen more favorable circumstances, nor a more propitious moment for calming every passion and displaying the best feelings of humanity and reason. That moment once lost, what term shall we set to a struggle, which all my efforts have been unable to terminate. In the space of ten years your Majesty has gained more in wealth and territory (referring to the vast conquests of England in India) than the extent of Europe comprehends. Your people have attained the height of prosperity. What then has your Majesty to hope from war? The world is sufficiently extensive for our two nations; and reason might assist us to discover the means of conciliating all, were both parties animated by a spirit of reconcilement. At all events, I have discharged a sacred duty, and one dear to my heart. Your Majesty may rely upon the sincerity of the sentiments now expressed, and on my desire to afford your Majesty every proof of that sincerity."

To this earnest appeal the British Cabinet coldly replied, "His Majesty of England, though earnestly desiring the restoration of peace to his people, could not reply to the overture made to him without consulting the continental powers, especially the Emperor of Russia." This was simply saying that a new storm was gathering in the north, and that the fate of France must depend on another struggle.

The Cisalpine Republic had witnessed the change of France from a republic to an empire with much satisfaction. They wished to imitate this example. Italy, rejoicing in ancestral greatness, immediately resolved that Napoleon, whom the Italians regarded as one of their own countrymen, should also wear the crown of Lombardy. A deputation from the Cisalpine Republic arrived in Paris to consult the Emperor upon the proposed alteration, and to tender to him the crown At a public audience, Napoleon was informed of the unanimous desire of the Senate, and of the people of Italy, that the country should become a kingdom, and that he would ascend the throne. Napoleon listened with pleasure to the petition of the republic. In reply he said, "The separation of the crowns of France and Italy will be necessary hereafter, but highly dangerous at present, surrounded as we are by powerful enemies and inconstant friends. The people of Italy have always been dear to me, and for the love I bear them, I consent to take the additional burden and responsibility, which their confidence has led them to impose on me, at least until the interests of Italy herself permit me to place the crown on a younger head. My successor, animated by my spirit, and intent upon completing the work of regeneration, already so auspiciously commenced, shall be one who will be ever ready to sacrifice his personal interests, and, if necessary, his life, in behalf of the nation over which he shall be called by Providence, the constitution of the country, and my approbation, to reign."

In reference to this event, Napoleon, in a free and frank conversation with his ancient schoolfellow Bourrienne, remarked, "In eight days I set out to assume the iron crown of Charlemagne. That, however, is but a stepping-stone to greater things which I design for Italy, which must become a kingdom comprising all the transalpine country, from Venice to the maritime Alps. The union of Italy with France can be but transient. For the present, it is necessary, in order to accustom the Italians to live under common laws. The people of Genoa, Piedmont, Milan, Venice, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples, cordially detest each other, and none of them could be induced to admit their inferiority. Rome, however, by her situation and historical associations, is the natural capital of Italy. To make it so in reality, the power of the Pope must be restricted to spiritual affairs. It would be impolitic to attempt the accomplishment of this just now. But, if circumstances are favorable, there may be less difficulty hereafter. As yet, I have but crude ideas upon the subject, which time and

events will ripen. When you and I were two idle young men, sauntering through the streets of Paris, a prescient feeling told me, that I should one day be master of France. My conduct hence received a direction. It is wise, therefore, to provide for what may come, and this is what I am doing. Since it would be impossible at once to unite Italy into a single power, yielding obedience to uniform laws, I shall commence by making her French. All the petty, worthless states into which she is divided, will thus acquire a habit of living under the dominion of the same laws; and when this habit is formed, and local feuds and enmities become extinct, there will again be an Italy worthy her olden renown, and her restoration to independence will have been my work. Twenty years are requisite, however, to accomplish this; and who can calculate with certainty upon the future? I speak at this moment of things which have long been shut up in my mind. I am probably but uttering a pleasant day-dream."

The Emperor and Empress, accompanied by the Pope, soon left Paris for Italy. They halted at Brienne, the scene of Napoleon's school days. With many delightful and melancholy emotions Napoleon recalled with a zest and a rapidity which surprised himself, innumerable long-forgotten trains of ideas and sensations. They crossed the Alps. Josephine supported by the arm of Napoleon, and gazing upon the wild sublimities which surrounded them, with emotions of delight listened to the glowing recitals of her husband, as he pointed out to her the scenes of past enterprise and achievement. Having taken leave of the Holy Father at Turin, with mutual testimonials of affection and esteem, the Emperor, with his staff, visited the plain of Marengo. He had assembled upon that plain thirty thousand troops for a grand review, and that Josephine might behold, in the mimicry of war, a picture of the dreadful scenes which had deluged those fields in blood. It was the fifth of May, and the magnificent pageant glittered beneath the rays of a brilliant sun. A lofty throne was erected, from which the Emperor and Empress could overlook the whole scene. Napoleon dressed himself, for the occasion, with the same war-wasted garments, the battered hat, the tempest-torn cloak, the coat of faded blue, and the long cavalry sabre, which he had worn amid the carnage and the terror of that awful day. Many of the veterans who had been engaged in the action were present. The Emperor and the Empress appeared upon the ground in a magnificent chariot, drawn by eight horses, and immediately they were greeted by an enthusiastic shout of acclamation from thirty thousand adoring voices. The gorgeous uniform of the men; the rich caparison and proud bearing of the horses; the clangor of innumerable trumpets and martial bands; the glitter of gold and steel; the deafening thunders of artillery and musketry, filling the air with one incessant and terrific roar; the dense volumes of sulphurous smoke rolling heavily over the plain, shutting out the rays of an unclouded sun—all combined to produce an effect upon the spectators never to be effaced.

On the 26th of May the coronation took place in the Cathedral of Milan. The iron crown of Charlemagne, which is a circlet of gold and gems, covering an iron ring, formed of one of the spikes said to have pierced our Saviour's hand at the crucifixion, had reposed for a thousand years, in the Church of Monza. It was brought forth from its mausoleum to embellish the coronation with the attraction of its deep poetic sentiment. The ceremony was conducted with a magnificence not even surpassed by the scene in Nôtre Dame. The Empress first appeared, gorgeously dressed and glittering with diamonds. The most enthusiastic acclamations greeted her entrance. A moment after Napoleon himself appeared. He was arrayed in imperial robes of velvet, purple and gold, with the diadem upon his brow, and the crown and sceptre of Charlemagne in his hands. He placed the crown upon his own head, repeating aloud the historical words: "God has given it to me—woe to him who touches it!"

He remained in Milan a month, busy night and day, in projecting improvements of the most majestic character. The Italians, to the present day, regard the reign of Napoleon as the brightest period of their history.

A little incident at this time occurred, which illustrates Napoleon's unwearied interest in promoting happiness. One day the Emperor and Empress had broken away from the pageantry and cares of state, and retired to the seclusion of a little island in one of the lakes in that vicinity. They entered the cabin of a poor woman. She had no idea of the illustrious character of her guests; and in answer to their kind inquiries, told them frankly the story of her penury and her toils, and her anxiety for her children, as her husband could often obtain no work. Napoleon was interested in the indications which he saw, of a superior character. "How much money," said he, "should you want to make you perfectly happy?" "Ah! sir," she replied, "a great deal I should want." "But, how much?" Napoleon rejoined. "Oh, sir," she replied, "I should want as much as eighty dollars; but what prospect is there of one having eighty dollars?" The Emperor caused an attendant to pour into her lap about six hundred dollars, in glittering gold. For a moment she was speechless in bewilderment, and then said: "Ah, sir! ah, madam! this is too much; and yet you do not look as if you could sport with the feelings of a poor woman." "No," Josephine replied, in most gentle accents, "the money is all yours; with it you can now rent a piece of ground, purchase a flock of goats, and I hope you will be able to bring up your children comfortably." Napoleon's tact in detecting character ever enabled him to judge accurately where assistance could be judiciously conferred.

Before leaving Milan, Napoleon received a

number of intercepted dispatches of Sir Arthur Wellesley, containing a detailed account of the enormous acquisitions the English were making in India. He commented upon these dispatches with great severity. The Cabinet of London were holding up to the execration of Europe, the illimitable ambition of the French monarch, for striving to strengthen himself against the hostile monarchies around him, by friendly associations and alliances with such powers as his genius could create. At the same time, this same cabinet was issuing orders to extend the British dominion over an extent of country and a population almost equal to that of all Europe. In this career of aggression against the East Indies, England could not even offer the plea that she was an invited liberator, or that she was conquering in a defensive war. It is, indeed, more easy to see the mote in our neighbor's eye, than to discern the beam in our own.

From Milan, the Emperor and Empress continued their tour to Genoa. The restless and never exhausted mind of Napoleon was weary at even the swiftest speed of the horses. Though they drove from post to post with the utmost possible rapidity, so that it was necessary continually to throw water on the glowing axle, he kept calling from his carriage, "On! on! We do not go fast enough!" Their reception in Genoa was magnificent in the extreme. In the beautiful bay, a floating garden of orange-trees was constructed in honor of Josephine. In the principal church the Emperor and Empress received the allegiance of the most prominent inhabitants.



NAPOLEON AND THE PEASANT.

As they were crossing the Alps, Napoleon alighting from his carriage, proceeded on foot some distance in advance of the party. He met a peasant woman: "Where are you hastening so eagerly this morning?" "To see the Emperor," she replied. "They tell me the Emperor is to pass this way this morning." "And why do you wish to see him?" said Napoleon; "what have you done but exchanged one tyrant for another? You have had the Bourbons, now you have Napoleon." The woman for a moment was staggered, and then replied: "It is no matter; Napoleon is *our* king, but the Bourbons were the kings of the *nobles*." "This," said Napoleon, "comprehends the whole matter."

Napoleon having appointed Eugene Beauharnais viceroy of Italy, returned to Paris, and here wearing with perfect ease the weight of two crowns, he resumed his life of unintermitted toil. His habits of life were regular and temperate in the extreme. After issuing each morning the orders for the day, and having received those who were entitled to the privilege of an audience, he breakfasted at nine o'clock. The breakfast seldom lasted more than eight or ten minutes. Returning to his cabinet, he applied himself to business, and received the ministers who attended with their port-folios. These occupations lasted until six in the evening. Then dinner was served. The Emperor and Empress usually dined alone. The dinner consisted but of one course, prolonged by the desert. The only wine he drank was a very light French wine, mingled with water. Ardent spirits he never drank. The dinner usually lasted not more than twenty minutes. Returning to the drawing-room, a servant



NAPOLEON IN THE SALOON OF JOSEPHINE.

presented him a cup of coffee. He then returned to his cabinet to resume his labors, rigorously acting upon the principle, never to put off till to-morrow what could be done to-day. The Empress descended to her apartments, where she found the ladies of honor in attendance. Napoleon occasionally, for a few moments, would leave his cabinet after dinner, and enter the apartments of Josephine, to speak a few words with the ladies who were assembled there. Leaning upon the back of a chair, he would converse with that frankness with which he ever charmed all whom he addressed. In the evening he held a levee, when the officers on duty received their orders for the next day. Such was the life of the people's king. How different from that of the voluptuous monarchs who had previously reveled in the palaces of France. Napoleon's personal tastes were extremely simple and modest, but he loved to see around his court a brilliant display of magnificence—deeming it essential to impress the imaginations of the French people. In private, few persons have manifested more polite and genial manners in their intercourse with those around them, though there were occasions when Napoleon, intensely occupied with the affairs of state, would arise from the breakfast table and the dinner table without the utterance of a single word.

Immediately after the coronation of the Emperor, Louis XVIII. entered his earnest protest against Napoleon's right to the throne. Napoleon caused this protest to be published, without note or comment, in the *Moniteur*, that it might be read by all France. This was his only and his noble response. When Napoleon first perused this production, he calmly said: "My right is the will of France. While I have a sword I shall maintain it." The question whether the hereditary succession to the throne should be invested in the family of Napoleon, had been submitted to the people. More than three and a half millions voted in favor, while but about two thousand voted against it. Such unanimity in behalf of any ruler, earth has never before recorded.

The English Cabinet, trembling in view of the black cloud of invasion threatening their shores, and which cloud every day grew blacker and blacker with its surcharged thunders, roused its energies to form new coalitions against France. The representations she made on the subject of Napoleon's encroachments, were favorably listened to by Austria, Russia, and Sweden. A hostile coalition was formed, the expenses of which were to be borne chiefly by the British people, for a combined movement, to overthrow the throne of the plebeian monarch. An attack upon France by the northern powers, might interrupt the project of invasion, and divert the attention of the terrible army. Napoleon was well informed of the intrigues in progress against him. He secretly watched the tendency of events, while he took no public notice which could indicate his knowledge of the designs which were forming. Under these circumstances, and various disappointments having occurred in his attempts to assemble a fleet in the Channel, Napoleon hesitated in what direction to encounter his foes—whether upon the shores of England, or to march to meet them as they should press through the defiles of Germany. After numerous perplexities, he said, "My resolution is fixed. My fleets were lost sight of, from the heights of Cape Ortegal, on the fourteenth of August. If they come into the Channel, there is time yet. I embark, and I make the descent. I go to London, and there cut the knot of all coalitions. If, on the contrary, my admiral fails in

conduct or in firmness, I raise my ocean camp, I enter Germany with two hundred thousand men, and I do not stop till I have *scored the game at Vienna*, taken Venice and all the chiefer cities of Italy from Austria, and driven the Bourbons from Italy. I will not allow the Austrians and the Russians to assemble. I will strike them down before they can form their junction. The continent being pacified, I will return to the ocean, and work anew for maritime peace."

All things were now prepared for the invasion. Napoleon was only waiting the arrival of the fleet. Officers were stationed with their glasses at various points of the coast, to observe all that was visible upon the sea, and to report to him.

Thus passed three days of intolerable suspense, but no fleet appeared. Admiral Villeneuve, in grossest defection from duty, had frustrated the whole plan. It was one of the deepest disappointments of Napoleon's life. Napoleon was extremely irritated. His whole soul was aroused into intensity of disappointment and vexation. He launched out into long and fierce invectives against the incapacity of his naval officers; said that he was betrayed by cowardice; deplored in strains of anguish the ruin of the most splendid and perfectly arranged plans he had ever conceived. Suddenly the storm passed away. With that self-control which so wonderfully characterized him, he in an hour mastered his agitation, and calmed himself into perfect repose. With surprising facility, he immediately turned all the energies of his mind from the invasion of England, to preparation to meet the combined foes who were gathering to assail him in the north. For several hours in succession, with extraordinary precision and minuteness of detail, he dictated the immortal campaign of Ulm and Austerlitz. Thus terminated the enterprise of invading England. But this project was no chimera; though unfinished, it was one of the most majestic enterprises of his life.

If ever a nation was authorized to engage in a war of self-defense, Napoleon was right in this endeavor to resist those unrelenting foes, whom no pleas for peace could disarm. In reference to the change of the government of France, Napoleon at St. Helena made the following profound remarks, "My object was to destroy the whole of the feudal system, as organized by Charlemagne. With this view, I created a nobility from among the people, in order to swallow up the remains of the feudal nobility. The foundations of my ideas of fitness were abilities and personal worth; and I selected the son of a farmer or an artisan, to make a duke or a marshal of France. I sought for true merit among all ranks of the great mass of the French people, and was anxious to organize a true and general system of equality. I was desirous that every Frenchman should be admissible to all the employments and dignities of the state, provided he was possessed of talents and character equal to the performance of the duties, whatever might be his family. In a word, I was eager to abolish, to the last trace, the privileges of the ancient nobility, and to establish a government, which at the same time that it held the reins of government with a firm hand, should still be a *popular government*. The oligarchs of every country in Europe soon perceived my design, and it was for this reason that war to the death, was carried on against me by England. The noble families of London, as well as those of Vienna, think themselves prescriptively entitled to the occupation of all the important offices in the state, and the management and handling of the public money. Their birth is regarded by them as a substitute for talents and capacities; and it is enough for a man to be a son of his father, to be fit to fulfill the duties of the most important employments and highest dignities of the state. They are somewhat like kings by divine right. The people are, in their eyes, merely milch cows, about whose interests they feel no concern, provided the treasury is always full, and the crown resplendent with jewels. In short, in establishing an hereditary nobility, I had three objects in view.

"1st. To reconcile France with the rest of Europe. 2dly. To reconcile old with new France. 3dly. To put an end to all feudal institutions in Europe, by re-connecting the idea of nobility with that of public services, and detaching it from all prescriptive or feudal notions. The whole of Europe was governed by nobles who were strongly opposed to the progress of the French revolution, and who exercised an influence which proved a serious obstacle to the development of French principles. It was necessary to destroy this influence, and with that view to clothe the principal personages of the empire with titles equal to theirs."

The life of Napoleon is extremely rich in well authenticated anecdotes illustrative of the peculiarities of his character. And it is difficult to find any anecdote respecting him, bearing the impress of genuineness, which does not indicate a spirit humane, generous, and lofty. All the battered and mutilated veterans in the Hôtel des Invalides in Paris, tell with enthusiasm their treasured anecdotes of the Emperor. Every person who has had any intercourse with this extraordinary man, either as a companion in arms, in the cabinet, or as a servant, glows with excitement when speaking of the exalted intellect and the kindly heart of their adored master. Says the Baron Langon, "The present generation, who see thrones filled by men of the ordinary stamp, are unable to comprehend the state of feeling with which the Emperor inspired us. Providence has not granted to them the favor, which must ever be our pride and glory, to have been face to face with Napoleon, to have heard his voice vibrate through our ears and hearts, and to have gazed upon his placid and majestic countenance. To us, Napoleon was not a mere emperor, he was a being of a higher order; one of those sublime creations that perhaps help to exalt our ideas of the Creator. Napoleon was our father, our master, in some degree our idol.

We young men cherished for him the affection and duty of sons. There existed between him and ourselves a positive sympathy which made us regard as a sacred and family duty that which the present generation of young Frenchmen would pronounce to be servility, and base vassalage.

On one occasion a soldier of his consular guard, committed suicide from a disappointment in love. Napoleon issued the following order of the day, "The grenadier Gobain has committed suicide from love. He was in other respects an excellent soldier. This is the second incident of the same nature which has occurred within a month. The First Consul directs it to be inserted in the order book of the guard, that a soldier ought to know how to vanquish the pangs and melancholy of the passions; that there is as much true courage in bearing up against mental sufferings with constancy as in remaining firm on the wall of a battery. To yield ourselves to grief without resistance, or to kill ourselves to escape affliction, is to abandon the field of battle before the victory is gained."

One day Napoleon was traversing the camp, attended by two officers, when he met a very pretty sutler woman, weeping bitterly, and leading by the hand a little boy about five years old. The Emperor, who happened to be unknown to the woman, reined up his horse, and inquired into the cause of her grief. The woman, much disconcerted, made no reply; but the child frankly answered:

"My mother is crying, sir, because my father has beat her."

"And where is your father?"

"He is close by. He is a sentinel on duty with the baggage."

Napoleon again addressed himself to the woman, and inquired the name of her husband. She refused to tell, being fearful that the *Captain*, as she supposed the Emperor to be, would cause him to be punished.

"Your husband has been beating you," Napoleon said. "You are weeping; and yet you are so afraid of getting him into trouble that you will not even tell me his name. This is very inconsistent. May it not be that you are a little in fault yourself?"

"Alas! Captain," the forgiving wife replied, "he has a thousand good qualities, though he has one very bad one. He is jealous, terribly jealous; and when he gets into a passion he can not restrain his violence. And I love him; for he is my lawful husband, and the father of my dear boy!" So saying, she fondly kissed her child, who, by the way in which he returned her caresses, proved his affection for his mother.

Napoleon was deeply touched by this little domestic drama. Burdened as he was with the cares of empire, he could turn aside from them, to dry up the fountains of sorrow in the heart of this humble follower of the camp. Addressing the woman again, he said: "Whether you and your husband love each other or not, I do not choose that he should beat you. Tell me your husband's name, and I will mention the affair to the Emperor."

"If you were the Emperor himself," she replied, "I would not tell it you; for I know that he would be punished."

"Silly woman!" Napoleon rejoined, "all that I want is to teach him to behave well to you, and to treat you with the respect you deserve." Then shrugging his shoulders, he made some further remark upon female obstinacy, and galloped away.

"Well, gentlemen," said he to his companions, "what do you think of that affectionate creature? There are not many such women at the Tuileries. A wife like that is a treasure to her husband." Immediately he dispatched an aid to desire the commander of the escort to come to him. He inquired very particularly respecting the woman, her husband, and the child.

"He is," said the officer, "one of the best behaved men in the company. He is very jealous of his wife, but without reason. The woman's conduct is irreproachable."

"Try and ascertain," said Napoleon, "if he has ever seen me. If he has not, bring him hither."

It appeared that Napoleon had never been seen by the grenadier, who was a fine-looking young man of about five-and-twenty, who had recently joined the army. When he was conducted to Napoleon, the latter said, in a familiar tone:

"What is the reason, my lad, that you beat your wife? She is a young and pretty woman, and is a better wife than you are a husband. Such conduct is disgraceful in a French grenadier."

"If women are to be believed," the man replied, "they are never in the wrong. I have forbidden my wife to talk to any man whatever. And yet, in spite of my commands, I find her constantly gossiping with one or another of my comrades."

"Now, there is your mistake. You want to prevent a woman from talking. You might as well try to turn the course of the Danube. Take my advice: do not be jealous. Let your wife gossip and be merry. If she were doing wrong, it is likely she would be sad instead of gay. I desire that you do not strike your wife again. If my order be not obeyed, the Emperor shall hear of it. Suppose his Majesty were to give you a reprimand, what would you say then?"

The man, not a little irritated at this interference with his marital privileges, replied: "My wife is mine, General; and I may beat her if I choose. I should say to the Emperor, Look you to the enemy, and leave me to manage my wife."

Napoleon laughed, and said: "My good fellow, you are now speaking to the Emperor."

The word fell upon the soldier's heart like magic. Much confused, he hung down his head, lowered his voice, and said: "O, Sire! that quite alters the case. Since your Majesty commands, I, of course, obey."

"That is right," Napoleon replied. "I hear an excellent character of your wife. Every body

speaks well of her. She braved my displeasure rather than expose you to punishment. Reward her by kind treatment. I promote you to the rank of sergeant. Apply to the grand-marshal, and he will give you one hundred dollars. With that you can furnish your sutler's stores, which will enable your wife to carry on a profitable business. Your son is a fine boy, and at some future time he shall be provided for. But, mind: never let me hear of your beating your wife again. If I do, you shall find that I can deal hard blows as well as you."

Several years after this, the Emperor was with the army in another campaign. Napoleon, who had a wonderful power of recollecting the countenances of persons whom he had once seen, met the "daughter of the regiment" and her son, and immediately rode up to her, saying: "Well, my good woman! how do you do? Has your husband kept the promise he made me?"

The affectionate wife burst into tears, and throwing herself at the Emperor's feet, exclaimed: "O, sire! sire! Since my good star led me into the gracious presence of your Majesty, I have been the happiest of women."

"Then reward me," said Napoleon, "by being the most virtuous of wives." With these words, he tossed a few pieces of gold into her hands, and rode away, while the whole battalion raised an enthusiastic shout of, "Vive l'Empereur."

One day Napoleon, at St. Helena, was conversing with Las Casas, upon the subject of the invasion of England, when the following conversation ensued:

"Were the English much afraid of my invasion?" inquired the Emperor. "I can not inform you," said Las Casas; "but in the saloons of Paris we laughed at the idea." "Well," replied Napoleon, "you might have laughed in Paris, but Pitt did not laugh in London. He soon calculated the extent of his danger, and, therefore, threw a coalition upon my back at the moment when I had raised my arm to strike. Never was the English oligarchy exposed to greater danger. I had taken measures to preclude the possibility of failure in my landing. I had the best army in the world; I need only say, it was the army of Austerlitz. In four days I should have been in London. I should have entered the English capital, not as a conqueror, but as a liberator. I should have been another William III.; but I would have acted with greater generosity and disinterestedness. The discipline of my army was perfect. My troops would have behaved in London the same as they would in Paris. No sacrifices—not even contributions—would have been exacted from the English. We should have presented ourselves to them not as conquerors, but as brothers, who came to restore to them their rights and liberties. I would have assembled the citizens, and directed them to labor themselves in the task of their regeneration: because the English had already preceded us in political legislation. I would have declared that our only wish was, to be able to rejoice in the happiness and prosperity of the English people; and to these professions I would have strictly adhered. In the course of a few months, the two nations, which had been such determined enemies, would have henceforward composed only one people, identified in principles, maxims, and interests. I should have departed from England, in order to effect, from south to north, under Republican colors (for I was then First Consul), the regeneration of Europe, which, at a later period I was on the point of effecting, from north to south, under monarchical forms. Both systems were equally good, since both would have been attended by the same results, and would have been carried into execution with firmness, moderation, and good faith. How many ills that are now endured, and how many that are yet to be endured, would not unhappy Europe have escaped! Never was a project so favorable to the interests of civilization conceived with more disinterested intentions, or so near being carried into execution. It is a remarkable fact, that the obstacles which occasioned my failure were not the work of men, but proceeded from the elements. In the south, the sea frustrated my plans; the burning of Moscow, the snow, and the winter completed my ruin in the north. Thus water, air, and fire—all nature, and nature alone, was hostile to the universal regeneration, which nature herself called for. The problems of Providence are insoluble!"

After a few moments of thoughtful silence, he again said: "It was supposed that my scheme was merely a vain threat; because it did not appear that I possessed any reasonable means of attempting its execution. But I had laid my plans deeply, and without being observed. I had dispersed all our French ships; and the English were sailing after them to different parts of the world. Our ships were to return suddenly and at the same time, and to assemble in a mass along the French coasts. I would have had seventy or eighty French or Spanish vessels in the Channel; and I calculated that I should continue master of it for two months. Three or four thousand little boats were to be ready at a signal. A hundred thousand men were every day drilled in embarking and landing, as a part of their exercise. They were full of ardor, and eager for the enterprise, which was very popular with the French, and was supported by the wishes of a great number of the English. After landing my troops, I could calculate upon only one pitched battle, the result of which would not be doubtful; and victory would have brought us to London. The nature of the country would not admit of a war of manœuvring. My conduct would have done the rest. The people of England groaned under the yoke of an oligarchy. On feeling that their pride had not been humbled, they would have ranged themselves on our side. We should have been considered only as allies, come to effect their deliverance. We should have presented ourselves with the magical words of liberty and equality."

AN ORIGINAL SKETCH IN A HOMELY FRAME.

BY ELIZA COOK.

GEORGE CLAYTON was as good-tempered and well-conducted a young man—taking the worldly average of temper and morals—as one would meet with among a thousand. He had served a respectable apprenticeship as a cabinet-maker to an old-established firm, and at the age of twenty-five, found himself foreman of the workshop, and in a condition to "marry and settle in life." George had been born of the humblest of the middle classes, left an orphan at fourteen, and had been put out in the world by the united means of a few kind-hearted relatives, who wisely thought that pity and Christian-like sympathy would be much more valuable if rendered practical, by giving the lad a little moral looking after, and a trade—and George well repaid them. He grew into a sober and industrious man, and managed to save a hundred pounds during the four years he was courting Emma Serle, a very nice-looking, fine-hearted girl, the sister of one of his shopmates, and who seemed to possess all the qualities most desirable in the wife of an artisan. They seemed well suited to each other, but George had a failing, it was that of being somewhat overbearing and exacting where he could control; and Emma had a spot in her disc, it was in being apt to become silent and sensitively reserved if any mortifying incident jostled against her spirit; but there seemed every probability of their forming a very contented couple; and when George stood at the altar, one fine July morning, in his blue surtout, with Emma beside him, in her neat gray silk, the clergyman had a private opinion that they were a remarkably good-looking pair. A pleasant little dinner at the bride's father's, and a ramble in the suburbs, filled up the sunshiny hours, and that day two months we saw them snugly ensconced in a pretty four-roomed house, in the neighborhood of Camden Town. Cleanliness and comfort pervaded the little domicile, with Emma as the sole presiding spirit, blending in her own proper person, cook, housemaid, and page. Every thing went on smoothly for some few months; her whole attention was given to George, for she loved him truly and fondly. Emma was perfectly happy, but as the long winter nights came on, and George sometimes staid at his Mechanics' Institute, or had a chat with a friend until ten o'clock, why, Emma began to find it a little dull; and as her husband had entreated that she would form no gossiping intimacy with her neighbors, sewing, scrubbing, and washing became somewhat monotonous.

George belonged to an amateur musical society, and when he did come home soon, generally sat down to practice a quartette part on the violin; unfortunately, his wife had no great love for music, but she bore his scraping and squeaking bravely, and even managed to appear delighted with his efforts, though she would often have preferred a game at cribbage, or a walk, or a little reading; however, she never interfered with his will and pleasure, and George fiddled away to his heart's content. It so happened, that Emma's brother Harry dropped in two or three times when his sister was alone, and found her rather mopy; and the next time he came, he brought under his arm a very pretty spaniel. "Here, Emma," said he, "you are a good deal by yourself, and I thought that this little fellow would serve to amuse you, and be a sort of company when George is out; I know how fond you are of dogs, and I'm sure you'll soon like this one." Emma was, of course, pleased and gratified with the gift, and gave her brother an extra kiss as payment for Tiney. Sure enough the evening did pass much more cheerfully, though she had only a stupid little, long-eared "bow-wow" to talk to, and she sat with glistening eyes, expecting George, being sure that he would be as pleased with Tiney as she was.

When the young husband came home, he was received with the accustomed kind words and comfortable meal, and due presentation of Tiney; but George frowned on the little animal with a look of supreme contempt, and angrily said, "What do you want with that beast; haven't you got enough to employ you without a dog? you had better give it back to Harry to-morrow—I won't have it here;" These few words turned poor Emma's heart into an icicle; and, if we might reveal the secret thoughts that flashed across her brain, we should tell of a momentary impression that George was unkind and somewhat tyrannical, but she smothered her feelings, and said nothing. Tiney was kept for a day or two, but when George saw Emma caress it, or give it food, he betrayed symptoms of ridiculous and pettish jealousy which rendered her unhappy, and, at last, Tiney was given back to Harry. "Well," said her brother, as he took the animal, "I did not think that George was so selfish; you are all day long by yourself, and he goes to his club, and 'Mechanics' three or four times a week, and does every thing he likes, and yet he won't let you have a little dog to keep you company. I think he's very unkind, Emma, but you musn't mind it."

Emma did mind it though, and had a "good cry" by herself, not that she cared so much about the relic of King Charles, as about George's selfishness in denying her such an innocent indulgence; and it is hardly to be wondered at, that when he returned home that night, and sat down to his music, Emma went up-stairs, and commenced needlework in the bed-room. She had no taste for music, and if George would not tolerate her little spaniel, why should she be plagued with his scraping. Days went on, and matters did not mend. George saw he had pained his young wife, but he was too proud to "give way," and rather increased in dictatorial supremacy, and adopted a sort of cold distance toward her. Emma was human as well as he, and though expected by all moral and practical

teaching to submit to George's authority with amiable patience and dove-like docility, we must confess that she felt his "rule" rather unnecessarily exacting; and while she remembered how often he staid out of an evening to gratify his own wish, and how he kept rabbits in the garden, and how he spent his money in "chopping and changing" of fiddles, why there was a sense of injustice arose in her bosom, and she positively began to agree with her brother, that George was somewhat selfish; and George *was* selfish; he possessed the distinguishing characteristic which marks many men, a love of sway in his home, even in the small matters, and he thought his manly prerogative invaded if his word or will met with the slightest resistance. He was deeply attached to his wife, but his wife must have no interest in any thing but himself. She was to wait for him, and wait on him; she was not to gossip with Mrs. Simpson next door, though he kept up a considerable talk with his fellow-workmen all day long. She must give up a long-promised visit to Windsor on her birthday, because George had an invitation to a "club dinner at Hampstead;" in short, she was to be a "perfect" woman, and be above all the little weaknesses which mark our frail nature, while he was to be indulged in any fancy that chose to come uppermost. George certainly *was* a little selfish, and had now made the first serious false step on his domestic boards.

Emma was less attentive to his comforts, and less particular in studying his will, than she had hitherto been, and George resented the neglect smartly. Small quarrels arose, and happiness seemed taking flight from the little dwelling. George staid out oftener, and Emma found it more dull than ever; at last, he continually saw traces of tears on her face when he returned, and his conscience began to get uneasy. He was good at heart, and when Harry asked him one day "why he left Emma so much by herself?" he grew rather red in the face, and changed the subject as soon as possible. But the question clung to him; he began to think that he had not been quite as considerate of Emma's pleasures as a husband ought to have been, and, in fact, he was rather ashamed of Harry's remarks on his sister's very recluse life. It so happened that George was engaged that night at a debating society, but he suddenly thought he would not go, and, turning to his brother-in-law, said, "Have you got that little spaniel yet that you gave Emma?" "Yes," replied Harry, "my wife and young 'un dote on him; but I wish you had let Emma keep him, for I think she fretted at your unkindness in sending it back; you know she is a capital girl, and makes a good wife, and you might have let her have a bit of a dog, just to keep her company when you were out." "Well," said George, "do me a favor, Harry, and let me give Tiney back to her." Harry was truly glad, for he was aware of his brother-in-law's besetting sin, and the spaniel was carefully tucked under George's arm, when he left the shop. "Here, Emma," said he, as he entered his neat parlor, "I have brought back Tiney, and you must take care of him for my sake; I'm not going to the club, but if you'll put on your bonnet we'll have a walk, and buy him a collar." Poor Emma never looked at the dog, but flung her arms about George's neck, and kissed him, while great big tears were rolling down her cheeks. "Oh, George," she exclaimed, "and will you indeed let me keep him without being jealous or angry? I did think it was very unkind of you to be so cross about a trifle, and I know I have not been so good as I ought to be ever since, but now I feel quite happy, and you are my own dear George again." The young couple went out for their walk, and George began to find that he lost nothing by conferring a little attention upon Emma, for her extra cheerfulness became contagious, and he was happier than he had been for a month. On their return they met Harry and his wife, and while the two women went on, Harry took the opportunity of telling his shopmate "a bit of his mind." "I tell you what, George," said he, "you'll find it won't do to expect a wife to think of nothing else than cooking and stitching, and to stop at home forever; they want some amusement, and some change as well as we do, and I don't think it's right of us to go out to our clubs so often and leave them at home sitting up for us; it isn't fair, and we can't expect 'em to be so mighty good-tempered when we do come home; and I say it was very stupid of you not to let Emma keep Tiney; women that love dogs, and birds, and dumb things, are always fonder of their husbands and children than other women. You've got your fiddle and your rabbits, you know, and why shouldn't Emma have that bit of a dog? take my word for it, George, that a man is a great fool when he acts like a selfish master instead of a kind husband." George slightly winced under this rough truth, but certain it is, that he laid the counsel up and acted upon it.

Some three years pass on since these humble incidents occurred, and what do we see? There is big George dancing little George after the most approved headlong fashion; and there is Emma holding up Tiney for little George's express delectation, while the popular nursery theme of "Catch'er, catch'er, catch'er," is a signal for Tiney's silken ears to be clutched at most unceremoniously by the juvenile gentleman. And now we see the quartette on Hampstead Heath, in the summer twilight, where the duodecimo Clayton makes a dozen consecutive somersets over as many pebbles while in full pursuit of Tiney's tail.

"Why, dear me, George," says Emma, suddenly, "this is the day you always went to the bean-feast." "I know it is," replies he; "but it always cost me a good bit of money, and I always had a headache the next day, so I think I'm quite as well off here with you and my boy." His young wife gives him a look which does him more good than a pot of ale would. "Thanks to Tiney and your brother Harry," continues George, "I am not so selfish in my pleasures as

I used to be; I had a sort of a notion when I was first married, that *you* were to do every thing *I* wanted, and I'm not quite so sure that I had a notion about caring for *your* wishes, but when I sent Tiney away, and found you crying up-stairs of a night, I began to talk to myself, and thought I had not been quite so kind as I ought to have been; and then Harry said something to me, and so, you see, I've been a better fellow ever since; now haven't I, Emma?" There is no occasion to record Emma's reply.

Years have rolled on; we could now point to George Clayton as chief and wealthy agent to great building contractors, and to a descendant of Tiney, who claims especial favor in his household. Emma is as fond of her George as ever, and has never neglected him though he permitted her to keep a little spaniel, and took her out for a holiday ramble when he might have been at a bean-feast.

There are seven young Claytons flourishing "fast and fair,"—boys and girls—but we observe that George never permits that masculine domination to exist which deforms the social justice, and ultimate moral and mental happiness of so many families; he permits his daughters to wait upon his sons, but he is equally watchful that his sons should wait upon the daughters. We overheard him the other day talking to his eldest boy, just turned eighteen, "George," said he, "if ever you marry, be sure you don't expect *too much* of your wife; I should never have been as rich and happy as I am if I had been a 'selfish master' instead of a 'kind husband.'" These "simple annals" are founded on facts, not imagination; and let every young, ay, and old married man, learn something from them.

MY CLIENT'S STORY.

IT was late one Saturday evening in December, when I received a letter, which, on opening, I found to be from Walter Moreton; and the purport of the letter was, to request my immediate presence at Cambridge, in the capacity both of a friend and of a lawyer. The letter concluded thus: "Do not delay your journey many hours after receiving this. My urgency will be explained by the change you will perceive in yours, Walter Moreton."

I had known Walter Moreton in youth, and in manhood: we had been intimate, without having been altogether friends; and the attraction which his company possessed for me, arose rather from the shrewdness of his remarks than from any sympathy of feeling between us. Of late years I had seen comparatively little of Moreton. I knew that he had married; that he had been in straitened circumstances; that his father-in-law had died, and left him a rich widower; that he had married a second time, and that he was now the father of three children. From the tenor of the letter I had received, I could scarcely doubt that Walter Moreton had been seized with some dangerous illness, and was desirous of settling his worldly affairs. My old intimacy with Moreton would of itself have prompted me to obey his summons; but the requirement of my professional aid of course increased the celerity of my obedience. Early next morning, therefore, I put myself into the Cambridge coach; and after dispatching a hasty dinner at the Hoop, I walked to Walter Moreton's house in Trumpington-street.

I was prepared for a change, but not certainly such a change as that which presented itself. Walter Moreton could not have been forty, but he seemed a broken-down man; gray-haired—thin-visaged—and cadaverous.

He received me with apparent kindness; thanked me for my ready compliance with his wish; and informed me at once that he had need of my professional services in the disposal of his property. But I had no difficulty in perceiving, from a certain reserve and distractedness of manner, that something beyond the mere making of a will had brought me to Cambridge. I did not of course make any observation upon the change which I observed in his appearance, but expressed a hope that his desire for my professional assistance had not arisen from any apprehensions as to the state of his health, to which he only replied, that his health was not worse than usual, but that it was always well to be prepared; and he added, "Come, Thornton, let us to business;" and to business we went.

I need scarcely say, that I was prepared for instructions to divide the father's fortune according to some rule of division—or, perhaps, of some capricious preference, among his children—two sons and one daughter, children yet of tender age—and to secure a life-rent interest to his wife. Great, therefore, was my surprise when Mr. Moreton, after mentioning a few trifling legacies, named, as the sole successors of his immense fortune, two individuals unknown to me, and of whose connection with the testator I was entirely ignorant.

I laid down my pen, and looked up: "Mr Moreton," said I, hesitatingly, "you have a wife and children!"

"I *have* children," said he, "but God preserve *them* from the curse of wealth that does not belong to them."

"Moreton—Walter Moreton," said I, "you are over-scrupulous. I know, indeed, that this large fortune has come to you through your first wife; but it was hers to give; she became the sole heiress of her father, when his three sons of a former marriage were unfortunately drowned in the—"

"Hush, Thornton!" repeated he, hastily, and in a tone so altered and so singular that it startled me.

"Moreton," said I, rising and approaching him, and laying my hand gently on his shoulder, "we were once companions—almost friends; as a friend, as well as a lawyer, you have sent for me. There is some mystery here, of which I am sure it was your intention to disburden yourself. Whatever the secret be, it is safe with me. But I tell you plainly that if you are resolved to make beggars of your innocent chil-

dren without giving a sufficient reason for it, some other than Charles Thornton must be the instrument of doing it.

"Thornton," said he, in a grave tone, and without raising his eyes, "there *is* a mystery—a fearful mystery; and it shall be told this night. That done, neither you nor any one can be the friend of Walter Moreton; but he will have no occasion for friendship. Reach me some wine, Thornton, and pour it out for me; my nerves are shattered: another glass—now, sit down—no, not there—ay, ay—one other glass, Thornton."

I took my place in a large, high-backed chair, as Walter Moreton directed me; and he, placing himself a little out of my view, spoke as follows:

"It is now upward of ten years, as you know, Thornton, since I married my first wife, the daughter of Mr. Bellenden—old Bellenden the lawyer. She, you also know, was the child of a former marriage—and that the large fortune of my father-in-law, which in the end came—no matter how—to me, belonged to him, or rather to his three sons, in right of his second wife, who was also dead at the time of my marriage. I could not have indulged any expectation that this fortune would ever reach me; for although I knew very well that, failing my wife's three half-brothers, it came entirely into her father's power, yet there could be no ground for any reasonable expectation that three healthy boys would die off and make way for Agnes. Mark me, Thornton, I did not marry for money; and the thought of the succession which afterward opened, never entered my mind. I will tell you, Thornton, the first occasion on which the hope dawned upon me. There was an epidemic in this part of the country, and my father-in-law's three sons were seized with it at one time. All the three were in the most imminent danger; and one evening when the disease was at its height, and when my wife seemed greatly distressed at receiving a message that it was doubtful if any of the three would survive till morning—'And if they should die;' said I, within myself! This supposition constantly recurred, and was so willingly entertained that I lay awake the whole of that night, planning within myself the disposal of this large inheritance; forgetting, at the time, that another life—that of my father-in-law—stood betwixt us and the succession. Next morning, however, a favorable change took place, and eventually the three youths recovered: but so strong a hold had the hopes, which had been thus suddenly created, taken of my mind, that in place of their being dissipated by the event, which naturally deprived them of any foundation they ever had, I was not only conscious of the keenest disappointment, but felt as if an untoward accident had defrauded me of something that was all but within my reach. 'How near I have been to affluence,' was a constantly recurring thought; and when I heard every morning, that this person was dead, and that person was dead, a feeling of chagrin was invariably felt. You are perhaps incapable of understanding these feelings, Thornton; and so was I, until the events took place which gave birth to them."

Moreton paused a moment; but I did not interrupt him; and, after passing his hand over his forehead, and filling out with an unsteady hand another glass of wine, he proceeded:

"You know something of the river here, and of the passion for boating. The three boys often indulged in this exercise; and it sometimes happened that I accompanied them. One day, about the end of August, we had spent the day at Eel-pits, and it was not far from sunset when we set out to row back to Cambridge. It was a fine calm evening when we left that place, but it soon began to rain heavily; and in the scramble for cloaks which the suddenness and heaviness of the shower occasioned, the boat was all but upset; but it righted again, and served only as matter of mirth to the boys, though in me a very different effect was produced. More than a year had elapsed since the presence of the epidemic had given rise to the feelings I have already confessed to, and the circumstances had been nearly, but not altogether forgotten. At that moment, however, the thoughts that at that time had continually haunted me, recurred with tenfold force. 'If it had upset!' I said within myself, while sitting silent in the stern—'If it had upset!' and the prospect of wealth again opened before me.

"Well, we continued to row, and it soon fell dusk, and then the moon rose; and we continued to ascend the river—ours the only boat upon it—till we were within less than two miles of Cambridge. I had occasionally taken a turn at the oar, but at that time I sat in the stern, and still something continually whispered to me, 'If the boat had upset!' I need not tell you, Thornton, that little things influence the greatest events: one of those little things occurred at this moment. I had a dog in the boat, and one of the boys said something to it in Latin. 'Don't speak Latin to the dog,' said another, 'for its master does not understand Latin.' 'Yes he does,' said the elder, 'Mr. Moreton understands dog Latin.' This was a little matter, Thornton, but it displeased me. There was always a good deal of assumption of superiority, especially on the part of the eldest, on account of his university education; and little annoyances of this kind were frequent. It was precisely at this moment that something dark was seen floating toward us; it chanced to come just in the glimpse of the moon on the water, and was seen at once by us all; and as it approached nearer, till it was about to pass within oar's length of the boat. You have heard the story, Thornton—you have said, if I recollect, that you knew the three boys were—" Here Moreton suddenly stopped, and hastily drained the wine he had filled out.

"Drowned in the Cam," said I; "yes I knew of this misfortune; but I did not know that you were present."

"I was—I was—*present!*" said Moreton, laying a peculiar emphasis on the word. Ay,

Thornton—you've hit the word—I was present—but listen: I told you the dark object floated within an oar's length of the boat; at once the three boys made a spring to the side of the boat, extending arms and oars to intercept it; and—in an instant the boat was keel uppermost!"

Moreton pronounced the last words rapidly, and in an under tone, and stopped: he raised the wine decanter from the table, but let it drop again. Moreton had yet said nothing to criminate himself; the incident appeared, from his narrative, purely accidental; and I therefore said, "Well, Moreton, the boys were unhappily drowned; but it was the consequences of their own imprudence."

"Thornton," said he, "you are there to hear a confession; I am here to make it; 'tis of no use shrinking from it; fill me a glass of wine, for my hand trembles. Now, two of the boys—the two youngest—I never saw; as God is my judge, I believe if I had seen the youngest I would have done my uttermost to save him. I suppose they sank beneath the boat, and floated down below the surface. The eldest, *he* rose close to me; we were not twenty yards from the bank; I could have saved him. I believe I *would* have saved him if he had cried for help. I saw him but for a moment. I think, when I struck out to swim, I kicked him beneath the water—undesignedly, Thornton—undesignedly. But I did not turn round to help him; I made for the bank, and reached it—and it was then too late. I saw the ripple on the water, and the boat floating away; but nothing else. Thornton—I am his murderer!"

When Moreton had pronounced this word, he seemed to be somewhat relieved, and paused. I imagined his communication had ended; and I ventured to say that although it was only justice that the inheritance which had become his should revert to the heirs of those who had been deprived of it—supposing them to have been deprived of it by his act—it was proper to consider the matter coolly; for there was such a thing as an over-sensitive conscience; and it was perhaps possible that, in the peculiar circumstances attending the awful event, his mind had been incapable of judging correctly; that he might have too much coupled the fancies which had preceded the event, with the event itself; and that want of presence of mind might have been mistaken for something more criminal.

"No, no, Thornton," said he, "I am no fancier; believe it to be as I have told you. But if you ever could have doubted—as I do not believe you do—your doubts would have been dispelled by what you have yet to hear. I am not going to give you a narrative of my life, and shall say nothing of the time that immediately followed the event I have related. The fortune became my father-in-law's; and my wife became an heiress. But my present circumstances were nowise changed. Brighter prospects led to increased expenses; and embarrassments thickened around me. You know something of these, Thornton; and tried, as you recollect, ineffectually, to extricate me from them. Meanwhile, my father-in-law, who speedily got over the loss he had sustained, spoke of his daughter—of Agnes, my wife—as a great heiress, and boasted and talked much of his wealth, though it made no difference in his mode of living. 'Not one shilling, Walter, till I die,' was constantly in his mouth: and not a shilling, indeed, did he ever offer, although he well knew the pressing difficulties in which we were placed. I once, and only once, ventured to ask him for some advance; but the answer was the same: 'Not a shilling, Walter, till I die: patience, patience—it must all go to Agnes.'

"Must I confess it, Thornton? yes—I may confess any thing after what I have already confessed. The 'not a shilling,' till I die, were continually in my ears. The event that had placed fortune within my power frequently recurred to my memory; and with it the conviction that I was in no way benefited by it: the nearer vicinity of wealth only made the want of it more tantalizing.

"You recollect, very well, Thornton, my application to you in December, 184–, six years ago. You recollect its extreme urgency, and the partial success which attended it—sufficient, however, to keep me from a jail. You might well, as you did, express your surprise that my wife's father should suffer such a state of things to be; but he could suffer any thing save parting with his money; he was a miser; the love of riches had grown with their possession: and I believe he would have suffered me to rot in jail rather than draw upon his coffers.

"It was just at this time, or at most a week or two subsequent to it, that Mr. Bellenden was attacked by a complaint to which he had been long subject—one requiring the most prompt medical aid; but from which, on several former occasions he had perfectly recovered. Agnes was extremely attentive to her father; and on Christmas evening, as we were both on the way to the sick chamber, we met the family surgeon leaving the house.

"'You are perhaps going to spend some time with my patient?' said Mr. Amwell.

"'My husband,' said Agnes, 'means to spend an hour or two with my father. I have a particular engagement at present, and am only going to ask how he does.'

"'I have some little fears of another attack,' said Mr. Amwell. 'Do not be alarmed, my dear madam; we know how to treat these things; promptness is all that is required. It will be necessary, my dear sir,' said Mr. Amwell, addressing me, 'to lose no time in sending for me, should Mr. Bellenden experience another attack; all depends upon the prompt and free use of the lancet. There is no occasion for any alarm, madam. The good old gentleman may live to eat twenty Christmas dinners yet.'

"Mr. Amwell passed on, and we entered the house, and ascended to the sick-chamber. My wife remained but a few minutes—she had some particular engagements at home; and as she

left the room, she charged me not to lose a moment in calling Mr. Amwell, should there appear to be any occasion for his aid. She shut the door, and I seated myself in a large chair near to the bed.

"There was a table near to me with several vials upon it. I took them up one by one, and examined them. One was labeled 'laudanum.' While I held it in my hand, all the demon was within. My pecuniary difficulties seemed to augment; the excellence of wealth to increase; the love of enjoyment grew stronger; and my estimate of the value of an old man's life weaker. At this moment the sick man asked for drink. Thornton! need I hesitate to confess that I was strongly tempted; but I resisted the temptation. I held the fatal vial for a few moments in my hand; laid it down—pushed it from me—and assisted the old man to his needs. But no sooner had I done this, and reseated myself, than I began to accuse myself with inconsistency. These, thought I, are distinctions without any real difference. A youth, who stood betwixt me and fortune, was drowning; and I did not stretch out my hand to save him: there are many kinds of murder, but in all the crime is the same.

"I had nearly proved to my own satisfaction that I was a fool, when certain indications that could not be mistaken, assured me that Amwell's fears were about to be realized; and they instantly were, to the fullest extent. Mr. Amwell's parting words recurred to me: 'all depends upon the prompt use of the lancet.' My heart beat quick: I rose—hesitated—reseated myself—rose again—listened—again sat down—pressed my fingers on my ears, that I might hear nothing—and leaned my head forward on the table. I continued in this posture for some time, and then started up and listened. All was silent. I rang the bell violently; opened the door; and cried out to call Mr. Amwell instantly; and returned to the chamber—which I believed to be no longer a chamber of sickness, but of death—and reseated myself in the chair, with a strong persuasion that the last obstacle to fortune had been removed. But, Thornton, again I knew that I was—a second time—a murderer!"

Here Mr. Moreton paused, and leaned back in his chair, apparently exhausted. I again thought his communication had ended: and although I could not now address him as I had addressed him before, I was beginning to say that to make absolute beggars of his children could not be an acceptable atonement for crime, when he interrupted me, heedless, apparently, of my having addressed him.

"In a few minutes Mr. Amwell entered the room. He approached the bed, bent over it, turned to me, and said, 'I fear it is too late, Mr. Moreton.'

"'Perhaps not,' said I, 'at all events make the attempt.'

"Mr. Amwell did of course make the attempt; and in a few moments desisted; shook his head, and said, 'A little—and I have reason to believe only a *very* little—too late,' and in a few minutes I was again left *alone*.

"Thornton, since that hour I have been a miserable man." Another long pause ensued, which I did not attempt to break; and Moreton at length resumed:

"Since that hour, I say, Charles Thornton, I have never known a moment's peace. My wife's tears for her father fell upon my heart like drops of fire; every look she gave me seemed to read my innermost thoughts; she never spoke that I did not imagine she was about to call me murderer. Her presence became agony to me. I withdrew from her, and from all society—for I thought every man looked suspiciously upon me; and I had no companion but conscience—ay, conscience, Thornton—conscience that I thought I had overcome—as well I might, for had I not seen the young and healthy sink, when I might have saved? and how could I have believed that—? but so it was, and is: look at me, and you will see what conscience has made of me. Agnes sickened, and as you know, died. This I felt as a relief; and for a time I breathed more freely; and I married again. But my old feelings returned, and life every day becomes more burdensome to me. Strange, that events long passed become more and more vivid—but so it is. The evening on the Cam, and the death-chamber of old Bellenden, are alternately before me.

"Now, Thornton, you have heard all. Are you now ready to frame the will as I directed? I am possessed of a quarter of a million, and it belongs to the heirs of those for whom it was originally destined."

Some conversation here ensued, in which my object was to show that, although the large property at Moreton's disposal ought never to have been his, yet if the events which he had related had not taken place, it never could have come into the possession of those for whom he now destined it. I admitted, however, the propriety of the principle of restitution to the branches of the family in which it had originally been vested, but prevailed with Mr. Moreton in having a competency reserved for his own children and for his wife, who married in the belief that he was able to provide for her. And upon these principles, accordingly, the testament was framed and completed the same evening.

It grew late. "Walter Moreton," said I, rising to take leave, let this subject drop forever. When we meet again, let there be no allusion to the transactions of this evening."

"Thornton," said he, "we shall never meet again."

"There are remedies, my friend," said I—"there are remedies for the accusations of conscience; apply yourself to them: if the mind were relieved by religious consolations, bodily health would return."

Moreton faintly smiled. "Yes, Thornton," said he, "there are *remedies;* I know them, and will not fail to seek their aid. Good-night!"

I returned to the inn, and soon after retired

to bed; as may easily be believed, to think of the singular revelations of the evening. For some time these thoughts kept me awake; but at length I fell asleep. My dreams were disturbed, and all about Walter Moreton. Sometimes he was swimming in the river, or standing on the bank, pointing with his finger to a human head that was just sinking: sometimes he was sitting by the bedside of old Bellenden, examining the vial, and walking on tiptoe to the door, and listening; and sometimes the scene of the past evening was renewed, when I sat and listened to his narrative. Then again he had a vial in his hand, and uncorked it, and in raising it to his mouth, it seemed to be a small pistol; and just at this moment I awoke.

The last scene remained forcibly and vividly on my mind. It instantly occurred to me that he might have meditated suicide, and that that was the *remedy* of which he spoke. I looked at my watch; it was an hour past midnight. I hastily dressed, and hurried to Trumpington-street. There was a light in one of the windows. I knocked gently at the door; and at the same time applied my hand to the knob, which yielded. I hurried up-stairs, directed by the situation of the light I had seen, and entered the room. Moreton stood near to the bed, beside a small table; a vial in his hand, which, at the moment I entered, he laid down. I sprang forward and seized it. It was already empty. "Ah, my friend!" said I—but further speech was useless. Moreton was already in the grasp of death.

A GHOST OF A HEAD.

PETER LEROUX was a poor plowman in the environs of Beaugency. After passing the day in leading across the fields the three horses which were generally yoked to his plow, he returned to the farm in the evening, supped, without many words, with his fellow-laborers, lighted his lantern, and then retired to bed in a species of shed communicating with the stables. His dreams were simple, and little colored with the tints of imagination; his horses were for the most part their principal subject. On one occasion, he started from his slumbers in the midst of his fancied efforts to lift up the obstinate mare, which had taken it into her head to be weak in the legs; another time, the "old gray" had entangled his hoof in the cords of the team. One night, he dreamed that he had just put an entirely new thong to his old whip, but that, notwithstanding, it obstinately refused to crack. This remarkable vision impressed him so deeply, that, on awaking, he seized the whip, which he was accustomed to place every night by his side; and in order thoroughly to assure himself that he was not stricken powerless, and deprived of the most gratifying prerogative of the plowman, he took to smacking it violently in the dead of the night. At this noise, all the stable was in commotion; the horses, alarmed, neighed, and ran one against the other, almost breaking their cords; but, with some soothing words, Peter Leroux managed to appease all this tumult, and silence was immediately restored. This was one of those extraordinary events of his life which he never failed to relate every time that a cup of wine had made him eloquent, and he found a companion in the mood to listen to him.

About the same period, dreams of quite a different kind occupied the mind of a certain M. Desalleux, deputy of the public prosecutor in the criminal court of Orleans. Having made a promising *début* in that office only a few months previously, there was no longer any position in the magistracy which he believed too high for his future attainment; and the post of keeper of the seals was one of the most frequent visions of his slumbers. But it was particularly in the intoxicating triumphs of oratory that his thoughts would revel in sleep, when the whole day had been given to the study of some case in which he was to plead. The glory of the Aguesseaux, and the other celebrated names of the great days of parliamentary eloquence, scarcely sufficed for his impatient ambition; it was in the most distant periods of the past—the times of the marvelous eloquence of Demosthenes—that he delighted to contemplate the likeness of his own ideal future. The attainment of power by eloquence; such was the idea, the text, so to speak, of his whole life—the one object for which he renounced all the ordinary hopes and pleasures of youth.

One day, these two natures—that of Peter Leroux, lifted scarcely one degree above the range of the brute, and that of M. Desalleux, abstract and rectified to the highest pitch of intellectuality—found themselves face to face. A little contest was going on between them. M. Desalleux, sitting in his official place, demanded, upon evidence somewhat insufficient, the head of Peter Leroux, accused of murder; and Peter Leroux defended his head against the eloquence of M. Desalleux.

Notwithstanding the remarkable disproportion of power which Providence had placed in this duel, the accused, for lack of conclusive proofs, would in all probability have escaped from the hands of the executioner; but from that very scantiness in the evidence arose an extraordinary opportunity for eloquence, which could not fail to be singularly useful to the ambitious hopes of M. Desalleux. In justice to himself, he could not neglect to take advantage of it.

In the next place, an unlucky circumstance presented itself for poor Peter Leroux. Some days before the commencement of the trial, and in the presence of several ladies, who promised themselves the pleasure of being there to enjoy the spectacle, the young deputy had let fall an expression of his firm confidence in obtaining from the jury a verdict of condemnation. Every one will understand the painful position in which he would be placed if his prosecution failed, and Peter Leroux came back with his head upon his shoulders, to testify to the weakness of M. Desalleux's eloquence. Let us not be too severe upon the deputy of the public prosecutor: if he was not absolutely convinced, it was his duty to

appear so, and only the more meritorious to utter such eloquent denunciations as for a century past had not been heard at the bar of the criminal court of Orleans. Oh, if you had been there to see how they were moved, those poor gentlemen of the jury !—moved almost to tears, when, in a fine and most sonorous peroration, he set before them the fearful picture of society shaken to its foundations—the whole community about to enter upon dissolution, immediately upon the acquittal of Peter Leroux! If you had only heard the courteous eulogiums exchanged on both sides, when the advocate of the accused, commencing his address, declared that he could not go further without rendering homage to the brilliant powers of oratory displayed by the deputy public prosecutor! If you had only heard the president of the court, making the same felicitations the text of his exordium, so well, that nothing would have persuaded you that it was not an academical fête, and that they were not simply awarding a prize for eloquence, instead of a sentence of death to a fellow-creature. You would have seen, in the midst of a crowd of "elegantly-attired members of the fair sex," as the newspapers of the province said, the sister of M. Desalleux, receiving the compliments of all the ladies around her; while, at a little distance, the old father was weeping with joy at the sight of the noble son and incomparable orator whom he had given to the world.

Six weeks after this scene of family happiness, Peter Leroux, accompanied by the executioner, mounted the condemned cart, which waited for him at the door of the jail of Orleans. They proceeded together to the Place du Martroie, which is the spot where executions take place. Here they found a scaffold erected, and a considerable concourse of persons expecting them. Peter Leroux, with the slow and heavy ascent of a sack of flour going up by means of a pulley to the top of a warehouse, mounts the steps of the scaffold. As he reached the platform, a ray of sunlight, playing upon the brilliant and polished steel of the instrument of justice, dazzled his eyes, and he seemed about to stumble; but the executioner, with the courteous attention of a host who knows how to do the honors of his house, sustained him by the arm, and placed him upon the plank of the guillotine. There Peter Leroux found the clerk of the court, who had come for the purpose of reading formally the order for execution; the gendarmes, who were charged to see that the public peace was kept during the business about to be transacted; and the assistants of the executioner, who, notwithstanding the ill name which has been given to them, pointed out to him, with a complaisance full of delicate consideration, the precise position in which to place himself under the ax. One minute after, Peter Leroux's head was divorced from his body, which operation was accomplished with such dexterity, that many of those present at the spectacle asked of their neighbors if it was already finished; and were told that it was; upon which they remarked, that it was the last time they would put themselves so much out of the way for so little.

Three months had passed since the head and body of Peter Leroux had been cast into a corner of the cemetery, and, in all probability, the grave no longer concealed aught but his bones, when a new session of assizes was opened, and M. Desalleux had again to support a capital indictment.

The day previous, he quitted at an early hour a ball to which he had been invited with all his family, at a château in the environs, and returned alone to the city in order to prepare his case for the morrow.

The night was dark; a warm wind from the south whistled drearily, while the buzz of the gay scene that he had left seemed to linger in his ears. A feeling of melancholy stole over him. The memory of many people whom he had known, and who were dead, returned to his mind; and, scarcely knowing why, he began to think of Peter Leroux.

Nevertheless, as he drew near the city, and the first lights of the suburbs began to appear, all his sombre ideas vanished, and as soon as he found himself again at his desk, surrounded by his books and papers, he thought no longer of any thing but his oration, which he had determined should be even yet more brilliant than any that had preceded it.

His system of indictment was already nearly settled. It is singular, by the way, that French legal expression, a "system of indictment"—that is to say, an absolute manner of grouping an *ensemble* of facts and proofs, in virtue of which the prosecutor appropriates to himself the head of a man—as one would say, "a system of philosophy"—that is, an *ensemble* of reasonings and sophisms, by the aid of which we establish some harmless truth, theory, or fancy. His system of indictment was nearly completed, when the deposition of a witness which he had not examined, suddenly presented itself, with such an aspect as threatened to overturn all the edifice of his logic. He hesitated for some moments; but, as we have already seen, M. Desalleux, in his functions of deputy-prosecutor, consulted his vanity at least as often as his conscience. Invoking all his powers of logic and skill for turning words to his purpose, struggling muscle to muscle with the unlucky testimony, he did not despair of finally enlisting it in the number of his best arguments, as containing the most conclusive evidence against the prisoner; but, unfortunately, the trouble was considerable, and the night was already far advanced.

The clock had just struck three, and the lamp upon his table, burning with a crust upon the wick, gave only a feeble light in the chamber. Having trimmed it, and feeling somewhat excited with his labors, he rose and walked to and fro, then returned and sat in his chair, from which, leaning back in an easy attitude, and suspending his reflections for awhile, he contemplated the stars which were shining through a window opposite. Suddenly lowering his gaze,

he encountered what seemed to him two eyes staring in at him through the window-panes. Imagining that the reflection of the lamp, doubled by some flaw in the glass, had deceived him, he changed his place; but the vision only appeared more distinct. As he was not wanting in courage, he took a walking-stick, the only weapon within reach, and opened the window, to see who was the intruder who came thus to observe him at such an hour. The chamber which he occupied was high; above and below, the wall of his house was perfectly perpendicular, and afforded no means by which any one could climb or descend. In the narrow space between himself and the balcony, the smallest object could not have escaped him; but he saw nothing. He thought again that he must have been the dupe of one of those hallucinations that sometimes visit men in the night; and, with a smile, he applied himself again to his labors. But he had not written twenty lines, when he felt, before looking up, that there was something moving in a corner of the chamber. This began to alarm him, for it was not natural that the senses, one after the other, should conspire to deceive him. Raising his eyes, and shading them with his hand from the glare of the lamp beside him, he observed a dusky object advancing toward him with short hops like those of a raven. As the apparition approached him, its aspect became more terrifying; for it took the unmistakable form of a human head separated from the trunk and dripping with blood; and when at length, with a spring, it bounded upon the table, and rolled about over the papers scattered on his desk, M. Desalleux recognized the features of Peter Leroux, who no doubt had come to remind him that a good conscience is of greater value than eloquence. Overcome by a sensation of terror, M. Desalleux fainted. That morning, at daybreak, he was found stretched out insensible on the floor near a little pool of blood, which was also found in spots upon his desk, and on the leaves of his pleadings. It was supposed, and he took care never to contradict it, that he had been seized with a hemorrhage. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was not in a state to speak at the trial, and that all his oratorical preparations were thrown away.

Many days passed before the recollection of that terrible night faded from the memory of the deputy-prosecutor—many days before he could bear to be alone or in the dark without terror. After some months, however, the head of Peter Leroux not having repeated its visit, the pride of intellect began again to counterbalance the testimony of the senses, and again he asked himself, if he had not been duped by them. In order more surely to weaken their authority, which all his reasonings had not been able entirely to overcome, he called to his aid the opinion of his physician, communicating to him in confidence the story of his adventure. The doctor, who, by dint of long examining the human brain, without discovering the slightest trace of any thing resembling a soul, had comé to a learned conviction of materialism, did not fail to laugh heartily on listening to the recital of the nocturnal vision. This was perhaps the best manner of treating his patient; for by having the appearance of holding his fancy in derision, he forced, as it were, his self-esteem to take a part in the cure. Moreover, as may be imagined, he did not hesitate to explain to his patient, that his hallucination proceeded from an over-tension of the cerebral fibre, followed by congestion and evacuation of blood, which had been the causes of his seeing precisely what he had not seen. Powerfully reassured by this consultation, and as no accident happened to contradict its correctness, M. Desalleux by degrees regained his serenity of mind, and gradually returned to his former habits —modifying them simply insomuch that he labored with an application somewhat less severe, and indulged, at the doctor's suggestion, in some of those amusements of life which he had hitherto totally neglected.

M. Desalleux thought of a wife, and no man was more in a position than he to secure a good match; for, without speaking of personal advantages, the fame of his oratorical successes, and perhaps, more still, the little anxiety which he displayed for any other kind of success, had rendered him the object of more than one lady's ambition. But there was in the bent of his life something too positive for him to consent that even the love of a woman should find a place there unconditionally. Among the hearts which seemed ready to bestow themselves upon him, he calculated which was the particular one whose goodwill was best supported by money, useful relations, and other social advantages. The first part of his romance being thus settled, he saw without regret that the bride who would bring him all these, was a young girl, witty, and of elegant exterior; whereupon he set about falling in love with her with all the passion of which he was capable, and with the approbation of her family, until at length a marriage was determined upon.

Orleans had not, for a long time, seen a prettier bride than that of M. Desalleux; nor a family more happy than that of M. Desalleux; nor a wedding-ball so joyous and brilliant as that of M. Desalleux. That night he thought no more of his ambition; he lived only in the present. According to French custom, the guests remained until a late hour. Imprisoned in a corner of the saloon by a barrister, who had taken that opportune moment to recommend a case to him, the bridegroom looked, from time to time, at the time-piece, which pointed to a quarter to two. He had also remarked, that twice within a short time the mother of the bride had approached her, and whispered in her ear, and that the latter had replied with an air of confusion. Suddenly, at the conclusion of a contradance, he perceived, by a certain whispering that ran through the assembly, that something important was going on. Casting his eyes, while the barrister continued to talk to him, upon the seats which his wife and her ladies of honor had

occupied during the whole evening, he perceived that they were empty; whereupon the grave deputy-prosecutor cutting short, as most men would have done under the circumstances, the argument of the barrister, advanced by a clever series of manœuvres toward the door of the apartment; and at the moment when some domestics entered bearing refreshments, glided out, in the fond and mistaken belief that no one had remarked him.

At the door of the nuptial chamber he met his mother-in-law, who was retiring with the various dignitaries, whose presence had been considered necessary, as well as some matrons who had joined the *cortège*. Pressing his hand, and with a faltering voice, the mother whispered to him a few words, and it was understood that she spoke of her daughter. M. Desalleux, smiling, replied with some affectionate phrases. Most assuredly in that moment he was not thinking of poor Peter Leroux.

At the moment of closing the door of the chamber, the bride was already a-bed. He remarked, what appeared to him strange, that the curtains of her bed were drawn. The room was quite silent.

The stillness, and the strange fact of the close-drawn curtains embarrassed him. His heart beat violently. He looked around, and remarked her dress and all her wedding-ornaments lying around him, with a graceful air of negligence, in various parts of the room. With a faltering voice he called upon his bride by name. Having no reply, he returned, perhaps to gain time, toward the door, assured himself that it was well fastened, then approaching the bed, he opened the curtains gently.

By the flickering light of the lamp suspended from the ceiling, a singular vision presented itself to his eyes. Near his *fiancée*, who was fast asleep, the head of a man with black hair was lying on the white pillow. Was he again the victim of an error of the senses, or had some usurper dared to occupy his place? At all events, his substitute took little notice of him; for, as well as his wife, he was sound asleep, with his face turned toward the bottom of the alcove. In the moment when M. Desalleux leaned over the bed, to examine the features of this singular intruder, a long sigh, like that of a man awaking from slumber, broke the silence of the chamber; and at the same time the head of the stranger turning toward him, he recognized the face of Peter Leroux staring at him, with that very look of stupefied astonishment with which for two hours the unlucky plowman had listened to his brilliant discourse in the criminal court of Orleans.

Perhaps, on any other occasion, the deputy-prosecutor, on finding himself a second time visited by this horrible vision, would have suspected that he had been guilty of some wicked action, for which he was doomed to this persecution: his conscience, if he had taken the trouble to cross-examine it, would have very soon told him what was his crime, in which case, being a good Catholic, he would perhaps have gone out and locked the door of the haunted room until morning, when he would have immediately ordered a mass for the repose of the soul of Peter Leroux; by means of this, and of some contributions to the fund for poor prisoners of justice, he might, perhaps, have regained his tranquillity of mind, and escaped forever from the annoyance to which he had been subjected. At such a time, however, he felt more irritation than remorse; and he accordingly endeavored to seize the intruder by the hair, and drag him from his resting-place. At the first movement that he made, however, the head, understanding his intentions, began to grind its teeth, and as he stretched out his hand, the bridegroom felt himself severely bitten. The pain of his wound increased his rage. He looked around for some weapon, went to the fire-place and seized a bar of steel which served to support the fire-irons, then returned, and striking several times upon the bed with all his force, endeavored to destroy his hideous visitor. But the head, ducking and bobbing like the white gentleman with black spots, whom Punch has never been able to touch, dexterously slipped aside at every blow, which descended harmlessly upon the bed-clothes. For several minutes the furious bridegroom continued to waste his strength in this manner, when, springing with an extraordinary bound, the head passed over the shoulder of its adversary, and disappeared behind him before he could observe by what way it had escaped.

After a careful search, and considerable raking in corners with the bar of steel, finding himself at length master of the field of battle, the deputy-prosecutor returned to the bed. The bride was still miraculously asleep; and, to his horror, he perceived, on lifting the coverlet, that she was lying in a pool of blood, left no doubt by the bleeding head. Misfortunes never come alone: while seeking for a cloth about the chamber, he struck the lamp with his forehead, and extinguished it.

Meanwhile the night was advancing; already the window of the chamber began to glimmer with the coming day. Furious with the obstacles which heaven and earth seemed to set in his way, the deputy-prosecutor determined to solve the mystery. Approaching the bed again, he called upon his bride by the tenderest names, and endeavored to awake her, yet she continued to sleep. Taking her in his arms, he embraced her passionately; but she slept on, and appeared insensible to all his caresses. What could this mean? Was it the feint of a bashful girl, or was he himself dreaming? It was growing lighter; and in the hope of dispelling the odious enchantments with which he was surrounded, M. Desalleux went to the window, and drew aside the blinds and curtains to let in the new day. Then the unhappy lawyer perceived for the first time why the blood refused to be dried up. Blinded by his anger in his combat with the head of Peter Leroux, and while he had supposed himself to be chastising his disturber, he had, in fact, been striking the head of his unfortunate

bride. The blows had been dealt so quickly, and with such violence, that she had died without a sigh, or, perhaps, without her assailant's hearing one, in the fury of the struggle.

We leave to psychologists to explain this phenomenon; but on seeing that he had killed his bride, he was seized with a violent fit of laughter, which attracted the attention of his mother-in-law who knocked gently at the door, and desired to know the cause of the disturbance. On hearing the voice of the mother of his wife, his terrible gayety increased. Running to open the door, he seized her by the arm, and drawing her to the side of the bed, pulled back the curtains, and revealed to her the terrible spectacle; after which his laughter grew still more furious, until at length he sank exhausted on the floor.

Alarmed at the shrieks of the mother, all the inmates of the house became witnesses of the scene, the report of which spread rapidly through the city. The same morning, upon a warrant from the procureur-general, M. Desalleux was conducted to the criminal prison of Orleans; and it has since been remarked, as a singular coincidence, that his cell was the same that had been occupied by Peter Leroux up to the day of his execution.

The end of the deputy-prosecutor, however, was a little less tragic. Declared by the unanimous testimony of the physicians to be insane, the man who had dreamed of moving the world with his eloquence, was conducted to the hospital for lunatics, and for more than six months kept chained in a dark cell, as in the good old times. At the end of this time, however, as he appeared to be no longer dangerous, his chains were removed, and he was subjected to milder treatment.

As soon as he recovered his liberty, a strange delusion took possession of him, which did not leave him until he died. He fancied himself a tight-rope dancer, and from morning to night danced with the gestures and movements of a man who holds a balancing-rod, and walks upon a cord.

If any one visiting the city of Orleans would take the trouble to inquire of M. Troisétoiles, landlord of the Hôtel Aux Clés de la Ville, in the Place du Marché, he would obtain a confirmation of the truth of this history, together with many other facts and circumstances, collateral and ramificatory, concerning the bride and bridegroom, their relations and friends, which we have not thought necessary to state. With regard, however, to the tragic event which we have last described, M. Troisétoiles will simply relate what is known to the world on the subject—namely, that the deputy-prosecutor, being injured in mind by overstudy and application to business, knocked out his wife's brains on her wedding-night. We, however, although we decline to mention our sources of information, have been enabled to give the private and secret history of the tragedy, for the truth of which we are equally able to vouch.

A bookseller in Orleans, sometime afterward, conceived the idea of collecting and publishing a volume of the speeches which he had pronounced during his short but brilliant oratorical career. Three editions were exhausted successively, and not long since a fourth was announced.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

"FOOL!" said the unhappy man, aloud, in his anguish, "fool! what then? Were I free, would it be to trust my fate again to falsehood? If, in all the bloom and glory of my youth, I failed to win the heart of a village girl—if, once more deluding myself, it is in vain that I have tended, reared, cherished, some germ of woman's human affection in the orphan I saved from penury—how look for love in the brilliant Princess, whom all the sleek Lotharios of our gaudy world will surround with their homage when once she alights in their sphere! If perfidy be my fate—what hell of hells in the thought!—that a wife might lay her head in my bosom—and—oh, horror! horror!—No!—I would not accept her hand were it offered, nor believe in her love were it pledged to me. Stern soul of mine—wise at last, love never more—never more believe in truth!"

CHAPTER XVI.

As Harley quitted the room, Helen's pale sweet face looked forth from a door in the same corridor. She advanced toward him timidly.

"May I speak with you?" she said, in almost inaudible accents. "I have been listening for your footstep."

Harley looked at her steadfastly. Then, without a word, he followed her into the room she had left, and closed the door.

"I too," said he, "meant to seek an interview with yourself—but later. You would speak to me, Helen—say on.—Ah! child, what mean you? Why this?"—for Helen was kneeling at his feet.

"Let me kneel," she said, resisting the hand that sought to raise her. "Let me kneel till I have explained all, and perhaps won your pardon. You said something the other evening. It has weighed on my heart and my conscience ever since. You said 'that I should have no secret from you; for *that*, in our relation to each other, would be deceit.' I have had a secret; but, oh believe me! it was long ere it was clearly visible to myself. You honored me with a suit so far beyond my birth, my merits. You said that I might console and comfort you. At those words, what answer could I give?—I who owe you so much more than a daughter's duty? And I thought that my affections were free—that they would obey that duty. But—but—but—" continued Helen, bowing her head still lowlier, and in a voice far fainter—"I deceived myself. I again saw *him* who had been all in the world to me, when the world was so terrible—and then—and then—I trembled. I was terrified at my own

* Concluded from the November Number.

memories—my own thoughts. Still I struggled to banish the past—resolutely—firmly. Oh, you believe me, do you not? And I hoped to conquer. Yet ever since those words of yours, I felt that I ought to tell you even of the struggle. This is the first time we have met since you spoke them. And now—now—I have seen him again, and—and—though not by a word could she you had deigned to woo as your bride, encourage hope in another—though there—there where you now stand—he bade me farewell, and we parted as if forever;—yet—yet—O Lord L'Estrange! in return for your rank, wealth, your still nobler gifts of nature—what could I bring—something more than gratitude, esteem, reverence—at least an undivided heart, filled with your image, and yours alone. And this I can not give. Pardon me—not for what I say now, but for not saying it before. Pardon me, O my benefactor, pardon me!"

"Rise, Helen," said Harley, with relaxing brow, though still unwilling to yield to one softer and holier emotion. "Rise!" And he lifted her up, and drew her toward the light. "Let me look at your face. There seems no guile here. These tears are surely honest. If I can not be loved, it is my fate, and not your crime. Now, listen to me. If you grant me nothing else, will you give me the obedience which the ward owes to the guardian—the child to the parent?"

"Yes, oh yes!" murmured Helen.

"Then, while I release you from all troth to me, I claim the right to refuse, if I so please it, my assent to the suit of—of the person you prefer. I acquit you of deceit, but I reserve to myself the judgment I shall pass on him. Until I myself sanction that suit, will you promise not to recall in any way the rejection which, if I understand you rightly, you have given to it?"

"I promise."

"And if I say to you, 'Helen, this man is not worthy of you—'"

"No, no! do not say that—I could not believe you."

Harley frowned, but resumed calmly—"If, them, I say—'Ask me not wherefore, but I forbid you to be the wife of Leonard Fairfield,' what would be your answer?"

"Ah, my lord, if you can but comfort him, do with me as you will; but do not command me to break his heart."

"Oh, silly child," cried Harley, laughing scornfully, "hearts are not found in the race from which that man sprang. But I take your promise, with its credulous condition. Helen, I pity you. I have been as weak as you, bearded man though I be. Some day or other, you and I may live to laugh at the follies at which you weep now. I can give you no other comfort, for I know of none."

He moved to the door, and paused at the threshold. "I shall not see you again for some days, Helen. Perhaps I may request my mother to join me at Lansmere; if so, I shall pray you to accompany her. For the present, let all believe that our position is unchanged. The time will soon come when I may—"

Helen looked up wistfully through her tears—

"I may release you from all duties to me," continued Harley with grave and severe coldness; "or I may claim your promise in spite of the condition; for your lover's heart will not be broken. Adieu!"

CHAPTER XVII.

As Harley entered London, he came suddenly upon Randal Leslie, who was hurrying from Eaton Square, having not only accompanied Mr. Avenel in his walk, but gone home with him and spent half the day in that gentleman's society. He was now on his way to the House of Commons, at which some disclosure as to the day for the dissolution of Parliament was expected.

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, "I must stop you. I have been to Norwood and seen our noble friend. He has confided to me, of course, all that passed. How can I express my gratitude to you! By what rare talent—with what signal courage—you have saved the happiness—perhaps even the honor—of my plighted bride!"

"Your bride! The Duke, then, still holds to the promise you were fortunate enough to obtain from Riccabocca?"

"He confirms that promise more solemnly than ever. You may well be surprised at his magnanimity."

"No; he is a philosopher—nothing in him can surprise me. But he seemed to think, when I saw him, that there were circumstances you might find it hard to explain."

"Hard! Nothing so easy. Allow me to tender to you the same explanations which satisfied one whom philosophy itself has made as open to truth as he is clear-sighted to imposture."

"Another time, my dear Mr. Leslie. If your bride's father be satisfied, what right have I to doubt? By the way, you stand for Lansmere. Do me the favor to fix your quarters at the Park during the election. You will, of course, accompany Mr. Egerton."

"You are most kind," answered Randal, greatly surprised.

"You accept? That is well. We shall then have ample opportunity for those explanations which you honor me by offering; and, to make your visit still more agreeable, I may perhaps induce your friends at Norwood to meet you. Good-day."

Harley walked on, leaving Randal motionless in amaze, but tormented with suspicion. What could such courtesies in Lord L'Estrange portend? Surely no good.

"I am about to hold the balance of justice," said Harley to himself. "I will cast the lightweight of that knave into the scale. Violante never can be mine; but I did not save her from a Peschiera, to leave her to a Randal Leslie. Ha, ha! Audley Egerton has some human feeling—tenderness for that youth whom he has

selected from the world, in which he left Nora's child to the jaws of famine. Through that side I can reach at his heart, and prove him a fool like myself, where he esteemed and confided! Good."

Thus soliloquizing, Lord L'Estrange gained the corner of Bruton Street, when he was again somewhat abruptly accosted.

"My dear Lord L'Estrange, let me shake you by the hand; for Heaven knows when I may see you again; and you have suffered me to assist in one good action."

"Frank Hazeldean, I am pleased indeed to meet you. Why do you indulge in that melancholy doubt as to the time when I may see you again?"

"I have just got leave of absence. I am not well, and I am rather hipped, so I shall go abroad for a few weeks."

In spite of himself, the sombre, brooding man felt interest and sympathy in the dejection that was evident in Frank's voice and countenance. "Another dupe to affection," thought he, as if in apology to himself; "naturally, of course, a dupe: he is honest and artless—at present." He pressed kindly on the arm which he had involuntarily twined within his own "I conceive how you now grieve, my young friend," said he; "but you will congratulate yourself hereafter on what this day seems to you an affliction."

"My dear lord—"

"I am much older than you; but not old enough for such formal ceremony. Pray, call me L'Estrange."

"Thank you; and I should indeed like to speak to you as a friend. There is a thought on my mind which haunts me. I daresay it is foolish enough, but I am sure *you* will not laugh at me. You heard what Madame di Negra said to me last night. I have been trifled with and misled, but I can not forget so soon how dear to me that woman was. I am not going to bore you with such nonsense; but, from what I can understand, her brother is likely to lose all his fortune; and even if not, he is a sad scoundrel. I can not bear the thought that she should be so dependent on him—that she may come to want. After all, there must be good in her—good in her to refuse my hand if she did not love me. A mercenary woman so circumstanced would not have done that."

"You are quite right. But do not torment yourself with such generous fears. Madame di Negra shall not come to want—shall not be dependent on her infamous brother. The first act of the Duke of Serrano, on regaining his estates, will be a suitable provision for his kinswoman. I will answer for this."

"You take a load off my mind. I did mean to ask you to intercede with Riccabocca—that is, the Duke; (it is so hard to think he can be a Duke!) I, alas! have nothing in my power to bestow upon Madame di Negra. I may, indeed, sell my commission; but then I have a debt which I long to pay off, and the sale of the commission would not suffice even for that; and perhaps my father might be still more angry if I do sell it. Well, good-by. I shall now go away happy—that is, comparatively. One must bear things like—a man!"

"I should like, however, to see you again before you go abroad. I will call on you. Meanwhile, can you tell me the Number of one Baron Levy? He lives in this street, I know."

"Levy! Oh, have no dealings with him, I advise—I entreat you! He is the most plausible, dangerous rascal; and, for heaven's sake! pray be warned by me, and let nothing entangle you into—a POST-OBIT!"

"Be reassured, I am more accustomed to lend money than to borrow it; and as to a *post-obit*, I have a foolish prejudice against such transactions."

"Don't call it foolish, L'Estrange; I honor you for it. How I wish I had known you earlier—so few men of the world are like you. Even Randal Leslie, who is so faultless in most things, and never gets into a scrape himself, called my own scruples foolish. However—"

"Stay—Randal Leslie! What! He advised you to borrow on a *post-obit*, and probably shared the loan with you?"

"O, no; not a shilling."

"Tell me all about it, Frank. Perhaps, as I see that Levy is mixed up in the affair, your information may be useful to myself, and put me on my guard in dealing with that popular gentleman."

Frank, who somehow or other felt himself quite at home with Harley, and who, with all his respect for Randal Leslie's talents, had a vague notion that Lord L'Estrange was quite as clever, and from his years and experience, likely to be a safer and more judicious counselor, was noways loth to impart the confidence thus pressed for.

He told Harley of his debts—his first dealings with Levy—the unhappy *post-obit* into which he had been hurried by the distress of Madame di Negra—his father's anger—his mother's letter—his own feelings of mingled shame and pride, which made him fear that repentance would but seem self-interest—his desire to sell his commission, and let its sale redeem in part the *post-obit*; in short, he made what is called a clean breast of it. Randal Leslie was necessarily mixed up with this recital; and the subtle cross-questions of Harley extracted far more as to that young diplomat's agency in all these melancholy concerns, than the ingenuous narrator himself was aware of.

"So then," said Harley, "Mr. Leslie assured you of Madame di Nigra's affection, when you yourself doubted of it?"

"Yes; she took him in, even more than she did me."

"Simple Mr. Leslie! And the same kind friend—who is related to you—did you say?"

"His grandmother was a Hazeldean."

"Humph. The same kind relation led you to believe that you could pay off this bond with the

Marchesa's portion, and that he could obtain the consent of your parents to your marriage with that lady?"

"I ought to have known better; my father's prejudices against foreigners and papists are so strong."

"And now Mr. Leslie concurs with you, that it is best for you to go abroad, and trust to his intercession with your father. He has evidently then gained a great influence over Mr. Hazeldean."

"My father naturally compares me with him—he so clever, so promising, so regular in his habits, and I such a reckless scapegrace."

"And the bulk of your father's property is unentailed—Mr. Hazeldean might disinherit you."

"I deserve it. I hope he will."

"You have no brothers nor sisters—no relation, perhaps, nearer to you than your excellent friend Mr. Randal Leslie?"

"No; that is the reason he is so kind to me, otherwise I am the last person to suit him. You have no idea how well-informed and clever he is," added Frank, in a tone between admiration and awe.

"My dear Hazeldean, you will take my advice, will you not?"

"Certainly. You are too good."

"Let all your family, Mr. Leslie included, suppose you to be gone abroad; but stay quietly in England, and within a day's journey of Lansmere Park. I am obliged to go thither for the approaching election. I may ask you to come over. I think I see a way to serve you; and if so, you will soon hear from me. Now, Baron Levy's Number."

"That is the house with the cabriolet at the door. How such a fellow can have such a horse! 'tis out of all keeping!"

"Not at all; horses are high-spirited, generous, unsuspicious animals—they never know that it is a rogue who drives them! I have your promise, then, and you will send me your address?"

"I will. Strange that I feel more confidence in you than I do even in Randal! Do take care of Levy."

Lord L'Estrange and Frank here shook hands, and Frank, with an anxious groan, saw L'Estrange disappear within the portals of the sleek destroyer.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Lord L'Estrange followed the spruce servant into Baron's Levy's luxurious study.

The Baron looked greatly amazed at his unexpected visitor; but he got up—handed a chair to my lord with a low bow. "This *is* an honor," said he.

"You have a charming abode here," said Lord L'Estrange, looking round. "Very fine bronzes—excellent taste. Your reception-rooms above are, doubtless, a model to all decorators!"

"Would your lordship condescend to see them," said Levy—wondering—but flattered.

"With the greatest pleasure."

"Lights!" cried Levy, to the servant who answered the bell. "Lights in the drawing-rooms. It is growing dark."

Lord L'Estrange followed the usurer up-stairs; admired every thing—pictures, draperies, *Sèvres* china, to the very shape of the downy *fauteuils*, to the very pattern of the Tournay carpet. Reclining then on one of the voluptuous sofas, Lord L'Estrange said, smilingly, "You are a wise man; there is no advantage in being rich, unless one enjoys one's riches."

"My own maxim, Lord L'Estrange."

"And it is something, too, to have a taste for good society. Small pride would you have, my dear Baron, in these rooms, luxurious though they are, if filled with guests of vulgar exterior and plebeian manners. It is only in the world in which *we* move that we find persons who harmonize, as it were, with the porcelain of *Sèvres*, and those sofas that might have come from Versailles."

"I own," said Levy, "that I have what some may call a weakness in a *parvenu* like myself. I have a love for the *beau monde*. It is indeed a pleasure to me when I receive men like your lordship."

"But why call yourself a *parvenu?* Though you are contented to honor the name of Levy, we, in society all know that you are the son of a long-descended English peer. Child of love, it is true; but the Graces smile on those over whose birth Venus presided. Pardon my old-fashioned mythological similes—they go so well—with these rooms—*Louis Quinze*."

"Since you touch on my birth," said Levy, his color rather heightened, not with shame, but with pride, "I don't deny that it has had some effect on my habits and tastes in life. In fact—"

"In fact, own that you would be a miserable man in spite of all your wealth, if the young dandies who throng to your banquets were to cut you dead in the streets; if, when your high-stepping horse stopped at your club, the porter shut the door in your face; if, when you lounged into the opera-pit, handsome dog that you are, each spendthrift rake in 'Fop's Alley,' who now waits but the scratch of your pen to endorse *billet doux* with the charm that can chain to himself for a month some nymph of the *Ballet*, spinning round in a whirlwind of *tulle*, would shrink from the touch of your condescending fore-finger with more dread of its contact than a bailiff's arrest in the thick of Pall-Mall could inspire; if, reduced to the company of city clerks, parasite led-captains—"

"Oh, don't go on, my dear lord," cried Levy, laughing affectedly. "Impossible though the picture be, it is really appalling. Cut me off from May Fair and St. James's, and I should go into my strong closet and hang myself."

"And yet, my dear Baron, all this may happen if I have the whim just to try; all this *will* happen, unless, ere I leave your house, you concede the conditions I came here to impose."

"My lord," exclaimed Levy, starting up, and

pulling down his waistcoat with nervous, passionate fingers, "if you were not under my own roof, I would—"

"Truce with mock heroics. Sit down, sir—sit down. I will briefly state my threat—more briefly my conditions. You will be scarcely more prolix in your reply. Your fortune I can not touch—your enjoyment of it I can destroy. Refuse my conditions—make me your enemy—and war to the knife! I will interrogate all the young dupes you have ruined. I will learn the history of all the transactions by which you have gained the wealth that it pleases you to spend in courting the society and sharing the vices of men who—go with these rooms, *Louis Quinze*. Not a roguery of yours shall escape me, down even to your last notable connivance with an Italian reprobate for the criminal abstraction of an heiress. All these particulars I will proclaim in the clubs to which you have gained admittance—in every club in London which you yet hope to creep into. All these I will impart to some such authority in the Press as Mr. Henry Norreys; all these I will, upon the voucher of my own name, have so published in some journals of repute, that you must either tacitly submit to the revelations that blast you, or bring before a court of law actions that will convert accusations into evidence. It is but by sufferance that you are now in society; you are excluded when one man like me comes forth to denounce you. You try in vain to sneer at my menace—your white lips show your terror. I have rarely in life drawn any advantage from my rank and position; but I am thankful that they give me the power to make my voice respected and my exposure triumphant. Now, Baron Levy, will you go into your strong closet and hang yourself? or will you grant me my very moderate conditions? You are silent. I will relieve you, and state those conditions. Until the general election about to take place, is concluded, you will obey me to the letter in all that I enjoin—no demur, and no scruple. And the first proof of obedience I demand, is your candid disclosure of all Mr. Audley Egerton's pecuniary affairs."

"Has my client, Mr. Egerton, authorized you to request of me that disclosure?"

"On the contrary, all that passes between us you will conceal from your client."

"You would save him from ruin? Your trusty *friend*, Mr. Egerton!" said the Baron, with a livid sneer.

"Wrong again, Baron Levy. If I would save him from ruin, you are scarcely the man I should ask to assist me."

"Ah, I guess. You have learned how he—"

"Guess nothing; but obey in all things. Let us descend to your business-room."

Levy said not a word until he had reconducted his visitor into his den of destruction—all gleaming with *spoliaria*—in rosewood. Then he said this: "If, Lord L'Estrange, you seek but revenge on Audley Egerton, you need not have uttered those threats. I, too—hate the man."

Harley looked at him steadfastly, and the nobleman felt a pang that he had debased himself into a single feeling which the usurer could share. Nevertheless, the interview appeared to close with satisfactory arrangements, and produce amicable understanding. For as the Baron ceremoniously followed Lord L'Estrange through the hall, his noble visitor said, with marked affability—

"Then I shall see you at Lansmere with Mr. Egerton, to assist in conducting his election. It is a sacrifice of your time worthy of your friendship; not a step farther, I beg. Baron, I have the honor to wish you good evening."

As the street door opened on Lord L'Estrange, he again found himself face to face with Randal Leslie, whose hand was already lifted to the knocker.

"Ha, Mr. Leslie!—you too a client of Baron Levy's;—a very useful, accommodating man."

Randal stared and stammered. "I come in haste from the House of Commons on Mr. Egerton's business. Don't you hear the newspaper venders crying out, 'Great news—Dissolution of Parliament?'"

"We are prepared. Levy himself consents to give us the aid of his talents. Kindly, obliging—clever person!"

Randal hurried into Levy's study, to which the usurer had shrunk back, and was now wiping his brow with his scented handkerchief, looking heated and haggard, and very indifferent to Randal Leslie.

"How is this?" cried Randal. "I come to tell you first of Peschiera's utter failure, the ridiculous coxcomb, and I meet at your door the last man I thought to find there—the man who foiled us all, Lord L'Estrange. What brought him to you? Ah, perhaps, his interest in Egerton's election."

"Yes," said Levy, sulkily. "I know all about Peschiera. I can not talk to you now; I must make arrangements for going to Lansmere."

"But don't forget my purchase from Thornhill. I shall have the money shortly from a surer source than Peschiera."

"The Squire?"

"Or a rich father-in-law."

In the mean while, as Lord L'Estrange entered Bond Street, his ears were stunned by vociferous cries from the Stentors employed by *Standard*, *Sun*, and *Globe*—"Great news. Dissolution of Parliament—great news!" The gas lamps were lighted—a brown fog was gathering over the streets, blending itself with the falling shades of night. The forms of men loomed large through the mist. The lights from the shops looked red and lurid. Loungers usually careless as to politics, were talking eagerly and anxiously of King, Lords, Commons, "Constitution at stake"—"Triumph of liberal opinions"—according to their several biases. Hearing, and scorning—unsocial, isolated—walked on Harley L'Estrange. With his direr passions had been roused up all the native powers, that made them doubly dangerous.

He became proudly conscious of his own great faculties, but exulted in them only so far as they could minister to the purpose which had invoked them.

"I have constituted myself a Fate," he said inly; "let the gods be but neutral—while I weave the meshes. Then, as Fate itself when it has fulfilled its mission, let me pass away into shadow, with the still and lonely stride that none may follow.

'Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness.'

How weary I am of this world of men!" And again the cry "Great news—National crisis—Dissolution of Parliament—Great news!" rang through the jostling throng. Three men, arm-in-arm, brushed by Harley, and were stopped at the crossing by a file of carriages. The man in the centre was Audley Egerton. His companions were, an ex-minister like himself, and one of those great proprietors who are proud of being above office, and vain of the power to make and unmake Governments.

"You are the only man to lead us, Egerton," said this last personage. "Do but secure your seat, and as soon as this popular fever has passed away, you must be something more than the leader of Opposition—you must be the first man in England."

"Not a doubt of that," chimed in the fellow ex-minister—a worthy man—perfect red tapist, but inaudible in the reporters' gallery. "And your election is quite safe, eh? All depends on that. You must not be thrown out at such a time, even for a month or two. I hear that you will have a contest—some townsman of the borough, I think. But the Lansmere interest must be all-powerful; and, I suppose, L'Estrange will come out and canvass for you. You are not the man to have lukewarm friends!"

"Don't be alarmed about my election. I am as sure of that as of L'Estrange's friendship."

Harley heard, with a grim smile, and passing his hand within his vest, laid it upon Nora's memoir.

"What could we do in Parliament without you!" said the great proprietor, almost piteously.

"Rather what could I do without Parliament? Public life is the only existence I own. Parliament is all in all to me. But we may cross now."

Harley's eye glittered cold as it followed the tall form of the statesman, towering high above all other passers-by.

"Ay," he muttered, "Ay, rest as sure of my friendship as I was of thine! And be Lansmere our field of Philippi! There, where thy first step was made in the only life that thou own'st as existence, shall the ladder itself rot from under thy footing. There, where thy softer victim slunk to death from the deceit of thy love, shall deceit like thine own dig a grave for thy frigid ambition. I borrow thy quiver of fraud; its still arrows shall strike thee; and thou too shalt say, when the barb pierces home, 'This comes from the hand of a friend.' Ay, at Lansmere, at Lansmere, shall the end crown the whole! Go, and dot on the canvas the lines for the lengthened perspective, where my eyes note already the vanishing point of the picture."

Then through the dull fog, and under the pale gaslights, Harley L'Estrange pursued his noiseless way, soon distinguished no more among the various, motley, quick-succeeding groups, with their infinite subdivisions of thought, care, and passion; while, loud over all their low murmurs, or silent hearts, were heard the tramp of horses, and din of wheels, and the vociferous discordant cry that had ceased to attract an interest in the ears it vexed—"Great News, Great News—Dissolution of Parliament—Great News!"

CHAPTER XIX.

The scene is at Lansmere Park—a spacious pile, commenced in the reign of Charles II.; enlarged and altered in the reign of Anne. Brilliant interval in the History of our National Manners, when even the courtier dreaded to be dull, and Sir Fopling raised himself on tiptoe to catch the ear of a wit—when the names of Devonshire and Dorset, Halifax and Carteret, Oxford and Bolingbroke, unite themselves, brother-like, with those of Hobbes and of Dryden, of Prior and Bentley, of Arbuthnot, Gay, Pope, and Swift; and still, wherever we turn, to recognize some ideal of great Lord or fine Gentleman—the Immortals of Literature stand by his side.

The walls of the rooms at Lansmere were covered with the portraits of those who illustrate that time which Europe calls the age of Louis XIV. A L'Estrange, who had lived through the reigns of four English princes (and with no mean importance through all), had collected those likenesses of noble contemporaries. As you passed through the chambers—opening one on the other in that pomp of parade introduced with Charles II. from the palaces of France, and retaining its mode till Versailles and the Trianon passed, themselves, out of date—you felt you were in excellent company. What saloons of our day, demeaned to tailed coats and white waistcoats, have that charm of high breeding which speaks out from the canvas of Kneller and Jervis, Vivien and Rigaud? And withal, notwithstanding lace and brocade—the fripperies of artificial costume—still those who give interest or charm to that day, look from their portraits like men—raking or *debonnair*, if you will—never mincing nor feminine. Can we say as much of the portraits of Lawrence? Gaze there on fair Marlborough—what delicate perfection of features, yet how easy in boldness, how serene in the conviction of power! So fair and so tranquil he might have looked through the cannon-reek at Ramilies and Blenheim, suggesting to Addison the image of an angel of war. Ah, there, Sir Charles Sedley, the Lovelace of wits! Note that strong jaw and marked brow; —do you not recognize the courtier who scorned to ask one favor of the king with whom he lived as an equal, and who stretched forth the right

hand of man to hurl from a throne the king who had made his daughter—a Countess? *

Perhaps, from his childhood thus surrounded by the haunting faces—that spoke of their age as they looked from the walls—that age and those portraits were not without influence on the character of Harley L'Estrange. The whim and the daring—the passion for letters and reverence for genius—the mixture of levity and strength—the polished sauntering indolence, or the elastic readiness of energies once called into action—all might have found their prototypes in the lives which those portraits rekindled. The deeper sentiment, the more earnest nature, which in Harley L'Estrange were commingled with the attributes common to a former age—these, indeed, were of his own. *Our* age so little comprehended, while it colors us from its atmosphere!—so full of mysterious and profound emotions, which our ancestors never knew!—will those emotions be understood by our descendants?

In this stately house were now assembled, as Harley's guests, many of the more important personages whom the slow length of this story has made familiar to the reader. The two candidates for the borough in the True Blue interest—Audley Egerton and Randal Leslie;—and Levy—chief among the barons to whom modern society grants a seignorie of pillage, which, had a baron of old ever ventured to arrogate, burgess and citizen, socman and bocman, villein and churl, would have burned him alive in his castle;—the Duke di Serrano, still fondly clinging to his title of Doctor and pet name of Riccabocca;—Jemima, not yet with the airs of a duchess, but robed in very thick silks, as the chrysalis state of a duchess;—Violante, too, was there, sadly against her will, and shrinking as much as possible into the retirement of her own chamber. the Countess of Lansmere had deserted her lord, in order to receive the guests of her son; my lord himself, ever bent on being of use in some part of his country, and striving hard to distract his interest from his plague of a borough, had gone down into Cornwall to inquire into the social condition of certain troglodytes who worked in some mines which the Earl had lately had the misfortune to wring from the Court of Chancery, after a lawsuit commenced by his grandfather; and a Blue Book, issued in the past session by order of Parliament, had especially quoted the troglodytes thus devolved on the Earl as bipeds who were in considerable ignorance of the sun, and had never been known to wash their feet since the day that they came into the world—their world underground, chipped off from the Bottomless Pit!

With the Countess came Helen Digby, of course; and Lady Lansmere, who had hitherto been so civilly cold to the wife elect of her son, had, ever since her interview with Harley at Knightsbridge, clung to Helen with almost a caressing fondness. The stern Countess was tamed by fear; she felt that her own influence over Harley was gone; she trusted to the influence of Helen—in case of what?—ay, of what? It was because the danger was not clear to her, that her bold spirit trembled: superstitions, like suspicions, are "as bats among birds, and fly by twilight." Harley had ridiculed the idea of challenge and strife between Audley and himself; but still Lady Lansmere dreaded the fiery emotions of the last, and the high spirit and austere self-respect which were proverbial to the first. Involuntarily she strengthened her intimacy with Helen. In case her alarm should appear justified, what mediator could be so persuasive in appeasing the angrier passions, as one whom courtship and betrothal sanctified to the gentlest?

On arriving at Lansmere, the Countess, however, felt somewhat relieved. Harley had received her, if with a manner less cordial and tender than had hitherto distinguished it, still with easy kindness and calm self-possession. His bearing toward Audley Egerton still more reassured her: it was not marked by an exaggeration of familiarity or friendship—which would at once have excited her apprehensions of some sinister design—nor, on the other hand, did it betray, by covert sarcasms, an ill-suppressed resentment. It was just what, under the circumstances, would have been natural to a man who had received an injury from an intimate friend, which, in generosity or discretion, he resolved to overlook, but which those aware of it could just perceive had cooled or alienated the former affection. Indefatigably occupying himself with all the details of the election, Harley had fair pretext for absenting himself from Audley, who, really looking very ill, and almost worn out, pleaded indisposition as an excuse for dispensing with the fatigues of a personal canvass, and, passing much of his time in his own apartments, left all the preparations for contest to his more active friends. It was not till he had actually arrived at Lansmere that Audley became acquainted with the name of his principal opponent. Richard Avenel! the brother of Nora! rising up from obscurity thus to stand front to front against him in a contest on which all his fates were cast. Egerton quailed as before an appointed avenger. He would fain have retired from the field; he spoke to Harley.

"How can *you* support all the painful remembrances which the very name of my antagonist must conjure up?"

"Did you not tell me," answered Harley, "to strive against such remembrances—to look on them as sickly dreams? I am prepared to brave them. Can you be more sensitive than I?"

Egerton durst not say more. He avoided all further reference to the subject. The strife raged around him, and he shut himself out from it—

* Sedley was so tenacious of his independence that, when his affairs were most embarrassed, he refused all pecuniary aid from Charles II. His bitter sarcasm, in vindication of the part he took in the deposition of James II., who had corrupted his daughter, and made her Countess of Dorchester, is well known. "As the King has made my daughter a Countess, the least I can do, in common gratitude, is to assist in making his majesty's daughter—a Queen!"

shut himself up in solitude with his own heart. Strife enough there! Once, late at night, he stole forth and repaired to Nora's grave. He stood there, amidst the rank grass, and under the frosty starlight, long, and in profound silence. His whole past life seemed to rise before him; and, when he regained his lonely room, and strove to survey the future, still he could behold only that past and that grave.

In thus declining all active care for an election, to his prospects so important, Audley Egerton was considered to have excuse, not only in the state of his health, but in his sense of dignity. A statesman so eminent, of opinions so well known, of public services so incontestable, might well be spared the personal trouble that falls upon obscurer candidates. And besides, according to current report, and the judgment of the Blue Committee, the return of Mr. Egerton was secure. But, though Audley himself was thus indulgently treated, Harley and the Blue Committee took care to inflict double work upon Randal. That active young spirit found ample materials for all its restless energies. Randal Leslie was kept on his legs from sunrise to starlight. There does not exist in the three kingdoms a constituency more fatiguing to a candidate than that borough of Lansmere. As soon as you leave the High-street, wherein, according to immemorial usage, the Blue canvasser is first led, in order to put him into spirits for the toils that await him—(delectable, propitious, constitutional High-street, in which at least two-thirds of the electors—opulent tradesmen employed at the Park—always vote for "my lord's man," and hospitably prepare wine and cakes in their tidy back-parlors!)—as soon as you quit this stronghold of the party, labyrinths of lanes and defiles stretch away into the furthest horizon; level ground is found nowhere; it is all up hill and down hill—now rough craggy pavements that blister the feet, and at the very first tread upon which all latent corns shoot prophetically—now deep muddy ruts, into which you sink ankle-deep, —oozing slush creeping into the pores, and moistening the way for catarrh, rheum, cough, sore throat, bronchitis, and phthisis. Black sewers, and drains Acherontian, running before the thresholds, and so filling the homes behind with effluvia, that, while one hand clasps the grimy paw of the voter, the other instinctively guards from typhus and cholera your abhorrent nose. Not in those days had mankind ever heard of a sanitary reform! and, to judge of the slow progress which that reform seems to make, sewer and drain would have been much the same if they had. Scot-and-lot voters were the independent electors of Lansmere, with the additional franchise of Freemen. Universal suffrage could scarcely more efficiently swamp the franchises of men who care a straw what becomes of Great Britain! With all Randal Leslie's profound diplomacy, all his art in talking over, deceiving, and (to borrow Dick Avenel's vernacular phrase) "humbugging" educated men, his eloquence fell flat upon minds invulnerable to appeals whether to State or to Church, to Reform or to Freedom. To catch a Scot-and-lot voter by such frivolous arguments—Randal Leslie might as well have tried to bring down a rhinoceros by a pop-gun charged with split peas! The young man who so firmly believed that "knowledge was power" was greatly disgusted. It was here the ignorance that foiled him. When he got hold of a man with some knowledge, Randal was pretty sure to trick him out of a vote.

Nevertheless, Randal Leslie walked and talked on, with most creditable perseverance. The Blue Committee allowed that he was an excellent canvasser. They conceived a liking for him, mingled with pity. For, though sure of Egerton's return, they regarded Randal's as out of the question. He was merely there to keep split votes from going to the opposite side; to serve his patron, the ex-minister; shake the paws, and smell the smells which the ex-minister was too great a man to shake and to smell. But, in point of fact, none of that Blue Committee knew any thing of the prospects of the election. Harley received all the reports of each canvass-day. Harley kept the canvass-book, locked up from all eyes but his own, or, might be, Baron Levy's, as Audley Egerton's confidential, if not strictly professional adviser;—Baron Levy, the millionaire, had long since retired from all acknowledged professions. Randal, however—close, observant, shrewd—perceived that he himself was much stronger than the Blue Committee believed. And, to his infinite surprise, he owed that strength to Lord L'Estrange's exertions on his behalf. For, though Harley, after the first day on which he ostentatiously showed himself in the High-street, did not openly canvass with Randal, yet, when the reports were brought in to him, and he saw the names of the voters who gave one vote to Audley, and withheld the other from Randal, he would say to Randal, dead beat as that young gentleman was, "Slip out with me, the moment dinner is over, and before you go the round of the public-houses; there are some voters we must get for you to-night." And sure enough a few kindly words from the popular heir of the Lansmere baronies usually gained over the electors, from whom, though Randal had proved that all England depended on their votes in his favor. Randal would never have extracted more than a "Wu'll, I shall waute gin the dauy coomes!" Nor was this all that Harley did for the younger candidate. If it was quite clear that only one vote could be won for the Blues, and the other was pledged to the Yellows, Harley would say, "Then put it down to Mr. Leslie;"—a request the more readily conceded, since Audley Egerton was considered so safe by the Blues, and alone worth a fear by the Yellows.

Thus Randal, who kept a snug little canvass book of his own, became more and more convinced that he had a better chance than Egerton, even without the furtive aid he expected from Avenel; and he could only account for

Harley's peculiar exertions in his favor, by supposing that Harley, unpracticed in elections, and deceived by the Blue Committee, believed Egerton to be perfectly safe, and sought, for the honor of the family interest, to secure *both* the seats.

Randal's public cares thus deprived him of all opportunity of pressing his courtship on Violante; and, indeed, if ever he did find a moment in which he could steal to her reluctant side, Harley was sure to seize that very moment to send him off to canvass an hesitating freeman, or harangue in some public-house.

Leslie was too acute not to detect some motive hostile to his wooing, however plausibly vailed in the guise of zeal for his election, in this officiousness of Harley's. But Lord L'Estrange's manner to Violante was so little like that of a jealous lover, and he was so well aware of her engagement to Randal, that the latter abandoned the suspicion he had before conceived, that Harley was his rival. And he was soon led to believe that Lord L'Estrange had another, more disinterested, and less formidable motive for thus stinting his opportunities to woo the heiress.

"Mr. Leslie," said Lord L'Estrange, one day, "the Duke has confided to me his regret at his daughter's reluctance to ratify his own promise; and, knowing the warm interest I take in her welfare—for his sake, and her own; believing, also, that some services to herself, as well as to the father she so loves, give me a certain influence over her inexperienced judgment, he has even requested me to speak a word to her in your behalf."

"Ah! if you would!" said Randal, surprised.

"You must give me the power to do so. You were obliging enough to volunteer to me the same explanations which you gave to the Duke, his satisfaction with which induced him to renew or confirm the promise of his daughter's hand. Should those explanations content me, as they did him, I hold the Duke bound to fulfill his engagement, and I am convinced that his daughter would, in that case, not be inflexible to your suit. But, till these explanations be given, my friendship for the father, and my interest in the child, do not allow me to assist a cause, which, however, at present, suffers little by delay."

"Pray, listen at once to those explanations."

"Nay, Mr. Leslie, I can now only think of the election. As soon as that is over, rely on it you shall have the amplest opportunity to dispel any doubts which your intimacy with Count di Peschiera and Madame di Negra may have suggested. Apropos of the election—here is a list of voters you must see at once in Fish Lane. Don't lose a moment."

In the mean while, Richard Avenel and Leonard had taken up their quarters in the hotel appropriated to the candidates for the Yellows; and the canvass on that side was prosecuted with all the vigor which might be expected from operations conducted by Richard Avenel, and backed by the popular feeling.

The rival parties met from time to time, in the streets and lanes, in all the pomp of war—banners streaming, fifes resounding (for bands and colors were essential proofs of public spirit, and indispensable items in a candidate's bills, in those good old days). When they thus encountered, very distant bows were exchanged between the respective chiefs. But Randal, contriving ever to pass close to Avenel, had ever the satisfaction of perceiving that gentleman's countenance contracted into a knowing wink, as much as to say, "All right, in spite of this tarnation humbug."

But now that both parties were fairly in the field, to the private arts of canvassing were added the public arts of oratory. The candidates had to speak—at the close of each day's canvass—out from wooden boxes, suspended from the windows of their respective hotels, and which looked like dens for the exhibition of wild beasts. They had to speak at meetings of committees—meetings of electors—go the nightly round of enthusiastic public-houses, and appeal to the sense of an enlightened people through wreaths of smoke and odors of beer.

The alleged indisposition of Audley Egerton had spared him the excitement of oratory, as well as the fatigue of canvassing. The practiced debater had limited the display of his talents to a concise, but clear and masterly exposition of his own views on the leading public questions of the day, and the state of parties, which, on the day after his arrival at Lansmere, was delivered at a meeting of his general committee—in the great room of their hotel—and which was then printed and circulated among the voters.

Randal, though he expressed himself with more fluency and self-possession than are usually found in the first attempts of a public speaker, was not effective in addressing an unlettered crowd;—for a crowd of this kind is all heart—and we know that Randal Leslie's heart was as small as heart could be. If he attempted to speak at his own intellectual level, he was so subtle and refining as to be incomprehensible; if he fell into the fatal error—not uncommon to inexperienced orators—of trying to lower himself to the intellectual level of his audience, he was only elaborately stupid. No man can speak too well for a crowd—as no man can write too well for the stage; but in neither case should he be rhetorical, or case in periods the dry bones of reasoning. It is to the emotions, or to the humors, that the speaker of a crowd must address himself: his eye must brighten with generous sentiment, or his lip must expand in the play of animated fancy or genial wit. Randal's voice, too, though pliant and persuasive in private conversation, was thin and poor when strained to catch the ear of a numerous assembly. The falsehood of his nature seemed to come out, when he raised the tones which had been drilled into deceit. Men like Randal Leslie may become sharp debaters—admirable special pleaders: they can no more become orators than they can become poets.

Educated audiences are essential to them, and the smaller the audience (that is, the more the brain supersedes the action of the heart) the better they can speak.

Dick Avenel was generally very short and very pithy in his addresses. He had two or three favorite topics, which always told. He was a fellow townsman—a man who had made his own way in life—he wanted to free his native place from aristocratic usurpation—it was the battle of the electors, not his private cause, etc. He said little against Randal—"Pity a clever young man should pin his future to two yards of worn-out red tape"—"He had better lay hold of the strong rope, which the people, in compassion to his youth, were willing yet to throw out, to save him from sinking," etc. But as for Audley Egerton, "the gentleman who would not show, who was afraid to meet the electors, who could only find his voice in a hole-and-corner meeting, accustomed all his venal life to dark and nefarious jobs"—Dick, upon that subject, delivered philippics truly Demosthenian. Leonard, on the contrary, never attacked Harley's friend, Mr. Egerton; but he was merciless against the youth who had filched reputation from John Burley, and whom he knew that Harley despised as heartily as himself. And Randal did not dare to retaliate (though boiling over with indignant rage), for fear of offending Leonard's uncle. Leonard was unquestionably the popular speaker of the three. Though his temperament was a writer's, not an orator's—though he abhorred what he considered the theatrical exhibition of self, which makes what is called "delivery" more effective than ideas—though he had little interest at any time in party politics—though at this time his heart was far away from the Blues and Yellows of Lansmere, sad and forlorn—yet, forced into action, the eloquence that was natural to his conversation poured itself forth. He had warm blood in his veins; and his dislike to Randal gave poignancy to his wit, and barbed his arguments with impassioned invective. In fact, Leonard could conceive no other motive for Lord L'Estrange's request to take part in the election, than that nobleman's desire to defeat the man whom they both regarded as an impostor. And this notion was confirmed by some inadvertent expressions which Avenel let fall, and which made Leonard suspect that, if he were not in the field, Avenel would have exerted all his interest to return Randal instead of Egerton. With Dick's dislike to that statesman, Leonard found it impossible to reason; nor, on the other hand, could all Dick's scoldings or coaxings induce Leonard to divert his siege on Randal to an assault upon the man who, Harley had often said, was dear to him as a brother.

In the mean while, Dick kept the canvass-book of the Yellows as closely as Harley kept that of the Blues, and, in despite of many pouting fits and gusts of displeasure, took precisely the same pains for Leonard as Harley took for Randal. There remained, however, apparently unshaken by the efforts on either side, a compact body of about a hundred and fifty voters, chiefly freemen. Would they vote Yellow—would they vote Blue? No one could venture to decide; but they declared that they would all vote the same way. Dick kept his secret "caucuses," as he called them, constantly nibbling at this phalanx. A hundred and fifty voters!—they had the election in their hands! Never were hands so cordially shaken—so caressingly clung to—so fondly lingered upon! But the votes still stuck as firm to the hands as if a part of the skin, or of the dirt—which was much the same thing.

CHAPTER XX.

Whenever Audley joined the other guests of an evening—while Harley was perhaps closeted with Levy and committee-men, and Randal was going the round of the public-houses—the one with whom he chiefly conversed was Violante. He had been struck at first, despite his gloom, less perhaps by her extraordinary beauty, than by something in the expression of her countenance which, despite differences in feature and complexion, reminded him of Nora; and when, by his praises of Harley, he drew her attention, and won into her liking, he discovered, perhaps, that the likeness which had thus impressed him, came from some similarities in character between the living and the lost one—the same charming combination of lofty thought and childlike innocence—the same enthusiasm—the same rich exuberance of imagination and feeling. Two souls that resemble each other will give their likeness to the looks from which they beam. On the other hand, the person with whom Harley most familiarly associated, in his rare intervals of leisure, was Helen Digby. One day, Audley Egerton, standing mournfully by the window of the sitting-room appropriated to his private use, saw the two, whom he believed still betrothed, take their way across the park, side by side. "Pray Heaven, that she may atone to him for all!" murmured Audley. "But ah, that it had been Violante! Then I might have felt assured that the Future would efface the Past—and found the courage to tell him all. And when last night I spoke of what Harley ought to be to England, how like were her eyes and her smile to Nora's, when Nora listened in delighted sympathy to the hopes of my own young ambition." With a sigh he turned away, and resolutely sat down to read and reply to the voluminous correspondence which covered the table of the busy public man. For Audley's return to Parliament being considered by his political party as secure, to him were transmitted all the hopes and fears of the large and influential section of it whose members looked up to him as their future chief, and who, in that general election (unprecedented for the number of eminent men it was fated to expel from Parliament, and the number of new politicians it was fated to send into it), drew their only hopes of regaining their lost power from Audley's sanguine confidence in the reaction of that Public Opinion which he had hitherto so profoundly

comprehended; and it was too clearly seen, that the seasonable adoption of his counsels would have saved the existence and popularity of the late Administration, whose most distinguished members could now scarcely show themselves on the hustings.

Meanwhile Lord L'Estrange led his young companion toward a green hill in the centre of the park, on which stood a circular temple, that commanded a view of the country round for miles. They had walked in silence till they gained the summit of the sloped and gradual ascent; and then, as they stood, still side by side, Harley thus spoke—

"Helen, you know that Leonard is in the town, though I can not receive him at the Park, since he is standing in opposition to my guests, Egerton and Leslie."

HELEN.—"But that seems to me so strange. How—how could Leonard do any thing that seems hostile to you?"

HARLEY.—"Would his hostility to me lower him in your opinion? If he knows that I am his rival, does not rivalry include hate?"

HELEN.—"Oh, Lord L'Estrange, how can you speak thus?—how so wrong yourself? Hate! hate to you! and from Leonard Fairfield!"

HARLEY.—"You evade my question. Would his hate or hostility to me affect your sentiments toward him?"

HELEN (looking down).—"I could not force myself to believe in it."

HARLEY.—"Why?"

HELEN.—"Because it would be so unworthy of him."

HARLEY.—"Poor child! You have the delusion of your years. You deck a cloud in the hues of the rainbow, and will not believe that its glory is borrowed from the sun of your own fancy. But here, at least, you are not deceived. Leonard obeys but my wishes, and, I believe, against his own will. He has none of man's noblest attribute, Ambition."

HELEN.—"No ambition!"

HARLEY.—"It is vanity that stirs the poet to toil—if toil the wayward chase of his own chimeras can be called. Ambition is a more masculine passion."

Helen shook her head gently, but made no answer.

HARLEY.—"If I utter a word that profanes one of your delusions, you shake your head and are incredulous. Pause: listen one moment to my counsels—perhaps the last I may ever obtrude upon you. Lift your eyes; look around. Far as your eye can reach, and far beyond the line which the horizon forms in the landscape, stretch the lands of my inheritance. Yonder you see the home in which my forefathers for many generations lived with honor and died lamented. All these, in the course of nature, might one day have been your own, had you not rejected my proposals. I offered you, it is true, not what is commonly called Love; I offered you sincere esteem, and affections the more durable for their calm. You have not been reared by the world in the low idolatry of rank and wealth. But even romance can not despise the power of serving others, which rank and wealth bestow. For myself, hitherto indolence, and lately disdain, rob fortune of these nobler attributes. But she who will share my fortune may dispense it so as to atone for my sins of omission. On the other side, grant that there is no bar to your preference for Leonard Fairfield, what does your choice present to you? Those of his kindred with whom you will associate are unrefined and mean. His sole income is derived from precarious labors; the most vulgar of all anxieties—the fear of bread itself for the morrow—must mingle with all your romance, and soon steal from love all its poetry. You think his affection will console you for every sacrifice. Folly!—the love of poets is for a mist—a moonbeam—a denizen of air—a phantom that they call an Ideal. They suppose for a moment that they have found that ideal in Chloe or Phyllis—Helen or a milkmaid. Bah!—the first time you come to the poet with the baker's bill, where flies the Ideal? I knew one more brilliant than Leonard—more exquisitely gifted by Nature—that one was a woman: she saw a man hard and cold as that stone at your feet—a false, hollow, sordid worldling; she made him her idol—beheld in him all that history would not recognize in a Cæsar—that mythology would scarcely grant to an Apollo: to him she was the plaything of an hour—she died, and before the year was out he had married for money! I knew another instance—I speak of myself. I loved before I was your age. Had an angel warned me then, I would have been incredulous as you. How that ended no matter: but had it not been for that dream of maudlin delirium, I had lived and acted as others of my kind and my sphere—married from reason and judgment—been now a useful and happy man. Pause, then. Will you still reject me for Leonard Fairfield? For the last time you have the option—me and all the substance of waking life—Leonard Fairfield and the shadows of a fleeting dream. Speak! You hesitate. Nay, take time to decide."

HELEN.—"Ah! Lord L'Estrange, you who have felt what it is to love, how can you doubt my answer?—how think that I could be so base, so ungrateful as take from yourself what you call the substance of waking life, while my heart was far away—faithful to what you call a dream?"

HARLEY.—"But, can you not dispel the dream?"

HELEN (her whole face one flush).—"It was wrong to call it dream! It is the reality of life to me. All things else are as dreams."

HARLEY (taking her hand and kissing it with respect).—"Helen, you have a noble heart, and I have tempted you in vain. I regret your choice, though I will no more oppose it. I regret it, though I shall never witness your disappointment. As the wife of that man I shall see and know you no more."

HELEN.—"Oh no!—do not say that. Why?—wherefore?"

HARLEY (his brows meeting).—"He is the child of fraud and of shame. His father is my foe, and my hate descends to the son. He, too, the son, filches from me—but complaints are idle. When the next few days are over, think of me but as one who abandons all right over your actions, and is a stranger to your future fate. Pooh!—dry your tears: so long as you love Leonard or esteem me, rejoice that our paths do not cross."

He walked on impatiently; but Helen, alarmed and wondering, followed close, took his arm timidly, and sought to soothe him. She felt that he wronged Leonard—that he knew not how Leonard had yielded all hope when he learned to whom she was affianced. For Leonard's sake she conquered her bashfulness, and sought to explain. But at her first hesitating, faltered words, Harley, who with great effort suppressed the emotions which swelled within him, abruptly left her side, and plunged into the recesses of thick, far-spreading groves, that soon wrapt him from her eye.

While this conversation occurred between Lord L'Estrange and his ward, the *soi-disant* Riccabocca and Violante were walking slowly through the gardens. The philosopher, unchanged by his brightening prospects—so far as the outer man was concerned—still characterized by the red umbrella, and the accustomed pipe—took the way mechanically toward the sunniest quarter of the grounds, now and then glancing tenderly at Violante's downcast melancholy face, but not speaking; only, at each glance, there came a brisker cloud from the pipe, as if obedient to a fuller heave of the heart.

At length, in a spot which lay open toward the south, and seemed to collect all the gentlest beams of the November sun, screened from the piercing east by dense evergreens, and flanked from the bleak north by lofty walls, Riccabocca paused and seated himself. Flowers still bloomed on the sward in front, over which still fluttered the wings of those later and more brilliant butterflies that, unseen in the genial days of our English summer, come with autumnal skies, and sport round the mournful steps of the coming winter—types of those thoughts which visit and delight the contemplation of age, while the current yet glides free from the iron ice, and the leaves yet linger on the boughs; thoughts that associate the memories of the departed summer with messages from suns that shall succeed the winter, and expand colors the most steeped in light and glory, just as the skies through which they gleam are darkening, and the flowers on which they hover fade from the surface of the earth—dropping still seeds, that sink deep out of sight below.

"Daughter," said Riccabocca, drawing Violante to his side, with caressing arm—"Daughter! Mark, how they who turn toward the south can still find the sunny side of the landscape! In all the seasons of life, how much of chill or of warmth depends on our choice of the aspect! Sit down; let us reason."

Violante sate down passively, clasping her father's hand in both her own. Reason!—harsh word to the ears of Feeling.

"You shrink," resumed Riccabocca, "from even the courtship, even the presence of the suitor in whom my honor binds me to recognize your future bridegroom."

Violante drew away her hands, and placed them before her eyes, shudderingly.

"But," continued Riccabocca, rather peevishly, "this is not listening to reason. I may object to Mr. Leslie because he has not an adequate rank or fortune to pretend to a daughter of my house; that would be what every one would allow to be reasonable in a father; except, indeed," added the poor sage, trying hard to be sprightly, and catching hold of a proverb to help him—"except, indeed, those wise enough to recollect that admonitory saying, 'Casa il figlio quando vuoi, e la figlia quando puoi'—(Marry your son when you will, your daughter when you can). Seriously, if I overlook those objections to Mr. Leslie, it is not natural for a young girl to enforce them. What is reason in you is quite another thing from reason in me. Mr. Leslie is young, not ill-looking, has the air of a gentleman, is passionately enamored of you, and has proved his affection by risking his life against that villainous Peschiera—that is, he would have risked it had Peschiera not been shipped out of the way. If, then, you will listen to reason, pray what can reason say against Mr. Leslie?"

"Father, I detest him!"

"*Cospetto!*" persisted Riccabocca, testily, "you have no reason to detest him. If you had any reason, child, I am sure that I should be the last person to dispute it. How can you know your own mind on such a matter? It is not as if you had seen any one else you could prefer. Not another man of your own years do you even know—except, indeed, Leonard Fairfield, whom, though I grant he is handsomer, and with more imagination and genius than Mr. Leslie, you still must remember as the boy who worked in my garden. Ah! to be sure, there is Frank Hazeldean—fine lad—but his affections are pre-engaged. In short," continued the sage, dogmatically, "there is no one else you *can*, by any possible caprice, prefer to Mr. Leslie; and for a girl, who has no one else in her head, to talk of detesting a well-looking, well-dressed, clever young man, is—a nonsense—'chi lascia il poco per haver l'assai nè l'uno, nè l'altro avera mai;'—which may be thus paraphrased—The young lady who refuses a mortal in the hope of obtaining an angel, loves the one, and will never fall in with the other. So now, having thus shown that the darker side of the question is contrary to reason—let us look to the brighter. In the first place—"

"Oh, father, father!" cried Violante passionately, "you to whom I once came for comfort in every childish sorrow! Do not talk to me with

this cutting levity. See, I lay my head upon your breast—I put my arms around you—and now, can you reason me into misery?"

"Child, child, do not be so wayward. Strive, at least, against a prejudice that you can not defend. My Violante, my darling, this is no trifle. Here I must cease to be the fond, foolish father, whom you can do what you will with. Here I am Alphonso Duke di Serrano; for here my honor as noble, and my word as man, are involved. I, then but a helpless exile—no hope of fairer prospects before me—trembling like a coward at the wiles of my unscrupulous kinsman—grasping at all chances to save you from his snares—I myself offered your hand to Randal Leslie—offered, promised, pledged it;—and now that my fortunes seem assured, my rank in all likelihood restored, my foe crushed, my fears at rest—now, does it become me to retract what I myself had urged? It is not the noble, it is the parvenu, who has only to grow rich, in order to forget those whom in poverty he hailed as his friends.* Is it for me to make the poor excuse, never heard on the lips of an Italian prince, 'that I can not command the obedience of my child,'—subject myself to the galling answer—'Duke of Serrano, you could once command that obedience, when, in exile, penury, and terror, you offered me a bride without a dower.' Child—Violante—daughter of ancestors on whose honor never slander set a stain, I call on you to redeem your father's plighted word."

"Father, must it be so? Is not even the convent open to me? Nay, look not so coldly on me. If you could but read my heart! And, oh! I feel so assured of your own repentance hereafter—so assured that this man is not what you believe him. I so suspect that he has been playing throughout some secret and perfidious part."

"Ha!" interrupted Riccabocca, "Harley has perhaps infected you with that notion."

"No—no. But is not Harley—is not Lord L'Estrange one whose opinion you have cause to esteem? And if he distrust Mr. Leslie—"

"Let him make good his distrust by such proof as will absolve my word, and I shall share your own joy. I have told him this. I have invited him to make good his suspicions—he puts me off. He can not do so," added Riccabocca, in a dejected tone; "Randal has already so well explained all that Harley deemed equivocal. Violante, my name and my honor rest in your hands. Cast them away if you will; I can not constrain you, and I can not stoop to implore. *Noblesse oblige*—With your birth you took its duties. Let them decide between your vain caprice and your father's solemn remonstrance."

Assuming a sternness that he was far from feeling, and putting aside his daughter's arms, the exile walked away.

Violante paused a moment, shivered, looked round as if taking a last farewell of joy, and peace, and hope on earth, and then approaching her father with a firm step, she said—"I never rebelled, father; I did but entreat. What you say is my law now, as it has ever been; and come what may, never shall you hear complaint or murmur from me. Poor father, you will suffer more than I shall. Kiss me!"

About an hour afterward, as the short day closed in, Harley, returning from his solitary wanderings, after he had parted from Helen, encountered on the terrace, before the house, Lady Lansmere and Audley Egerton arm-in-arm.

Harley had drawn his hat over his brows, and his eyes were fixed on the ground, so that he did not see the group upon which he came unawares, until Audley's voice started him from his reverie.

"My dear Harley," said the ex-minister, with a faint smile, "you must not pass us by, now that you have a moment of leisure from the cares of the election. And Harley, though we are under the same roof, I see you so little." Lord L'Estrange darted a quick glance toward his mother—a glance that seemed to say, "You leaning on Audley's arm! Have you kept your promise?" And the eye that met his own reassured him.

"It is true," said Harley; "but you, who know that, once engaged in public affairs, one has no heart left for the ties of private life, will excuse me. And this election is so important!"

"And you, Mr. Egerton," said Lady Lansmere, "whom the election most concerns, seem privileged to be the only one who appears indifferent to success."

"Ay—but you are not indifferent?" said Lord L'Estrange, abruptly.

"No. How can I be so, when my whole future career may depend on it?"

Harley drew Egerton aside. "There is one voter you ought at least to call upon and thank. He can not be made to comprehend that, for the sake of any relation, even for the sake of his own son, he is to vote against the Blues—against you;—I mean, of course, Nora's father, John Avenel. His vote and his son-in-law's gained your majority at your first election."

EGERTON.—"Call on John Avenel! Have *you* called?"

HARLEY (calmly.)—"Yes. Poor old man, his mind has been affected ever since Nora's death. But your name, as the candidate for the borough at that time—the successful candidate for whose triumph the joy-bells chimed with her funeral knell—your name brings up her memory; and he talks in a breath of her and of you. Come, let us walk together to his house; it is close by the Park Lodge."

The drops stood on Audley's brow. He fixed his dark handsome eyes, in mournful amaze, upon Harley's tranquil face.

"Harley, at last, then, you have forgotten the Past."

"No; but the present is more imperious. All my efforts are needed to requite your friendship. You stand against her brother—yet her father

* "Quando 'l villano è divenuto ricco
Non ha (*i. e.*, riconosce) parente nè amico."
Italian Proverb.

votes for you. And her mother says to her son, 'Let the old man alone! Conscience is all that is well alive in him; and he thinks if he were to vote against the Blues, he would sin against honor.' 'An electioneering prejudice,' some skeptics would say. But you must be touched by this trait of human nature—in *her* father too—you, Audley Egerton, who are the soul of honor. What ails you?"

EGERTON.—"Nothing—a spasm at the heart—my old complaint. Well, I will call on the poor man later, but not now—not with you. Nay, nay, I will not—I can not. Harley, just as you joined us, I was talking to your mother."

HARLEY.—"Ay, and what of?"

EGERTON.—"Yourself. I saw you from my windows walking with your betrothed. Afterward I observed her coming home alone; and by the glimpse I caught of her gentle countenance, it seemed sad. Harley, do you deceive us?"

HARLEY.—"Deceive—I!—How?"

EGERTON.—"Do you really feel that your intended marriage will bestow on you the happiness, which is my prayer, as it must be your mother's?"

HARLEY.—"Happiness—I hoped so. But perhaps—"

EGERTON.—"Perhaps what?"

HARLEY.—"Perhaps the marriage may not take place. Perhaps I have a rival—not an open one—a secret, stealthy wooer—in one, too, whom I have loved, served, trusted. Question me not now. Such instances of treachery make one learn more how to prize a friendship honest, devoted, faithful, as your own, Audley Egerton. But here comes your *protégé*, released awhile from his canvass, and your confidential adviser, Baron Levy. He accompanied Randal through the town to-day. So anxious is he to see that that young man does not play false, and regard his own interest before yours. Would that surprise you?"

EGERTON.—"You are too severe upon Randal Leslie. He is ambitious, worldly—has no surplus of affection at the command of his heart—"

HARLEY.—"Is it Randal Leslie *you* describe?"

EGERTON (with a languid smile).—"Yes, you see I do not flatter. But he is born and reared a gentleman; as such he would scarcely do any thing mean. And, after all, it is with me that he must rise or fall. His very intellect must tell him that. But again I ask, do not strive to prepossess me against him. I am a man who could have loved a son. I have none. Randal, such as he is, is a sort of son. He carries on my projects and my interest in the world of men, beyond the goal of the tomb."

Audley turned kindly to Randal.

"Well, Leslie, what report of the canvass?"

"Levy has the book, sir. I think we have gained ten fresh votes for you, and perhaps seven for me."

"Let me rid you of your book, Baron Levy," said Harley.

Just at this time Riccabocca and Violante approached the house, both silent. The Italian caught sight of Randal, and made him a sign to join them. The young lover glanced fearfully toward Harley, and then with alacrity bounded forward, and was soon at Violante's side. But scarce had Harley, surprised by Leslie's sudden disappearance, remarked the cause, than with equal abruptness he abandoned the whispered conference he had commenced with Levy, and hastening to Randal, laid hand on the young man's shoulder, exclaiming, "Ten thousand pardons to all three! But I can not allow this waste of time, Mr. Leslie. You have yet an hour before it grows dark. There are three outvoters six miles off, influential farmers, whom you must canvass in person with my father's steward. Hasten to the stables; choose your own horses. To saddle—to saddle! Baron Levy, go and order my lord's steward, Mr. Smart, to join Mr. Leslie at the stables; then come back to me—quick. What! loitering still, Mr. Leslie! You will make me throw up your whole cause in disgust at your indolence and apathy."

Alarmed at this threat, Randal lifted his accusing eyes to heaven, and withdrew.

Meanwhile Audley had drawn close to Lady Lansmere, who was leaning, in thought, over the balustrade of the terrace.

"Do you note," said Audley, whispering, "how Harley sprang forward when the fair Italian came in sight? Trust me, I was right. I know little of the young lady, but I have conversed with her. I have gazed on the changes in her face. If Harley ever love again, and if ever love influence and exalt his mind, wish with me that his choice may yet fall where I believe that his heart inclines it."

LADY LANSMERE.—"Ah! that it were so! Helen, I own, is charming; but—but—Violante, his equal in birth! Are you not aware that she is engaged to your young friend, Mr. Leslie?"

AUDLEY.—"Randal told me so; but I can not believe it. In fact I have taken occasion to sound that fair creature's inclinations, and if I know aught of women, her heart is not with Randal. I can not believe her to be one whose affections are so weak as to be easily constrained; nor can I suppose that her father could desire to enforce a marriage that is almost a *mésalliance*. Randal must deceive himself; and from something Harley just let fall, in our painful but brief conversation, I suspect that his engagement with Miss Digby is broken off. He promises to tell me more, later. Yes," continued Audley, mournfully, "observe Violante's countenance, with its ever-varying play: listen to her voice, to which feeling seems to give the expressive music, and tell me whether you are not sometimes reminded of—of—In one word, there is one who, even without rank or fortune, would be worthy to replace the image of Leonora, and be to Harley—what Leonora could not; for sure I am that Violante loves him."

Harley, meanwhile, had lingered with Riccabocca and Violante, speaking but on indifferent

subjects, obtaining short answers from the first, and none from the last—when the sage drew him a little aside, and whispered, "She has consented to sacrifice herself to my sense of honor. But, O Harley! if she be unhappy, it will break my heart. Either you must give me sufficient proof of Randal's unworthiness, to absolve me from my promise—or I must again entreat you to try and conciliate the poor child in his favor. All you say has weight with her; she respects you as—a second father."

Harley did not seem peculiarly flattered by that last assurance, but he was relieved from an immediate answer, by the appearance of a man who came from the direction of the stables, and whose dress, covered with dust, and travel-stained, seemed like that of a foreign courier. No sooner did Harley catch sight of this person, than he sprang forward, and accosted him briefly and rapidly.

"You have been quick; I did not expect you so soon. You discovered the trace? You gave my letter—"

"And have brought back the answer, my lord," replied the man, taking a letter from a leathern pouch at his side. Harley tore open the seal, and glanced over the contents, which were comprised in a few lines.

"Good. Say not whence you came. Do not wait here; return at once to London."

Harley's face seemed so unusually cheerful as he rejoined the Italians, that the Duke exclaimed, "A dispatch from Vienna! My recall!"

"From Vienna, my dear friend? Not possible yet. I can not calculate on hearing from the Prince till a day or two before the close of this election. But you wish me to speak to Violante. Join my mother yonder. What can she be saying to Mr. Egerton? I will address a few words apart to your fair daughter, that may at least prove the interest in her fate taken by—her second father."

"Kindest of friends," said the unsuspecting pupil of Machiavel; and he walked toward the terrace. Violante was about to follow. Harley detained her.

"Do not go till you have thanked me; for you are not the noble Violante for whom I take you, unless you acknowledge gratitude to any one who delivers you from the presence of an admirer in Mr. Randal Leslie."

VIOLANTE.—"Ought I to hear this of one whom—whom—"

HARLEY.—"One whom your father obstinately persists in obtruding on your repugnance. Yet, O dear child, you, when almost an infant, ere yet you knew what snares, and pitfalls, for all who trust to another, lie under the sward at your feet, even when decked the fairest with the flowers of spring—you who put your small hands around my neck, and murmured, in your musical voice, 'Save us—save my father;' you at least I will not forsake, in a peril worse than that which menaced you then—a peril which affrights you more than that which threatened you in the snares of Peschiera. Randal Leslie may thrive in his meaner objects of ambition;—these I fling to him in scorn;—but *you!* the presuming varlet!" Harley paused a moment, half stifled with indignation. He then resumed calmly—"Trust to me, and fear not. I will rescue this hand from the profanation of Randal Leslie's touch; and then, farewell, for life, to every soft emotion. Before me expands the welcome solitude. The innocent saved, the honest righted, the perfidious stricken by a just retribution—and then—what then? Why, at least I shall have studied Machiavel with more effect than your wise father; and I shall lay him aside, needing no philosophy to teach me never again to be deceived." His brow darkened; he turned abruptly away, leaving Violante lost in amaze, fear—and a delight, vague, yet more vividly felt than all.

CHAPTER XXI.

THAT night, after the labors of the day, Randal had gained the sanctuary of his own room, and seated himself at his table, to prepare the heads of the critical speech he would have now very soon to deliver on the day of nomination—critical speech when, in the presence of foes and friends, reporters from London, and amidst all the jarring interests that he sought to weave into the sole self-interest of Randal Leslie, he would be called upon to make the formal exposition of his political opinions. Randal Leslie, indeed, was not one of those speakers whom either modesty, fastidiousness, or conscientious desire of truth predisposes toward the labor of written composition. He had too much cleverness to be in want of fluent period or ready commonplace—the ordinary materials of oratorical impromptu—too little taste for the Beautiful to study what graces of diction will best adorn a noble sentiment—too obtuse a conscience to care if the popular argument were purified from the dross which the careless flow of a speech wholly extemporaneous rarely fails to leave around it. But this was no ordinary occasion. Elaborate study here was requisite, not for the orator, but the hypocrite. Hard task, to please the Blues and not offend the Yellows;—appear to side with Audley Egerton, yet insinuate sympathy with Dick Avenel;—confront, with polite smile, the younger opponent whose words had lodged arrows in his vanity, which rankled the more gallingly because they had raised the skin of his conscience.

He had dipped his pen into the ink, and smoothed the paper before him, when a knock was heard at the door.

"Come in," said he, impatiently. Levy entered, saunteringly.

"I am come to talk over matters with you, *mon cher*," said the Baron, throwing himself on the sofa. "And, first, I wish you joy of your prospects of success."

Randal postponed his meditated composition with a quick sigh, drew his chair toward the sofa, and lowered his voice into a whisper. "You think with me, that the chance of my success—is good?"

"Chance! Why it is a rubber of whist, in which your partner gives you all the winnings, and in which the adversary is almost sure to revoke. Either Avenel or his nephew, it is true, must come in; but not both. Two parvenus aspiring to make a family seat of an Earl's borough! Bah! too absurd."

"I hear from Riccabocca (or rather the Duke di Serrano) that this same young Fairfield is greatly indebted to the kindness of Lord L'Estrange. Very odd that he should stand against the Lansmere interest."

"Ambition, *mon cher*. You yourself are under some obligations to Mr. Egerton. Yet, in reality, he has more to apprehend from you than from Mr. Fairfield."

"I disown obligations to Mr. Egerton. And if the electors prefer me to him (whom, by-the-by, they once burned in effigy), it is no fault of mine; the fault, if any, will rest with his own dearest friend, L'Estrange. I do not understand how a man of such clear sense, as L'Estrange undoubtedly possesses, should be risking Egerton's election in his zeal for mine. Nor do his formal courtesies to myself deceive me. He has even implied that he suspects me of connivance with Peschiera's schemes on Violante. But those suspicions he can not support For of course, Levy, you would not betray me?"

"I! What possible interest could I serve in that?"

"None that I can discover, certainly," said Randal, relaxing into a smile. "And when I get into Parliament, aided by the social position which my marriage will give me, I shall have so many ways to serve you. No, it is certainly your interest not to betray me. And I shall count on you as a witness, if a witness can be required."

"Count on me, certainly, my dear fellow," said the Baron. "And I suppose there will be no witness the other way. Done for eternally is my poor dear friend Peschiera, whose cigars, by-the-by, were matchless;—I wonder if there will be any for sale. And if he were not so done for, it is not you, it is L'Estrange, that he would be tempted to do for."

"We may blot Peschiera out of the map of the future," rejoined Randal. "Men from whom henceforth we have nothing to hope or to fear, are to us as the races before the deluge."

"Fine remark," quoth the Baron, admiringly. "Peschiera, though not without brains, was a complete failure. And when the failure of one I have tried to serve is complete, the rule I have adopted through life is to give him up altogether?"

"Of course," said Randal.

"Of course," echoed the Baron. "On the other hand, you know that I like pushing forward young men of mark and promise. You really are amazingly clever; but how comes it you don't speak better? Do you know, I doubt whether you will do in the House of Commons all that I expected from your address and readiness in private life."

"Because I can not talk trash vulgar enough for a mob? Pooh! I shall succeed wherever knowledge is really power. Besides, you must allow for my infernal position. You know, after all, that Avenel, if he can only return himself or his nephew, still holds in his hands the choice of the candidate upon our side. I can not attack him —I can not attack his insolent nephew—"

"Insolent!—not that, but bitterly eloquent. He hits you hard. You are no match for him, Randal, before a popular audience; though *en petit comité*, the devil himself were hardly a match for *you*. But now to a somewhat more serious point. Your election you will win—your bride is promised to you; but the old Leslie lands, in the present possession of Squire Thornhill, you have not gained—and your chance of gaining them is in great jeopardy. I did not like to tell you this morning—it would have spoiled your temper for canvassing; but I have received a letter from Thornhill himself. He has had an offer for the property, which is only £1000 short of what he asks. A city alderman, called Jobson, is the bidder; a man, it seems, of large means and few words. The alderman has fixed the date on which he must have a definite answer; and that date falls on the —th, two days after that fixed for the poll at Lansmere. The brute declares he will close with another investment, if Thornhill does not then come into his terms. Now, as Thornhill will accept these terms unless I can positively promise him better, and as those funds on which you calculated (had the marriage of Peschiera with Violante, and Frank Hazeldean with Madame di Negra, taken place) fail you, I see no hope for your being in time with the money —and the old lands of the Leslies must yield their rents to a Jobson."

"I care for nothing on earth like those old lands of my forefathers," said Randal, with unusual vehemence—"I reverence so little among the living—and I do reverence the dead. And my marriage will take place so soon; and the dower would so amply cover the paltry advance required."

"Yes; but the mere prospect of a marriage to the daughter of a man whose lands are still sequestered, would be no security to a money-lender."

"Surely," said Randal, "you who once offered to assist me when my fortunes were more precarious, might now accommodate me with this loan, as a friend, and keep the title-deeds of the estate as—"

"As a money-lender," added the Baron, laughing pleasantly. "No, *mon cher*, I will still lend you half the sum required in advance, but the other half is more than I can afford as friend, or hazard as money-lender; and it would damage my character—be out of all rule—if, the estates falling, by your default of payment, into my own hands, I should appear to be the real purchaser of the property of my own distressed client. But, now I think of it, did not Squire Hazeldean really promise you his assistance in this matter?"

"He did so," answered Randal, "as soon as the marriage between Frank and Madame di

Negra was off his mind. I meant to cross over to Hazeldean immediately after the election. How can I leave the place till then?"

"If you do, your election is lost. But why not write to the Squire?"

"It is against my maxim to write where I can speak. However, there is no option; I will write at once. Meanwhile, communicate with Thornhill; keep up his hopes; and be sure, at least, that he does not close with this greedy alderman before the day fixed for decision."

"I have done all that already, and my letter is gone. Now, do your part; and if you write as cleverly as you talk, you would coax the money out from a stonier heart than poor Mr. Hazeldean's. I leave you now—Good-night."

Levy took up his candlestick, nodded, yawned, and went.

Randal still suspended the completion of his speech, and indited the following epistle:—

"My dear Mr Hazeldean—I wrote to you a few hasty lines on leaving town, to inform you that the match you so dreaded was broken off, and that I would defer particulars till I could visit your kind and hospitable roof, which I trusted to do for a few hours during my stay at Lansmere, since it is not a day's journey hence to Hazeldean. But I did not calculate on finding so sharp a contest. In no election throughout the kingdom do I believe that a more notable triumph, or a more stunning defeat, for the great landed interest can occur. For in this town —so dependent on agriculture—we are opposed by a low and sordid manufacturer, of the most revolutionary notions, who has, moreover, the audacity to force his own nephew—that very boy whom I chastised for impertinence on your village green—son of a common carpenter—actually the audacity, I say, to attempt to force this peasant of a nephew, as well as himself, into the representation of Lansmere, against the Earl's interest, against your distinguished brother—of myself I say nothing. You should hear the language in which these two men indulge against all your family! If we are beaten by such persons in a borough supposed to be so loyal as Lansmere, every one with a stake in the country may tremble at such a prognostic of the ruin that must await not only our old English constitution but the existence of property itself. I need not say that on such an occasion I can not spare myself. Mr. Egerton is ill too. All the fatigue of the canvass devolves on me. I feel, my dear and revered friend, that I am a genuine Hazeldean, fighting your battle; and that thought carries me through all. I can not, therefore, come to you till the election is over; and meanwhile you, and my dear Mrs. Hazeldean, must be anxious to know more about the affair that so preyed on both your hearts, than I have yet informed you, or can well trust to a letter. Be assured, however, that the worst is over; the lady has gone abroad. I earnestly entreated Frank (who showed me Mrs. Hazeldean's most pathetic letter to him) to hasten at once to the hall, and relieve your minds. Unfortunately he would not be ruled by me, but talked of going abroad too—not, I trust (nay, I feel assured), in pursuit of Madame di Negra; but still—In short, I should be so glad to see you, and talk over the whole. Could you not come hither?—pray do. And now, at the risk of your thinking that in this I am only consulting my own interest (but no—your noble English heart will never so misjudge me!) I will add with homely frankness, that if you could accommodate me immediately with the loan you once so generously offered, you would save those lands once in my family from passing away from us for ever. A city alderman—one Jobson—is meanly taking advantage of Thornhill's necessities, and driving a hard bargain for those lands. He has fixed the —th inst. for Thornhill's answer, and Levy (who is here assisting Mr. Egerton's election) informs me that Thornhill will accept his offer, unless I am provided with £10,000 beforehand; the other £10,000, to complete the advance required, Levy will lend me. Do not be surprised at the usurer's liberality; he knows that I am about shortly to marry a very great heiress (you will be pleased when you learn whom, and will then be able to account for my indifference to Miss Sticktorights), and her dower will amply serve to repay his loan and your own, if I may trust to your generous affection for the grandson of Hazeldean! I have the less scruple in this appeal to you, for I know how it would grieve you that a Jobson, who perhaps never knew a grandmother should foist your own kinsman from the lands of his fathers. Of one thing I am convinced—we squires, and sons of squires, must make common cause against these great moneyed capitalists, or they will buy us all out in a few generations. The old race of country gentlemen is already much diminished by the grasping cupidity of such leviathans; and if the race be once extinct, what will become of the boast and strength of England?

"Yours, my dear Mr. Hazeldean, with most affectionate and grateful respect,

"Randal Leslie."

CHAPTER XXII.

Nothing to Leonard could as yet be more distasteful or oppressive than his share in this memorable election. In the first place, it chafed the secret sores of his heart to be compelled to resume the name of Fairfield, which was a tacit disavowal of his birth. It had been such delight to him that the same letters which formed the name of Nora, should weave also that name of Oran, to which he had given distinction, which he had associated with all his nobler toils, and all his hopes of enduring fame—a mystic link between his own career and his mother's obscurer genius. It seemed to him as if it were rendering to her the honors accorded to himself—subtle and delicate fancy of the affections, of which only poets would be capable, but which others than poets may perhaps comprehend! That earlier name

of Fairfield was connected in his memory with all the ruder employments, the meaner trials of his boyhood—the name of Oran, with poetry and fame. It was his title in the ideal world, among all fair shapes and spirits. In receiving the old appellation, the practical world, with its bitterness and strife, returned to him as at the utterance of a spell. But in coming to Lansmere he had no choice. To say nothing of Dick, and Dick's parents, with whom his secret would not be safe, Randal Leslie knew that he had gone by the name of Fairfield—knew his supposed parentage, and would be sure to proclaim them. How account for the latter name without setting curiosity to read the anagram it involved, and perhaps guiding suspicion to his birth from Nora, to the injury of her memory, yet preserved from stain?

His feelings as connected with Nora—sharpened and deepened as they all had been by his discovery of her painful narrative—were embittered still more by coming in contact with her parents. Old John was in the same helpless state of mind and body as before—neither worse nor better; but waking up at intervals with vivid gleams of interest in the election at the wave of a blue banner—at the cry of "Blue forever." It was the old broken-down charger, who, dozing in the meadows, starts at the roll of the drum. No persuasions Dick could employ would induce his father to promise to vote even one Yellow. You might as well have expected the old Roman, with his monomaniac cry against Carthage, to have voted for choosing Carthagenians for consuls. But poor John, nevertheless, was not only very civil, but very humble to Dick—"very happy to oblige the gentleman."

"Your own son!" bawled Dick; "and here is your own grandson."

"Very happy to serve you both; but you see you are the wrong color."

Then, as he gazed at Leonard, the old man approached him on trembling knees, stroked his hair, looked into his face piteously. "Be thee my grandson?" he faltered. "Wife, wife, Nora had no son, had she? My memory begins to fail me, sir; pray excuse it; but you have a look about the eyes that—" Old John began to weep, and his wife led him away.

"Don't come again," she said to Leonard harshly when she returned. "He'll not sleep all night now!" And then, observing that the tears stood in Leonard's eyes, she added in softened tones—"I am glad to see you well and thriving, and to hear that you have been of great service to my son, Richard, who is a credit and an honor to the family, though poor John can not vote for him or for you against his conscience; and he should not be asked," (she added, firing up;) "and it is a sin to ask it, and he so old, and no one to defend him but me. But defend him I will while I have life!"

The poet recognized woman's brave, loving, wife-like heart here, and would have embraced the stern grandmother, if she had not drawn back from him; and, as she turned toward the room to which she had led her husband, she said over her shoulder—

"I'm not so unkind as I seem, boy; but it is better for you, and for all, that you should not come to this house again—better that you had not come into the town."

"Fie, mother," said Dick, seeing that Leonard, bending his head, silently walked from the room. "You should be prouder of your grandson than you are of me."

"Prouder of him who may shame us all yet?"

"What do you mean?"

But Mrs. Avenel shook her head, and vanished.

"Never mind her, poor old soul," said Dick, as he joined Leonard at the threshold; "she always had her tempers. And since there is no vote to be got in this house, and one can't set a caucus on one's own father—at least in this extraordinarily rotten and prejudiced old country, which is quite in its dotage—we'll not come here to be snubbed any more. Bless their old hearts, nevertheless!"

Leonard's acute sensibility in all that concerned his birth, deeply wounded by Mrs Avenel's allusions, which he comprehended better than his uncle did, was also kept on the edge by the suspense to which he was condemned by Harley's continued silence as to the papers confided to that nobleman. It seemed to Leonard almost unaccountable that Harley should have read those papers—be in the same town with himself—and yet volunteer no communication. At length he wrote a few lines to Lord L'Estrange, bringing the matter that concerned him so deeply before Harley's recollection, and suggesting his own earnest interest in any information that could supply the gaps and omissions of the desultory fragments. Harley, in replying to this note, said, with apparent reason, "that it would require a long personal interview to discuss the subject referred to, and that such an interview, in the thick of the contest between himself and a candidate opposed to the Lansmere party, would be sure to get wind, be ascribed to political intrigues, be impossible otherwise to explain—and embarrass all the interests confided to their respective charge. That for the rest, he had not been unmindful of Leonard's anxiety, which must now mainly be to see justice done to the dead parent, and learn the name, station, and character of the parent yet surviving. And in this Harley trusted to assist him as soon as the close of the poll would present a suitable occasion." The letter was unlike Harley's former cordial tone; it was hard and dry. Leonard respected L'Estrange too much to own to himself that it was unfeeling. With all his rich generosity of nature, he sought excuses for what he declined to blame. Perhaps something in Helen's manner or words had led Harley to suspect that she still cherished too tender an interest in the companion of her childhood; perhaps under this coldness of expression there lurked the burning anguish of jealousy. And oh, Leonard so well understood and could so nobly compassionate, even in his prosperous rival, the torture

of the most agonizing of human passions, in which all reasonings follow the distorted writhings of our pain.

And Leonard himself, amid his other causes of disquiet, was at once so gnawed and so humbled by his own jealousy. Helen, he knew was still under the same roof as Harley. They, the betrothed, could see each other daily, hourly. He would soon hear of their marriage. She would be borne afar from the very sphere of his existence —carried into a loftier region—accessible only to his dreams. And yet to be jealous of one to whom both Helen and himself were under such obligations, debased him in his own esteem—jealousy here was so like ingratitude. But for Harley, what could have become of Helen, left to his boyish charge?—he who had himself been compelled, in despair, to think of sending her from his side, to be reared into smileless youth in his mother's humble cottage, while he faced famine alone, gazing on the terrible river, from the bridge by which he had once begged for very alms—begged of that Audley Egerton, to whom he was now opposed as an equal;—or flying from the fiend that glared at him under the lids of the haunting Chatterton. No, jealousy here was more than agony—it was degradation, it was crime! But, ah! if Helen were happy in these splendid nuptials. Was he sure even of that consolation? Bitter was the thought either way—that she should wholly forget him, in happiness from which he stood excluded as a thing of sin—or sinfully herself remember, and be wretched!

With that healthful strength of will which is more often proportioned to the susceptibility of feeling than the world suppose, the young man at last wrenched himself for a while from the iron that had entered into his soul, and forced his thoughts to seek relief in the very objects from which they otherwise would have the most loathingly recoiled. He aroused his imagination to befriend his reason; he strove to divine some motive not explained by Harley, not to be referred to the mere defeat, by counter-scheme, of scheming Randal—nor even to be solved by any service to Audley Egerton, which Harley might evolve from the complicated meshes of the election;—some motive that could more interest his own heart in the contest, and connect itself with Harley's promised aid in clearing up the mystery of his parentage. Nora's memoir had clearly hinted that his father was of rank and station far beyond her own. She had thrown the glory of her glorious fancies over the ambition and the destined career of the lover in whom she had merged her ambition as poetess, and her career as woman. Possibly the father might be more disposed to own and to welcome the son, if the son could achieve an opening, and give promise of worth, in that grand world of public life in which alone reputation takes precedence of rank. Possibly, too, if the son thus succeeded, and became one whom a proud father could with pride acknowledge, possibly he might not only secure a father's welcome, but vindicate a mother's name. This marriage, which Nora darkly hinted she had been led to believe was fraudulent, might after all, have been legal—the ceremony concealed, even till now, by worldly shame at disparity of rank. But if the son could make good his own footing—there where rank itself owned its chiefs in talent—that shame might vanish. These suppositions were not improbable; nor were they uncongenial to Leonard's experience of Harley's delicate benignity of purpose. Here, too, the image of Helen allied itself with those of his parents to support his courage and influence his new ambition. True, that she was lost to him to him forever. No worldly success, no political honors, could now restore her to his side. But she might hear him named with respect in those circles in which alone she would hereafter move, and in which parliamentary reputation ranks higher than literary fame. And perhaps in future years, when love, retaining its tenderness, was purified from its passion, they might thus meet as friends. He might, without a pang, take her children on his knees, and say, perhaps in their old age, when he had climbed to a social equality even with her high-born lord, "It was the hope to regain the privilege bestowed on our childhood, that strengthened me to seek distinction when you and happiness forsook my youth." Thus regarded, the election, which had before seemed to him so poor and vulgar an exhibition of vehement passions for petty objects, with its trumpery of banners and its discord of trumpets, suddenly grew into vivid interest, and assumed dignity and importance. It is ever thus with all mortal strife. In proportion as it possesses, or is void of, the diviner something that quickens the pulse of the heart, and elevates the wing of the imagination, it presents a mockery to the philosopher, or an inspiration to the bard. Feel *that something*, and no contest is mean! Feel it not, and, like Byron, you may class with the slaughter of Cannæ that field, which at Waterloo restored the landmarks of nations; or may jeer with Juvenal at the dust of Hannibal, because he sought to deliver Carthage from ruin, and free a world from Rome.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Once, then, grappling manfully with the task he had undertaken, and constraining himself to look on what Riccabocca would have called "the southern side of things," whatever there was really great in principle or honorable to human nature, deep below the sordid details and pitiful interests apparent on the face of the agitated current, came clear to his vision. The ardor of those around him began to be contagious; the generous devotion to some cause, apart from self, which pervades an election, and to which the poorest voter will often render sacrifices that may be called sublime—the warm personal affection which community of zeal creates for the defender of beloved opinions—all concurred to dispel that indifference to party politics, and counteract that disgust of their baser leaven, which the young poet had first conceived. He even

began to look with complacency, for itself, on a career of toils and honors strange to his habitual labors and intellectual ambition. He threw the poetry of idea within him (as poets ever do) into the prose of action to which he was hurried forward. He no longer opposed Dick Avenel when that gentleman represented how detrimental it would be to his business at Screwstown if he devoted to his country the time and the acumen required by his mill and its steam-engine; and how desirable it would be, on all accounts, that Leonard Fairfield should become the parliamentary representative of the Avenels. "If, therefore," said Dick, "two of us can not come in, and one must retire, leave it to me to arrange with the committee that you shall be the one to persist. Oh, never fear but what all scruples of honor shall be satisfied. I would not, for the sake of the Avenels, have a word said against their representative."

"But," answered Leonard, "if I grant this, I fear that you have some intention of suffering the votes that your resignation would release, to favor Leslie at the expense of Egerton."

"What the deuce is Egerton to you?"

"Nothing, except through my gratitude to his friend Lord L'Estrange."

"Pooh! I will tell you a secret. Levy informs me privately that L'Estrange will be well satisfied if the choice of Lansmere fall upon Leslie instead of Egerton; and I think I convinced my lord—for I saw him in London—that Egerton would have no chance, though Leslie might."

"I must think that Lord L'Estrange would resist to the utmost any attempt to prefer Leslie—whom he despises—to Egerton, whom he honors. And, so thinking, I too would resist it, as you may judge by the speeches which have so provoked your displeasure."

"Let us cut short a yarn of talk which, when it comes to likings and dislikings, might last to almighty crack: I'll ask you to do nothing that Lord L'Estrange does not sanction. Will that satisfy you?"

"Certainly, provided I am assured of the sanction."

And now, the important day preceding the poll—the day in which the candidates were to be formally nominated, and meet each other in all the ceremony of declared rivalship—dawned at last.

The town-hall was the place selected for the occasion; and before sunrise, all the streets were resonant with music, and gay with banners.

Audley Egerton felt that he could not—without incurring some just sarcasm on his dread to face the constituency he had formerly represented, and by the malcontents of which he had been burned in effigy—absent himself from the town-hall, as he had done from balcony and hostel. Painful as it was to confront Nora's brother, and wrestle in public against all the secret memories that knit the strife of the present contest with the anguish that recalled the first—still, the thing must be done; and it was the English habit of his life to face with courage whatever he had to do.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

A NIGHT ADVENTURE.

I WILL tell you all about an affair—important as it proved to me; but you must not hurry me. I have never been in a hurry since then, and never will. Up till that time inclusive, I was always in a hurry; my actions always preceded my thoughts; experience was of no use; and any body would have supposed me destined to carry a young head upon old shoulders to the grave. However, I was brought up at last "with a round turn." I was allowed a certain space for reflection, and plenty of materials; and if it did not do me good, it's a pity!

My father and mother both died when I was still a great awkward boy; and I, being the only thing they had to bequeath, became the property of a distant relation. I do not know how it happened, but I had no near relations. I was a kind of waif upon the world from the beginning; and I suppose it was owing to my having no family anchorage that I acquired the habit of swaying to and fro, and drifting hither and thither, at the pleasure of wind and tide. Not that my guardian was inattentive or unkind—quite the reverse; but he was indolent and careless, contenting himself with providing abundantly for my schooling and my pocket, and leaving every thing else to chance. He would have done the same thing to his own son, if he had had one, and he did the same thing to his own daughter. But girls somehow cling wherever they are cast—any thing is an anchorage for them; and as Laura grew up, she gave the care she had never found, and was the little mother of the whole house. As for the titular mother, she had not an atom of character of any kind. She might have been a picture, or a vase, or any thing else that is useless except to the taste or the affections. But mamma was indispensable. It is a vulgar error to suppose that people who have nothing in them are nobody in a house. Our mamma was the very centre and point of our home feelings; and it was strange to observe the devout care we took of a personage, who had not two ideas in her head.

It is no wonder that I was always in a hurry, for I must have had an instinctive idea that I had my fortune to look for. The governor had nothing more than a genteel independence, and this would be a good deal lessened after his death by the lapse of an annuity. But sister Laura was thus provided for well enough, while I had not a shilling in actual money, although plenty of hypothetical thousands and sundry castles in the air. It was the consciousness of the latter kind of property, no doubt, that gave me so free-and-easy an air, and made me so completely the master of my own actions. How I did worry that blessed old woman! how Laura lectured and scolded! how the governor stormed! and how I was forgiven the next minute, and we were all as happy again as the day was long! But at

length the time of separation came. I had grown a great hulking fellow, strong enough to make my bread as a porter, if that had been needed; and so a situation was found for me in a counting-house at Barcelona, and after a lecture and a hearty cry from sister Laura, a blessing and a kiss from mamma, and a great sob kept down by a hurricane laugh from the governor, I went adrift.

Four years passed rapidly away. I had attained my full height, and more than my just share of inches. I already enjoyed a fair modicum of whisker, and had even made some progress in the cultivation of a pair of mustaches, when suddenly the house I was connected with failed. What to do? The governor insisted upon my return to England, where his interest among the mercantile class was considerable; Laura hinted mysteriously that my presence in the house would soon be a matter of great importance to her father; and mamma let out the secret, by writing to me that Laura was going to "change her condition." I was glad to hear this, for I knew he would be a model of a fellow who was Laura's husband; and, gulping down my pride, which would fain have persuaded me that it was unmanly to go back again like the ill sixpence, I set out on my return home.

The family, I knew, had moved to another house; but being well acquainted with the town, I had no difficulty in finding the place. It was a range of handsome buildings which had sprung up in the fashionable outskirt during my absence; and although it was far on in the evening, my accustomed eyes soon descried through the gloom the governor's old-fashioned door-plate. I was just about to knock, really agitated with delight and struggling memories, when a temptation came in my way. One of the area windows was open, gaping as if for my reception. A quantity of plate lay upon a table close by. Why should I not enter, and appear unannounced in the drawing-room, a sunburnt phantom of five feet eleven? Why should I not present the precise and careful Laura with a handful of her own spoons and forks, left so conveniently at the service of any area-sneak who might chance to pass by? Why? That is only a figure of speech. I asked no question about the matter; the idea was hardly well across my brain when my legs were across the rails. In another moment I had crept in by the window; and chuckling at my own cleverness, and the great moral lesson I was about to teach, I was stuffing my pockets with the plate.

While thus engaged, the opening of a door in the hall above alarmed me; and afraid of the failure of my plan, I stepped lightly up the stair, which was partially lighted by the hall-lamp. As I was about to emerge at the top, a serving-girl was coming out of a room on the opposite side. She instantly retreated, shut the door with a bang, and I could hear a half-suppressed hysterical cry. I bounded on, sprang up the drawing-room stair, and entered the first door at a venture. All was dark, and I stopped for a moment to listen. Lights were hurrying across the hall; and I heard the rough voice of a man as if scolding and taunting some person. The girl had doubtless given the alarm, although her information must have been very indistinct; for when she saw me I was in the shadow of the stair, and she could have had little more than a vague impression that she beheld a human figure. However this may be, the man's voice appeared to descend the stair to the area-room, and presently I heard a crashing noise, not as if he was counting the plate, but rather thrusting it aside *en masse*. Then I heard the window closed, the shutters bolted, and an alarm-bell hung upon them, and the man reascended the stair, half scolding, half laughing at the girl's superstition. He took care, notwithstanding, to examine the fastenings of the street-door, and even to lock it, and put the key in his pocket. He then retired into a room, and all was silence.

I began to feel pretty considerably queer. The governor kept no male servant that I knew of, and had never done so. It was impossible he could have introduced this change into his household without my being informed of it by sister Laura, whose letters were an exact chronicle of every thing, down to the health of the cat. This was puzzling. And now that I had time to think, the house was much too large for a family requiring only three sleeping-rooms even when I was at home. It was what is called a double house, with rooms on both sides of the hall; and the apartment on the threshold of which I was still lingering appeared, from the dim light of the windows, to be of very considerable size. I now recollected that the quantity of plate I had seen —a portion of which at this moment felt preternaturally heavy in my pockets—must have been three times greater than any the governor ever possessed, and that various pieces were of a size and massiveness I had never before seen in the establishment. In vain I bethought myself that I had seen and recognized the well-known door-plate, and that the area from which I entered was immediately under; in vain I argued that since Laura was about to be married, the extra quantity of plate might be intended to form a part of her *trousseau:* I could not convince myself. But the course of my thoughts suggested an idea, and pulling hastily from my pocket a table-spoon, I felt, for I could not see, the legend which contained my fate. But my fingers were tremulous: they seemed to have lost sensation—only I fancied I did feel something more than the governor's plain initials. There was still a light in the hall. If I could but bring that spoon within its illumination! All was silent; and I ventured to descend step after step—not as I had bounded up, but with the stealthy pace of a thief, and the plate growing heavier and heavier in my pocket. At length I was near enough to see, in spite of a dimness that had gathered over my eyes; and, with a sensation of absolute faintness, I beheld upon the spoon an engraved crest—the red right hand of a baronet!

I crept back again, holding by the banisters.

fancying every now and then that I heard a door open behind me, and yet my feet no more consenting to quicken their motion than if I had been pursued by a murderer in the nightmare. I at length got into the room, groped for a chair, and sat down. No more hurry now. O no! There was plenty of time; and plenty to do in it, for I had to wipe away the perspiration that ran down my face in streams. What was to be done? What *had* I done? Oh, a trifle, a mere trifle. I had only sneaked into a gentleman's house by the area-window, and pocketed his table-spoons; and here I was, locked and barred and belled in, sitting very comfortably, in the dark and alone, in his drawing-room. Very particularly comfortable. What a capital fellow, to be sure! What an amusing personage! Wouldn't the baronet laugh in the morning? Wouldn't he ask me to stay breakfast? And wouldn't I eat heartily out of the spoons I had stolen? But what name is that? Who calls me a housebreaker? Who gives me in charge? Who lugs me off by the neck? I will not stand it. I am innocent, except of breaking into a baronet's house. I am a gentleman, with another gentleman's spoons in my pocket. I claim the protection of the law. Police! police!

My brain was wandering. I pressed my hand upon my wet forehead, to keep down the thick coming fancies, and determined, for the first time in my life, to hold a deliberate consultation with myself. I was in an awkward predicament—it was impossible to deny the fact; but was there any thing really serious in the case? I had unquestionably descended into the wrong area, the right-hand one instead of the left-hand one; but was I not as unquestionably the relation—the distant relation—the very distant relation—of the next-door neighbor? I had been four years absent from his house, and was there any thing more natural than that I should desire to pay my next visit through a subterranean window? I had appropriated, it is true, a quantity of silver-plate I had found; but with what other intention could I have done this than to present it to my very distant relation's daughter, and reproach her with her carelessness in leaving it next door? Finally, I was snared, caged, trapped—door and window had been bolted upon me without any remonstrance on my part—and I was now some considerable time in the house, unsuspected, yet a prisoner. The position was serious; but come, suppose the worst, that I was actually laid hold of as a malefactor, and commanded to give an account of myself. Well: I was, as aforesaid, a distant relation of the individual next door. I belonged to nobody in the world, if not to him; I bore but an indifferent reputation in regard to steadiness; and after four years' absence in a foreign country, I had returned idle, penniless, and objectless—just in time to find an area-window open in the dusk of the evening, and a heap of plate lying behind it, within view of the street.

This self-examination was not encouraging; the case was decidedly queer; and as I sat thus pondering in the dark, with the spoon in my hand, I am quite sure that no malefactor in a dungeon could have envied my reflections. In fact, the evidence was so dead against me, that I began to doubt my own innocence. What was I here for if my intentions had really been honest? Why should I desire to come into any individual's area-window instead of the door? And how came it that all this silver-plate had found its way into my pockets? I was angry as well as terrified: I was judge and criminal in one; but the instincts of nature got the better of my sense of justice, and I rose suddenly up, to ascertain whether it was not possible to get from the window into the street.

As I moved, however, the horrible booty I had in my pocket moved likewise, appearing to me to shriek, like a score of fiends, "Police! police!" and the next instant I heard a quick footstep ascending the stair. Now was the fateful moment come! I was on my feet; my eyes glared upon the door; my hands were clenched; the perspiration had dried suddenly upon my skin; and my tongue clave to the roof of my mouth. But the footstep, accompanied by a gleam of light, passed—passed; and from very weakness I sat down again, with a dreadful indifference to the screams of the plate in my pockets. Presently there were more footsteps along the hall; then voices; then drawing of bolts and creaking of locks; then utter darkness, then silence—lasting, terrible, profound. The house had gone to bed; the house would quickly be asleep; it was time to be up and doing, But first and foremost, I must get rid of the plate. Without that hideous *corpus delicti*, I should have some chance. I must at all hazards creep down into the hall, find my way to the lower regions, and replace the accursed thing where I found it. It required nerve to attempt this; but I was thoroughly wound up; and after allowing a reasonable time to elapse, to give my enemies a fair opportunity of falling asleep, I set out upon the adventure. The door creaked as I went out; the plate grated against my very soul as I descended the steps; but slowly, stealthily, I crept along the wall; and at length found myself on the level floor. There was but one door on that side of the hall, the door which led to the area-room—I recollect the fact distinctly—and it was with inexpressible relief I reached it in safety, and grasped the knob in my hand. The knob turned—but the door did not open; it was locked; it was my fate to be a thief; and after a moment of new dismay, I turned again doggedly, reached the stair, and re-entered the apartment I had left.

It was like getting home. It was snug and private. I had a chair there waiting me. I thought to myself, that many a man would take a deal of trouble to break into such a house. I had only sneaked. I wondered how Jack Shepherd felt on such occasions. I had seen him at the Adelphi in the person of Mrs. Keeley, and a daring little dog he was. He would make nothing of getting down into the street from the

window, spoons and all. I tried this: the shutters were not even closed, and the sash moving noiselessly, I had no difficulty in raising it. I stepped out into the balcony, and looked over. Nothing was to be seen but a black and yawning gulf beneath, guarded by the imaginary spikes of an invisible railing. Jack would have laughed at this difficulty; but then he had more experience in the craft than I, and was provided with all necessary appliances. As for me, I had stupidly forgotten even my coil of rope. The governor's house, I found, had either no balcony at all, or it was too far apart to be reached. Presently I heard a footstep on the *trottoir*, a little way off. It was approaching with slow and measured pace: the person was walking as calmly and gravely in the night as if it had been broad day. Suppose I hailed this philosophical stranger, and confided to him, in a friendly way, the fact that the baronet, without the slightest provocation, had locked me up in his house, with his silver spoons in my pocket? Perhaps he would advise me what to do in the predicament. Perhaps he would take the trouble of knocking at the door, or crying fire, and when the servants opened, I might rush out, and so make my escape. But while I was looking wistfully down to see if I could not discern the walking figure, which was now under the windows, a sudden glare from the spot dazzled my sight. It was the bull's-eye of a policeman; and with the instinct of a predatory character, I shrunk back trembling, crept into the room, and shut the window.

By this time I was sensible that there was a little confusion in my thoughts, and by way of employing them on practical and useful objects, I determined to make a tour of the room. But first it was necessary to get rid, somehow or other, of my plunder—to plant the property, as we call it; and with that view I laid it carefully, piece by piece, in the corner of a sofa, and concealed it with the cover. This was a great relief. I almost began to feel like the injured party—more like a captive than a robber; and I groped my way through the room, with a sort of vague idea that I might perhaps stumble upon some trap-door, or sliding-panel, which would lead into the open air, or, at worst, into a secret chamber, where I should be safe for any given number of years from my persecutors. But there was nothing of the kind in this stern, prosaic place: nothing but a few cabinets and tables, and couches, and arm-chairs, and common-chairs, and devotional-chairs; and footstools, and lamps, and statuettes, and glass-shades, and knick-knacks; and one elaborate girandole hung round with crystal prisms, which played such an interminable tune against each other when I chanced to move them, that I stumbled away as fast as I could, and subsided into a *fauteuil* so rich, so deep, that I felt myself swallowed up, as it were, in its billows of swan's down.

How long I had been in the house by this time, I can not tell. It seemed to me, when I looked back, to form a considerable portion of a lifetime. Indeed, I did not very well remember the more distant events of the night; although every now and then the fact occurred to me with startling distinctness, that all I had gone through was only preliminary to something still to happen; that the morning was to come, the family to be astir, and the housebreaker to be apprehended. My reflections were not continuous. It may be that I dozed between whiles. How else can I account for my feeling myself grasped by the throat, to the very brink of suffocation, by a hand without a body? How else can I account for sister Laura standing over me where I reclined, pointing to the stolen plate on the sofa, and lecturing me on my horrible propensities till she grew black in the face, and her voice rose to a wild unearthly scream which pierced through my brain?

When this fancy occurred, I started from my recumbent posture. A voice was actually in my ears, and a living form before my eyes: a lady stood contemplating me, with a half-scream on her lips, and the color fading from her cheek; and as I moved, she would have fallen to the ground, had I not sprung up and caught her in my arms. I laid her softly down in the *fauteuil*. It was the morning twilight. The silence was profound. The boundaries of the room were still dim and indistinct. Is it any wonder that I was in some considerable degree of perplexity as to whether I was not still in the land of dreams?

"Madam," said I, "if you are a vision, it is of no consequence; but if not, I want particularly to get out."

"Offer no injury," she replied in a tremulous voice, "and no one will molest you. Take what you have come for, and begone."

"That is sooner said than done. The doors and windows below are locked and bolted; and beneath those of this room the area is deep, and the spikes sharp. I assure you, I have been in very considerable perplexity the whole of last night;" and drawing a chair, I sat down in front of her. Whether it was owing to this action, or to my complaining voice, or to the mere fact of her finding herself in a quiet tête-à-tête with a housebreaker, I can not tell; but the lady broke into a low hysterical laugh.

"How did you break in?" said she.

"I did not break; it is far from being my character, I assure you. But the area-window was open, and so I just thought I would come in."

"You were attracted by the plate! Take it, for Heaven's sake, desperate man, and go away!"

"I did take some of it, but with no evil intention—only by way of amusement. Here it is;" and going to the sofa, I drew off the cover, and showed her the plate.

"You have been generous," said she, her voice getting quaverous again; "for the whole must have been in your power. I will let you out so softly that no one will know. Put up in your

pockets what you have risked so much to possess, and follow me."

"I will follow you with pleasure," said I, "were it all the world over;" for the increasing light showed me as lovely a creature as the morning sun ever shone upon; "but as for the plunder, you must excuse me there: I never stole any thing before, and, please Heaven, I never will again!"

"Surely you are a most extraordinary person," said the young lady suddenly, for the light seemed to have made a revelation to her likewise: "you neither look nor talk like a robber."

"Nor am I. I am not even a robber—I am nothing; and have not property in the world to the value of these articles of plate."

"Then if you are not a robber, why are you here?—why creep in at the area-window, appropriate other people's spoons, and get locked up all night in their house?"

"For no other reason than that I was in a hurry. I had come home from Barcelona, and was going in to my guardian's, next door, when your unfortunate area-window caught my eye, with the plate on the table inside. In an instant, I was over the rails and in through the window like a harlequin, with the intention of giving the family a pleasing surprise, and my old monitress, sister Laura, a great moral lesson on the impropriety of her leaving plate about in so careless a way."

"Then you are Gerald, my dear Laura's cousin, so longingly expected, so beloved by them all—so—" Here the young lady blushed celestial rosy red, and cast down her eyes. What these two girls could have been saying to each other about me, I never found out; but there was a secret, I will go to death upon it.

She let me out so quietly, that neither her father nor the servants ever knew a syllable about the matter. I need not say how I was received next door. The governor swept down another sob with another guffaw; mamma bestowed upon me another blessing and another kiss; and Laura was so rejoiced, that she gave me another hearty cry, and forgot to give me another lecture. My next four years were spent to more purpose than the last. Being less in a hurry, I took time to build up a flourishing business in partnership with Laura's husband. As for the baronet's daughter—for we must get every body into the concluding tableau—why there she is—that lady cutting bread and butter for the children, with as matronly an air as Werter's Charlotte: she is my wife; and we laugh to this day at the oddity of that First Interview which led to so happy a *dénouement*.

SLATE AND ITS USES.

A FEW years ago, people who knew nothing of slate but as a material to roof houses with and do sums upon, were charmed to find it could be made to serve for so large a thing as a billiard-table. For billiard-tables there is nothing like slate, so perfectly level and smooth as it is. Then, fishmongers found there was nothing like slate for their slabs (till they are rich enough to afford marble); and farmers' wives discovered the same thing in regard to their dairies. Plumbers then began to declare that there was nothing like slate for cisterns and sinks: and builders, noticing this, tried slate for the pavement of wash-houses, pantries, and kitchens, and for cottage floors; and they have long declared that there is nothing like it; it is so clean, and dries so quickly. If so, thought the ornamental gardener, it must be the very thing for garden chairs, summer-houses, sun-dials, and tables in arbors; and it *is* the very thing. The stone mason was equally pleased with it for gravestones. "Then," said the builder again, when perplexed with complaints of a damp wall in an exposed situation, "why should not a wall be slated as well as a roof, if it wants it as much?" So *he* tried; and in mountain districts, where one end of a house is exposed to beating rains, we see that end as scaly as a fish—slated like its own roof. Thus it is with the small houses erected for business at the great slate quarry in Valencia, near Killarney, in Ireland; and the steps leading up to them are of slate; and the paths before the doors are paved with slate. We look in upon the steam-engine; and we observe that the fittings of the engine-house are all of slate, so that no dust can lodge, and no damp can enter.

It is the quarry that we care most to see; and up to it we go, under the guidance of the overlooker, as soon as he has measured a block of slate with the marked rod he carries in his hand. He is a Welshman—from Bangor—the only person among the hundred and twenty about the works who is not Irish. Is it really so? we ask, when we are in the quarry. There is nobody there—not one man or boy among all those groups—who can properly be called ragged. Many have holes in their clothes; but all have clothes—real garments, instead of flapping tatters, hung on, nobody knows how. Another thing. These people are working steadily and gravely. If spoken to, they answer calmly, and with an air of independence—without vociferation, cant, flattery, or any kind of passion. Yet these people are all Irish; and they speak as they do because they *are* independent. They have good work; and they do their work well. They earn good wages; and they feel independent. These are the people who, in famine time, formed a middle class between the few proprietors in the island and the many paupers. The receivers of relief were two thousand two hundred. The proprietors and their families were two hundred. These work-people and their families were the remaining six hundred. They look like people who could hold their ground in a season of stress. This quarry was their anchorage.

What a noble place it is! We climb till we find ourselves standing on the upper tramway, or the verge of a precipice of slate, with a rough wall of slate behind us—of all shades of gray, from white to black, contrasting well with the orange line of the iron mould caused by the drip from the roof upon the tramway; but the ceiling

is the most prodigious thing about the place. It is, in sober truth, in its massiveness, grayness, smoothness, and vastness, somewhat like the granite roof in the great chamber of the great Pyramid. It takes away one's breath with something of the same crushing feeling. And then, look at the groups clustered or half hidden in this enormous cavern. How small every one looks—the men with the borers and mallets, making holes for the blasting; the men with the wedges and mallets, splitting off great blocks: some on shelves high up over head; some in cupboards far within; some in dark crevices in the mighty walls! Knock, knock, knock, go the mallets, with an echo following each knock—far, near, incessant; and the echo of the drip heard through all—an echo for every plash.

What are they doing below—those two men with the chain and hooks, that they can scarcely shift? They are fixing the hooks in crevices under that horizontal mass of slate. It rises, and as it rises they shift the hooks further into the cracks, till the block breaks off. When the hooks are in the middle of its weight it rises steadily—why and how? Look at that wagon on that tramway in the air overhead, the wagon way supported on those enormous beams, which are themselves upheld by clamps fixed in the slate walls of the cavern. On each side of that airy truck there is a stage, and in each stage is a man working a windlass, which turns a cog wheel, by which the truck is moved forward or backward. The chains and hooks which are raising the block hang down from this machinery; and as the men in the air work their cog wheel, the men on the ground stand away from under the block, and see it moved and deposited on the truck which is to convey it to the saw mill. That truck is on the tramway below, and a horse draws it to the saw mill, where the block will be raised again by more airy machinery, and placed in the right position for the saws. It weighs only about three tons. A single horse can draw a weight of five tons. The largest size is fifteen tons.

We go down to the saw-mills—down, among, and round, hillocks of refuse. The noise in the mill is so horrid—in kind as well as degree—that we can not stay: but a glance is enough. The engine works the great saws, which here do not split the blocks, but square them, and smooth their sides and ends. The rest is done at the works below—at the port. The grating and rasping can be better conceived than described or endured. Above the blocks are suspended a sort of funnel, from which sand and water drip, in aid of the sawing process. We see this, glance at the curious picture of gray blocks—perpendicular saws, apparently moving up and down by their own will—and superintending men—and thinking how good a spectacle it would be, but for the tremendous noise, hasten away.

On the road down hill is one of the broad-wheeled trucks, laden with an enormous block. We wonder how we shall pass it. We do so, by favor of a recess in the road, and jog on. On the left opens a charming narrow lane, overhung with ash and birch, gay with gorse, and bristling with brambles. We jump off our car, dismiss it, plunge down the lane, waste a vast deal of time in feasting on blackberries—the dessert to our biscuit-lunch—and at last sit down on some stones to say how good Valencia blackberries are, and how gaudy a Valencia lane is with gorse and heather; and then we talk over, and fix in our memories what we have seen; and finally emerge from the bottom of the lane, explore the dairy and old house of the Knight of Kerry, and proceed on our way to the works at the port, heedless of how the time slips away while we gaze at the lighthouse, and the opposite shore, and far away over Dingle Bay, to the faint blue Dingle mountains. We do, however, at length reach the gate of the works.

We miss the terrible noise of which we had been warned, and which had made itself heard in our inn. The works are, in fact, stopped for the repair of the machinery; and as they will not be going again while we are in Valencia, we can only look round and see what we can. We see on every hand noble slabs of slate, many feet long and broad, and from half-an-inch to three inches in thickness. Scores of them are standing on edge, leaning against each other, as if they could be lifted up, and carried away like sheets of pasteboard. By picking up a bit that has been cut off, one finds the difference. It is very heavy; and this, I suppose, is the impediment to its adoption for many domestic purposes for which it is otherwise remarkably fit. One boy was at work on a great piece that we could make nothing of without explanation. It had large round holes cut out, as if with a monstrous cheese-taster, the slab being an inch thick: and the boy was cutting out pieces of what was left between the circles. It was for the ridge of a house; and in a moment we saw that the pattern was like that of many barge-boards of ornamented cottages. We found that the carving, turning, and ornamental manufacture of slate articles does not proceed far in Valencia, as the London houses do not like rivalship in that part of the business; but in the abode of the proprietor we saw, in an amusing way, what might be done by any one who has a mind to furnish his house with slate.

On entering the garden door, we found, as might be expected, a pavement of slate, smooth and close-fitted, leading up to the house. The borders of the parterres were of upright slates; and there was a little grave-stone in the grass—in memory, doubtless, of some domestic pet—of the same material. The narrow paths between the vegetable beds were paved with slate, and reasonably, considering how wet the climate is, and how quickly slate dries. The sun dial and garden seats followed of course. Entering the house, we found, not only the pavement of the hall, but its lower panels, of slate; and this reminded us of the excellence of granaries and barns which are flagged instead of boarded, and

have a skirting-board of slate, which keeps out rats and mice altogether, supposing the door to be in good order. The saving in grain soon pays the difference between such a material and wood, which rats always can and do gnaw through, sooner or later.

In the hall were an umbrella and hat stand, a slab, and a standard-lamp, all of slate. The weight is a favorable quality in the first and last of these articles; but, great as is the advantage of the lamp not being liable to be upset, the color of slate is too dark. Dark lamp-stands absorb too much light. In the dining-room was a very handsome round table of slate—variegated somewhat like marble, and delightfully clean-looking, smooth, and level. Its weight makes it all but immovable; and this may be an objection: but there is no doubt of its beauty—with its moulded rim, its well-turned stem, and finished pedestal. At the Knight of Kerry's house we had seen a carved mantle-piece, with fluted pillars of slate; and here we saw other mantle-pieces, variously carved. The fenders were delightful; smoothly turned slopes, which invited the feet to rest and be warmed; simple, effectual, and so neat as to be really pretty. There was nothing that we liked so well as the fenders—unless it was the paper-weights, simply ornamented; or the book-shelves, perfectly plain, with their rounded edges, and their evident capacity to bear any weight. No folios, however ancient—no atlasses, however magnificent, can bend a shelf of slate; and I very much doubt whether the spider can fasten her thread to its surface. No insect can penetrate it; and this indicates the value of slate furniture in India, and in the tropical Colonies, where ants hollow out every thing wooden, from the foundation of a house to its roof-tree. Hearth-stones of slate were a matter of course in this house; and we wished they had been so in some others, where there has been repeated danger of fire from sparks or hot ashes falling between the joints of the stones composing the hearth. Then, there were a music-stand, a what-not, a sofa-table—and probably many more articles in the bedrooms, kitchen, and offices, which we did not see.

It seems to us that we have heard so much of new applications of slate, within two or three years, as to show that the world is awakening to a sense of its uses; but such a display as this was a curious novelty. I believe it is only recently that it has been discovered how well this material bears turning and carving, and how fit it, therefore, is to be used in masses where solidity is required, together with a capacity for ornament. If its use become as extensive as there is reason to suppose, the effect upon many a secluded mountain population will be great. In Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Wales, very important social changes must take place, in whole districts, through an increased demand for slate—better wrought out of the mountain than at present. As for Valencia, not only is its slate far finer, and more skillfully obtained, than any we have seen elsewhere; but the workmen are a body of light to the region they inhabit. They marry, when they can, English girls, or girls who have had English training in household ways. Their dwellings are already superior to those of their neighbors; and, if the works increase, through an increased demand, so as to become the absorbing interest of Valencia, the island may become a school of social progress to the whole west of Ireland, where such a school is sorely needed.

THE CULTIVATION OF THE SENSES.

HOW our hearts bound to the spirited strains of martial music! how we thrill to the shout of the multitude! and how many a David has charmed away evil spirits by the melody of beautiful sounds! Neither is it a passing emotion of little moment in our lives we receive from the senses, for they are our perpetual body-guards, surrounding us unceasingly; and these constantly repeated impressions become powerful agents in life; they refine or beautify our souls, they ennoble or degrade them, according to the beautiful or mean objects which surround us. A dirty, slovenly dress will exert an evil moral influence upon the child; it will aid in destroying its self-respect; it will incline it to habits which correspond with such a garment. The beautiful scenes through which a child wanders, playing by the sea-shore, or on the mountain-side, will always be remembered; the treasures of shell and sea-weed, brought from wonderful ocean caverns, the soft green moss, where the fairies have danced, and the flowers that have sprung up under their footsteps will leave a trace of beauty, of mystery, and strange happiness wherever its later life may be cast. The senses mingle powerfully in all the influences of childhood. It is not merely the loving of parents, the purity and truthfulness of the family relations, that make home so precious a recollection; there are visions of winter evenings, with the curtains drawn, the fire blazing, and gay voices or wonderful picture-books; there are summer rambles in the cool evening, when the delicious night-breeze fanned the cheek, and we gazed into the heavens to search out the bright stars. It is, then, most important in educating children to guard the senses from evil influences, to furnish them with pure and beautiful objects. Each separate sense should preserve its acuteness of faculty: the eye should not be injured by resting on a vulgar confusion of colors, or clumsy, ill-proportioned forms; the ear should not be falsified by discordant sounds, and harsh, unloving voices; the nose should not be a receptacle for impure odors: each sense should be preserved in its purity, and the objects supplied to them should be filled with moral suggestion and true sentiment; the house, the dress, the food, may preach to the child through its senses, and aid its growth in quite another way from the protection afforded, or the good blood which feeds its organs.

BLIND SARAH.

FROM THE DIARY OF A CLERGYMAN.

CHRISTIAN pastors have excellent opportunities for watching the effects of the Gospel on the poor and the afflicted. They are welcome in the cottage of poverty and at the bedside of sickness. What they say is listened to with gratitude, and treasured in memory. When sickness prostrates the body, or death threatens to rend the vail which separates the mysteries of the purely spiritual world from the every-day characteristics of the present scene, men are not hardy enough, generally speaking, to resist appeals to conscience, or to plead those miserable subterfuges in which they too frequently take refuge in the time of health. It is, indeed, matter of regret that persons living in a land so highly privileged as ours should perseveringly resist the introduction of light, and systematically cherish the opposing darkness, while prosperity illumines their path, and the color of health blooms on their cheek. It would be better for them to recognize the worth of Christianity, to embrace its sublime doctrines, and attend to its generous precepts, previous to the disturbing influence of affliction, or the distracting apprehension of an early summons to the bar of God. They would then find that Christianity is a divine companion, pouring light upon the dark passages of life, and cheering the spirit in its up-hill journey to a land where pains are unfelt, tears unknown, and death only an historical spectre. As it is, the procrastinating habit proves an additional weight to the burden which is felt when men *must* lie down and think. *Think!* Ay, that thinking faculty is the glory and the terror of man, his good angel or his demon, his heaven or his hell! And it is surprising—to those who have not witnessed such cases, incredible—how upon the sick bed, or that which is believed to be the death-bed, some men *will* think! Persons to whom we had never given credit for any measure of intelligence beyond the ordinary discrimination between matters of palpable difference in the ordinary affairs of life, when the dim rush-light is burning in their chamber of sickness, and the probability of death hovering before them, will think with a force and a clearness distressing to themselves and most suggestive to the visitor. Of course I do not refer to those humbling confessions which are offered as a tribute to trust, or extorted by the inquisitor, pain; but to those views of the world and of futurity which spring up before the minds of the afflicted in their calmer moments, when they seem to be in the act of balancing conduct and consequences against each other. If the sufferer has been surrounded in early life by religious influences which he then disregarded, or has had some truth pressed upon his attention which he was at the time reluctant to examine, the force with which the memory of this criminal indifference rushes upon his mind, is like opening a new window in a house with which he supposed himself familiar, and letting in light upon objects of whose presence he was not previously aware. "I told you all this before," the visitor may be supposed to say to the awakened thinker; "I told you all this before, and assured you that sooner or later you would view these important matters in a very different light from that in which you were accustomed to regard them; and now, instead of upbraiding you with past neglects (a needless task on my part, as your own aroused sensibilities do it to far better purpose than I could), I thank God who has not allowed you to go down to the grave totally insensible to the realities of existence, the condition of your soul, and the character of that God with whom you have to do." The testimony borne to the power of the Gospel under such circumstances is very great. "I never felt as I do now;" "I never saw things in this light before;" "O that I had my life to live over again!" "If it please God to restore me to health, what a different life shall I live!" "How fearfully have I neglected my Sabbaths!" "Is it possible that I can be pardoned?" are statements and exclamations often heard by Christian pastors and other religious visitors in the sick chamber; and were it not that they are permitted to repeat the assurance of the Great Redeemer, "Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out," and to fix attention on the doctrine of atonement by sacrifice, these confessions and exclamations would be awful in the extreme. Man can not help his suffering brother then! The rich may relieve the wants of the poor: "he that hath two coats may impart to him that hath none," and the intelligent may beneficially counsel the ignorant, when all the parties are in the possession of health, or when the question relates only to this present world; but when it assumes this absorbing shape—"What shall I do to be saved?" or, "How can God be just, and justify the sinner?"—man's material wealth is lighter than vanity, and his wisdom foolishness; he *must* then have recourse to heavenly treasures, he *must* then quote from a divine book. The Gospel of the grace of God amply and only meets the case. Men may turn their back on the soft effulgence of Christianity in the day of prosperity, and walk in a light of their own choosing; but the self-made lamp has no ray capable of piercing eternity, and the cold breath of death invariably extinguishes it at the very moment when the traveler feels his greatest need of its assistance! How often are we reminded of that passage of the great Book, "Behold, all ye that kindle a fire, that compass yourselves about with sparks: walk in the light of your fire, and in the sparks that ye have kindled. This shall ye have of mine hand; ye shall lie down in sorrow."

There are, however, other kinds of affliction besides those of a sick bed, amid which the testimony borne to the Gospel is expressed in the language of calm gratitude, from week to week, and from year to year—a sort of living and acted commentary upon the divinity of its truths. The knowledge of such cases is a real relief to the

mind of the true minister when oppressed by the stupidity and stubbornness of the multitude, who admit every thing, but believe nothing, who assent to all one says, but live as if no voice of friendly warning from God or man had ever fallen upon their ears. Poor blind Sarah! Thou hast often afforded such relief to my spirit. Poor blind Sarah! it were well for many who say "We see," if their vision were as clear as thine.

And who is blind Sarah? Come with me, "proud rational," who hast discovered that the Bible is a cunningly devised fable, that all preachers of the Gospel are impostors, and all professing Christians canting hypocrites—come with me and see poor Sarah, and judge for yourself whether this fable has not been a blessed thing to her. All the legions of angels in your rationalistic heaven could not sing so sweet a song in the ear of Sarah as does the voice of that old book, which her little niece reads to her daily, and many portions of which she repeats to herself, for she has treasured in memory most of the psalms of the royal poet, many of the sublime gushings of Isaiah, and almost the entire New Testament; and what is more, her temper, conversation, and conduct are daily witnesses that her religion is a gracious power. Come! you need not hesitate. Sarah will neither cant nor preach—things, however, which should not alarm *you*, who are so strongly fortified by the power of reason! We proceed for half-a-mile along the turnpike road, and then turn a short distance to the right between two hedges, climbing a broken pathway, where a muddy stream gurgles in winter, and where a colony of frogs enjoy themselves on dewy summer evenings. At the top of this little eminence stands Sarah's cottage. I am always sad when I pass this way, at the thought that Sarah can not see the fertile landscape and beautiful view surrounding her humble dwelling, especially as her love of flowers amounts almost to a passion; referring to which one day she expressed her fears to me that she was guilty of idolatry, a remark which forcibly illustrates one principle which you must admire—conscientiousness.

God supplies the absence or deficiency of one sense by increasing the power of another. Blind persons are generally acute in the sense of hearing, or that of feeling, or both. I once knew a deaf man who saw objects distinctly at a surprising distance, and a person deprived both of sight and hearing has been known to distinguish *colors* by the power of feeling. These things are very remarkable. They seem to indicate a tendency to what may be called the equilibrium of the senses in the animal economy. Whether the operations of intelligence have any thing to do with this phenomenon, I presume not to say; but I think it highly probable. Sarah's sense of hearing is very quick. After one or two visits, she discovers by the step the person who calls. I have sometimes tried to deceive her by making my foot fall lighter or heavier than usual, but without effect. The invariable recognition and welcome were, "Come in, sir, I am glad you have called." These were her words when last I saw her; and it is not likely that I shall ever see her again, until we reach that world where both she and I will see as we are seen, and know as we are known. Many miles separate us now. Sarah is no traveler, and my duties seldom call me to the part of the kingdom where she resides. Yet I have no doubt that even now she would remember both my voice and step, and repeat the outlines of many a sermon long since forgotten by the preacher. The last conversation I had with her follows:

"I was thinking of you, Sarah, while crossing Farmer Dickson's meadow this evening. Really it is beautiful. The flowers bloom exquisitely. How I wish you had seen them!"

"I am much obliged to you, sir, for thinking of me at all, and for your kindly meant wish, but I could not have that wish myself."

"But you love flowers?"

"Too much, I fear. But you have taught me not to wish to see them, and I have long found it better to attend to what my minister says, as far as I can, than to disregard it. And I think you won't be offended with one of the feeblest of your flock for that."

"The feeblest of the flock are generally the strongest, Sarah; those who fancy themselves powerful are often weak; and that fancy of theirs is the symptom of their weakness, as the indications of some diseases are feelings of unusual health; but how I have taught you not to wish to see flowers, I do not exactly understand."

"In your sermon on the text, 'Give me neither poverty nor riches; feed me with food convenient for me,' you said that man's wants and wishes seldom harmonized; that if we understood our wants better, it is probable that our prayers would be different from what they are; and that we should be careful in the expression of our wishes, because, in reality, they are nothing more or less than prayers; and, besides, you added, they are generally uttered with far greater earnestness than our petitions at the throne of grace. I have never since that time wished to see, because I feel that I could not make this a petition to God. Had sight been good for me, I am certain I should not have been deprived of it. I am, or I desire to be contented. As to flowers, you see I have a few in the window. I can smell their sweet perfume, and I know when they need watering or dressing as well as if I saw. I can hear the hymns, the prayers, and the sermon on Sunday, which is always a high day with me. The only thing that pains me, is when my poor mother is unable to speak, to tell me her wants. I feel about her bed, and do all I can to make her easy in her long illness; but sometimes she is unable to say what she wants, and I then fear there is something I might do for her which I did not, from not knowing it. My brother, you know, sir, is a day-laborer, and has to provide for his wife and children, and he is unable to come here often. His wife comes as often as possible, for Mary is very kind-hearted, and she sometimes leaves

little Nelly, who reads to me—you know she learned to read in the Sunday-school—when I can hear her; and, upon the whole, I am very comfortable, and desire to be thankful."

"Of all things, Sarah, that you can think of, what makes you most thankful?" I inquired.

"I can scarcely tell, sir; but I think there are three things—pardon, peace, and hope, for which I daily would say:

> Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
> His favors claim thy highest praise:
> Why should the wonders he has wrought
> Be lost in silence, and forgot?'

"All my wants are supplied, my pardon is secured, my peace is certain, for I experience it, and the hope I feel can not deceive me, for it is founded upon the word of God, and the promised return of Christ, who will come and not tarry, as he has graciously promised."

"Well, but Sarah, I met a gentleman the other day, who says that all these things are delusions."

"Ah, sir, I daresay. But you know I have to live by faith, in man as well as in God, and 'if we receive the testimony of man, the testimony of God is greater.' I believe that you saw the flowers in the meadow. I have to take your word for it. And so I think I may surely take *God's* word for what he has said. To me, at least, these things are not delusions, but blessed realities. And though I never saw any flowers, yet if the gentleman you speak of were to tell me there are none, I could not believe him, because I have felt them. And I am sure, too, the Gospel is true, for I have felt it."

"Happy Sarah! you remind me of a passage in Scripture."—"What is that, sir?"

"'I know thy poverty, but thou art rich.' And now, farewell. Peace be with you!"

"And with thy spirit," said Sarah; and that the wish was a heart-prayer, I am fully satisfied.

SOMETHING ABOUT THE WINDS.

Among natural phenomena there are none, perhaps, more interesting than the winds, whether regarded in a particular or general point of view. So much of our material well-being depends on them, and their manifestations are so various, that we need not feel surprised at their having been more or less studied by the poet, peasant, and philosopher. In the equatorial and tropical regions they exhibit themselves as hurricanes and monsoons, or trade winds, blowing in one fixed direction for several months together, or as the mutable land and sea breezes, making the temperature agreeable to the dwellers in the torrid zone. In the temperate latitudes, on the contrary, they are ever varying, bringing that constantly-recurring change which seems so favorable to the development of the best forms of human energy.

Most persons are familiar with the theory by which the laws and movements of atmospheric currents are explained: it is simply the difference of density of the air. When we consider how much of the globe is land, and how much more water, what vast spaces are desert, or swamp, or forest, or snow and ice, or cleared and cultivated, we shall at once see that from a surface so diversified, the difference of radiation must be great; and as difference of radiation causes difference of density, we thus find an operation of cause and effect on the largest scale. A familiar illustration on a small scale may be found on opening the door of a heated room—a warm current flowing out at the top, and a cold one flowing inward at the bottom.

Apart from physical conformation there is a difference in the temperature alone of the equatorial and polar regions of 82 degrees, a fact which may give us some idea of the compensation required to effect an equilibrium. In our annual revolution round the sun, and the apparent passage of the great luminary from the tropic of Capricorn to Cancer, the air of the intervening space is much more heated than beyond those limits, and following the natural law in such cases, this heated air rises; the consequence is a partial vacuum, which is immediately filled up by a rush of cold air from the poles, and thus a circulation is established. The heated air which has risen finding its way to the poles, there descends as it cools, and gradually, in this way, serves to form part of the polar current, from which it had previously been supplied, and is a direct north wind in the northern hemisphere, and the reverse in the southern, and would continue permanently so, but for the rotation of the earth. While the current is coming down from the north, the globe is spinning round from west to east, and drags the superincumbent air with it, but the rotary movement, which is scarcely perceptible at the poles, becomes more rapid in descending toward the equator, and the wind does not at once take on this increased speed; the earth moves faster than the air; and thus the north wind in our hemisphere becomes a northeast wind, and in the opposite hemisphere, the south becomes a southeast wind. The earth, so to speak, leaves the wind behind; hence the latter appears to us a current coming in the opposite direction to that of the earth's movement of rotation.

On these two, which we may call primary winds, nearly all other aerial currents are more or less dependent; they constitute what are known as the trade winds, which blow permanently in certain latitudes, and are of not less benefit to commerce than interesting to science. Coming down in opposite directions from either pole, it might be supposed that they would meet at the equator, but the fact is, that the currents die away before coming into contact, and leave between their limits a region of calms, known by sailors as the *horse latitudes*, where squalls, waterspouts, and hurricanes alternate with tedious calms, of which Coleridge presents us with a striking picture:

> Down dropped the breeze, the sails dropped down
> 'Twas sad as sad could be;
> And we did speak only to break
> The silence of the sea.

Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

Water, water every where,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water every where,
Nor any drop to drink.

The very deeps did rot; Oh Christ,
That ever this should be;
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

According to the usually accepted theory, the winds rose from the surface in these latitudes, and went back as an upper current to the place from whence they came. Recent researches have, however, somewhat modified this view. Lieutenant Maury, of the Washington Observatory, after much study of the subject, finds reason to believe that, instead of returning upon themselves, the winds actually pass from one pole to the other. "The trade-winds of the southern hemisphere," he observes, "after arriving at the belt of equatorial calms, ascend and continue in their course toward the calms of Cancer; after passing which they proceed toward the north pole from the southwest, and enter the arctic regions in a spiral curve, continually lessening the gyrations, until, whirling about in a *direction contrary to the hands of a watch*, this air ascends, and commences its return as an upper current toward the calms of Cancer. In the other hemisphere the current approaches the antarctic regions in a *spiral, gyrating with* the hands of a watch, and contracting its convolutions as it draws nearer and nearer the pole." There is much to be said in favor of this new theory; magnetism is considered by Lieutenant Maury to be the cause of the phenomena in question, a view which derives much weight from Mr. Faraday's late discovery of the magnetic condition of the oxygen of the atmosphere.

That there is an upper current in a reverse direction to the trade-wind below, is proved by observations made at the foot and summit of a mountain. At Teneriffe, for instance, while the regular northeast trade is blowing on the surface, a southwest wind is felt on the peak; and in the southern hemisphere the upper current would consequently be southwest.

More is known of the northeast Atlantic trade-wind than of any other: it is less steady than the southeast; but both are more uniform and regular than those of the Pacific. However, in the present activity of ocean navigation, by steamers as well as by ships, we shall shortly have a well-combined system of observations, which will determine their limits and variations. Already some progress has been made in laying them down in what are called "wind and current charts," which will be not less useful and instructive to sailors than our Ordnance maps to a pedestrian tourist. In the Atlantic, the belt of calms above referred to is altogether on the north of the equator, never on the south, shifting its situation according to the seasons, being most northerly in August, and most southerly in February. The causes assigned for the presence of the belt in the north are, that the configuration of the coast-line of South America favors the advance of warm ocean water from that direction, to some distance beyond the line. The mountains, too, of the same continent tend to draw a current of air from the south; besides which, as the northerly hemisphere contains more land than the southern, it is necessarily hotter. By this means the fact is accounted for.

In the Indian Ocean, the vast space lying between the continent of Africa and the Eastern Archipelago, *monsoons* or periodical winds prevail. They do not, as the trade-winds, blow always in one direction, they change every six months in obedience to certain well-known causes. In January, the temperature of South Africa is at the hottest, while India is at the lowest; a rush of air consequently takes place toward the region most heated, and this produces the northeast monsoon, which, after blowing for half the year, reverses its direction, as India is then the hottest. These winds regulate the periodical rains; "for example, the southwest wind condenses the vapor on the summit of the ghauts, and violent rains fall daily on the coast of Malabar, while on the Coromandel coast the sky is serene. Exactly the contrary takes place during the northeast monsoon (from October to April); it rains on the coast of Coromandel, while there is fair weather on the Malabar coast, and the table-land of the Deccan partakes of both."

As we pass from the tropics to the north or south, we leave the region of constant and periodical winds, for that in which they are continually varying, so much so, that the temperate zones have been called "the battle-ground of the winds;" a perpetual conflict is going on between the warm breezes from the torrid zone, on the one side, and the cold blasts from the frigid zone, on the other. As yet we are but very imperfectly acquainted with the law of the variations, but, according to Professor Dove, of Berlin, the changes always take place in one particular direction, passing from east to south, then to the west and north, and so round to the east again. That such is the fact, is proved by the observations made at the Greenwich Observatory: the wind makes five circuits or gyrations in the direction stated in the course of a year. Sometimes it will go entirely round in less than a day, at others it blows steadily from one quarter for many weeks, without our being able to tell the reason why in either case. We know, however, that in our hemisphere the winds blow more frequently from the east and southeast, the west and southwest, than from any other quarter. Here again the shape of the North American coast is said to favor the flow of the southwest wind up what has been termed the valley of the Atlantic, even as far as the coast of Norway, where its influence, combined with that of the gulf-stream, softens what would otherwise be an arctic climate. If by any accident the direction of the aerial or the ocean current were changed, the climate of Britain would

become similar to that of the polar regions. The influence of the winds may be strikingly shown by laying down what are called isothermal—or equal heat—lines on a map; the lines in places exhibit great deviations from a regular centre, and the cause is to be found in a mountain-chain, or some inequality of surface, which, by deflecting the stream of air, sends it either heated or chilled in a new direction, and thus produces what appears to be an anomalous temperature over a considerable district. The cold air would cause the isothermal line to approach the north, while the warm air would deflect it toward the south.

The prevalence of southwest winds in our zone, between the thirtieth and sixtieth parallels of latitude, is due to the descent of a current from the upper regions of the atmosphere to supply the place of the surface current, which has passed toward the equator. It is to the battle between this wind and that from the northeast that we owe nearly all our changes of weather. In the southern hemisphere the northwest are the prevalent winds; and it is given as a rule that "whenever the air has a greater velocity of rotation than the surface of the earth, a wind more or less westerly is produced; and when it has less velocity of rotation than the earth, a wind having an easterly tendency results."

Most of our readers will have a lively recollection of the state of the wind during the first three months or more of the present year; the northeast blast, which blew with the steadiness of the monsoon, completely overpowered the westerly winds. To many, the *rationale* of the process will be interesting; in the words of a popular writer:

"The conflict between these two great currents of the atmosphere, the war between these two giant forces, is continually waged, with varying success on either side, on the battle-ground of our temperate climates, giving to it an ever-changing character. The southwest gale, laden with grateful moisture, loses more and more of the south impulse as it advances toward the north and changes to a west wind; soon the northeast polar current charges down upon it, forcing it to drop the watery burden gathered from the ocean region, and probably overcoming it, converts it to a northwest wind, which is wet and stormy. By-and-by the polar current gains another point, and its frozen breath brings cold (in the west of rain, also from further condensation), the atmosphere becoming brighter and dryer, but more piercingly cold, as the northeast wind, the lower trade-wind, the combined force of the polar and circulating currents, gradually acquires the complete mastery. But only for a time does it hold the vantage-ground; waxing weaker and weaker it gives way, turns and becomes east, then southeast, south, losing point by point, till again the southwest upper trade-wind is lord of the field. In these several changes are experienced the various conditions of heat, cold, drought, or humidity, resulting from the character of surfaces over which the winds have blown. The dry easterly wind is succeeded in northeastern Europe, by a balmy wind, warmed by the "sunny south;" but in Italy this south wind is hot and dry from the proximity to the African deserts, while, for us, its heat is tempered by the sea, and in its struggle with the cold east wind, rain is frequently precipitated by condensation."

The conflict and change are not without their benefits, for if the wind always blew from the southwest we should seldom have dry weather, and if it always blew from the northeast it would rarely or never rain. The latter is a terrible visitant, as may be seen, were there no other evidence, by the bills of mortality, for the past few months. The deaths have been far beyond the average, while few persons have escaped an attack of illness of some kind. It was remarked in Paris that the prevalence of *grippe* (influenza), apoplexy, and suicide, was extraordinary, and in England we have had ophthalmia, sore throat, rheumatism—to say nothing of a few shocking murders—all of which is more or less referable to the influence of the east wind. The cause of the obnoxious quality is as yet unknown, but there is reason to believe that the means of explanation are slowly accumulating. The meteorological observatories of Russia now extend from St. Petersburg to Pekin, and as the direction of the winds is daily recorded at each, among other phenomena, we shall in the course of a few years begin to learn where the east winds actually do come from, whether they originate or not in the deserts of Chinese Tartary, and, possibly, to what their peculiar nature is due. Where the winds come from, is a question often asked, but not easily answered; it is said, however, that in some cases they are generated where first felt; as, for instance, the land breeze of the West India islands; it begins to be felt on the coast about nine in the morning, and blows further inland as the day grows hotter.

From the foregoing necessarily brief account it will be understood that the subject of the winds is one of more than ordinary interest, and any person with means and leisure would be doing good service to science by keeping a daily record of these and other atmospheric phenomena.

HOW I WENT TO SEA.

HOW many years ago is it, I wonder, when, resenting some boyish grievance, deeply and irrecoverably irate at some fancied injury, wounded and exacerbated in my tenderest feelings, I ran away from school with the hard, determined, unalterable intention of going on the tramp and then going to sea? The curtain has fallen years ago, and the lights have been put out long since, on that portion of my history. The door of the theatre has been long locked and the key lost where *that* play was acted. Let us break the door open now and clear away the cobwebs.

About that time there must have been an epidemic, I think, for running away at Mr. Bogryne's establishment, Bolting House, Ealing. "Chivying" we called it. We had three or four Eton boys among us, who had carried out so well the maxim of *Floreat Etona* at that classic establishment, that they had flourished clean out of it; and—whether it was they missed the daily flogging (Mr. Bogryne was tender-hearted), or the fagging, or the interminable treadmill on the *Gradus ad Parnassum* (we were more commercial than classical)—they were always running away. One boy "chivied" in consequence of a compulsory small-tooth comb on Wednesday evenings—he wouldn't have minded it, he said, if it had been on Saturdays. Another fled his *Alma Mater* because he was obliged to eat fat, and another because he could not get fat enough. Spewloe, our biggest boy—who was the greatest fool and the best carpenter of his age I ever knew—caught the chivying disease of the Etonians, and was continually absconding. He was always being brought back in a chaise-cart at breakfast-time, and spoiling our breakfast with his shrieks (he was fifteen, and bellowed like a bull) while undergoing punishment. They beat him, and he ran away the more. They took away his clothes, and he ran away the next day in the French master's pantaloons (crimson crossbars on an orange ground), and the knife-boy's jacket. They tried kindness with him, and fed him with large blocks of plum-cake and glasses of ginger-wine, but still he ran away. They riveted a chain on him with a huge wooden log attached to it, as if he had been a donkey; but he ran off next day, log and all, and was found browsing in a hedge, like an animal as he was. At last they sent for his uncle, a fierce being connected with the East Indies in a blue surtout and white duck trowsers; so starched, and stiff, and cutting, that his legs looked, as he walked, like a pair of shears. He took Spewloe away; but what he did with him I know not, for he never revealed the secrets of his prison-house. I saw him again, years afterward, in a cab, with a tiger; his foolish face decorated with such tight whiskers and mustaches, such a tight neckcloth, such tight boots, and gloves, and stays, that he could scarcely move. I believe he went into the army and to India, to fight the Affghans. I hope they proved less terrible to him than Bogryne, and that he did not run away from them.

I think, were I to be put upon my affirmation relative to the cause of *my* running away from Mr. Bogryne's establishment, and going on tramp, that I should place it to the account of the pie. There was a dreadful pie for dinner every Monday; a meat-pie with a stony crust that did not break; but split into scaly layers, with horrible lumps of gristle inside, and such strings of sinew (alternated by lumps of flabby fat) as a ghoule might use as a rosary. We called it kitten pie—resurrection pie—rag pie—dead man's pie. We cursed it by night, we cursed it by day: we wouldn't stand it, we said; we would write to our friends; we would go to sea. Old Bogryne (we called him "old" as an insulting adjective, as a disparaging adjective, and not at all with reference to the affection and respect due to age)—old Bogryne kept Gigglesswick the monitor seven hours on a form with the pie before him; but Giggleswick held out bravely, and would not taste of the accursed food. He beat Clitheroe (whose father supplied the groceries to the establishment, and who was called in consequence, "Ginger") like a sack, for remarking, sneeringly, to the cook, that he (Bogryne) never ate any of the pie himself, and *that he knew the reason why*. Candyman, my chum, found a tooth in the pie one day—a dreadful double-tooth. Who was going to stop in a school where they fed you with double-teeth? This, combined with the tyranny of the dancing-master, some difficulties connected with the size of the breakfast-roll, and others respecting the conjugation of the verb τύπτω, *I strike* (for, though we were commercial, we learnt Greek, hang it!), and the confiscation of a favorite hockey stick—for which I had given no less a sum than fourpence and a copy of Philip Quarll—drove me to desperation. I "chivied" with the full intention of walking to Portsmouth, and going to sea. Lord help me!

One bright moonlight night I rose stealthily from my bed, dressed, and stole down stairs. I held my breath, and trod softly as I passed dormitory after dormitory; but all slept soundly. The French master—who was wont to decorate himself hideously at night with a green handkerchief round his head, and a night-garment emblazoned like the *San benito* of a victim of the Inquisition—gurgled and moaned as I passed his door: but he had a habit of choking himself in his sleep, and I feared him not. Clitheroe, who slept under the last flight of stairs, was snoring like a barrel-organ; and Runks, his bed-fellow, who was the best story-teller in the school, was telling idiotic tales, full of sound and fury signifying nothing, to himself in his slumbers. I crept across the playground cautiously, in the shadow of the wall. The play-shed; the brick wall against which we were wont to play "fives;" the trim little gardens, three feet by four, where we cultivated mustard and cress, and flowering plants which never flowered; somehow seemed to glance reproachfully at me as I stole out like a thief in the night. The tall gymnastic pole on which we climbed appeared to cast a loving, lingering shadow toward me, as if to bring me back. The sky was so clear, the moon was so bright, and the fleecy clouds were so calm and peaceful as they floated by, that I half-repented of my design, and began to blubber. But the clock of Ealing church striking, called to mind the bell I hated most—the "getting-up bell." The pie, the tooth, the dancing-master, the diminished roll, and the Greek verb, came trooping up; and, my unquenchable nautical ardor filling me with daring, I got over the low palings, and dropped into the high road on my way to sea.

Nobody was in my confidence. Such friends and relatives as I had were far away, and I felt that "the world was all before me where to choose." My capital was not extensive. I had jacket, waistcoat and trowsers, with the et ceteras, half-a-crown in money, a curiously-bladed knife with a boat-hook and a cork-screw by way of rider, and an accordion. I felt that, with these, though, I had the riches of Peru.

To this day I can not imagine what the New Police could have been about, that moonlight night, that they did not pounce upon me, many-bladed knife, accordion and all, long before I got to Hyde Park Corner. Nor can I discover why Mr. Bogryne pursued me in a chaise-cart and sent foot-runners after me up and down all roads, save the very one I was walking quietly along. I must have looked so very like a runaway boy. The ink was scarcely dry on my fingers; the traces of yesterday's ruler were yet fresh on my knuckles; the dust of the playground adhered to my knees.

A bed next night at a London coffee-shop; a breakfast and a wild debauch on raspberry tarts and ginger-beer, very soon brought my half-crown to two-pence, and I felt a lowness of spirits and the want of stimulants. A penny roll and a saveloy brought me to zero. The accordion was a bed the next night, and a sausage-roll by way of breakfast, the next morning. The many bladed knife produced a mouthful of bread and cheese and half-a-pint of beer for dinner. Then, having nothing, for the first time, I felt independent.

By some strange intuitive education, I felt myself all at once a tramp, and looked at the journey to Portsmouth quite philosophically. Curiously, when the produce of the many-bladed knife had been consumed and forgotten, and the want of another repast began to be very unpleasantly remembered; it never once occurred to me to turn back, to seek assistance from any friend, or friend's friend, or boy's father, with whom I had spent a holiday in London. It never struck me that if employment were to be found at sea, there were docks and ships in London. I was bound for Portsmouth—why I know not—but bound as irredeemably as if I had a passport made out for that particular seaport, and the route was not by any means to be deviated from. If the London Docks were situated in New York, and if Blackwall were the port of Bombay, they could not, in my mind, have been more unattainable for the purpose of going to sea, than they were, only a mile or so off. I was not afraid of Mr. Bogryne. I seemed to have done with him ages ago. I had quite finished and settled up accounts with him; so it appeared to me. He, and the days when I wore clean linen, and was Master Anybody, with a name written in the fly-leaf of a ciphering-book; with a play-box, and with friends to send me plum-cakes and bright five-shilling pieces, were fifty thousand miles away. They loomed in the distance, just as the burning cities might have done to Lot's wife, very dimly, indeed.

It was Saturday afternoon. I well remember loitering some time about Vauxhall, and wondering whether that hot, dusty road—with the odors of half-a-dozen bone-boiling establishments coursing up and down it like siroccos—could be near the fairy establishment where there were always fifty thousand additional lamps, and to which young Simms at Bolting House had been—marvelous boy!—twice during the midsummer holidays. After listlessly counting the fat sluggish barges on the river, and the tall dusty trees at Nine Elms (there was no railway station there then), I set out walking, doggedly. I caught a glimpse of myself in the polished plate-glass window of a baker's shop, and found myself to be a very black grimy boy. Vagabondism had already set its mark upon me. I looked, so long and so earnestly, in at the baker's window, that the baker—a lean, spiky Scotchman, whose name (McCorquodale, in lean, spiky letters above his shop-front) looked like himself, appeared to think I was meditating a bold border foray on his stock in trade, and rushed at me so fiercely round his counter with a bread-tin, that I fled like a young gazelle. I plodded down the Wandsworth road, blushing very much as I passed people in clean shirts and well-brushed clothes, and pretty servant-maids, dressed out in ribbons, like Maypoles, laughing and chattering in the gardens and at the doors of suburban villas. I had a dreadful qualm, too, on meeting a boarding-school for young gentlemen in full force, walking in procession two-and-two. As I passed the master—a stout man genteelly garoted in a white neckcloth, and walking severely with the youngest pupil as if he had him in custody—I shivered. Bolting House and Mr. Bogryne loomed, for an instant, not in the distance, but close upon me. Good gracious! I thought—what if there should be some masonic intercourse between preceptors relative to the recovery of runaways; some scholastic hue-and-cry; some telegraphic detection of chivying? But the schoolmaster passed me in silence, merely giving me a glance, and then glancing at his boys, as if he would say, "See, young gentlemen, the advantage of being boarded, washed, and educated in an establishment where moral suasion is combined with physical development (Times, August 20). If ever you neglect your use of the globes, or sneer at your preceptors, or rebel at pies, you may come, some day, to look like that." The last and biggest boy, in a checked neckcloth and a stand-up collar, as I made way for him on the pavement, made a face at me. It was so like the face I used to make at the ragged little boys, when Bogryne's boys went out walking, that I sat down on a dog's meat vendor's barrow, and cried again.

By some circuitous route which took me, I think, over Wandsworth Common, and through Rochampton and Putney, I got that evening to Kingston-upon-Thames. The sun was setting, as I leaned over the bridge. I was tired and hungry; but, dismissing the idea of sup-

per, as something not sufficiently within the range of possibility to be discussed, I certainly began to feel anxious concerning bed. Where or how was it to be? Was it to be barn, or hay-rick, or out-house? or simply field, with the grass for a pillow, and the sky for a counterpane? My thoughts were interrupted by a stranger.

He was, like myself, a tramp; but, I think I may say without vanity, he was infinitely more hideous to look at. Short, and squat, and squarely built, he had the neck of a bull and the legs of a bandy tailor. His hands were as the hands of a prize-fighter. They were so brown and horny that where the wrists joined on to his arm you might fancy the termination of a pair of leather gloves. His face was burnt and tanned with exposure to sun and rain to a dull brick-dust color; purple-red on the cheek-bones and tips of the nose and chin. Both hands and face were inlaid with a curious checker work of dirt, warranted to stand the most vigorous application of a scrubbing-brush. His head was close cropped like a blighted stubble-field, and his flabby ears kept watch on either side of it, like scare-crows. He had pigs' eyes of no particular color; no eyebrows, no beard, save a stubbly mildew on his upper lip, like the mildew on a pot of paste, a "bashed" nose, and a horrible hare-lip. He had an indefinite jacket with some letters—a W, I think, and an I—branded on one sleeve, a pair of doubtful trowsers, and something that was intended for a shirt. None of these were ragged, nor could they be called patched, for they were one patch. Finally, he had a bundle in his hand, a cap like a disc cut out of a door-mat on his head, and something on his feet which I took to be a pair of fawn-colored slippers, but which I subsequently found to be a coating of hardened mud and dust upon his skin.

He looked at me for a moment half-curiously, half-menacingly; and then said, in a shrill falsetto voice that threw me into a violent perspiration:

"Where wos you a-going to?"

I replied, trembling, that I was going to bed.

"And where wos you a-going to sleep?" he asked.

I said I didn't know.

He stroked the mildew on his lip, and spoke again:

"I s'pose now you'd be a young mid-shipmite?"

I am certain that I must have looked more like a young sweep; but I contented myself with saying that I did not belong to his Majesty's service—yet.

"What might you be a-doing of, now?" he demanded.

It was a dreadful peculiarity of this man that when he spoke he scratched himself; and that when he didn't speak he gave his body an angular oscillatory wrench backward and forward from the shoulder to the hip, as if he had something to rasp between his jacket and his skin; which there is no doubt he had. I was so fearful and fascinated by his uncouth gestures that he had to repeat his question twice before I answered;—then, not knowing what to describe myself (for I could not even assume that most ambiguous of all titles, a gentleman), I said, at hazard, that I was a tailor.

"Where wos you a-going to-morrow?"

I said, hesitatingly, to Portsmouth.

"Ah! to Portsmouth," resumed the man, "to Portsmouth surely! Have you got thruppence?"

I replied, humbly, that I hadn't.

"No more haven't I," said the tramp, conclusively; "not a mag."

There ensued an ambiguous, and, to me, somewhat terrifying silence. I feared that my companion was indignant at my poverty, and that, on the principle of having meal if he couldn't get malt, he would have three-pennorth of jacket, or three-pennorth of waistcoat, or three-pennorth of blood. But I was agreeably disappointed; the villainous countenance of my companion cleared up; and he said, condescendingly:

"I'm a traveler."

"And a very evil looking traveler, too," I thought.

"If you had got thruppence, and I had got thruppence," he went on to say, "I knows a crib down yonder where we might a-snoozed snug. But if you ain't got nuffin, and I ain't got nuffin," the traveler continued, quite in a didactic style, "we must turn in at the Union. Do you know what the Union is?"

I had heard of the repeal of the Union, and the Union Jack, and one of our boys' fathers was a member of the Union Club. I had an indistinct notion, too, of an Union workhouse; but my fellow-tramp had some difficulty in explaining to me that the Union was a species of gratuitous hotel; a caravansary kept by the Poor-law Commissioners for the special relief of the class of travelers known in ordinary parlance as tramps, and in the New Poor-law Act as "casual paupers;" and where, in consideration of doing an hour's work in the morning, I could be provided with supper and a bed.

We walked together to the house of the relieving-officer to obtain tickets of admission. The functionary in question lived in a pretty little cottage, with a shining brass door-plate much too large for the door, and a fierce bell; which, every time it pealed, shook the little house to its very honeysuckle. The parochial magnate was not at home; but a rosy girl—with an illuminated ribbon and a species of petrified oyster as a brooch, and who was his daughter, I suppose—came to a little side-window in the wall in answer to our summons; and, scarcely deigning to look at us, handed us the required tickets. Ah, me! A twitch, a transient twitch, came over me when I thought that there had been days when Master Somebody, in a prodigious lay-down collar and white ducks, had walked with young ladies quite as rosy, with brooches quite as petrified, and had even been called by them, "a bold boy."

Misery, they say, makes a man acquainted with strange bed-fellows; but shall I ever again, I wonder, sleep in company with such strange characters as shared the trusses of straw, the lump of bread, and slab of Dutch cheese, that night, in the casual ward of Kingston workhouse? There was a hulking fellow in a smock frock, who had been a navigator, but had fallen drunk into a lime-pit and burnt his eyes out, who was too lazy to beg for himself, and was led about by a ragged, sharp-eyed boy. There were two lads who tramped in company: they had been to sea, and were walking from Gosport to London. My fellow, the man with the wrench, had been born a tramp, and bred a tramp; his father was a tramp before him, and I dare say his children are tramps now.

"Yer see," he deigned to explain to me, after he had dispatched his supper, "I likes change. I summers in the country, and winters in London. There's refuges and 'ressipockles'" (by which, I presume, he meant receptacles), "in winter time, and lots of coves as gives yer grub. Then comes spring time; I gets passed to my parish—the farther off the better, and I gets a penny a mile. When I gets there I goes 'cross country, on quite another tack. I knows every Union in England. In some they gives you bread and cheese, and in some broth, and in some skillygolee. In some they gives you breakfast in the morning, and in some they doesn't. You have to work your bed out. Here, Kingston way, you wheels barrows; at Guildford you pumps; at Richmond you breaks stones; at Farnham you picks oakum; at Wandsworth they makes you grind corn in a hand-mill till your fingers a'most drops off at yer wristés. At Brighton now, they're a good sort, and only makes you chop up fire-wood; but Portsmouth's the place! You're a young un," he pursued, looking at me benignantly, "and green. Now, I'll give you a wrinkle. If you're a-going to Portsmouth, you manage to get there on a Saturday night; for they keeps you all day Sunday, and they won't let you do no work; and they gives you the jolliest blow-out of beef and taters as ever passed your breast-bone. The taters is like dollops o' meal!"

With this enthusiastic eulogium on the way in which they managed matters at Portsmouth, the traveler went to sleep—not gradually, but with a sudden grunt and jerk backward. The blind navigator and his guide had been snoring valorously for half-an-hour; and the two sailor lads, after an amicable kicking match for the biggest heap of straw, soon dropped off to sleep, too. There was an unsociable tinker in the corner, who had smuggled in a blacking-bottle full of gin, notwithstanding the personal search of the workhouse porter. He gave no one, however, any of the surreptitious cordial, but muddled himself in silence; merely throwing out a general apothegm to the auditory that he preferred getting drunk in bed, as "he hadn't far to fall." He did get drunk, and he did fall. I was too tired, I think, to sleep; but none of my companions woke during the night, save an Irish reaper, who appeared more destitute than any of us; but whom I watched, in the dead of the night, tying up some gold and silver in a dirty rag.

Next morning was Sunday—a glorious sunshiny, bird-singing, tree-waving Sunday. They turned us out at eight o'clock with a meal of hot gruel, and without exacting any work from us. The hereditary tramp and I walked together from Kingston to Esher. The navigator stopped in Kingston, having a genteel begging walk in the environs; and the Irishman sallied forth London-ward with a slipshod wife, and a tribe of ragged children, who had slept in the women's casual ward. With them went the two sailor lads; one of whom, with a rough kindness that would have made me give him a penny if I had possessed one, carried the Irishwoman's sickly baby.

"Why don't you chuck them ere shoeses off?" asked my friend, as we plodded along. "They wouldn't fetch nothing, to sell, and they're only a bother to walk in, unless you was to put some wet grass in 'em. Look at my trotters," he continued, pointing to his feet, and tapping the sole of one of them with the blade of his knife, "They'se as hard as bricks, they is. Go buff-steppered—that's the game!"

Some remnants of Master Somebody's pride in his neat Bluchers must have lingered about me, for I declined the invitation to walk barefoot.

"When shoes is shoes," pursued the tramp, argumentatively. "they'se good for those as likes 'em, which I don't; but when they're 'crab-shells,' and leaky and gummy in the soles, and lark-heeled, the sooner you get shut of 'em the better. There's togs, too," he pursued, looking with proper pride at his own attire, "the sooner you peels off them cloth kicksies the better. There ain't no wear in 'em, and they'se no good, if you ain't on the flash lay. My jacket's Guildford jail; my trowsers is Dartford Union; and my flannel shirt is the Society for the 'Ouseless poor. When I can't patch 'em no longer, and they gets all alive like, I tears up. Do you know what 'tearing up' is? A course you don't. Well, I goes to a Union a-night, and I rips up into bits every mortal bit I has upon me. Then they comes in the morning, and they puts me into a sack, and they puts me in a cart, and takes me afore the beak. Tearing up is twenty-one days, and quod meals, which is mind ye reglar, is good for a cove, and freshens him up."

Here he sat down on a milestone; and producing a remarkably neat housewife case, proceeded to overhaul all parts of his apparel with as much care and circumspection as if they had been of purple and fine linen, catching up any stray rents and "Jacob's ladders," with a grave and deliberate countenance.

How long this man and I might have kept company I am not prepared to say, but we soon fell out. He descried, or fancied that he could

descry, something in my face that would be sure to attract the sympathies of the benevolent, and loosen their purse-strings, or, as he phrased it, "nobble the flats;" and he urged me with great vehemence, not only to beg pecuniary relief from all passers by, but also to diverge from the high road, and go "a-grub-cadging," *i. e.* to beg broken victuals at small cottages, and gentlemen's lodge-gates. Finding that I was too shame-faced, he felt himself, I suppose, called upon to renounce and repudiate me as unworthy his distinguished company and advice; and, telling me that I warn't fit for tramping nohow, he departed in great dudgeon down a cross-road, leading toward Reading. I never saw him again.

I walked that day—very slowly and painfully, for my feet had begun to swell—to Guildford. I was very hungry and faint when I arrived, but could not muster courage enough to beg. I had a drink or two of water at public-houses, going along, which was always readily granted; and I comforted myself from milestone to milestone with the thought of a supper and bed at Guildford, where my ex-mentor had informed me there was a "stunning Union." But, woeful event! When I got to Guildford, it was full nine o'clock in the evening. The good people of that pleasant market-town were taking their walks abroad, after church-service; good, easy, comfortable family folk—fathers of families—sweethearts, in loving couples—all, doubtless, with cosy suppers to go home to, and snug beds—and knowing and caring nothing for one poor, soiled, miserable tramp, toiling along the highway, with his fainting spirit just kept breast-high by the problematical reversion of a pauper's pallet and a pauper's crust. I soon found out the relieving-officer, who gave me my ticket, and told me to look sharp, or the Union would be closed; but I mistook the way, and stumbled through dark lanes, and found myself weeping piteously and praying incoherently in quagmires; and when I did get, at last, to the grim, brick castellated Union-house, the gates were closed, and admission to the casual ward was impossible. The porter, a fat, timid man, surveyed me through the grate, and drew back again, as by the light of a lantern he scanned my gaunt, hunger-stricken mien. He thrust a piece of bread to me between the bars, and recommended me to seek the relieving officer again, who, he said, would find me a bed. Then he wished me good-night, and retreated into his little lodge or den with the air of a man who has got rid of a troublesome customer.

Good-night! It began to rain and to menace a thunderstorm; but I sat down in a ditch, and devoured the bread. It was eleven o'clock, and I was wet to the skin; when, by dint of dodging up and down dark lanes, and knocking up against posts, and bruising my shins over milestones, I got to the relieving officer's again.

The relieving officer lived up a steep flight of steps; and as I approached the bottom thereof, was peeping out at the door to see what sort of a night it was. He shook his head, either at the dirty aspect of the weather, or at that of your humble servant, and was just about closing his door, when I ran up the steps, and caught him by the coat-tail.

"Dear-a deary me!" said the relieving officer, when I had explained my errand to him, "dear-a deary me!"

This was perplexing rather than encouraging; and I waited some moments for a more definite communication. But none came, and the relieving officer kept staring at me with a bewildered expression, twitching nervously at a watch-ribbon meanwhile, and then whirling it round as if he intended presently to sling the seals at my head; but I made bold to tell him what the porter had told me about his finding me a bed.

"Dear-a deary me!" said the relieving officer again, dropping the threatened missiles; but this time with a shake of the head that gave solemn significance to his words, "Where am I to find a bed!"

This was a question that I could not answer; nor, apparently, could the relieving officer. So he changed the theme.

"There *isn't* such a thing as a bed," he remarked.

I don't think that he meant to deny the existence of such a thing as a bed, taken in the light of a bed, but rather that he intended to convey the impossibility of there being such an institution as a bed for such as I was.

"You must go further," he said.

"Where, further?" I asked desperately.

"Oh, I'm sure I can't say," replied the relieving officer; "you must go on. Yes," he repeated, with another stare of bewilderment and clutch at his watch appendages—"go on—further—there's a good lad."

Whatever I may have found inclination to respond to this invitation was cut short by the relieving officer shutting the door precipitately, and putting up the chain. So I did go on, but not much further. I wandered down to the banks of the canal, where I found a coal-barge just unladen. It was very hard, and black, and gritty; but I found out the softest board, and in that barge, in spite of all the rain and the coal-dust, I slept soundly.

From Guildford to Farnham next day, through Alton; where, if I remember right, the ale is brewed. My feet were terribly swollen and blistered; but, with a sullen pride, I kept to my shoes. I have those shoes to this day in a neat case. Such crabshells! It was just one o'clock when I walked into Farnham, Hants; but I was so tired out that, pending the opening of my hotel, the workhouse, I turned into a field, and slept there under a hedge, until nearly eight o'clock.

I may remark as a note-worthy feature of the frame of mind I must have been in during my tramp, that although I was a sharp boy, with a taste for art, and a keen eye for the beauties of nature, I observed nothing, admired nothing—nor smiling landscapes, nor picturesque villages, nor antique churches. I saw, felt, thought

of nothing but of the mortal miles I had to walk. The counties of Surrey and Hampshire were to me but vast deserts of coach-roads, diversified by oases of milestones, with a Mecca or Medina, in the shape of a Union workhouse, at the end of each day's weary travel. I met wayfarers like myself, but they were merely duplicates of the sunburnt tramp, the Irish reaper, and the drunken tinker. There was, now and then, a stray Italian boy, and an Alsacian broom-girl or so; and I once met a philanthropist in a donkey-cart, who sold apples, onions, pots and pans, red herrings, Common Prayer-books, and flannel. He gave me a raw red herring—if, being already cured, that fishy esculent can be said to be raw. Raw or cooked, I ate it there and then.

I never begged. Stout farmers' wives, with good-humored countenances, threw me a half-penny sometimes, and one pleasant-spoken gentleman bade me wait till he saw whether he could find sixpence for me. But he had no change, he said; and, bidding me good-evening in quite a fatherly manner, rode away on his dapple gray steed. Has he change now, I wonder?

When I woke up, I went straight to the workhouse. Farnham did not boast an Union, but had a workhouse of the old school. The master was a pleasant old man, with a large white apron, and gave me a liberal ration of bread and cheese. I happened to be the only occupant of the ward that evening, and being locked up early, I had time to look about me, and select the cleanest and softest-looking truss of straw. The whitewashed walls were covered with the names of former tramps; their poetical effusions and their political sentiments were scratched with nails or scrawled in charcoal. John Hind had labored hard to rhyme "workhouse" with "sorrow;" but, although he had covered some six feet of wall with his efforts, he had not succeeded. Some anonymous hand had scrawled in desperate Roman capitals, "God help the poor;" to which I said Amen. Mr. Jack Bullivant had recorded in energetic but untranscribable terms his disapproval of the quality of the cheese; and J. Naylor had given vent to his democratic enthusiasm in "Hurrah for uni"—something which looked like unicorn, but was intended, I fancy, to mean "universal suffrage." Chartism was the great wall-cry in those days. Close to the door was the sign-manual of "Paul Sweeny, bound to London, with Fore Kids." Motherless perhaps.

There had been one "casual" in before me; but he was taken so violently ill immediately after his admission, that he had been removed into another out-house, on to a truckle-bed, the rules of the establishment not permitting his being transferred to the infirmary. The poor wretch lay groaning piteously, as I could hear with painful distinctness through the thin wall that separated him from the casual ward. His groans became at last so appalling that they worked me into an agony of terror; and I clung to the locked door (in the centre of which there was a largish grating) and beat against it, to the great disgust and irritation of the porter; who, with a lantern at the end of a pitchfork, came in to look at the moribund occasionally, and who made a rush at me at last as he would have done at a young bull. "It's all over with him," he said to me, in remonstrance; "so where's the good? The doctor's gone to a birth; but we've give him a bottle of stuff till he comes, and made him comfable. So lie down."

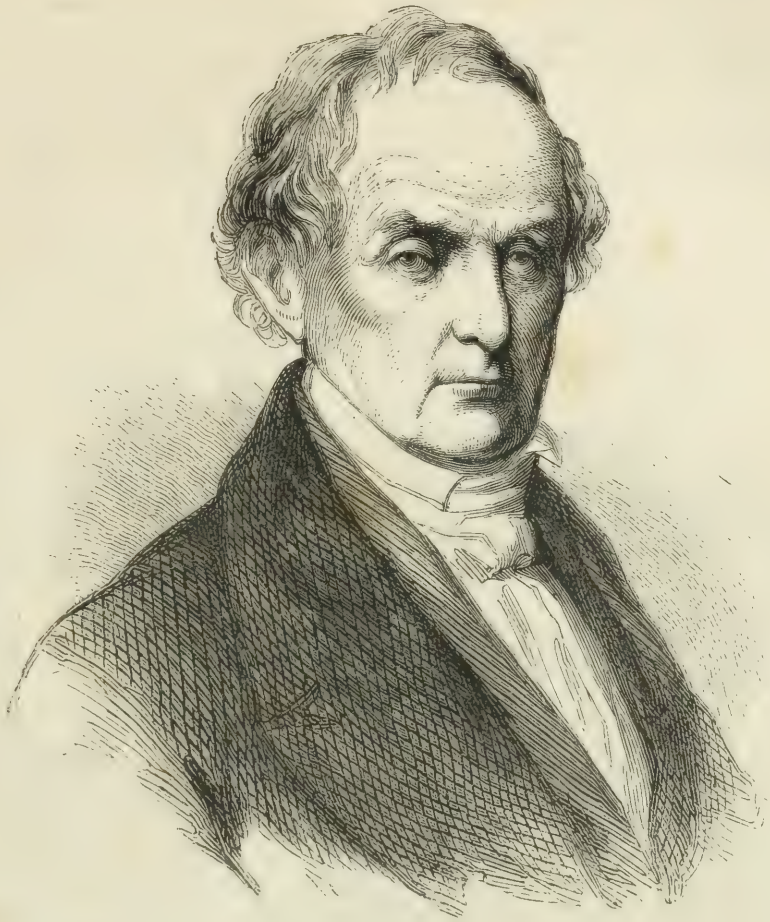
Whatever the "stuff" was—doctor's stuff, kitchen stuff, or household stuff—the miserable man continued "moaning of his life out," as the porter said, querulously, until it was almost morning. Then the doctor (a pale, over-worked, under-paid young man, with tight trowsers and spectacles, always in a chaise and a perspiration) came; and I heard him tell the porter that the man would "go off easily." He presently did.

They let me out at eight o'clock—sick, dizzy, and terrified. "I told you so," the porter said, with apologetic complacency, "he went off quite 'comfable.'" This was his epitaph. Who he was, or what he was—where he came from, or whither he was going—no man knew, and it was no man's business to inquire. I suppose they put him in the plain deal shell, which I saw the village carpenter tacking together as I turned down the street, and so lowered him under ground. They might have written "comfable" on his tombstone, for any purpose a word would serve—if they gave paupers tombstones, which they do not.

But this poor dead unknown man did me a service. For, whether I was superstitious, or whether my nerves were unstrung, or whether repentance at my obdurate folly came tardily, but came at last, I went no further on the way to Portsmouth, but thought I wouldn't go to sea, just at present, and tramped manfully back to Ealing, determined to take all Mr. Bogryne could give me, and be thankful. But I did not get what I expected and what I deserved. I found anxious friends just on the point of putting out bills of discovery, as for a strayed puppy; I found a fatted calf already slaughtered—kindness, affection, forgiveness, and *home*.

There was but one drawback to my happiness. With some strong pre-conceived notion of the dreadful company I must have been keeping, and the horrible dens I must have sojourned in, my relations and friends found it to be their bounden duty to wash me continually. When it wasn't warm bath, it was yellow soap and scrubbing-brushes; and when it wasn't that, it was foot-bath. I was washed half away. I was considerably chafed, and morally hustled, too, by good pious relatives in the country; who, for many months afterward, were forever sending me thick parcels; which, seeing, I thought to be cakes; which, opening, I found to be tracts.

I have walked a good deal to and fro on the surface of this globe since then; but I have never been to sea—on similar terms—since, any more.



Daniel Webster

DANIEL WEBSTER.

LIKE the sound of the fall of a mighty Oak in the stillness of the woods, has fallen upon our startled land the intelligence of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER! Vague rumors, indeed, had reached us, that the great statesman was ill: next, that he was nigh unto death: then, that he was in his saddle, overseeing his farm at Marshfield: that he had the "Fishery Question" under consideration: that he was angling along the pleasant trout-brooks of his beloved homestead: that the "Cuba Disturbance" was occupying his serious attention—and the like: but in the midst of these varying reports, comes the telegraphic-lightning, and "splinters the hopes of millions" in the brief words:

"DANIEL WEBSTER IS DEAD!"

Yes, WEBSTER, the Oak, has fallen! WRIGHT, the Northern Spruce; JACKSON, the stalwart Hickory; CLAY, the graceful Elm; CALHOUN, the lofty, erect Southern Pine; all had gone before him—all were prostrate. "The North gave up, and the South had kept not back:" the West and the East have at last met together in this great work of DEATH."

"One after another our Pilots drop from the helm;" and men clasp each other's hands and look in each other's faces, and say: "Who now shall guide our Ship of State?" "Who," in the language of one recently selected to direct the present destinies of our Republic, "*Who* shall take the honored places of the men who have left their impress upon the fame and history of their country; who were links of the chain which bound the past generation to the present, but who are now on the other side of that narrow line which divides Time from Eternity? Who, with patriotic courage and statesmanlike forecaste, are to guide us in the storms that must inevitably threaten us, in the development of our resources as a nation, our position of vast responsibility as the great confederate, self-governing power of the world?"

Verily, the "great heart of the nation, awed and subdued, throbs heavily at the portals of the Great Statesman's grave!"

It would be a work of supererogation to enter into any regular detail, in an article like the present, of the life and career of DANIEL WEBSTER The journals of the day, in elaborate columns, ministers, in extended discourses from the pulpit; dignitaries of the Bar and the Bench, in

spontaneous tributes, or studied eulogies; politicians in partisan halls—all have published or spoken of the main events in the career of their illustrious subject. It will be the object of the present paper to condense from these, and to present from original sources, a brief genealogy of Mr. WEBSTER; a consideration of his character, from those who have known him the longest and the best; anecdotes and incidents connected with his private and public life and personal history and manners; his vast endowments of genius; his masterly oratory; and, lastly, the incidents connected with his closing hours, and the last scene of all that ended his eventful earthly history.

We begin by condensing from an able article in a Boston journal, written by one who had known Mr. WEBSTER intimately, throughout his active public life, the following account of his family, himself, and his consecutive career.



MR. WEBSTER'S BIRTHPLACE.

"DANIEL WEBSTER was the son of EBENEZER WEBSTER of Salisbury, New Hampshire. He was born in that part of Salisbury now called Boscawen, on the eighteenth of January, 1782. His father was a captain in the revolutionary army, and became subsequently, though not bred a lawyer, one of the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas. He received his academical education at Exeter and Dartmouth. He began his college studies at the latter seminary in 1797, and received his degree in 1801. During the intervals of study he taught a school. After leaving college, he took charge of an academy at Fryeburg, in Maine. He then applied himself to the study of the law, first with Mr. Thompson, a lawyer of Salisbury, and next with Christopher Gore, of Boston, who afterward became Governor of Massachusetts. He came to Boston in 1804, and was admitted to the bar in the following year.

"Mr. Webster's father at this time strongly urged him to take the office of Clerk of the Court of Common Pleas in New Hampshire, which was tendered for his acceptance; but the son fortunately resisted the temptation—for such it then appeared in the eyes of every body. He remained at Boscawen till his father's death, in 1807. He then removed to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he formed an acquaintance with Dexter, Story, Mason, and other men, who became eminent at the bar and in public life. Mr. Webster was chosen Representative to Congress in November, 1812, and took his first seat in Congress at the extra session in May, 1813. On the 10th of June, in that year, he delivered his first speech in that body, on the subject of the Orders in Council, and there he gave clear manifestations of those extraordinary powers of mind which his subsequent career brought out into so full a development.

"He was re-elected to Congress in 1814, and in December, 1815, removed to Boston, where he devoted himself to legal practice. His reputation as a lawyer had now risen high, and for five or six years he had little to do with politics. In 1820 he served as an Elector of President, and in 1821 as a member of the State Convention which revised the Constitution of Massachusetts. In 1822 he was elected to Congress from the Boston district, and immediately became a leading member of that body. His speech on Greek Independence was delivered in 1823.

"Mr. Webster was re-elected to Congress from Boston in 1824. He delivered the Address on laying the corner stone of the Bunker Hill Monument in 1825. He was again chosen to Congress in 1826, and in the following year he was elected a Senator of the United States by the Legislature of Massachusetts. In the same year he delivered his Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson.

"Mr. Webster's '*Great Speech*,' as it is deservedly called—great, both for its intrinsic qualities and for its effects upon the public mind—was delivered in the Senate on the 26th of January, 1830, in the debate on what are called 'Foot's Resolutions.' Next to the Constitution itself, this speech is esteemed to

be the most correct and ample definition of the true powers and functions of the Federal government.

"Mr. Webster continued in the Senate of the United States till 1840. When Mr. Van Buren was elected President, in 1836, Mr. Webster received the electoral vote of Massachusetts. On the election of General Harrison, in 1840, Mr. Webster was appointed Secretary of State. The sudden death of the President and the accession of Mr. Tyler caused a breaking up of the cabinet, all the members of which, except Mr. Webster, resigned their places. The result of his remaining in office was the Ashburton treaty—negotiated by Mr. Webster in 1842, which settled the question of the northeastern boundary, and at once put an end to a long protracted and threatening dispute with Great Britain.

"Shortly after this, Mr. Webster resigned the office of Secretary of State, and was again chosen Senator from Massachusetts in March, 1845. On the death of General Taylor, in July, 1850, and the accession of Mr. Fillmore to the Presidency, he was again appointed Secretary of State, and in this office he died at Marshfield, on the morning of the 24th of October, 1852."

Such, in brief but comprehensive compass, are the genealogy and prominent points in the public life of Mr. Webster. A consideration of his character as a public man, gathered partly from the quarters we have indicated, and partly from original sources, is subjoined.

It seems to have been universally conceded, since Mr. Webster's death, that his ambition throughout life, or at least throughout his entire public career, was to serve his country; and to illustrate and perpetuate the great charter of our liberties, of which he was alike the ablest expounder and defender.

And yet look at him—for the lesson is not unworthy of heedful consideration. He was a mere private individual; the son of a poor, struggling New Hampshire farmer; who rose to the highest eminence (for the PRESIDENT himself was not before him) in the State, *by the force of his own mind.* His public life comprised a period of nearly thirty-three years, during which he never shrunk from the declaration of his principles, nor from the full discharge of all his responsibilities. He *never* failed his country in the hour of her need. "He was independent, self-poised, steadfast, unmovable. *You could calculate him, like a planet.*" His life was a series of great acts for great purposes. With the peace of 1815, his most distinguished public labors began; "and thenceforward," remarks one of his ablest contemporaries, "he devoted himself, the ardor of his youth, the energies of his manhood, and the autumnal wisdom of his riper years, to the affairs of legislation and diplomacy, preserving the peace, keeping unsullied the honor, establishing the boundaries, and vindicating the neutral rights of his country, and laying its foundations deep and sure. On all measures, in fine, affecting his country, he has inscribed his opinions, and left the traces of his hand. By some felicity of his personal life, by some deep or beautiful word, by some service of his own, or some commemoration of the services of others, the PAST gives us back his name, and will pass it on and on, to the farthest Future."

Webster never betrayed the mere politician, either in his public acts or in his speeches. Their tone was always elevated. No undignified appeal, no merely personal reflection upon an opponent, no unparliamentary allusion, ever escaped his lips, in the hottest strife of debate; nor, during his whole career in the councils of the nation, was he ever "called to order" by the presiding officer of either body.

As a *Man*, DANIEL WEBSTER was esteemed and loved by all who knew him, and loved and esteemed the most by those who knew him most intimately. While his unaffected, natural, innate dignity never deserted him, he was nevertheless in heart and manner, as simple and unostentatious as a child. The kindliness and tenderness of his heart were seen and felt by all who came



MARSHFIELD, THE RESIDENCE OF MR. WEBSTER.

within the charmed circle of his intimacy. He was, as we have said, a country boy in early life; and it is eminently true, and especially worthy of remark, that the associations of the country were always uppermost in his bosom, when happily liberated from affairs of government and the state. He was always happy, if we may take the concurrent testimony of his oldest friends and of himself, when he could escape from the worrying cares and anxieties of professional or of public life, to the retired and homely pursuits of his Marshfield farm. The most genial humor pervaded all he did and said, while thus engaged.

"He loved," (says a forceful but evidently a very warped writer,* who, from some difference of opinion upon a much-agitated subject, regarded him with no partial eye,) "he loved out-door and manly sports—boating, fishing, fowling. He was fond of nature, loving New Hampshire's mountain scenery. He had started small and poor, had risen great and high, and honorably had fought his way alone. He was a farmer, and took a



MR. WEBSTER AT MARSHFIELD.

countryman's delight in country things; in loads of hay, in trees; and the noble Indian corn—in monstrous swine. He had a patriarch's love of sheep—choice breeds thereof he had. He took delight in cows—short-horned Durhams, Herefordshires, Ayrshires, Alderneys. He tilled paternal acres with his own oxen. He loved to give the kine fodder. It was pleasant to hear his talk of oxen. And but three days before he left the earth, too ill to visit them, his oxen, lowing, came to see their sick lord, and as he stood in his door, his great cattle were driven up, that he might smell their healthy breath, and look his last on those broad, generous faces, that were never false to him. He was a friendly man: all along the shore there were plain men that loved him—whom he also loved; a good neighbor, a good townsman—

"'Lofty and sour to those that loved him not,
But to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.'"

And with all his greatness, we must be permitted to regard him in the light that we love best to regard the departed statesman. We love to read the simple, cordial, honest letters, that he addressed to his farmer-overseer at Franklin, and those to old friends, in which he described the struggles of his early life in the country; in which humor sometimes vies with pathos, until you both laugh and weep at the felicity of the combination. What, for example, could be more simple, more manly, more touching, than the following extract? The words of the closing paragraph seem to have sobbed as they dropped from the pen:

"My Father, Ebenezer Webster!—born at Kingston, in the lower part of the State, in 1739—the handsomest man I ever saw, except my brother EZEKIEL, who appeared to me, and so does he now seem to me, the very finest human form that ever I laid eyes on. I saw him in his coffin—a white forehead—a tinged cheek—a complexion as clear as heavenly light! But where am I straying?

"The grave has closed upon him, as it has on all my brothers and sisters. We shall soon be all together. But this is melancholy—and I leave it. Dear, dear kindred blood, how I love you all!

"This fair field is before me—I could see a lamb on any part of it. I have plowed it, and raked it, and hoed it, but I never mowed it. Somehow, I could never learn to hang a scythe! I had not wit enough. My brother Joe used to say that my father sent me to college in order to make me equal to the rest of the children! Of a hot day in July—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration—I was making hay, with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. ABIEL FOSTER, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father. He was a worthy man, college-learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked a while in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a hay-cock. He said, 'My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia, and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it, as it was; but I missed it, and now I must work here.' 'My dear father,' said I, 'you shall not work; brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest'—and I remember to have cried, and I cry

* Mr. Parker does not hesitate to insinuate, or to declare, that Mr. Webster "had his price," in some instances, for the part which he took on certain public questions. He *may* have had; but as Lord Camden said of Fox, "his price was immortality, and he knew that Posterity would pay it"—and in Mr. Webster's case most assuredly it will.

now at the recollection. 'My child,' said he, 'it is of no importance to me; I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself—improve your opportunities—*learn*—*learn*—and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.' The next May he took me to Exeter, to the Philips Exeter Academy—placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. BENJAMIN ABBOTT, still living."

The limits of this article forbid the insertion of farther extracts; but the letters already published in the newspapers will have afforded the reader some idea of the variety and richness of Mr. Webster's epistolary correspondence.

We pass to an illustration or two of Mr. Webster's oratorical manner, and a few anecdotes of Mr. Webster, connected with his private life and public performances. No one who has ever *seen* Mr. Webster, will need any aid to memory in recalling his personal appearance, his pre-eminently marked features: the commanding height, the large head and ample forehead; the large, black, solemn, *cavernous* eyes, under the pent-house of the overhanging brows; the firm, compressed lips, and broad chest—all these can never be forgotten.

We heard Mr. Webster, for the first time, on the platform of the new Exchange in Wall-street, which was crowded with people; but his voice, in tones rather harsh, we thought, than musical, could be heard to the extremest limit of the vast crowd; and well do we remember his hesitation in the choice of a word, which he seemed determined to have, and which he *did* have at last, and used with a most happy effect. "We want," said he, speaking of the necessity for a national bank, "an institution that shall—an institution that has—*an odor of nationality about it;*" and the applause that followed, attested the force and felicitousness of the figure.

A friend recently mentioned to the writer another instance which happily illustrates this peculiarity of Mr. Webster, when speaking extemporaneously. He seldom would make use of a word or words which did not altogether satisfy him; when that *did* happen, he would strike from his remarks, by a short pause, the word he had first used, and substitute another. If *that* did not altogether please him, he would employ still another, and so on, until he had obtained just the word he wanted, and *that* would be uttered with such emphasis as he alone could give to language.

"A year or two ago," continued the gentleman to whom we have alluded, "I heard him speak in the Supreme Court at Washington, on the great Wheeling Bridge case. In the course of his argument, he alluded to a large sum of money involved in that case, which had been shut up for many years in the vaults of the Bank of Georgia:

"'Now, your Honors,' said Mr. Webster, 'we want the Bank to come out—to show its hand—to render up—to give forth—to DISGORGE!'

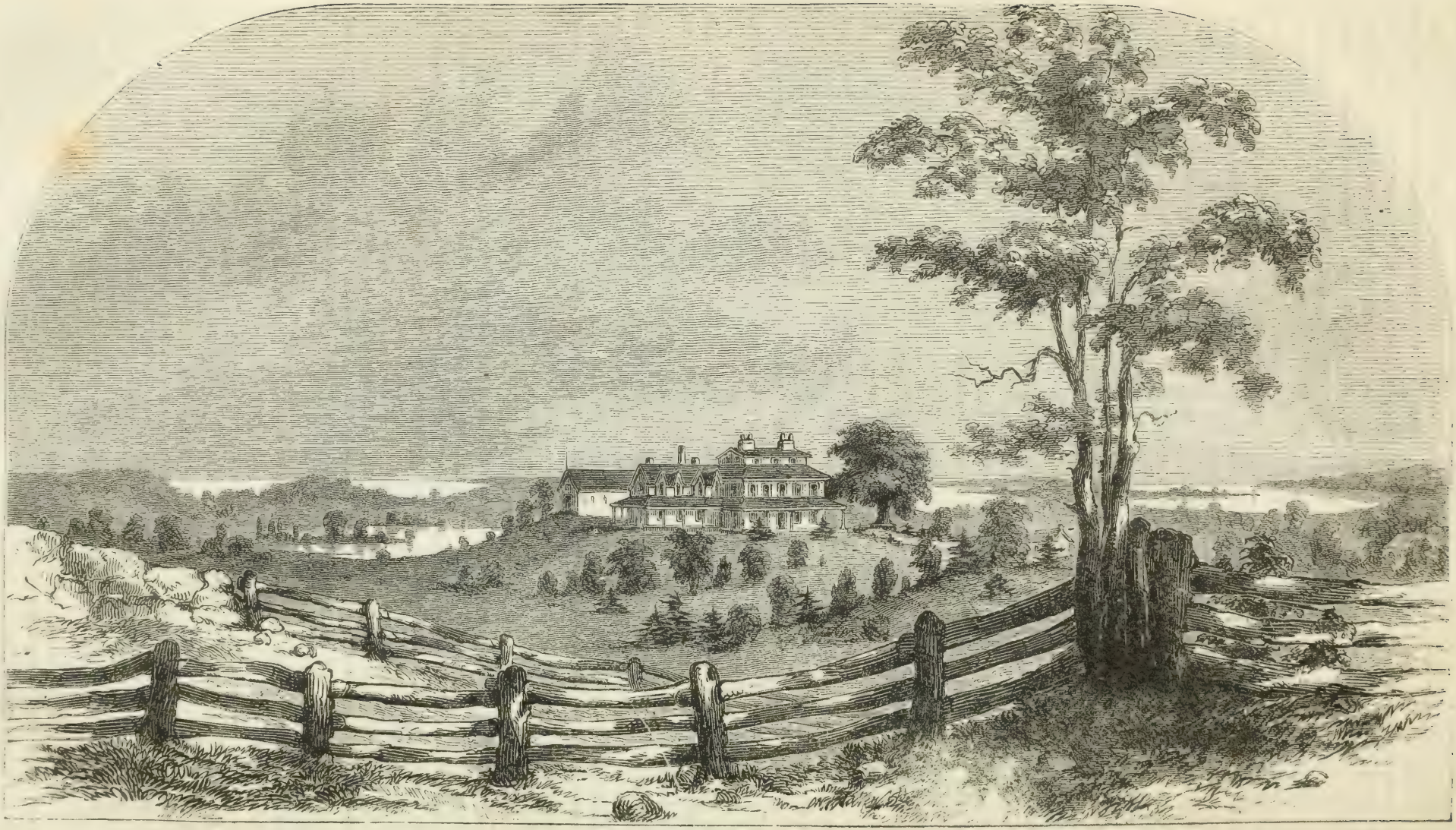
"Any one," said our informant, "who has ever heard Mr. Webster speak emphatically, will not be surprised when I say that the word 'DISGORGE,' as uttered by him on the occasion I have mentioned, weighed about *twelve pounds!*"

Many readers of this sketch will perhaps remember hearing Mr. Webster in this city, in that celebrated public dinner-speech of his, wherein he paid that magnificent tribute to the genius and character of ALEXANDER HAMILTON. There is a circumstance connected with one of the finest passages in this speech, which, in the opinion of the writer, deserves to be recorded. "You could have heard"—remarks a distinguished friend and correspondent of the writer hereof, who had the pleasure of sitting very near Mr. Webster on the occasion alluded to—"you could have heard the falling of a pin any where in the crowded assemblage, while Mr. Webster was speaking. When he came to advert to Hamilton's influence in creating and establishing a system of public credit, at a time when it was so much needed, he illustrated his subject with that memorable figure: 'He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth:' and as Mr. Webster said this, he brought his right hand down upon the table, to enforce the simile; and in so doing, he happened to hit a wine-glass, which broke, and slightly cut his hand: and as the blood oozed from the wound, he slowly wrapped a white napkin around it, and then finished the figure: '*He touched the dead corpse of the Public Credit, and it rose upon its feet!*'"

It is the belief of our informant that the last simile "sprung from the occasion," and was suggested by the white napkin and the oozing blood. Be this as it may, for mingled force and appositeness, the figure has rarely if ever been excelled, even by the great orator who used it.

Undoubtedly Mr. Webster's personal presence was one great element of his matchless oratory.* "When he rose and came down to the edge of the platform, with a small roll of manuscript in his hand, at the celebration of the completion of the Bunker-Hill Monument," said a distinguished jurist of this city, "and cast a glance at the sea of two hundred thousand faces turned up

* Of the recent portraits of Mr. Webster, the most life-like and truthful that we have seen, is one engraved from a daguerreotype, taken not long since in Boston. Mr. C. L ELLIOTT, our distinguished artist, visited Marshfield late in August, to execute a full-length picture of Mr. Webster, for which he had a most liberal commission from a gentleman of wealth in this city. But the arrival of the British Minister at Marshfield, ill health, and the troubles of "the Fishery" question, caused a postponement of the sittings to October. But October was too late: and a perfect counterpart of the great statesman was thus lost to his country and to the world. The profile sketch of Mr. Webster, above given, is from a daguerreotype taken from life a short time before his death, for his friend and private secretary, CHARLES LANMAN, Esq. The full-length sketch delineated in the engraving on the next page, was taken in June last, at the request of Mr. Lanman. Mr. Webster sat carelessly under a tree at Marshfield, which he planted with his own hands thirty years ago. The portrait at the head of this article is also from a daguerreotype from life, taken within a few weeks of his death, also in possession of Mr Lanman.



MARSHFIELD FARM.



PROFILE SKETCH OF MR. WEBSTER.

to his from the amphitheatre below, and then looked up to the monument towering above him into the bright, clear air, he *looked* the orator, if ever earthly mortal bespoke it!"

Mr. CHARLES W. MARCH, in his excellent work upon Mr. Webster, has given us a very vivid sketch of the scene in the Senate Chamber, at the conclusion of the great orator's "Great Speech," in reply to Mr. HAYNE, of South Carolina:

"The speech was over, but the tones of the orator still lingered upon the ear, and the audience, unconscious of the close, retained their positions. The agitated countenance, the heaving breast, the suffused eye, attested the continued influence of the spell upon them. Hands that in the excitement of the moment had sought each other, still remained closed in an unconscious grasp. Eye still turned to eye, to receive and repay mutual sympathy; and every where around seemed forgetfulness of all but the orator's presence and words. When the Vice-President, hastening to dissolve the spell, called to order! order! There never was a deeper stillness—not a movement, not a gesture had been made—not a whisper uttered—order! Silence could almost have heard itself, it was so supernaturally still. The feeling was too overpowering to allow expression by voice or hand. It was as if one was in a trance, all motion paralyzed. But the descending hammer of the Chair awoke them with a start—and with one universal, long-drawn, deep breath, with which the overcharged heart seeks relief—the crowded assembly broke up and departed."

At the President's levee, on the same evening, Webster was the "observed of all observers;" literally *the* "lion of the night"—the centre of nearly all the vast concourse in the East Room. Among those who approached him to offer congratulations, was Colonel Hayne. "How are you this evening, Colonel Hayne?" said Mr. Webster. "None the better for you, sir," replied the South Carolina Senator, good-humoredly.

As Mr. Webster was walking down the centre-walk in the Capitol Park, the day after Mr. Hayne's speech, a friend said to him:

"Mr. Webster, that will be a difficult speech to answer."

"We shall see," said Mr. Webster, taking off his hat, and passing his hand over his forehead, "we—shall—see, sir, to-morrow: we shall see *to-morrow*, sir!"

And they *did* see—and the country—and the world. When Daniel Webster, with his dark, lustrous eyes, looked through the glass dome of the Senate chamber, over which the banner of his country was floating, he gave utterance to words which will be as immortal as the earth on which that Capitol stands. The speeches of no other American, who has yet lived, will be read so long or so widely as those of DANIEL WEBSTER.

Mr. Webster is declared by all who knew him intimately, to be in private conversation one of the most entertaining and instructive of companions. He had a great fund of anecdotes of men and events, which he used to relate with inimitable effect. A biographer, already quoted,* mentions, among others, the following:

"One night, before railroads were built, he was forced to make a journey by private conveyance from Baltimore to Washington. The man who drove the wagon was such an ill-looking fellow, and told so many stories of robberies and murders, that, before they had gone far, Mr. Webster was somewhat alarmed. At last the wagon stopped, in the midst of a dense wood, when the man, turning suddenly round to his passenger, exclaimed fiercely, 'Now, sir, tell me who you are?' Mr. Webster replied, in a faltering voice, and ready to spring from the vehicle, 'I am Daniel Webster, member of Congress from Massachusetts!' 'What,' rejoined the driver, grasping him warmly by the hand, 'are you Webster! Thank God! thank God! You were such an ugly chap, that I took you for a highwayman.' This is the substance of the story, but the precise words used by Mr. Webster himself can not be recalled, nor the inimitable *bonhommie* with which it was related by him."

"When entertaining a party at dinner or holding a levee, Mr. Webster always *looked the gentleman* superbly; when out upon a fishing excursion, he could not be taken for any thing but an angler; and when on a shooting frolic, he was a genuine rustic Nimrod. And hereby hangs an incident. He was once tramping over the Marshfield meadows, shooting ducks, when he encountered a couple of Boston sporting snobs, who happened to be in trouble just then about crossing a bog. Not knowing Mr. Webster, and believing him to be strong enough to help them over the water, they begged to be conveyed to a dry point upon his back. The request was of course complied with, and after the cockneys had paid him a quarter of a dollar each for his trouble, they inquired if 'Old Webster was at home,' for as they had had poor luck in shooting, they would honor him with a call. Mr. Webster replied, 'that the gentleman alluded to was not at home just then, but would be so soon as *he* could walk to the house,' and added, 'that *he* would be glad to see them at dinner.' As may be presumed, the cockneys were never seen to cross the threshold of 'Old Webster.'"

"Two hours before he was to appear before the most magnificent of audiences, on the occasion of

* *The Private Life of Daniel Webster*, by CHARLES LANMAN, with Illustrations. Published by Harper and Brothers.

his last speech in New York, at Niblo's saloon, Mr. Webster was telling stories at his dinner-table, as unconcernedly as if he was only intending to take his usual nap. On being questioned as to what he proposed to say, he remarked as follows: 'I am going to be excessively learned and classical, and shall talk much about the older citizens of Greece. When I make my appearance in Broadway to-morrow, people will accost me thus—Good morning, Mr. WEBSTER. Recently from Greece, I understand; how did you leave Mr. PERICLES and Mr. ARISTOPHANES?'"

The following is one among the many New Hampshire anecdotes which Mr. Webster was in the habit of occasionally narrating to his friends. It is given by Mr. Lanman in nearly the narrator's own words:

"Soon after commencing the practice of my profession at Portsmouth, I was waited on by an old acquaintance of my father's, resident in an adjacent county, who wished to engage my professional services. Some years previous, he had rented a farm, with the clear understanding that he could purchase it, after the expiration of his lease, for one thousand dollars. Finding the soil productive, he soon determined to own it, and, as he laid aside money for the purchase, he was prompted to improve what he felt certain he would possess. But his landlord finding the property greatly increased in value, coolly refused to receive the one thousand dollars, when in due time it was presented; and when his extortionate demand of double that sum was refused, he at once brought an action of ejectment. The man had but the one thousand dollars, and an unblemished reputation, yet I willingly undertook his case.

"The opening argument of the plaintiff's attorney left me little ground for hope. He stated that he could prove that my client hired the farm, but there was not a word in the lease about the sale, nor was there a word spoken about the sale when the lease was signed, as he should prove by a witness. In short, his was a clear case, and I left the court-room at dinner-time with feeble hopes of success. By chance, I sat at table next a newly-commissioned militia officer, and a brother-lawyer began to joke him about his lack of martial knowledge; 'Indeed,' he jocosely remarked, 'you should write down the orders, and get old W—— to beat them into your sconce, as I saw him this morning, with a paper in his hand, teaching something to young M—— in the court-house entry.'

"Can it be, I thought, that old W——, the plaintiff in the case, was instructing young M——, who was his reliable witness?

"After dinner, the court was re-opened, and M—— was put on the stand. He was examined by the plaintiff's counsel, and certainly told a clear, plain story, repudiating all knowledge of any agreement to sell. When he had concluded, the opposite counsel, with a triumphant glance, turned to me, and asked me if I was satisfied? 'Not quite,' I replied.

"I had noticed a piece of paper protruding from M——'s pocket, and hastily approaching him, I seized it before he had the least idea of my intention. 'Now,' I asked, 'tell me if this paper does not detail the story you have so clearly told, and is it not false?' The witness hung his head with shame; and when the paper was found to be what I had supposed, and in the very handwriting of old W——, he lost his case at once. Nay, there was such a storm of indignation against him, that he soon removed to the West.

"Years afterward, visiting New Hampshire, I was the guest of my professional brethren at a public dinner; and toward the close of the festivities, I was asked if I would solve a great doubt by answering a question. 'Certainly.' 'Well, then, Mr. Webster, we have often wondered how you knew what was in M——'s pocket.'"

But we must bring this brief and imperfect sketch to a close. Of Mr. Webster's life it may be said, that "nothing became it more" than the manner in which he consigned it to "the God who gave it." A lover and a habitual reader of the Bible, he derived in his dying hours his chiefest support from the divine consolations which its teachings afford. The "rod and the staff" of the Almighty were his support, as he entered upon the valley of the shadow of death. He who never while living spake or thought, save with awful reverence, of the power and presence of God, went calmly to meet his Maker in the world beyond the grave. His profound intellect was clear, serene, unclouded to the last, triumphing over all the infirmities of physical decay. In the sententious and beautiful words of another, "We see, in his deportment at the hour of his last great trial, the graceful submission of a truly majestic nature. We behold a lofty and commanding intellect becoming obedient to the summons which ordered him from a world he loved but too well, forgetting none of the duties, the demands, or the proprieties of mortal existence about to close. His life did not end as the lives of most end, with thoughts of self merely, or struggles to forget self. He recognized the condition of those friends he was about to leave behind him, with a singular mixture of consideration, tenderness, and collectedness of soul. He was not only cool and self-possessed himself, his vigorous spirit even buoyed up and animated those who surrounded him in his last moments. He recognized his own condition in the same spirit of philosophic and self-sustaining contemplation. He looked steadfastly in the face of the grim messenger, and calmly held out the hand of recognition as he approached. He accompanied him without a shudder within the gates of eternity, which swung wide to receive him. He passed the threshold with a tranquil majesty, casting upon the world a last look which was at once his calmest and noblest." Like the sun itself, he "shone largest at his setting."

His resting-place is where it should be: in the fields which he has tilled; near the haunts alike of his hours of sublime contemplation, and his brighter and more genial moods; within sight of the window from which he looked, in the pauses of his study, upon the white tomb-stones which he had placed over his family—all but one gone before!

"It is all over! The last struggle is past; the struggle, the strife, the anxiety, the pain, the turmoil of life is over: the tale is told, and finished, and ended. It is told and done; and the seal of death is set upon it. Henceforth that great life, marked at every step; chronicled in journals; waited on by crowds; told to the whole country by telegraphic tongues of flame—that great life shall be but a history, a biography, 'a tale told in an evening tent.' In the tents of life it shall long be recited; but no word shall reach the ear of that dead sleeper by the ocean shore. Fitly will he rest there. Like the granite rock, like the heaving ocean, was his mind! Let the rock guard his rest: let the ocean sound his dirge!"

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Sharpshooters.

WINTRY morning, looking with dull eyes and sallow face upon the neighborhood of Leicester Square, finds its inhabitants unwilling to get out of bed. Many of them are not early risers at the brightest of times, being birds of night who roost when the sun is high, and are wide awake and keen for prey when the stars shine out. Behind dingy blind and curtain, in upper story and garret, skulking more or less under false names, false hair, false titles, false jewelry, and false histories, a colony of brigands lie in their first sleep. Gentlemen of the green baize road who could discourse, from personal experience, of foreign galleys and home treadmills; spies of strong governments that eternally quake with weakness and miserable fear, broken traitors, cowards, bullies, gamesters, shufflers, swindlers, and false witnesses; some not unmarked by the branding-iron, beneath their dirty braid; all with more cruelty in them than was in Nero, and more crime than is in Newgate. For, howsoever bad the devil can be in fustian or smock-frock (and he can be very bad in both) he is a more designing, callous, intolerable devil when he sticks a pin in his shirt-front, calls himself a gentleman, backs a card or color, plays a game or so of billiards, and knows a little about bills and promissory notes, than in any other form he wears. And in such form Mr. Bucket shall find him, when he will, pervading the tributary channels of Leicester Square.

But the wintry morning wants him not and wakes him not. It wakes Mr. George of the Shooting Gallery, and his Familiar. They arise, roll up and stow away their mattresses. Mr. George, having shaved himself before a looking-glass of minute proportions, then marches out, bare-headed and bare-chested, to the Pump, in the little yard, and anon comes back shining with yellow soap, friction, drifting rain, and exceedingly cold water. As he rubs himself upon a large jack-towel, blowing like a military sort of diver just come up: his crisp hair curling tighter and tighter on his sunburnt temples, the more he rubs it, so that it looks as if it never could be loosened by any less coercive instrument than an iron rake or a curry comb—as he rubs, and puffs, and polishes, and blows, turning his head from side to side, the more conveniently to excoriate his throat, and standing with his body well bent forward, to keep the wet from his martial legs—Phil, on his knees lighting a fire, looks round as if it were enough washing for him to see all that done, and sufficient renovation for one day, to take in the superfluous health his master throws off.

When Mr. George is dry, he goes to work to brush his head with two hard brushes at once, to that unmerciful degree that Phil, shouldering his way round the gallery in the act of sweeping it, winks with sympathy. This chafing over, the ornamental part of Mr. George's toilet is soon performed. He fills his pipe, lights it, and marches up and down smoking, as his custom is, while Phil, raising a powerful odor of hot rolls and coffee, prepares breakfast. He smokes gravely, and marches in slow time. Perhaps this morning's pipe is devoted to the memory of Gridley in his grave.

"And so, Phil," says George of the Shooting Gallery, after several turns in silence; "you were dreaming of the country last night?"

Phil, by-the-by, said as much, in a tone of surprise, as he scrambled out of bed.

"Yes, guv'ner."

"What was it like?"

"I hardly know what it was like, guv'ner," says Phil, considering.

"How did you know it was the country?"

"On accounts of the grass, I think. And the swans upon it," says Phil, after further consideration.

"What were the swans doing on the grass?"

"They was a-eating of it, I expect," says Phil.

The master resumes his march, and the man resumes his preparation of breakfast. It is not necessarily a lengthened preparation, being limited to the setting forth of very simple breakfast requisites for two, and the broiling of a rasher of bacon at the fire in the rusty grate; but as Phil has to sidle round a considerable part of the gallery for every object he wants, and never brings two objects at once, it takes time under the circumstances. At length the breakfast is ready. Phil announcing it, Mr. George knocks the ashes out of his pipe on the hob, stands his pipe itself in the chimney corner, and sits down to the meal. When he has helped himself, Phil follows suit; sitting at the extreme end of the little oblong table, and taking his plate on his knees. Either in humility, or to hide his blackened hands, or because it is his natural manner of eating.

"The country," says Mr. George, plying his knife and fork; "why, I suppose you never clapped your eyes on the country, Phil?"

"I see the marshes once," says Phil, contentedly eating his breakfast.

"What marshes?"

"*The* marshes, commander," returns Phil.

"Where are they?"

"I don't know where they are," says Phil; "but I see 'em, guv'ner. They was flat. And miste."

Governor and Commander are interchangeable terms with Phil, expressive of the same respect and deference, and applicable to nobody but Mr. George.

"I was born in the country, Phil."

"Was you indeed, commander?"

"Yes. And bred there."

Phil elevates his one eyebrow, and, after respectfully staring at his master to express interest, swallows a great gulp of coffee, still staring at him.

* Continued from the November Number.

"There's not a bird's note that I don't know," says Mr. George. "Not many an English leaf or berry that I couldn't name. Not many a tree that I couldn't climb yet, if I was put to it. I was a real country boy, once. My good mother lived in the country."

"She must have been a fine old lady, guv'ner," Phil observes.

"Ay! and not so old either, five-and-thirty years ago," says Mr. George. "But I'll wager that at ninety she would be near as upright as me, and near as broad across the shoulders."

"Did she die at ninety, guv'ner?" inquires Phil.

"No. Bosh! Let her rest in peace, God bless her!" says the trooper. "What set me on about country boys, and runaways, and good-for-nothings? You, to be sure! So you never clapped your eyes upon the country—marshes and dreams excepted. Eh?"

Phil shakes his head.

"Do you want to see it?"

"N-no, I don't know as I do, particuar," says Phil.

"The town's enough for you, eh?"

"Why, you see, commander," says Phil, "I ain't acquainted with any thing else, and I doubt if I ain't a getting too old to take to novelties."

"How old *are* you, Phil?" asks the trooper, pausing as he conveys his smoking saucer to his lips.

"I'm something with a eight in it," says Phil. "It can't be eighty. Nor yet eighteen. It's betwixt 'em, somewheres."

Mr. George, slowly putting down his saucer without tasting the contents, is laughingly beginning, "Why, what the deuce, Phil"—when he stops, seeing that Phil is counting on his dirty fingers.

"I was just eight," says Phil, "agreeable to the parish calculation, when I went with the tinker. I was sent on a errand, and I see him a sittin under a old buildin with a fire all to himself, wery comfortable, and he says, 'Would you like to come along a me, my man?' I says 'Yes,' and him and me and the fire goes home to Clerkenwell together. That was April Fool Day. I was able to count up to ten; and when April Fool Day come round again, I says to myself, 'Now, old chap, you're one and a eight in it.' April Fool Day after that, I says, 'Now, old chap, you're two and a eight in it.' In course of time, I come to ten and a eight in it; two tens and a eight in it. When it got so high, it got the upper hand of me; but this is how I always knows there's a eight in it."

"Ah!" says Mr. George, resuming his breakfast. "And where's the tinker?"

"Drink put him in the hospital, guv'ner, and the hospital put him—in a glass-case, I *have* heerd," Phil replies mysteriously.

"By that means you got promotion? Took the business, Phil?"

"Yes, commander, I took the business. Such as it was. It wasn't much of a beat—round Saffron Hill, Hatton Garden, Clerkenwell, Smiffeld, and there—poor neighborhood, where they uses up the kettles till they're past mending. Most of the tramping tinkers used to come and lodge at our place; that was the best part of my master's earnings. But they didn't come to me. I warn't like him. He could sing 'em a good song. *I* couldn't! He could play 'em a tune on any sort of pot you please, so as it was iron or block tin. *I* never could do nothing with a pot, but mend it or bile it—never had a note of music in me. Besides, I was too ill-looking, and their wives complained of me."

"They were mighty particular. You would pass muster in a crowd, Phil!" says the trooper, with a pleasant smile.

"No, guv'ner," returns Phil, shaking his head. "No, I shouldn't. I was passable enough when I went with the tinker, though nothing to boast of then: but what with blowing the fire with my mouth when I was young, and spileing my complexion, and singeing my hair off, and swallering the smoke; and what with being nat'rally unfort'nate in the way of running against hot metal, and marking myself by sich means; and what with having turn-ups with the tinker as I got older, almost whenever he was too far gone in drink—which was almost always—my beauty was queer, wery queer, even at that time. As to since; what with a dozen years in a dark forge, where the men was given to larking; and what with being scorched in a accident at a gasworks; and what with being blowed out of winder, case-filling at the firework business, I am ugly enough to be made a show on!"

Resigning himself to which condition with a perfectly satisfied manner, Phil begs the favor of another cup of coffee. While drinking it, he says:

"It was after the case-filling blow-up, when I first see you, commander. You remember?"

"I remember, Phil. You were walking along in the sun."

"Crawling, guv'ner, again a wall—"

"True, Phil—shouldering your way on—"

"In a nightcap!" exclaims Phil, excited.

"In a nightcap—"

"And hobbling with a couple of sticks!" cries Phil, still more excited.

"With a couple of sticks. When—"

"When you stops, you know," cries Phil, putting down his cup and saucer, and hastily removing his plate from his knees, "and says to me, 'What, comrade! You have been in the wars!' I didn't say much to you, commander, then, for I was took by surprise, that a person so strong and healthy and bold as you was, should stop to speak to such a limping bag of bones as I was. But you says to me, says you, delivering it out of your chest as hearty as possible, so that it was like a glass of something hot, 'What accident have you met with? You have been badly hurt. What's amiss, old boy? Cheer up, and tell us about it!' Cheer up! I was cheered already! I says as much to you, you says more to me, I says more

to you, you says more to me, and here I am, commander! Here I am, commander!" cries Phil, who has started from his chair, and unaccountably begun to sidle away. "If a mark's wanted, or if it will improve the business, let the customers take aim at me. They can't spoil *my* beauty. *I'm* all right. Come on! If they want a man to box at, let 'em box at me. Let 'em knock me well about the head. *I* don't mind. If they want a light-weight, to be throwed for practice, Cornwall, Devonshire, or Lancashire, let 'em throw me. They won't hurt *me*. I have been throwed, all sorts of styles, all my life!"

With this unexpected speech, energetically delivered, and accompanied by action illustrative of the various exercises referred to, Phil Squod shoulders his way round three sides of the gallery, and abruptly tacking off at his commander, makes a butt at him with his head, intended to express devotion to his service. He then begins to clear away the breakfast.

Mr. George, after laughing cheerfully, and clapping him on the shoulder, assists in these arrangements, and helps to get the gallery into business order. That done, he takes a turn at the dumb-bells; and afterward weighing himself, and opining that he is getting "too fleshy," engages with great gravity in solitary broadsword practice. Meanwhile Phil has fallen to work at his usual table, where he screws and unscrews, and cleans, and files, and whistles into small apertures, and blackens himself more and more, and seems to do and undo every thing that can be done and undone about a gun.

Master and man are at length disturbed by footsteps in the passage, where they make an unusual sound, denoting the arrival of unusual company. These steps, advancing nearer and nearer to the gallery, bring into it a group, at first sight scarcely reconcilable with any day in the year but the fifth of November.

It consists of a limp and ugly figure carried in a chair by two bearers, and attended by a lean female with a face like a pinched mask, who might be expected immediately to recite the popular verses, commemorative of the time when they did contrive to blow old England up alive, but for her keeping her lips tightly and defiantly closed as the chair is put down. At which point, the figure in it gasping, "O Lord! O dear me! I am shaken!" adds, "How de do, my dear friend, how de do?" Mr. George then descries, in the procession, the venerable Mr. Smallweed out for an airing, attended by his grand-daughter Judy as body-guard.

"Mr. George, my dear friend," says Grandfather Smallweed, removing his right arm from the neck of one of his bearers, whom he has nearly throttled coming along, "how de do? You're surprised to see me, my dear friend."

"I should hardly have been more surprised to see your friend in the city," returns Mr. George.

"I am very seldom out," pants Mr. Smallweed. "I haven't been out for many months. It's inconvenient—and it comes expensive. But I longed so much to see you, my dear Mr. George. How de do, sir?"

"I am well enough," says Mr. George. "I hope you are the same."

"You can't be too well, my dear friend." Mr. Smallweed takes him by both hands. "I have brought my grand-daughter Judy. I couldn't keep her away. She longed so much to see you."

"Hum! She bears it calmly!" mutters Mr. George.

"So we got a hackney cab, and put a chair in it, and just round the corner they lifted me out of the cab and into the chair, and carried me here, that I might see my dear friend in his own establishment! This," says Grandfather Smallweed, alluding to the bearer, who has been in danger of strangulation, and who withdraws adjusting his windpipe, "is the driver of the cab. He has nothing extra. It is by agreement included in his fare. This person," the other bearer, "we engaged in the street outside for a pint of beer. Which is twopence. Judy, give the person twopence. I was not sure you had a workman of your own here, my dear friend, or we needn't have employed this person."

Grandfather Smallweed refers to Phil, with a glance of considerable terror, and a half-subdued "O Lord! O dear me!" Nor is his apprehension, on the surface of things, without some reason; for Phil, who has never beheld the apparition in the black velvet cap before, has stopped short with a gun in his hand, with much of the air of a dead shot, intent on picking Mr. Smallweed off as an ugly old bird of the crow species.

"Judy, my child," says Grandfather Smallweed, "give the person his twopence. It's a great deal for what he has done."

The person, who is one of those extraordinary specimens of human fungus that spring up spontaneously in the western streets of London, ready dressed in an old red jacket, with a "Mission" for holding horses and calling coaches, receives his twopence with any thing but transport, tosses the money into the air, catches it over-handed, and retires.

"My dear Mr. George," says Grandfather Smallweed, "would you be so kind as help to carry me to the fire? I am accustomed to a fire, and I am an old man, and I soon chill. O dear me!"

His closing exclamation is jerked out of the venerable gentleman by the suddenness with which Mr. Squod, like a genie, catches him up, chair and all, and deposits him on the hearth-stone.

"O Lord!" says Mr. Smallweed, panting. "O dear me! O my stars! My dear friend, your workman is very strong—and very prompt. O Lord, he is very prompt! Judy, draw me back a little. I'm being scorched in the legs;" which indeed is testified to the noses of all present by the smell of his worsted stockings.

The gentle Judy, having backed her grandfather a little way from the fire, and having shaken him up as usual, and having released his over-

shadowed eye from its black velvet extinguisher, Mr. Smallweed again says, "O dear me! O Lord!" and looking about, and meeting Mr. George's glance, again stretches out both hands.

"My dear friend! So happy in this meeting! And this is your establishment? It's a delightful place. It's a picture! You never find that any thing goes off here, accidentally; do you, my dear friend?" adds Grandfather Smallweed, very ill at ease.

"No, no. No fear of that."

"And your workman. He—O dear me!—he never lets any thing off without meaning it; does he, my dear friend?"

"He has never hurt any body but himself," says Mr. George, smiling.

"But he might, you know. He seems to have hurt himself a good deal, and he might hurt somebody else," the old gentleman returns. "He mightn't mean it—or he even might. Mr. George, will you order him to leave his infernal fire-arms alone, and go away?"

Obedient to a nod from the trooper, Phil retires, empty-handed, to the other end of the gallery. Mr. Smallweed, reassured, falls to rubbing his legs.

"And you're doing well, Mr. George?" he says to the trooper, squarely standing faced-about toward him with his broadsword in his hand. "You are prospering, please the Powers?"

Mr. George answers with a cool nod, adding, "Go on. You have not come to say that, I know."

"You are so sprightly, Mr. George," returns the venerable grandfather. "You are such good company."

"Ha, ha! Go on!" says Mr. George.

"My dear friend!—But that sword looks awful gleaming and sharp. It might cut somebody, by accident. It makes me shiver, Mr. George—Curse him!" says the excellent old gentleman apart to Judy, as the trooper takes a step or two away to lay it aside. "He owes me money, and might think of paying off all scores in this murdering place. I wish your Brimstone grandmother was here, and he'd shave her head off!"

Mr. George, returning, folds his arms, and looking down at the old man, sliding every moment lower and lower in his chair, says quietly, "Now for it!"

"Ho!" cries Mr. Smallweed, rubbing his hands with an artful chuckle. "Yes. Now for it. Now for what, my dear friend?"

"For a pipe," says Mr. George; who with great composure sets his chair in the chimney-corner, takes his pipe from the grate, fills it and lights it, and falls to smoking peacefully.

This tends to the discomfiture of Mr. Smallweed, who finds it so difficult to resume his object, whatever it may be, that he becomes exasperated, and secretly claws the air with an impotent vindictiveness, expressive of an intense desire to tear and rend the visage of Mr. George. As the excellent old gentleman's nails are long and leaden, and his hands lean and veinous, and his eyes green and watery; and, over and above this, as he continues, while he claws, to slide down in his chair and to collapse into a shapeless bundle; he becomes such a ghastly spectacle, even in the accustomed eyes of Judy, that that young virgin pounces at him with something more than the ardor of affection, and so shakes him up, and pats and pokes him in divers parts of his body, but particularly in that part which the science of self-defense would call his wind, that in his grievous distress he utters enforced sounds like a pavior's rammer.

When Judy has by these means set him up again in his chair, with a white face and a frosty nose (but still clawing), she stretches out her weazen forefinger, and gives Mr. George one poke in the back. The trooper raising his head, she makes another poke at her esteemed grandfather; and, having thus brought them together, stares rigidly at the fire.

"Ay, ay! Ho, ho! U—u—u—ugh!" chatters Grandfather Smallweed, swallowing his rage. "My dear friend" (still clawing)!

"I tell you what," says Mr. George. "If you want to converse with me, you must speak out. I am one of the Roughs, and I can't go about and about. I haven't the art to do it. I am not clever enough. It don't suit me. When you go winding round and round me," says the trooper, putting his pipe between his lips again, "damme, if I don't feel as if I was being smothered!"

And he inflates his broad chest to its utmost extent, as if to assure himself that he is not smothered yet.

"If you have come to give me a friendly call," continues Mr. George, "I am obliged to you; how are you? If you have come to see whether there's any property on the premises, look about you; you are welcome. If you want to out with something, out with it!"

The blooming Judy, without removing her gaze from the fire, gives her grandfather one ghostly poke.

"You see! It's her opinion, too. And why the devil that young woman won't sit down like a Christian," says Mr. George, with his eyes musingly fixed on Judy, "*I* can't comprehend."

"She keeps at my side to attend to me, sir," says Grandfather Smallweed. "I am an old man, my dear Mr. George, and I need some attention. I can carry my years; I am not a Brimstone poll-parrot" (snarling and looking unconsciously for the cushion); "but I need attention, my dear friend."

"Well!" returns the trooper, wheeling his chair to face the old man. "Now, then?"

"My friend in the city, Mr. George, has done a little business with a pupil of yours."

"Has he?" says Mr. George. "I am sorry to hear it."

"Yes, sir." Grandfather Smallweed rubs his legs. "He is a fine young soldier now, Mr. George, by the name of Carstone. Friends came forward, and paid it all up, honorable."

"Did they?" returns Mr. George. "Do you

think your friend in the city would like a piece of advice?"

"I think he would, my dear friend. From you."

"I advise him, then, to do no more business in that quarter. There's no more to be got by it. The young gentleman, to my knowledge, is brought to a dead halt."

"No, no, my dear friend. No, no, Mr. George. No, no, no, sir," remonstrates Grandfather Smallweed, cunningly rubbing his spare legs. "Not quite a dead halt, I think. He has good friends, and he is good for his pay, and he is good for the selling price of his commission, and he is good for his chance in a lawsuit, and he is good for his chance in a wife, and—oh, do you know, Mr. George, I think my friend would consider the young gentleman good for something yet!" says Grandfather Smallweed, turning up his velvet cap, and scratching his ear like a monkey.

Mr. George, who has put aside his pipe, and sits with an arm on his chair-back, beats a tattoo on the ground with his right foot, as if he were not particularly pleased with the turn the conversation has taken.

"But to pass from one subject to another," resumes Mr. Smallweed. "To promote the conversation, as a joker might say. To pass, Mr. George, from the ensign to the captain."

"What are you up to, now?" asks Mr. George, pausing, with a frown in stroking the recollection of his mustache. "What captain?"

"Our captain. The captain we know of. Captain Hawdon."

"O! that's it, is it?" says Mr. George, with a low whistle, as he sees both grandfather and grand-daughter looking hard at him; "you are there! Well, what about it? Come, I won't be smothered any more. Speak!"

"My dear friend," returns the old man, "I was applied—Judy, shake me up a little!—I was applied to yesterday, about the captain; and my opinion still is, that the captain is not dead."

"Bosh!" observes Mr. George.

"What was your remark, my dear friend?" inquires the old man, with his hand to his ear.

"Bosh!"

"Ho!" says Grandfather Smallweed. "Mr. George, of my opinion you can judge for yourself, according to the questions asked of me, and the reasons given for asking 'em. Now, what do you think the lawyer making the inquiries wants?"

"A job," says Mr. George.

"Nothing of the kind!"

"Can't be a lawyer, then," says Mr. George, folding his arms with an air of confirmed resolution.

"My dear friend, he is a lawyer, and a famous one. He wants to see some fragment in Captain Hawdon's writing. He don't want to keep it. He only wants to see it, and compare it with a writing in his possession."

"Well?"

"Well, Mr. George. Happening to remember the advertisement concerning Captain Hawdon, and any information that could be given respecting him, he looked it up and came to me—just as you did, my dear friend. *Will* you shake hands? So glad you came, that day! I should have missed forming such a friendship, if you hadn't come!"

"Well, Mr. Smallweed?" says Mr. George again, after going through the ceremony with some stiffness.

"I had no such thing. I have nothing but his signature. Plague, pestilence, and famine—battle, murder, and sudden death upon him," says the old man, making a curse out of one of his few remembrances of a prayer, and squeezing up his velvet cap between his angry hands, "I have half a million of his signatures, I think! But, you," breathlessly recovering his mildness of speech, as Judy re-adjusts the cap on his skittle-ball of a head; "you, my dear Mr. George, are likely to have some letter or paper that would suit the purpose. Any thing would suit the purpose, written in the hand."

"Some writing in that hand," says the trooper, pondering; "maybe I have."

"My dearest friend!"

"Maybe I have not."

"Ho!" says Grandfather Smallweed, crestfallen.

"But if I had bushels of it, I would not show as much as would make a cartridge, without knowing why."

"Sir, I have told you why. My dear Mr. George, I have told you why."

"Not enough," says the trooper, shaking his head. "I must know more, and approve it."

"Then, will you come to the lawyer? My dear friend, will you come and see the gentleman?" urges Grandfather Smallweed, pulling out a lean old silver watch, with hands like the legs of a skeleton. "I told him it was probable I might call upon him between ten and eleven this forenoon; and it's now half after ten. Will you come and see the gentleman, Mr. George?"

"Hum!" says he, gravely. "I don't mind that. Though why this should concern you so much, I don't know."

"Every thing concerns me that has a chance in it of bringing any thing to light about him. Didn't he take us all in? Didn't he owe us immense sums, all round? Concern me? Who can any thing about him concern more than me? Not, my dear friend," says Grandfather Smallweed, lowering his tone, "that I want *you* to betray any thing. Far from it. Are you ready to come, my dear friend?"

"Ay! I'll come in a moment. I promise nothing, you know."

"No, my dear Mr. George; no."

"And you mean to say you're going to give me a lift to this place, wherever it is, without charging for it?" Mr. George inquires, getting his hat, and thick wash-leather gloves.

This pleasantry so tickles Mr. Smallweed, that he laughs, long and low, before the fire. But

ever while he laughs, he glances over his paralytic shoulder at Mr. George, and eagerly watches him as he unlocks the padlock of a homely cupboard at the distant end of the gallery, looks here and there upon the higher shelves, and ultimately takes something out with a rustling of paper, folds it, and puts it in his breast. Then Judy pokes Mr. Smallweed once, and Mr. Smallweed pokes Judy once.

"I am ready," says the trooper, coming back. "Phil, you can carry this old gentleman to his coach, and make nothing of him."

"O dear me! O Lord! Stop a moment!" says Mr. Smallweed. "He's so very prompt! Are you sure you can do it carefully, my worthy man?"

Phil makes no reply; but seizing the chair and its load, sidles away, tightly hugged by the now speechless Mr. Smallweed, and bolts along the passage, as if he had an acceptable commission to carry the old gentleman to the nearest volcano. His shorter trust, however, terminating at the cab, he deposits him there; and the fair Judy takes her place beside him, and the chair embellishes the roof, and Mr. George takes the vacant place upon the box.

Mr. George is quite confounded by the spectacle he beholds from time to time as he peeps into the cab through the window behind him; where the grim Judy is always motionless, and the old gentleman with his cap over one eye is always sliding off the seat into the straw, and looking upward at him, out of his other eye, with a helpless expression of being jolted in the back.

CHAPTER XXVII.—More Old Soldiers than one.

Mr. George has not far to ride with folded arms upon the box, for their destination is Lincoln's Inn Fields. When the driver stops his horses, Mr. George alights, and, looking in at the window, says:

"What, Mr. Tulkinghorn's your man, is he?"

"Yes, my dear friend. Do you know him, Mr. George?"

"Why, I have heard of him—seen him, too, I think. But I don't know him, and he don't know me."

There ensues the carrying of Mr. Smallweed up-stairs; which is done to perfection with the trooper's help. He is borne into Mr. Tulkinghorn's great room, and deposited on the Turkey rug before the fire. Mr. Tulkinghorn is not within at the present moment, but will be back directly. The occupant of the pew in the hall, having said thus much, stirs the fire, and leaves the triumvirate to warm themselves.

Mr. George is mightily curious in respect of the room. He looks up at the painted ceiling, looks round at the old law-books, contemplates the portraits of the great clients, reads aloud the names on the boxes.

"'Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet,'" Mr. George reads, thoughtfully. "Ha! 'Manor of Chesney Wold.' Humph!" Mr. George stands looking at these boxes a long while—as if they were pictures—and comes back to the fire, repeating, "Sir Leicester Dedlock, Baronet, and Manor of Chesney Wold, hey?"

"Worth a mint of money, Mr. George!" whispers Grandfather Smallweed, rubbing his legs. "Powerfully rich!"

"What do you mean? This old gentleman, or the Baronet?"

"This gentleman, this gentleman."

"So I have heard; and knows a thing or two, I'll hold a wager. Not bad quarters either," says Mr. George, looking round again. "See the strong box yonder!"

This reply is cut short by Mr. Tulkinghorn's arrival. There is no change in him, of course. Rustily dressed, with his spectacles in his hand, and their very case worn threadbare. In manner, close and dry. In voice, husky and low. In face, watchful behind a blind; habitually not uncensorious and contemptuous, perhaps. The peerage may have warmer worshipers and faithfuler believers than Mr. Tulkinghorn, after all, if every thing were known.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smallweed, good-morning!" he says, as he comes in. "You have brought the sergeant, I see. Sit down, sergeant."

As Mr. Tulkinghorn takes off his gloves and puts them in his hat, he looks with half-closed eyes across the room to where the trooper stands, and says within himself perchance, "You'll do, my friend!"

"Sit down, sergeant," he repeats, as he comes to his table, which is set on one side of the fire, and takes his easy chair. "Cold and raw this morning, cold and raw!" Mr. Tulkinghorn warms before the bars, alternately, the palms and knuckles of his hands, and looks (from behind that blind which is always down) at the trio sitting in a little semi-circle before him.

"Now, I can feel what I am about!" (as perhaps he can in two senses) "Mr. Smallweed." The old gentleman is newly shaken up by Judy, to bear his part in the conversation. "You have brought our good friend the sergeant, I see."

"Yes, sir," returns Mr. Smallweed, very servile to the lawyer's wealth and influence.

"And what does the sergeant say about this business?"

"Mr. George," says Grandfather Smallweed, with a tremulous wave of his shriveled hand, "this is the gentleman, sir."

Mr. George salutes the gentleman; but otherwise sits bolt upright and profoundly silent—very forward in his chair, as if the full complement of regulation appendages for a field day hung about him.

Mr. Tulkinghorn proceeds: "Well, George?—I believe your name is George?"

"It is so, sir."

"What do you say, George?"

"I ask your pardon, sir," returns the trooper, "but I should wish to know what *you* say?"

"Do you mean in point of reward?"

"I mean in point of every thing, sir."

This is so very trying to Mr. Smallweed's temper, that he suddenly breaks out with "You're a Brimstone beast!" and as suddenly asks pardon of Mr. Tulkinghorn; excusing himself for this slip of the tongue, by saying to Judy, "I was thinking of your grandmother, my dear."

"I supposed, sergeant," Mr. Tulkinghorn resumes, as he leans on one side of his chair and crosses his legs, "that Mr. Smallweed might have sufficiently explained the matter. It lies in the smallest compass, however. You served under Captain Hawdon at one time, and were his attendant, in illness, and rendered him many little services, and were rather in his confidence, I am told. That is so, is it not?"

"Yes, sir, that is so," says Mr. George, with military brevity.

"Therefore you may happen to have in your possession something—any thing, no matter what—accounts, instructions, orders, a letter, any thing—in Captain Hawdon's writing. I wish to compare his writing with some that I have. If you can give me the opportunity, you shall be rewarded for your trouble. Three, four, five, guineas, you would consider handsome, I dare say."

"Noble, my dear friend!" cries Grandfather Smallweed, screwing up his eyes.

"If not, say how much more, in your conscience as a soldier, you can demand. There is no need for you to part with the writing, against your inclination—though I should prefer to have it."

Mr. George sits squared in exactly the same attitude, looks at the ground, looks at the painted ceiling, and says never a word The irascible Mr. Smallweed scratches the air.

"The question is," says Mr. Tulkinghorn in his methodical, subdued, uninterested way, "first, whether you have any of Captain Hawdon's writing?"

"First, whether I have any of Captain Hawdon's writing, sir," repeats Mr. George.

"Secondly, what will satisfy you for the trouble of producing it?"

"Secondly, what will satisfy me for the trouble of producing it, sir," repeats Mr. George.

"Thirdly, you can judge for yourself whether it is at all like that," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, suddenly handing him some sheets of written paper tied together.

"Whether it is at all like that, sir. Just so," repeats Mr. George.

All three repetitions Mr. George pronounces in a mechanical manner, looking straight at Mr. Tulkinghorn; nor does he so much as glance at the affidavit in Jarndyce and Jarndyce, that has been given to him for his inspection (though he still holds it in his hand), but continues to look at the lawyer with an air of troubled meditation.

"Well?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "What do you say?"

"Well, sir," replies Mr. George, rising erect and looking immense, "I would rather, if you'll excuse me, have nothing to do with this."

Mr. Tulkinghorn, outwardly quite undisturbed, demands "Why not?"

"Why, sir," returns the trooper. "Except on military compulsion, I am not a man of business. Among civilians I am what they call in Scotland a ne'er-do-weel. I have no head for papers, sir. I can stand any fire better than a fire of cross questions. I mentioned to Mr. Smallweed, only an hour or so ago, that when I come into things of this kind I feel as if I was being smothered. And that is my sensation," says Mr. George, looking round upon the company, "at the present moment."

With that, he takes three strides forward to replace the papers on the lawyer's table, and three strides backward to resume his former station: where he stands perfectly upright, now looking at the ground, and now at the painted ceiling, with his hands behind him as if to prevent himself from accepting any other document whatever.

Under this provocation, Mr. Smallweed's favorite adjective of disparagement is so close to his tongue, that he begins the words "my dear friend" with the monosyllable "Brim," thus converting the possessive pronoun into Brimmy, and appearing to have an impediment in his speech. Once past this difficulty, however, he exhorts his dear friend in the tenderest manner not to be rash, but to do what so eminent a gentleman requires, and to do it with a good grace: confident that it must be unobjectionable as well as profitable. Mr. Tulkinghorn merely utters an occasional sentence, as "You are the best judge of your own interest, sergeant." "Take care you do no harm by this." "Please yourself, please yourself." "If you know what you mean, that's quite enough." These he utters with an appearance of perfect indifference, as he looks over the papers on his table, and prepares to write a letter.

Mr. George looks distrustfully from the painted ceiling to the ground, from the ground to Mr. Smallweed, from Mr. Smallweed to Mr. Tulkinghorn, and from Mr. Tulkinghorn to the painted ceiling again: often in his perplexity changing the leg on which he rests.

"I do assure you, sir," says Mr. George, "not to say it offensively, that between you and Mr. Smallweed here, I really am being smothered fifty times over. I really am, sir. I am not a match for you gentlemen. Will you allow me to ask, why you want to see the captain's hand in the case that I could find any specimen of it?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn quietly shakes his head. "No. If you were a man of business, sergeant, you would not need to be informed that there are confidential reasons, very harmless in themselves, for many such wants, in the profession to which I belong. But if you are afraid of doing any injury to Captain Hawdon, you may set your mind at rest about that."

"Ay! he is dead, sir."

"*Is* he?" Mr. Tulkinghorn quietly sits down to write.

"Well, sir," says the trooper, looking into his hat, after another disconcerted pause; "I am sorry not to have given you more satisfaction. If it would be any satisfaction to any one, that I should be confirmed in my judgment that I would rather have nothing to do with this, by a friend of mine, who has a better head for business than I have, and who is an old soldier, I am willing to consult with him. I—I really am so completely smothered myself, at present," says Mr. George, passing his hand hopelessly across his brow, "that I don't know but what it might be a satisfaction to me."

Mr. Smallweed hearing that this authority is an old soldier, so strongly inculcates the expediency of the trooper's taking counsel with him, and particularly informing him of its being a question of five guineas or more, that Mr. George engages to go and see him. Mr. Tulkinghorn says nothing either way.

"I'll consult my friend, then, by your leave, sir," says the trooper, "and I'll take the liberty of looking in again with a final answer in the course of the day. Mr. Smallweed, if you wish to be carried down stairs—"

"In a moment, my dear friend, in a moment. Will you first let me speak half a word with this gentleman, in private?"

"Certainly, sir. Don't hurry yourself on my account." The trooper retires to a distant part of the room, and resumes his curious inspection of the boxes; strong, and otherwise.

"If I wasn't as weak as a Brimstone Baby, sir," whispers Grandfather Smallweed, drawing the lawyer down to his level by the lappel of his coat, and flashing some half-quenched green fire out of his angry eyes, "I'd tear the writing away from him. He's got it buttoned in his breast. I saw him put it there. Judy saw him put it there. Speak up, you crabbed image for the sign of a walking-stick shop, and say you saw him put it there!"

This vehement conjuration the old gentleman accompanies with such a thrust at his granddaughter, that it is too much for his strength, and he slips away out of his chair, drawing Mr. Tulkinghorn with him, until he is arrested by Judy, and well shaken.

"Violence will not do for me, my friend," Mr. Tulkinghorn then remarks coolly.

"No, no, I know, I know sir. But it's chafing and galling—it's—it's worse than your smattering chattering Magpie of a grandmother," to the imperturbable Judy, who only looks at the fire, "to know he has got what's wanted, and won't give it up. He, not to give it up! *He!* A vagabond! But never mind, sir, never mind. At the most, he has only his own way for a little while. I have him periodically in a vice. I'll twist him, sir. I'll screw him, sir. If he won't do it with a good grace, I'll make him do it with a bad one, sir!—Now, my dear Mr. George," says Grandfather Smallweed, winking at the lawyer hideously, as he releases him. "I am ready for your kind assistance, my excellent friend!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn, with some shadowy sign of amusement manifesting itself through his self-possession, stands on the hearth-rug with his back to the fire, watching the disappearance of Mr. Smallweed, and acknowledging the trooper's parting salute with one slight nod.

It is more difficult to get rid of the old gentleman, Mr. George finds, than to bear a hand in carrying him down stairs; for, when he is replaced in his conveyance, he is so loquacious on the subject of the guineas, and retains such an affectionate hold of his button—having, in truth, a secret longing to rip his coat open, and rob him—that some degree of force is necessary on the trooper's part to effect a separation. It is accomplished at last, and he proceeds alone in quest of his adviser.

By the cloisterly Temple, and by Whitefriars (there, not without a glance at Hanging-sword Alley, which would seem to be something in his way), and by Blackfriars-bridge, and Blackfriars-road, Mr. George sedately marches to a street of little shops lying somewhere in that ganglion of roads from Kent and Surrey, and of streets from the bridges of London, centering in the far-famed Elephant who has lost his Castle formed of a thousand four-horse coaches, to a stronger iron monster than he, ready to chop him into mince-meat any day he dares. To one of the little shops in this street, which is a musician's shop, having a few fiddles in the window, and some Pan's pipes and a tambourine, and a triangle, and certain elongated scraps of music, Mr. George directs his massive tread. And halting at a few paces from it, as he sees a soldierly looking woman, with her outer skirts tucked up, come forth with a small wooden tub, and in that tub commence a whisking and a splashing on the margin of the pavement, Mr. George says to himself, "She's as usual, washing greens. I never saw her, except upon a baggage-wagon, when she wasn't washing greens!"

The subject of this reflection is at all events so occupied in washing greens at present, that she remains unsuspicious of Mr. George's approach; until, lifting up herself and her tub together, when she has poured the water off into the gutter, she finds him standing near her. Her reception of him is not flattering.

"George, I never see you, but I wish you was a hundred mile away!"

The trooper, without remarking on this welcome, follows into the musical instrument shop, where the lady places her tub of greens upon the counter, and having shaken hands with him, rests her arms upon it.

"I never," she says, "George, consider Matthew Bagnet safe a minute when you're near him. You are that restless and that roving—"

"Yes! I know I am, Mrs. Bagnet. I know I am."

"You know you are!" says Mrs. Bagnet. "What's the use of that? *Why* are you?"

"The nature of the animal, I suppose," returns the trooper good-humoredly.

"Ah!" cries Mrs. Bagnet, something shrilly, "but what satisfaction will the nature of the animal be to me, when the animal shall have tempted my Mat away from the musical business to New Zealand or Australey!"

Mrs. Bagnet is not at all an ill-looking woman. Rather large-boned, a little coarse in the grain, and freckled by the sun and wind which have tanned her hair upon the forehead; but healthy, wholesome, and bright-eyed. A strong, busy, active honest-faced woman, of from forty-five to fifty. Clean, hardy, and so economically dressed (though substantially), that the only article of ornament of which she stands possessed appears to be her wedding ring; around which her finger has grown to be so large since it was put on, that it will never come off again until it shall mingle with Mrs. Bagnet's dust.

"Mrs. Bagnet," says the trooper, "I am on my parole with you. Mat will get no harm from me. You may trust me so far."

"Well, I think I may. But the very looks of you are unsettling," Mrs. Bagnet rejoins. "Ah, George, George! If you had only settled down, and married Joe Pouch's widow, when he died in North America, *she'd* have combed your hair for you."

"It was a chance for me, certainly," returns the trooper, half-laughingly, half-seriously, "but I shall never settle down into a respectable man now. Joe Pouch's widow might have done me good—there was something in her—and something of her—but I couldn't make up my mind to it. If I had had the luck to meet with such a wife as Mat found!"

Mrs. Bagnet, who seems in a virtuous way to be under little reserve with a good sort of fellow, but to be another sort of good fellow herself for that matter, receives this compliment by flicking Mr. George in the face with a head of greens, and taking her tub into the little room behind the shop.

"Why, Quebec, my poppet!" says George, following, on invitation, into that apartment. "And little Malta, too! Come and kiss your Bluffy!"

These young ladies—not supposed to have been actually christened by the names applied to them, though always so called in the family, from the places of their birth, in barracks—are respectively employed on three-legged stools: the younger (some five or six years old) in learning her letters out of a penny primer; the elder (eight or nine, perhaps), in teaching her, and sewing with great assiduity. Both hail Mr. George with acclamations as an old friend, and, after some kissing and romping, plant their stools beside him.

"And how's Young Woolwich?" says Mr. George.

"Ah! There now!" cries Mrs. Bagnet, turning about from her saucepans (for she is cooking dinner), with a bright flush on her face. "Would you believe it? Got an engagement at the Theayter, with his father, to play the fife in a military piece."

"Well done, my Godson!" cries Mr. George, slapping his thigh.

"I believe you!" says Mrs. Bagnet. "He's a Briton. That's what Woolwich is. A Briton."

"And Mat blows away at his bassoon, and you're respectable civilians one and all," says Mr. George. "Family people. Children growing up. Mat's old mother in Scotland, and your old father somewhere else, corresponded with, and helped a little, and—well, well! To be sure, I don't know why I shouldn't be wished a hundred mile away, for I have not much to do with all this!"

Mr. George is becoming thoughtful; sitting before the fire in the whitewashed room, which has a sanded floor, and a barrack smell, and contains nothing superfluous, and has not a visible speck of dirt or dust in it, from the faces of Quebec and Malta to the bright tin pots and pannikins upon the dresser shelves;—Mr. George is becoming thoughtful, sitting here while Mrs. Bagnet is busy, when Mr. Bagnet and Young Woolwich opportunely come home. Mr. Bagnet is an ex-artilleryman, tall and upright, with shaggy eyebrows, and whiskers like the fibres of a cocoa-nut, not a hair upon his head, and a torrid complexion. His voice, short, deep, and resonant, is not at all unlike the tones of the instrument to which he is devoted. Indeed there may be generally observed in him an unbending, unyielding, brass-bound air, as if he were himself the bassoon of the human orchestra. Young Woolwich is the type and model of a young drummer.

Both father and son salute the trooper heartily. He saying, in due season, that he has come to advise with Mr. Bagnet, Mr. Bagnet hospitably declares that he will hear of no business until after dinner; and that his friend shall not partake of his counsel, without first partaking of boiled pork and greens. The trooper yielding to this invitation, he and Mr. Bagnet, not to embarrass the domestic preparations, go forth to take a turn up and down the little street, which they promenade with measured tread and folded arms, as if it were a rampart.

"George," says Mr. Bagnet. "You know me. It's my old girl that advises. She has the head. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained. Wait till the greens is off her mind. Then we'll consult. Whatever the old girl says, do—do it!"

"I intend to, Mat," replies the other. "I would sooner take her opinion than that of a college."

"College!" returns Mr. Bagnet, in short sentences, bassoon-like. "What college could you leave—in another quarter of the world—with nothing but a gray cloak and an umbrella—to make its way home to Europe? The old girl would do it to-morrow. Did it once."

"You are right," says Mr. George.

"What college," pursues Bagnet, "could you set up in life—with two penn'orth of white lime, a penn'orth of fuller's earth—a hap'orth of sand—and the rest of the change out of sixpence in

money? That's what the old girl started on. In the present business."

"I'm rejoiced to hear it's thriving, Mat."

"The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, acquiescing, "saves. Has a stocking somewhere. With money in it. I never saw it. But I know she's got it. Wait till the greens is off her mind. Then she'll set you up."

"She is a treasure," exclaims Mr. George.

"She's more. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained. It was the old girl that brought out my musical abilities. I should have been in the artillery now, but for the old girl. Six years I hammered at the fiddle. Ten at the flute. The old girl said it wouldn't do; intention good, but want of flexibility; try the bassoon. The old girl borrowed a bassoon from the band-master of the Rifle Regiment. I practiced in the trenches. Got on, got another, get a living by it."

George remarks that she looks as fresh as a rose, and as sound as an apple.

"The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet in reply, "is a thoroughly fine woman. Consequently, she is like a thoroughly fine day. Gets finer as she gets on. I never saw the old girl's equal. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained."

Proceeding to converse on indifferent matters, they walk up and down the little street, keeping step and time, until summoned by Quebec and Malta to do justice to the pork and greens; over which Mrs. Bagnet, like a military chaplain, says a short grace. In the distribution of these comestibles, as in every other household duty, Mrs. Bagnet develops an exact system; sitting with every dish before her; allotting to every portion of pork its own portion of pot-liquor, greens, potatoes, and even mustard; and serving it out complete. Having likewise served out the beer from a can, and thus supplied the mess with all things necessary, Mrs. Bagnet proceeds to satisfy her own hunger, which is in a healthy state. The kit of the mess, if the table furniture may be so denominated, is chiefly composed of utensils of horn and tin, that have done duty in several parts of the world. Young Woolwich's knife, in particular, which is of the oyster kind, with the additional feature of a strong shutting-up movement, which frequently balks the appetite of that young musician, is mentioned as having gone in various hands the complete round of foreign service.

The dinner done, Mrs. Bagnet, assisted by the younger branches (who polish their own cups and platters, knives and forks), makes all the dinner garniture shine as brightly as before, and puts it all away; first sweeping the hearth, to the end that Mr. Bagnet and the visitor may not be retarded in the smoking of their pipes. These household cares involve much pattening and counter-pattening in the back yard, and considerable use of a pail, which is finally so happy as to assist in the ablutions of Mrs. Bagnet herself. That old girl reappearing by-and-by, quite fresh, and sitting down to her needlework, then and only then—the greens being only then to be considered as entirely off her mind—Mr. Bagnet requests the trooper to state his case.

This, Mr. George does with great discretion; appearing to address himself to Mr. Bagnet, but having an eye solely on the old girl all the time, as Bagnet has himself. She, equally discreet, busies herself with her needlework. The case fully stated, Mr. Bagnet resorts to his standard artifice for the maintenance of discipline.

"That's the whole of it, is it, George?" says he.

"That's the whole of it."

"You act according to my opinion?"

"I shall be guided," replies George, "entirely by it."

"Old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "give him my opinion. You know it. Tell him what it is."

It is, that he can not have too little to do with people who are too deep for him, and can not be too careful of interference with matters he does not understand; that the plain rule is, to do nothing in the dark, to be a party to nothing underhanded or mysterious, and never to put his foot where he can not see the ground. This, in effect, is Mr. Bagnet's opinion as delivered through the old girl; and it so relieves Mr. George's mind, by confirming his own opinion and banishing his doubts, that he composes himself to smoke another pipe on that exceptional occasion, and to have a talk over old times with the whole Bagnet family, according to their various ranges of experience.

Through these means it comes to pass, that Mr. George does not again rise to his full height in that parlor until the time is drawing on when the bassoon and fife are expected by a British public at the theatre; and as it takes time even then for Mr. George, in his domestic character of Bluffy, to take leave of Quebec and Malta, and insinuate a sponsorial shilling into the pocket of his godson, with felicitations on his success in life, it is dark when Mr. George again turns his face toward Lincoln's Inn Fields.

"A family home," he ruminates, as he marches along, "however small it is, makes a man like me look lonely. But it's well I never made that evolution of matrimony. I shouldn't have been fit for it. I am such a vagabond still, even at my present time of life, that I couldn't hold to the gallery a month together, if it was a regular pursuit, or if I didn't camp there, gipsy fashion. Come! I disgrace nobody and cumber nobody: that's something. I have not done that, for many a long year!"

So he whistles it off, and marches on.

Arrived in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and mounting Mr. Tulkinghorn's stair, he finds the outer door closed, and the chambers shut; but the trooper not knowing much about outer doors, and the staircase being dark besides, he is yet fumbling and groping about, hoping to discover a bell handle or to open the door for himself, when Mr Tulkinghorn comes up the stairs (quietly, of course), and angrily asks:

"Who is that? What are you doing there?"

"I ask your pardon, sir. It's George. The sergeant."

"And couldn't George, the sergeant, see that my door was locked?"

"Why, no sir, I couldn't. At any rate, I didn't," says the trooper, rather nettled.

"Have you changed your mind? or are you in the same mind?" Mr. Tulkinghorn demands. But he knows well enough at a glance.

"In the same mind, sir."

"I thought so. That's sufficient. You can go. So, you are the man," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, opening his door with the key, "in whose hiding place Mr. Gridley was found?"

"Yes, I *am* the man," says the trooper, stopping two or three stairs down. "What then, sir?"

"What then? I don't like your associates. You should not have seen the inside of my door this morning, if I had thought of your being that man. Gridley? A threatening, murderous, dangerous fellow."

With these words, spoken in an unusually high tone for him, the lawyer goes into his rooms, and shuts the door with a thundering noise.

Mr. George takes this dismissal in great dudgeon; the greater, because a clerk coming up the stairs has heard the last words of all, and evidently applies them to him. "A pretty character to bear," the trooper growls with a hasty oath, as he strides down stairs. "A threatening, murderous, dangerous fellow!" and looking up, he sees the clerk looking down at him, and marking him as he passes a lamp. This so intensifies his dudgeon, that for five minutes he is in an ill humor. But he whistles that off, like the rest of it; and marches home to the Shooting Gallery.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—The Ironmaster.

Sir Leicester Dedlock has got the better, for the time being, of the family gout; and is once more, in a literal no less than in a figurative point of view upon his legs. He is at his place in Lincolnshire; but the waters are out again on the low-lying grounds, and the cold and damp steal into Chesney Wold, though well defended, and eke into Sir Leicester's bones. The blazing fires of fagot and coal—Dedlock timber and antediluvian forest—that blaze upon the broad wide hearths, and wink in the twilight on the frowning woods, sullen to see how trees are sacrificed, do not exclude the enemy. The hot-water pipes that trail themselves all over the house, the cushioned doors and windows, and the screens and curtains, fail to supply the fires' deficiencies, and to satisfy Sir Leicester's need. Hence the fashionable intelligence proclaims one morning to the listening earth, that Lady Dedlock is expected shortly to return to town for a few weeks.

It is a melancholy truth that even great men have their poor relations. Indeed great men have often more than their share of poor relations: inasmuch as very red blood of the superior quality, like inferior blood unlawfully shed, *will* cry aloud, and *will* be heard. Sir Leicester's cousins, in the remotest degree, are so many Murders, in the respect that they "will out." Among whom there are cousins who are so poor, that one might almost dare to think it would have been the happier for them never to have been plated links upon the Dedlock chain of gold, but to have been made of common iron at first, and done base service.

Service, however (with a few limited reservations: genteel but not profitable), they may not do, being of the Dedlock dignity. So they visit their richer cousins, and get into debt when they can, and live but shabbily when they can't, and find—the women no husbands, and the men no wives—and ride in borrowed carriages, and sit at feasts that are never of their own making, and so go through high life. The rich family sum has been divided by so many figures, and they are the something over that nobody knows what to do with.

Every body on Sir Leicester Dedlock's side of the question, and of his way of thinking, would appear to be his cousin more or less. From my Lord Boodle, through the Duke of Foodle, down to Noodle, Sir Leicester, like a glorious spider, stretches his threads of relationship. But while he is stately in the cousinship of the Everybodys, he is a kind and generous man, according to his dignified way, in the cousinship of the Nobodys; and at the present time, in despite of the damp, he stays out the visit of several such cousins at Chesney Wold, with the constancy of a martyr.

Of these foremost in the first rank stands Volumnia Dedlock, a young lady (of sixty), who is doubly highly related; having the honor to be a poor relation, by the mother's side, to another great family. Miss Volumnia, displaying in early life a pretty talent for cutting ornaments out of colored paper, and also for singing to the guitar in the Spanish tongue, and propounding French conundrums in country houses, passed the twenty years of her existence between twenty and forty in a sufficiently agreeable manner. Lapsing then out of date, and being considered to bore mankind by her vocal performances in the Spanish language, she retired to Bath; where she lives slenderly on an annual present from Sir Leicester, and whence she makes occasional resurrections in the country houses of her cousins. She has an extensive acquaintance at Bath among appalling old gentlemen with thin legs and nankeen trousers, and is of high standing in that dreary city. But she is a little dreaded elsewhere, in consequence of an indiscreet profusion in the article of rouge, and persistency in an absolute pearl necklace like a rosary of little bird's-eggs.

In any country in a wholesome state, Volumnia would be a clear case for the pension list. Efforts have been made to get her on it; and when William Buffy came in, it was fully expected that her name would be put down for a couple of hundred a year. But William Buffy somehow discovered, contrary to all expectation, that these

were not times when it could be done; and this was the first clear indication Sir Leicester Dedlock had conveyed to him, that the country was going to pieces.

There is likewise the Honorable Bob Stables, who can make warm mashes with the skill of a veterinary surgeon, and is a better shot than most gamekeepers. He has been for some time particularly desirous to serve his country in a post of good emoluments, unaccompanied by any trouble or responsibility. In a well regulated body politic, this natural desire on the part of a spirited young gentleman so highly connected, would be speedily recognized; but somehow William Buffy found when he came in, that these were not times in which he could manage that little matter, either; and this was the second indication Sir Leicester Dedlock had conveyed to him, that the country was going to pieces.

The rest of the cousins are ladies and gentlemen of various ages and capacities; the major part, amiable and sensible, and likely to have done well enough in life if they could have overcome their cousinship; as it is, they are almost all a little worsted by it, and lounge in purposeless and listless paths, and seem to be quite as much at a loss how to dispose of themselves, as any body else can be how to dispose of them.

In this society, and where not, my Lady Dedlock reigns supreme. Beautiful, elegant, accomplished, and powerful in her little world (for the world of fashion does not stretch *all* the way from pole to pole), her influence in Sir Leicester's house, however haughty and indifferent her manner, is greatly to improve it and refine it. The cousins, even those older cousins who were paralyzed when Sir Leicester married her, do her feudal homage; and the Honorable Bob Stables daily repeats to some chosen person, between breakfast and lunch, his favorite original remark that she is the best groomed woman in the whole stud.

Such the guests in the long drawing-room at Chesney Wold this dismal night, when the step on the Ghost's Walk (inaudible here, however) might be the step of a deceased cousin shut out in the cold. It is near bedtime. Bedroom fires blaze brightly all over the house, raising ghosts of grim furniture on wall and ceiling. Bedroom candlesticks bristle on the distant table by the door, and cousins yawn on ottomans. Cousins at the piano, cousins at the soda-water tray, cousins rising from the card-table, cousins gathered round the fire. Standing on one side of his own peculiar fire (for there are two), Sir Leicester. On the opposite side of the broad hearth, my Lady at her table. Volumnia, as one of the more privileged cousins, in a luxurious chair between them. Sir Leicester glancing, with magnificent displeasure, at the rouge and the pearl necklace.

"I occasionally meet on my staircase here," drawls Volumnia, whose thoughts perhaps are already hopping up it to bed, after a long evening of very desultory talk, "one of the prettiest girls, I think, that I ever saw in my life."

A *protegée* of my lady's," observes Sir Leicester.

"I thought so. I felt sure that some uncommon eye must have picked that girl out. She really is a marvel. A dolly sort of beauty perhaps," says Miss Volumnia, reserving her own sort, "but in its way, perfect; such bloom I never saw!"

Sir Leicester, with his magnificent glance of displeasure at the rouge appears to say so too.

"Indeed," remarks my Lady, languidly, "if there is any uncommon eye in the case, it is Mrs. Rouncewell's, and not mine. Rosa is her discovery."

"Your maid, I suppose?"

"No. My any thing; pet—secretary—messenger. I don't know what."

"You like to have her about you, as you would like to have a flower, or a bird, or a picture, or a poodle—no, not a poodle, though—or any thing else that was equally pretty?" says Volumnia, sympathizing, "Yes, how charming now! and how well that delightful old soul Mrs. Rouncewell is looking. She must be an immense age, and yet she is as active and handsome!—She is the dearest friend I have, positively!"

Sir Leicester feels it to be right and fitting that the housekeeper of Chesney Wold should be a remarkable person. Apart from that, he has a real regard for Mrs. Rouncewell, and likes to hear her praised. So he says, "You are right, Volumnia;" which Volumnia is extremely glad to hear.

"She has no daughter of her own, has she?"

"Mrs. Rouncewell? No, Volumnia. She has a son. Indeed, she had two."

My Lady, whose chronic malady of boredom has been sadly aggravated by Volumnia this evening, glances wearily toward the candlesticks and heaves a noiseless sigh.

"And it is a remarkable example of the confusion into which the present age has fallen; of the obliteration of landmarks, the opening of floodgates, and the uprooting of distinctions," says Sir Leicester with stately gloom; "that I have been informed, by Mr. Tulkinghorn, that Mrs. Rouncewell's son has been invited to go into Parliament"

Miss Volumnia utters a little sharp scream.

"Yes, indeed," repeats Sir Leicester. "Into Parliament."

"I never heard of such a thing! Good gracious, what is the man?" exclaims Volumnia.

"He is called, I believe—an—Ironmaster." Sir Leicester says it slowly, and with gravity and doubt, as not being sure but that he is called a Leadmistress; or that the right word may be some other word expressive of some other relationship to some other metal.

Volumnia utters another little scream.

"He has declined the proposal, if my information from Mr. Tulkinghorn be correct, as I have no doubt it is, Mr. Tulkinghorn being always correct and exact; still that does not," says Sir Lei-

cester, "that does not lessen the anomaly; which is fraught with strange considerations—startling considerations, as it appears to me."

Miss Volumnia rising with a look candlestick-ward, Sir Leicester politely performs the grand tour of the drawing-room, brings one, and lights it at my Lady's shaded lamp.

"I must beg you, my Lady," he says while doing so, "to remain a few moments; for this individual of whom I speak, arrived this evening shortly before dinner, and requested—in a very becoming note;" Sir Leicester, with his habitual regard to truth, dwells upon it; "I am bound to say, in a very becoming and well-expressed note—the favor of a short interview with yourself and *myself*, on the subject of this young girl. As it appeared that he wished to depart to-night, I replied that we would see him before retiring."

Miss Volumnia with a third little scream takes flight, wishing her hosts—O Lud—well rid of the—what is it?—Ironmaster!

The other cousins soon disperse, to the last cousin there. Sir Leicester rings the bell. "Make my compliments to Mr. Rouncewell, in the housekeeper's apartments, and say I can receive him now."

My Lady, who has heard all this with slight attention outwardly, looks toward Mr. Rouncewell as he comes in. He is a little over fifty perhaps, of a good figure, like his mother; and has a clear voice, a broad forehead from which his dark hair has retired, and a shrewd, though open face. He is a responsible looking gentleman dressed in black, portly enough, but strong and active. Has a perfectly natural and easy air, and is not in the least embarrassed by the great presence into which he comes.

"Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, as I have already apologized for intruding on you, I can not do better than be very brief. I thank you, Sir Leicester."

The head of the Dedlocks has motioned toward a sofa between himself and my Lady. Mr. Rouncewell quietly takes his seat there.

"In these busy times, when so many great undertakings are in progress, people like myself have so many workmen in so many places, that we are always on the flight."

Sir Leicester is content enough that the ironmaster should feel that there is no hurry there; there, in that ancient house, rooted in that quiet park, where the ivy and the moss have had time to mature, and the gnarled and warted elms, and the umbrageous oaks, stand deep in the fern and leaves of a hundred years; and where the sundial on the terrace has dumbly recorded for centuries that Time, which was as much the property of every Dedlock—while he lasted—as the house and lands. Sir Leicester sits down in an easy chair, opposing his repose and that of Chesney Wold to the restless flights of ironmasters.

"Lady Dedlock has been so kind," proceeds Mr. Rouncewell, with a respectful glance and a bow that way, "as to place near her a young beauty of the name of Rosa. Now, my son has fallen in love with Rosa; and has asked my consent to his proposing marriage to her, and to their becoming engaged if she will take him—which I suppose she will. I have never seen Rosa until to-day, but I have some confidence in my son's good sense—even in love. I find her what he represents her, to the best of my judgment; and my mother speaks of her with great commendation."

"She in all respects deserves it," says my Lady.

"I am happy, Lady Dedlock, that you say so; and I need not comment on the value to me of your kind opinion of her."

"That," observes Sir Leicester, with unspeakable grandeur; for he thinks the ironmaster a little too glib, "must be quite unnecessary."

"Quite unnecessary, Sir Leicester. Now, my son is a very young man, and Rosa is a very young woman. As I made my way, so my son must make his; and his being married at present is out of the question. But supposing I gave my consent to his engaging himself to this pretty girl, if this pretty girl will engage herself to him, I think it a piece of candor to say at once—I am sure, Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, you will understand and excuse me—I should make it a condition that she did not remain at Chesney Wold. Therefore, before communicating further with my son, I take the liberty of saying that if her removal would be in any way inconvenient or objectionable, I will hold the matter over with him for any reasonable time, and leave it precisely where it is."

Not remain at Chesney Wold! Make it a condition! All Sir Leicester's old misgivings relative to Wat Tyler, and the people in the iron districts who do nothing but turn out by torchlight, come in a shower upon his head: the fine gray hair of which, as well as of his whiskers, actually stirs with indignation.

"Am I to understand, sir," says Sir Leicester, "and is my Lady to understand;" he brings her in thus specially, first as a point of gallantry, and next as a point of prudence, having great reliance on her sense; "am I to understand, Mr. Rouncewell, and is my Lady to understand, sir, that you consider this young woman too good for Chesney Wold, or likely to be injured by remaining here?"

"Certainly not, Sir Leicester."

"I am glad to hear it." Sir Leicester very lofty indeed.

"Pray, Mr. Rouncewell," says my Lady, warning Sir Leicester off with the slightest gesture of her pretty hand, as if he were a fly, "explain to me what you mean."

"Willingly, Lady Dedlock. There is nothing I could desire more."

Addressing her composed face, whose intelligence, however, is too quick and active to be concealed by any studied impassiveness, however habitual, to the strong Saxon face of the visitor, a picture of resolution and perseverance, my lady listens with attention, occasionally slightly bending her head.

"I am the son of your housekeeper, Lady Ded-

lock, and passed my childhood about this house. My mother has lived here half a century, and will die here I have no doubt. She is one of those examples—perhaps as good a one as there is—of love, and attachment, and fidelity in such a station, which England may well be proud of; but of which no order can appropriate the whole pride or the whole merit, because such an instance bespeaks high worth on two sides; on the great side, assuredly; on the small one, no less assuredly."

Sir Leicester snorts a little to hear the law laid down in this way; but in his honor and his love of truth, he freely, though silently, admits the justice of the ironmaster's proposition.

"Pardon me for saying what is so obvious, but I wouldn't have it hastily supposed," with the least turn of his eyes toward Sir Leicester, "that I am ashamed of my mother's position here, or wanting in all just respect for Chesney Wold and the family. I certainly may have desired—I certainly have desired, Lady Dedlock—that my mother should retire after so many years, and end her days with me. But, as I have found that to sever this strong bond would be to break her heart, I have long abandoned that idea."

Sir Leicester very magnificent again, at the notion of Mrs. Rouncewell being spirited off from her natural home, to end her days with an ironmaster.

"I have been," proceeds the visitor, in a modest clear way, "an apprentice, and a workman. I have lived on workman's wages, years and years, and beyond a certain point have had to educate myself. My wife was a foreman's daughter, and plainly brought up. We have three daughters, besides this son of whom I have spoken; and being fortunately able to give them greater advantages than we had ourselves, we have educated them well; very well. It has been one of our great cares and pleasures to make them worthy of any station."

A little boastfulness in his fatherly tone here, as if he added in his heart, "even of the Chesney Wold station." Not a little more magnificence, therefore, on the part of Sir Leicester.

"All this is so frequent, Lady Dedlock, where I live, and among the class to which I belong, that what would be generally called unequal marriages are not of such rare occurrence with us as elsewhere. A son will sometimes make it known to his father that he has fallen in love, say with a young woman in the factory. The father, who once worked in a factory himself, will be a little disappointed at first, very possibly. It may be that he had other views for his son. However, the chances are, that having ascertained the young woman to be of unblemished character, he will say to his son, 'I must be quite sure that you are in earnest here. This is a serious matter for both of you. Therefore I shall have this girl educated for two years'—or, it may be—'I shall place this girl at the same school with your sisters for such a time, during which you will give me your word and honor to see her only so often. If, at the expiration of that time when she has so far profited by her advantages as that you may be upon a fair equality, you are both in the same mind, I will do my part to make you happy.' I know of several cases such as I describe, my Lady and I think they indicate to me my own course now."

Sir Leicester's magnificence explodes. Calmly, but terribly.

"Mr. Rouncewell," says Sir Leicester, with his right hand in the breast of his blue coat—the attitude of state in which he is painted in the gallery: "do you draw a parallel between Chesney Wold, and a—" here he resists a disposition to choke—"a factory?"

"I need not reply, Sir Leicester, that the two places are very different; but, for the purpose of this case, I think a parallel may be justly drawn between them."

Sir Leicester directs his majestic glance down one side of the long drawing-room and up the other, before he can believe that he is awake

"Are you aware, sir, that this young woman whom my Lady—my Lady—has placed near her person, was brought up at the village school outside the gates?"

"Sir Leicester, I am quite aware of it. A very good school it is, and handsomely supported by this family."

"Then, Mr. Rouncewell," returns Sir Leicester, "the application of what you have said, is, to me, incomprehensible."

"Will it be more comprehensible Sir Leicester, if I say," the ironmaster is reddening a little, "that I do not regard the village-school as teaching every thing desirable to be known by my son's wife?"

From the village school of Chesney Wold, intact as it is this minute, to the whole framework of society; from the whole framework of society, to the aforesaid framework receiving tremendous cracks in consequence of people (ironmasters, lead mistresses, and what not) not minding their catechism, and getting out of the station unto which they are called—necessarily and forever, according to Sir Leicester's rapid logic, the first station in which they happen to find themselves; and from that, to their educating other people out of *their* stations, and so obliterating the landmarks, and opening the flood-gates, and all the rest of it; this is the swift progress of the Dedlock mind.

"My Lady, I beg your pardon. Permit me, for one moment!" She has given a faint indication of intending to speak. "Mr. Rouncewell, our views of duty, and our views of station, and our views of education, and our views of—in short, *all* our views—are so diametrically opposed, that to prolong this discussion must be repellant to your feelings, and repellant to my own. This young woman is honored with my Lady's notice and favor. If she wishes to withdraw herself from that notice and favor, or if she chooses to place herself under the influence of any one who may in his peculiar opinions, you will allow

me to say, in his peculiar opinions, though I readily admit that he is not accountable for them to me—who may, in his peculiar opinions, withdraw her from that notice and favor, she is at any time at liberty to do so. We are obliged to you for the plainness with which you have spoken. It will have no effect of itself, one way or other, on the young woman's position here. Beyond this, we can make no terms; and here we beg—if you will be so good—to leave the subject."

The visitor pauses a moment to give my Lady an opportunity, but she says nothing. He then rises, and replies:

"Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock, allow me to thank you for your attention, and only to observe that I shall very seriously recommend my son to conquer his present inclinations. Good-night!"

"Mr. Rouncewell," says Sir Leicester with all the nature of a gentleman shining in him, "it is late, and the roads are dark. I hope your time is not so precious but that you will allow my Lady and myself to offer you the hospitality of Chesney Wold, for to-night at least."

"I hope so," adds my Lady.

"I am much obliged to you, but I have to travel all night, in order to reach a distant part of the country, punctually at an appointed time in the morning."

Therewith the ironmaster takes his departure; Sir Leicester ringing the bell, and my Lady rising as he leaves the room.

When my Lady goes to her boudoir, she sits down thoughtfully by the fire; and, inattentive to the Ghost's Walk, looks at Rosa, writing in an inner room. Presently my Lady calls her.

"Come to me, child. Tell me the truth. Are you in love?"

"O! my Lady!"

My Lady, looking at the downcast and blushing face, says, smiling,

"Who is it? Is it Mrs. Rouncewell's grandson?"

"Yes, if you please, my Lady. But I don't know that I am in love with him—yet."

"Yet, you silly little thing? Do you know that he loves *you* yet?"

"I think he likes me a little, my Lady." And Rosa bursts into tears.

Is this Lady Dedlock standing beside the village beauty, smoothing her dark hair with that motherly touch, and watching her with eyes so full of musing interest? Ay, indeed it is!

"Listen to me, child. You are young and true, and I believe you are attached to me."

"Indeed, I am, my Lady. Indeed, there is nothing in the world I wouldn't do, to show how much."

"And I don't think you would wish to leave me just yet, Rosa, even for a lover."

"No, my Lady! O no!" Rosa looks up for the first time, quite frightened at the thought.

"Confide in me, my child. Don't fear me. I wish you to be happy, and will make you so—if I can make any body happy on this earth."

Rosa, with fresh tears, kneels at her feet and kisses her hand. My Lady takes the hand with which she has caught it, and, standing with her eyes fixed on the fire, pats it about and about between her own two hands, and gradually lets it fall. Seeing her so absorbed, Rosa softly withdraws; but still my Lady's eyes are on the fire.

In search of what? Of any hand that is no more, of any hand that never was, of any touch that might have magically changed her life? Or does she listen to the Ghost's Walk, and think what step does it most resemble? A man's? A woman's? The pattering of a little child's feet, ever coming on—on—on? Some melancholy influence is upon her; or why should so proud a lady close the doors, and sit alone upon the hearth so desolate?

Volumnia is away next day, and all the cousins are scattered before dinner. Not a cousin of the batch but is amazed to hear from Sir Leicester, at breakfast-time of the obliteration of landmarks, and opening of floodgates, and cracking of the framework of society, manifested through Mrs. Rouncewell's son. Not a cousin of the batch but is really indignant, and connects it with the feebleness of William Buffy when in office, and really does feel deprived of a stake in the country—or the pension list—or something—by fraud and wrong. As to Volumnia, she is handed down the great staircase by Sir Leicester, as eloquent upon the theme, as if there was a general rising in the North of England to obtain her rougepot and pearl necklace. And thus, with a clatter of maids and valets—for it is one appurtenance of their cousinship, that, however difficult they may find it to keep themselves, they *must* keep maids and valets—the cousins disperse to the four winds of heaven; and the one wintry wind that blows to-day shakes a shower from the trees near the deserted house, as if all the cousins had been changed into leaves.

CHAPTER XXIX.—The Young Man.

Chesney Wold is shut up, carpets are rolled into great scrolls in corners of comfortless rooms, bright damask does penance in brown holland, carving and gilding puts on mortification, and the Dedlock ancestors retire from the light of day again. Around and around the house the leaves fall thick—but never fast, for they come circling down with a dead lightness that is sombre and slow. Let the gardener sweep and sweep the turf as he will, and press the leaves into full barrows, and wheel them off, still they lie ankle-deep. Howls the shrill wind round Chesney Wold; the sharp rain beats, the windows rattle, and the chimneys growl. Mists hide in the avenues, vail the points of view, and move in funeral wise across the rising grounds. On all the house there is a cold, blank smell, like the smell of the little church, though something dryer: suggesting that the dead and buried Dedlocks walk there, in the long nights, and leave the flavor of their graves behind them.

But the house in town, which is rarely in the

same mind as Chesney Wold at the same time; seldom rejoicing when it rejoices, or mourning when it mourns, excepting when a Dedlock dies; the house in town shines out awakened. As warm and bright as so much state may be, as delicately redolent of pleasant scents that bear no trace of winter as hothouse flowers can make it; soft and hushed, so that the ticking of the clocks and the crisp burning of the fires alone disturbs the stillness in the rooms; it seems to wrap those chilled bones of Sir Leicester's in rainbow-colored wool. And Sir Leicester is glad to repose in dignified contentment before the great fire in the library, condescendingly perusing the backs of his books, or honoring the fine arts with a glance of approbation. For he has his pictures, ancient and modern. Some, of the Fancy Ball School in which Art occasionally condescends to become a master, which would be best catalogued like the miscellaneous articles in a sale. As, "Three high-backed chairs, a table and cover, long-necked bottle (containing wine), one flask, one Spanish female's costume, three-quarter face portrait of Miss Jogg, the model, and a suit of armor containing Don Quixote." Or, "One stone terrace (cracked), one gondola in distance, one Venetian senator's dress complete, richly embroidered white satin costume with profile portrait of Miss Jogg, the model, one cimeter superbly mounted in gold with jeweled handle, elaborate Moorish dress (very rare), and Othello."

Mr. Tulkinghorn comes and goes pretty often; there being estate business to do, leases to be renewed, and so on. He sees my lady pretty often, too; and he and she are as composed, and as indifferent, and take as little heed of one another, as ever. Yet it may be that my lady fears this Mr. Tulkinghorn, and that he knows it. It may be that he pursues her doggedly and steadily, with no touch of compunction, remorse, or pity. It may be that her beauty, and all the state and brilliancy surrounding her, only give him the greater zest for what he is set upon, and make him the more inflexible in it. Whether he be cold and cruel, whether immovable in what he has made his duty, whether absorbed in love of power, whether determined to have nothing hidden from him in ground where he has burrowed among secrets all his life, whether he in his heart despises the splendor of which he is a distant beam, whether he is always treasuring up slights and offenses in the affability of his gorgeous clients—whether he be any of this, or all of this, it may be that my lady had better have five thousand pairs of fashionable eyes upon her, in distrustful vigilance, than the two eyes of this rusty lawyer, with his wisp of neckcloth and his dull black breeches tied with ribbons at the knees.

Sir Leicester sits in my Lady's room—that room in which Mr. Tulkinghorn read the affidavit in Jarndyce and Jarndyce—particularly complacent. My Lady—as on that day—sits before the fire with her screen in her hand. Sir Leicester is particularly complacent, because he has found in his newspaper some congenial remarks bearing directly on the floodgates and the framework of society. They apply so happily to the late case, that Sir Leicester has come from the library to my Lady's room expressly to read them aloud. "The man who wrote this article," he observes by way of preface, nodding at the fire as if he were nodding down at the man from a Mount, has a well-balanced mind."

The man's mind is not so well balanced but that he bores my Lady, who, after a languid effort to listen, or rather a languid resignation of herself to a show of listening, becomes distraught, and falls into a contemplation of the fire as if it were her fire at Chesney Wold, and she had never left it. Sir Leicester, quite unconscious, reads on through his double eye-glass, occasionally stopping to remove his glass and express approval, as "Very true indeed," "Very properly put," "I have frequently made the same remark myself;" invariably losing his place after each observation, and going up and down the column to find it again.

Sir Leicester is reading, with infinite gravity and state, when the door opens, and the Mercury in powder makes this strange announcement:

"The young man, my Lady, of the name of Guppy."

Sir Leicester pauses, stares, repeats in a killing voice:

"The young man of the name of Guppy?"

Looking round, he beholds the young man of the name of Guppy, much discomfited, and not presenting a very impressive letter of introduction in his manner and appearance.

"Pray," says Sir Leicester to Mercury, "what do you mean by announcing with this abruptness a young man of the name of Guppy?"

"I beg your pardon, Sir Leicester, but my Lady said she would see the young man whenever he called. I was not aware that you were here, Sir Leicester."

With this apology, Mercury directs a scornful and indignant look at the young man of the name of Guppy, which plainly says, "What do you come calling here for, and getting *me* into a row?"

"It's quite right. I gave him those directions," says my Lady. "Let the young man wait."

"By no means, my Lady. Since he has your orders to come, I will not interrupt you." Sir Leicester in his gallantry retires, rather declining to accept a bow from the young man as he goes out, and majestically supposing him to be some shoemaker of intrusive appearance.

Lady Dedlock looks imperiously at her visitor, when the servant has left the room; casting her eyes over him from head to foot. She suffers him to stand by the door, and asks him what he wants?

"That your ladyship would have the kindness to oblige me with a little conversation," returns Mr. Guppy, embarrassed.

"You are, of course, the person who has written me so many letters?"



THE YOUNG MAN OF THE NAME OF GUPPY.

"Several, your ladyship. Several, before your ladyship condescended to favor me with an answer."

"And could you not take the same means of rendering a conversation unnecessary? Can you not still?"

Mr. Guppy screws his mouth into a silent "No!" and shakes his head.

"You have been strangely importunate. If it should appear, after all, that what you have to say does not concern me—and I don't know how it can, and don't expect that it will—you will allow me to cut you short with but little ceremony. Say what you have to say, if you please."

My Lady, with a careless toss of her screen, turns herself toward the fire again, sitting almost with her back to the young man of the name of Guppy.

"With your ladyship's permission, then," says the young man, "I will now enter on my business. Hem! I am, as I told your ladyship in my first letter, in the law. Being in the law, I have learnt the habit of not committing myself in writing, and therefore I did not mention to your ladyship the name of the firm with which I am connected, and in which my standing—and I may add income—is tolerably good. I may now state to your ladyship, in confidence, that the name of that firm is Kenge and Carboy, of Lincoln's Inn; which may not be altogether unknown to your ladyship in connection with the case in Chancery of Jarndyce and Jarndyce."

My Lady's figure begins to be expressive of some attention. She has ceased to toss the screen, and holds it as if she were listening.

"Now, I may say to your ladyship at once," says Mr. Guppy, a little emboldened, "it is no matter arising out of Jarndyce and Jarndyce that made me so desirous to speak to your ladyship, which conduct I have no doubt did appear, and does appear, obtrusive—in fact, almost blackguardly." After waiting for a moment to receive some assurance to the contrary, and not receiving any, Mr. Guppy proceeds. "If it had been Jarndyce and Jarndyce, I should have gone at once to your ladyship's solicitor, Mr. Tulkinghorn of the Fields. I have the pleasure of being acquainted with Mr. Tulkinghorn—at least we move when we meet one another—and if it had been any business of that sort, I should have gone to him."

My Lady turns a little around, and says "You had better sit down."

"Thank your ladyship." Mr. Guppy does so. "Now, your ladyship;" Mr. Guppy refers to a little slip of paper on which he has made small notes of his line of argument, and which seems

to involve him in the densest obscurity whenever he looks at it; "I—O yes!—I place myself entirely in your ladyship's hands. If your ladyship was to make any complaint to Kenge and Carboy, or to Mr. Tulkinghorn, of the present visit, I should be placed in a very disagreeable situation. That, I openly admit. Consequently, I rely upon your ladyship's honor."

My lady, with a disdainful gesture of the hand that holds the screen, assures him of his being worth no complaint from her.

"Thank your ladyship," says Mr. Guppy, "quite satisfactory. Now—I—dash it!—The fact is, that I put down a head or two here of the order of the points I thought of touching upon, and they're written short, and I can't quite make out what they mean. If your ladyship will excuse me taking it to the window half a moment, I—"

Mr. Guppy going to the window tumbles into a pair of love-birds, to whom he says in his confusion, "I beg your pardon, I am sure." This does not tend to the greater legibility of his notes. He murmurs, growing warm and red, and holding the slip of paper now close to his eyes, now a long way off, "C. S. What's C. S. for? O! 'E. S!' O, I know! Yes, to be sure!" And comes back enlightened.

"I am not aware," says Mr. Guppy, standing midway between my Lady and his chair, "whether your ladyship ever happened to hear of, or to see, a young lady of the name of Miss Esther Summerson."

My Lady's eyes look at him full. "I saw a young lady of that name not long ago. This past autumn."

"Now, did it strike your ladyship that she was like any body?" asks Mr. Guppy, crossing his arms, holding his head on one side, and scratching the corner of his mouth with his memoranda.

My Lady removes her eyes from him no more.

"No."

"Not like your ladyship's family?"

"No."

"I think your ladyship," says Mr. Guppy, "can hardly remember Miss Summerson's face?"

"I remember the young lady very well. What has this to do with me?"

"Your ladyship, I do assure you, that having Miss Summerson's image imprinted on my art—which I mention in confidence—I found, when I had the honor of going over your ladyship's mansion of Chesney Wold, while on a short out in the county of Lincolnshire with a friend, such a resemblance between Miss Esther Summerson and your ladyship's own portrait, that it completely knocked me over; so much so, that I didn't at the moment even know what it *was* that knocked me over. And now I have the honor of beholding your ladyship near (I have often, since that, taken the liberty of looking at your ladyship in your carriage in the park, when I dare say you was not aware of me, but I never saw your ladyship so near), it's really more surprising than I thought it."

Young man of the name of Guppy! There have been times, when ladies lived in strongholds, and had unscrupulous attendants within call, when that poor life of yours would not have been worth a minute's purchase, with those beautiful eyes looking at you as they look at this moment.

My Lady, slowly using her little hand-screen as a fan, asks him again, what he supposes that his taste for likenesses has to do with her?

"Your ladyship," replies Mr. Guppy, again referring to his paper, "I am coming to that. Dash these notes. O! 'Mrs. Chadband.' Yes." Mr. Guppy draws his chair a little forward, and seats himself again. My Lady reclines in her chair composedly, though with a trifle less of graceful ease than usual, perhaps; and never falters in her steady gaze. "A—stop a minute, though!" Mr. Guppy refers again. "E. S. twice? O yes! yes, I see my way now, right on."

Rolling up the slip of paper as an instrument to point his speech with, Mr. Guppy proceeds.

"Your ladyship, there is a mystery about Miss Esther Summerson's birth and bringing up. I am informed of that fact, because—which I mention in confidence—I know it in the way of my profession at Kenge and Carboy's. Now, as I have already mentioned to your ladyship, Miss Summerson's image is imprinted on my art. If I could clear this mystery for her, or prove her to be well related, or find that having the honor to be a remote branch of your ladyship's family she had a right to be made a party in Jarndyce and Jarndyce, why, I might make a sort of a claim upon Miss Summerson to look with an eye of more decided favor on my proposals than she has exactly done as yet. In fact, as yet she hasn't favored them at all."

A kind of angry smile just dawns upon my Lady's face.

"Now, it's a very singular circumstance, your ladyship," says Mr. Guppy, "though one of those circumstances that do fall in the way of us professional men—which I may call myself, for though not admitted yet, I have had a present of my articles made to me by Kenge and Carboy, on my mother's advancing from the principal of her little income the money for the stamp, which comes heavy—that I have encountered the person, who lived as servant with the lady who brought Miss Summerson up, before Mr. Jarndyce took charge of her. That lady was a Miss Barbary, your ladyship."

Is the dead color on my Lady's face, reflected from the screen which has a green silk ground, and which she holds in her raised hand as if she had forgotten it; or is it a dreadful paleness that has fallen on her?

"Did your ladyship," says Mr. Guppy, "ever happen to hear of Miss Barbary?"

"I don't know. I think so. Yes."

"Was Miss Barbary at all connected with your ladyship's family?"

My Lady's lips move, but they utter nothing. She shakes her head.

"*Not* connected?" says Mr. Guppy. "O! Not to your ladyship's knowledge, perhaps? Ah! But might be? Yes." After each of these interrogatories, she has inclined her head. "Very good! Now, this Miss Barbary was extremely close—seems to have been extraordinarily close for a female, females being generally (in common life at least) rather given to conversation—and my witness never had an idea whether she possessed a single relative. On one occasion, and only one, she seems to have been confidential to my witness, on a single point; and she then told her that the little girl's real name was not Esther Summerson, but Esther Hawdon.

"My God!"

Mr. Guppy stares. Lady Dedlock sits before him, looking him through, with the same dark shade upon her face, in the same attitude even to the holding of the screen, with her lips a little apart, her brow a little contracted, but, for the moment, dead. He sees her consciousness return, sees a tremor pass across her frame like a ripple over water, sees her lips shake, sees her compose them by a great effort, sees her force herself back to the knowledge of his presence, and of what he has said. All this, so quickly, that her exclamation and her dead condition seem to have passed away like the features of those long-preserved dead bodies sometimes opened up in tombs, which, struck by the air like lightning, vanish in a breath.

"Your ladyship is acquainted with the name of Hawdon?"

"I have heard it before."

"Name of any collateral, or remote, branch of your ladyship's family?"

"No."

"Now, your ladyship," says Mr. Guppy, "I come to the last point of the case, so far as I have got it up. It's going on, and I shall gather it up closer and closer as it goes on. Your ladyship must know—if your ladyship don't happen, by any chance, to know already—that there was found dead at the house of a person named Krook, near Chancery Lane, some time ago, a law-writer in great distress. Upon which law-writer, there was an inquest; and which law-writer was an anonymous character, his name being unknown. But, your ladyship, I have discovered, very lately, that that law-writer's name was Hawdon."

"And what is *that* to me?"

"Ay, your ladyship, that's the question! Now, your ladyship, a queer thing happened after that man's death. A lady started up; a disguised lady, your ladyship, who went to look at the scene of action, and went to look at his grave. She hired a crossing-sweeping boy to show it her. If your ladyship would wish to have the boy produced, in corroboration of this statement, I can lay my hand upon him at any time."

The wretched boy is nothing to my lady, and she does *not* wish to have him produced.

"Oh, I assure your ladyship it's a very queer start indeed," says Mr. Guppy. "If you was to hear him tell about the rings that sparkled on her fingers, when she took her glove off, you'd think it quite romantic."

There are diamonds glittering on the hand that holds the screen. My lady trifles with the screen, and makes them glitter more; again with that expression which in other times might have been so dangerous to the young man of the name of Guppy.

"It was supposed, your ladyship, that he left no rag or scrap behind him by which he could possibly be identified. But he did. He left a bundle of old letters."

The screen still goes, as before. All this time, her eyes never once release him.

"They were taken and secreted. And to-morrow night, your ladyship, they will come into my possession."

"Still I ask you, what is this to me?"

"Your ladyship, I conclude with that." Mr. Guppy rises. "If you think there's enough in this chain of circumstances put together—in the undoubtedly strong likeness of this young lady to your ladyship, which is a positive fact for a jury—in her having been brought up by Miss Barbary—in Miss Barbary stating Miss Summerson's real name to be Hawdon—in your ladyship's knowing both those names *very well*—and in Hawdon's dying as he did—to give your ladyship a family interest in going further into the case, I will bring those papers here. I don't know what they are, except that they are old letters: I have never had them in my possession yet. I will bring these papers here as soon as I get them; and go over them for the first time with your ladyship. I have told your ladyship my object. I have told your ladyship that I should be placed in a very disagreeable situation if any complaint was made; and all is in strict confidence."

Is this the full purpose of the young man of the name of Guppy, or has he any other? Do his words disclose the length, breadth, depth, of his object and suspicion in coming here; or, if not, what do they hide? He is a match for my Lady there. She may look at him, but he can look at the table, and keep that witness-box face of his from telling any thing.

"You may bring the letters," says my Lady, "if you choose."

"Your ladyship is not very encouraging, upon my word and honor," says Mr. Guppy, a little injured.

"You may bring the letters," she repeats, in the same tone, "if you please."

"It shall be done. I wish your ladyship good day."

On a table near her is a rich bauble of a casket, barred and clasped like an old strong chest. She, looking at him still, takes it to her, and unlocks it.

"Oh, I assure your ladyship I am not actuated by any motives of that sort," says Mr. Guppy; "and I couldn't accept of any thing of the kind. I wish your ladyship good-day, and am much obliged to you all the same."

So the young man makes his bow, and goes down

stairs, where the supercilious Mercury does not consider himself called upon to leave his Olympus by the hall-fire, to let the young man out.

As Sir Leicester basks in his library, and dozes over his newspaper, is there no influence in the house to startle him; not to say, to make the very trees at Chesney Wold fling up their knotted arms, the very portraits frown, the very armor stir?

No. Words, sobs, and cries, are but air; and air is so shut in and shut out throughout the house in town, that sounds need be uttered trumpet-tongued by my Lady in her chamber, to carry any faint vibration to Sir Leicester's ears; and yet this cry is in the house, going upward from a wild figure on its knees:

"O my child, my child! Not dead in the first hours of her life, as my cruel sister told me; but sternly nurtured by her, after she had renounced me and my name! O my child, O my child!"

WHO WROTE IT?

"Zwischen uns sei Wahrheit."—GOETHE'S *Tasso*.
"Let there be truth between us."

IN our August Number, dear reader, we philosophized a little about the Watering Places, and agreed, I think, that under certain circumstances it is essential to look sharply after the baggage. At least that was my conclusion when I went across the garden of the "United States," and escaped, through the great gate, into the Albany cars, leaving my friend Herbert and his sister Lulu waving farewells to me from the piazza. I walked away from them in a very cool and composed manner, and bowed a smiling adieu, as if I were thoroughly wearied of Saratoga, and rather pitied them that they were to remain behind.

But my cool pace and my fiery face were singularly inharmonious. There was a vivid contrast in my mind of the first days with Lulu—the pleasant drives, returning in the sunset—the slow strolls listening to the music—the general mist and radiance of a summer dream settling over all the little details of daily life, and making the whole experience large and lovely—a contrast of all this with that fatal last afternoon—the humiliating sense of lost power, and the consciousness that now, upon the piazza, looking smiling scorn at me, stood the woman who had been the bright centre of that summer romance—whom I had sincerely loved (in the summer style), and whom I should have been so happy always to retain "as a friend."

This sense of contrast it was that gave the fire to my cheek and the coolness to my gait. For we may master every thing except blood, wherein I find a subtle reason for the nobleman's faith in his pedigree. Blood betrays our choicest secrets. Disguised as a boor the blood shows the gentleman. In wearisome city shafts the red secret of Arabian grace and fleetness is only confined, not concealed; and from his queen's imperial cheek, the blood—truly democratic—telegraphs the curling-pated page of that queen's hidden treasure of love for him. So as I parted from my Summer queen, and foolishly assumed the air of a *roué blasé*—as my young friend and ally Smelle Fungus is perpetually doing, whenever there are ladies present—while I carelessly bowed, as if it concerned me very little to say good-bye, all the blood rushed from my heart to my face, and there burned in a fervent homage of farewell to Lulu, branding me with the falsehood implied in my composure.

Fungus accompanied me to the cars. I walked silently along, after I was out of Lulu's view, and could not banish from my mind that solemn chapter of "Waverley," which describes Fergus MacIvor going to execution. Not less fair, in my fancy, than his sister Flora, was Lulu, whose friendship I had forfeited. "And you," said I to myself, as I went, "you are very much like the heroic, devoted, and death-daring Highland chieftain, are you not? A high old hero you are, in opal shirt-studs, ribbed silk-stockings, and yellow kids. It *is* very like Fergus MacIvor going to execution!"—and as my reveries melted into vagueness the steam-shriek of the locomotive was nothing to me but a persistent, garrulous, and cracked old Polonius, shouting at the top of his voice, "Very like a whale; very like a whale."

"What a wow," said Fungus, who is not strong upon the *r's* and *s's*.

As I stepped into the cars, my friend Smelle touched my hand, and winked as if he had something to say which he wished no one to overhear.

"Well," said I, pausing, with one foot on the platform.

"My dear Smytthe" (I spell it usually with a *y* and two *t's*), said Fungus, "your twowthith are perhapth a *leetle* too large over the thue."

"Smelle Fungus," said I, fiercely (for you will not forget my Waverley visions), "your impudence is a little too *thmawl* for me to chastise you for."

And so I rolled off to Albany behind the shrieking old Polonius, that roared madly, and in ridicule of me, through all the towns, and over the placid summer fields, "Very like a whale; very like a whale!"

I thought, as I told you in August, of going to Newport, and I did go, but later in the season. At present I stopped a day in the city to write you about Lulu's treatment of me, and Mr. Harper promised to print it, if I would solemnly swear not to let it be known that I wrote it. "For," said he, "Mr. Smytthe, our Magazine has a certain character to sustain, which I should be sorry to have compromised by the knowledge that you wrote for it." Mr. Harper has a firm mercantile way of doing business, and as there were many of my western friends who would otherwise know nothing about Lulu's "at least very peculiar conduct" (as my cousin, Looz Kreecher, called it), I accepted the anonymous, though I grant, much against my inclination, left him the MS., and went to Cape May.

There are people in Philadelphia, and some in Baltimore, who really believe in Cape May.

They actually go there and pass the summer. Cape May consists of sand, a row of houses, and a magnificent surf. When I arrived I was not in the most amiable of humors, and as I strolled about seeking whom I might devour, whenever I met an especial Cape Mayite—a man whom I recognized instinctively as a true believer in that particular sand and surf—I stepped gently up to him, and said:

"Pardon me, sir, I am a stranger; but *can* you tell me why any body ever comes to this forlorn abomination of a place?"

Then my gentleman's blood—the same old universal tell-tale—rushed into his face, and stood there crimson and shaking the veins at me, with a fury which in mere words would be, "villain, liar, scoundrel," &c., but which my courteous address, and my frank confession of being a stranger, did not permit to escape from his lips, so that I was usually answered in the crispest and concisest manner, "Sir, Cape May is the only decent watering-place on this continent. Good morning, sir."

I betook myself to bathing. Ah! truly, then I understood my friend's indignation. The great billows came in full-breasted from the mid-Atlantic. Hundreds of little human beings, clad like heretics for an *auto-da-fe*, in every kind of dismal or flame-colored serge, are tossed about, ducked, driven, battered, borne, upset, and sometimes drowned, by their burly play-fellow. As I watched the scene from the beach, some sparkling morning when the surf swarmed with bathers, I could well fancy the old world statues of the Danube and the Nile (upon each of which my brother John wrote sonnets, which he always repeated to me when I asked about Europe, so that I was rather tired of his conversation, and sought European information elsewhere—usually in the valuable communications of Mr. Benson to the *Literary World*, which for opera-dancing, dinner-giving, and fast-driving statistics, are quite unsurpassed and peculiarly adapted to the light and sportive character of that sprightly weekly), I say I could well fancy, as I watched the scene, those statues relenting from the rigidity of marble, and tossing about them, with amiable grace, the little cherubs who are grouped all over them, like the children of the old woman who lived in a shoe, and who represent the tributary springs and streams of the rivers. Even so did the ocean disport itself with those men and women in sad and shabby serge, tumbling them over in the foam, and smiting them with a sense of infinite power.

The week of loneliness passed, and I made the acquaintance of a charming group of Baltimore belles.

"I confess," said I to them one evening, "I confess and surrender."

"What do you confess, and to whom do you surrender?" demanded Brunetta, the fairest of those many fair.

"*Madonna mia,* I confess to you that I surrender my skepticism of this place. I acknowledge Cape May. I believe in Baltimore."

"Amen!" chorused the girls in gay treble, "You are absolved, and now which of us will you drive out on the beach?"

"Is that the penance?" asked I, laughing. "O sweet penance, that shall be prolonged until it becomes itself a sin; then more penance, more sin, and so on, an endless round of festival!"

"Epicurean sinner!" returned that fairest belle.

"Come on! one and all, to-day, for I shall make a brave beginning," cried I. "I shall repent first *en gros* then *en detail*, as they sell spices in Paris."

And I ordered the largest possible carriage.

In they bundled (it is Smelle Fungus's phrase), and away we rolled. Not purer and more sparkling the foam that blew into diamonds in the air, and creamed up the black beach than the evanescent spray of our evening talk. As the sun set and night muffled the eastern horizon, merry peals of girlish laughter rang over the water, more musical than the cadenced sea. Gay gusts of sound, they invaded the vast silence of the deepening night, as the glancing feet of children patter along the edges of the ocean. Ring on, sweet laughter! and forever ring! my vesper bells of longing and loving remembrance.

We returned after dark to the house, and were met by a younger sister of our fairest belle—a girl of sixteen, who was not yet "out," but would certainly never again be "in."

"Well, young ladies," cried she, as we drove up, "I trust no baggage has been risked this afternoon."

She held a "Harper" in her hand, and I, of course, instantly knew what she meant. But, as if taking her only in a general, yet not too literal, sense, I responded,

"No fear, Miss Jenny, we have been packed so many together and so near, that we have kept a close look-out that nobody stole any body else's baggage. It's all right, say I as conductor."

The girls wrinkled their smooth brows with wonder as they stepped out.

"What do you mean? what is it?" inquired they.

"Why," cried Miss Jenny, "here's such a delicious story in 'Harper,' serving up the New York girls splendidly. I wonder who wrote it. All the Watering-Places get a hit."

"Ladies," said I, deferentially, "you will please to remember my recantation, I acknowledge Cape May. I believe in Baltimore. And I also believe in getting ready for tea. *Au revoir* at the tea-table."

And I stepped into my room.

There I found my private copy of the Magazine, and cut the leaves to find my story. I assure you, as I read it, that I was very glad Mr. Harper had insisted upon the anonymous. I was really frightened. It was so frank a confession! It was clear to me that the whole world would see plainly that I had been jilted. Then it was so accurate a tale. Why, how perfectly asinine I had been; for what was to prevent any reader—you, my friend, for instance,

whose eyes are now reading this, if you chanced to be then at Saratoga—from stepping into the office and looking out in the book the name of the gentleman who occupied No. 310 in July! My name would be found there, and as my flirtation with Lulu was perfectly well known, I might naturally expect to hear from some whiskered cousin or mustached brother. There was Herbert himself! Fancy Herbert accosting me in a fierce way, to explain what the deuce I meant "by scribbling about his sister in tuppeny magazines," and then "winging" me, or "dropping" me, or whatever the proper phrase is for breaking a man's arm or shooting him dead in a duel. I will confess to you that I was very much the debtor of Mr. Harper for his advice; since I could now deny the authorship, and plead bland ignorance of the whole affair, taking my chance about the scrutiny into the occupancy of No. 310.

But then even Sir Walter Scott couldn't preserve his anonymous, and the only reason that Junius has done so is, that women never read Junius, and care nothing about him. By-the-by, I am convinced—and I present the idea to the poor old English Quarterlies who annually flounder into this discussion—that it is perfectly easy to discover who Junius was, by simply putting a Woman's-rights Convention power into the inquiry. Say to the ladies who compose, for instance, the Syracuse assembly, "Madam, the Rev. President, and ladies, the learned Secretaries and ardent rank and file of this movement, you shall all have the greatest of woman's rights, that of choosing a husband, or, if you are married, the right of making him behave—if you will only tell us who Junius was"—and the Convention will adjourn over for a day or two, perhaps for a week or two—and on the due day the Convention will assemble, the committee will come in and report by Dr. Mrs. Swizzleum, or some other chairwoman, the true Junius, while the Rev. Miss Spareribb, arch-Secretary of the Female Monthly Concert for the increase of husbands, will throw in the name of the man in the iron mask, by way of appendix.

So, as you may suppose, I rather dreaded discovery, if my fair friends should be interested to know the author of the story.

As I came down to tea, I met in the hall De Grey Hownde, fresh from Paris, and as fine as a new kid glove. We shook hands cordially, for I had known him in college, where, in the Sophomore year, the advice of the Professors—called "De Grey's health" by his father—induced that worthy gentleman to send De Grey to recruit by foreign travel. He was wonderfully improved—in cravats and shirt bosoms, nor had he entirely neglected vest patterns, during his residence abroad. He had also "recruited" his stock, already tolerably large, of affectation and ignorance. De Grey was not strong at conversation. So after saying, in various ways, "How are ye?—how dee do?—how 've ye been?" he fell into silence, and fumbled his watch-chain.

"You are going to Saratoga, I suppose?" I said.

"'Pon 'onor, don't know: Have just read a funny story about Saratoga in Harper."

"So have I."

"Wonder who that chap is?"

"It might be a thousand men. It's not particularly good; and it strikes me as being a little free with private affairs."

"You are a writer, ain't you?" continued De Grey.

"Why, yes—tolerably good; but I never learned of Mr. Bristow:—it was nothing but the old woman at the district school."

"What was nothing but the old woman at the district school?" demanded he with disgust.

"That taught me to be a writer—such as I am."

"Sho! I don't mean that; but you write books."

Here I know I blushed. That eternal, old, meddlesome blood!

"Why, yes"—I said with modesty. "I *have* written books—although I am so young. I published when I was only a Soph—"

"I went to Paris and you to Parnassus," said De Grey, with a laugh.

"Yes. Have you had a good time?"

"Yes. Have you?"

"Yes. Let's go to tea."

My companions of the afternoon were smiling in concert as I entered. They had heard the story. Miss Jenny had read it to them as they dressed for tea. They were all of one mind about it, and as I sat down, Brunetta whispered to me—

"Poor valedictorian!"

"What do you mean?" inquired I.

"Let him who goeth out to shear, take care that he return not shorn!" said she, laughingly.

"Ditto, ditto, say I: always ditto to the Lady Brunetta," responded I, buttering my toast.

"And if the Lady Brunetta should always *do* ditto to the Saratoga Lulu—how then?" inquired my tormentor.

The blood ran up into my cheeks, and laughed at me with her.

"What *do* you mean?" asked I, in a toast-muffled voice.

"Why, that you wrote the story in Harper."

"I did not," said I distinctly.

Indignant Mrs. Opie!—what could I do? Suppose that, when your young heart was first interested by the lamented Opie, some acid gossip had tried to probe your secret, and let out its sweetness to the world, might you not have justly thwarted that gossip, by a denial as cold as you could make it? At least—if you shake a reproving head—would not the denial have been the whitest of white lies? No; I see you will not allow it.—Well, I must grant then that I told a falsehood, and throw myself upon your mercy. I can offer no excuse, except my mortification at the discovery; and in certain matters, as you know very well, evasion is assent. You must consider that we poor authors have no other alternative. If we wish to serve up our intimate friends, and betray the secrets of

private social coteries—there is nothing left us but the mask of the anonymous.

I often used to dine on Sundays with a city friend of my father's, Fitz-Porkins, who does "a heavy business" somewhere in South Front Street, and every where else that he goes, so far as I can discover. This was in my Freshman year vacations. When I returned to college, I entertained "the Parnassus" during the whole term, by my accounts of these dinners; and I finally included them in my romance, "Mastadon," over whose pages, I flatter myself, the sides of the American public have shaken. This went on swimmingly. I continued to dine, and Fitz-Porkins listened to "Mastadon," when Bertha read it to him after dinner. He laughed at all the fun which he caught in the intervals of napping, and which snoring would allow him to hear. He did not see that he was his own butt. And the Public is nothing but a Fitz-Porkins, that snores after dinner, and laughs at itself without knowing it.

There was nothing for me but to say "No;" and I did so.

"Well," said Brunetta, "I am surprised; for I thought I recognized the pungent, mellow, and sparkling style of your great work."

"Which of my great works?" demanded I; and, I am conscious, nervously, for I thought all my works great.

"Why, 'Big Brag and Small Potatoes!' of course," replied the lady.

I went on drinking my tea; and the girls heard from Brunetta that I denied having written it.

"Of course, he didn't. I could have told you that," cried my black-eyed pet Paquita. "How astonished I am, girls, that you should not have recognized that favorite of mine, the How—"

"Hush!" cried Brunetta and chorus. "Don't betray any familiarity with that naughty book: What is it called?—'Vile Notes of Lobster-eating in Syria,—isn't it that, or some such thing? One thing, permit me to say, Paquita, *that* is a book which no young woman of well-regulated mind allows herself to read."

"Dear me!" said Paquita; "I don't think so at all. It is a very pretty book. Of course, I don't understand much of it; but then the Howadji uses such nice words—and it's all about palms, and camels, and mosques, and turbans, and women with dark eyes. Oh! it's sweet! And I am sure he wrote this pretty story."

Now the Howadji—spite of his books, which I felt conscientiously impelled to criticise in a solemnly-burlesque manner in a Boston paper, and in a burlesquely-solemn style in the sprightly weekly previously mentioned—is yet a personal friend and favorite of mine, and I was not sorry to hear my effort ascribed to him, although, as I secretly knew, he couldn't write any thing to compare with it.

"No," said I, "I rather doubt the Howadji theory. He doesn't write stories, I believe. Who can it be, I wonder, since you are really interested. But why do you care who wrote it?"

"Because it shows up you men so finely," answered Brunetta, "and I know what *I* shall do with a copy of it."

"What shall *you* do?"

"I shall send it to Edmund Erly."

"Who is he?"

"Oh! he's a friend of mine, a raging lion of a man, who goes up and down seeking what lambs of ladies he may devour. Did you never hear the lines,

> "'Who killed that lady?
> I, said brave Ned,
> My eyes turned her head,
> And I killed that lady.'

Why, he makes nothing of killing two ladies on one evening. It was of him old Rye Nosseros (head of the elder branch of the Nosseroses, you know), said, parodying Sydney Smith, that if Edmund Erly went on at this rate he would soon have nothing but cold ladies upon his sideboard."

"Which is pretty much the case, now," grumbled De Grey Hownde, who was a little jealous of Erly. "He's always surrounded by cold ladies."

"Don't you wish you could warm them, Mr. Hownde," said Brunetta, sweetly, while De Grey spilled his tea upon one of those lovely shirt-fronts, in his abortive efforts to smile.

We rose from table, and stepped out upon the piazza. The moon was rising, and I slipped away to light my cigar, and smoke at leisure; trying to determine whether I would leave immediately for Newport. I sat smoking and dreaming, quite unconscious of the lapse of time, until suddenly I heard Brunetta's voice.

"You would make a pretty picture of the Bachelor in his reveries over a cigar."

"There it is!" cried Smelle Fungus; "Mr. Marvel wrote the story."

"Sure enough," said Brunetta, looking at me with a surprised air, as if we had been very stupid not to have known it directly.

"I could have told you that," said an elderly lady, who was passing with a copy of "Dream Life" (as afterward appeared) under her arm. "I flatter myself I know Mr. Marvel as well as any one knows him," and here the elderly lady sighed, as if the great privilege of intimacy with "Ik." were a solemn and saddening responsibility. "And as I have been with him at the Watering-Places, and know him so well, and his style so thoroughly, you will admit that I have *some* claims to speak to this point. Young ladies, Mr. Marvel wrote the story."

The elderly sailed on, and was lost with "Dream Life" in the moonlight, while the young ladies looked admiringly after upon one who intimately knew the magician that so skillfully blew the smoke of his cigar in their eyes, making them weep and weep again, and fall in love with such luxury of weeping.

"Dear, delicious book," murmured Brunetta, as if inwardly renewing her reading of those moving pages.

"Such a family book!" said Fiorella.

"So moral!" whispered Blondella.

"So true!" said Aceta, firmly, who was reported (Jenny said) to have once had an offer.

"Come, young ladies," said Miss Jenny, "you will be making Mr. Smytthe horribly jealous, if you say nothing about any of his 'various writings.' Don't lavish all your enthusiasm upon Ik. Marvel's sentimental twaddle."

There was one loud and long burst of indignation from the girls, nor could I hear my favorite author so treated without protesting.

"No, no, Miss Jenny, that's too severe. Your regard for me goes a little too far. I yield to no man in my admiration for Mr. Marvel, although I have no desire weakly to underrate my own humble productions.

And I blushed scarlet again, for I knew Aceta's eyes were upon me.

"Well, if Mr. Marvel did write it," said Jenny, "it is much the best thing of his I have ever seen."

Dear Jenny! How discriminating and just was that remark! It was precisely my own opinion. For—although far from vain, as you have discerned—I can not but see how superior was my little August effort to any I have yet met of the eminent M.'s.

It was voted that the author of the story was discovered. But Paquita would not surrender. She was so sure of the correctness of her suspicion that I was rather nettled that any of my "various writings" should so nearly resemble those which I am constrained to think stilted, and respectably mediocre. I endeavored to favor the Marvel theory, for I much prefer his rippling limpidity to the turgid obscurity of the Howadji. It was in vain.

Entering the parlor whom should I meet but old Rye Nosseros? He had just arrived, and was already angry with Cape May. Nosseros is a pillar of the Society Library in New York. He is always in the reading-room of that admirable institution.

"These reviews and papers, sir," says Rye, laying his hand, by chance, upon the sprightly weekly, whose catholic and impartial judgments, so well justify its title of "World," "these, sir, extract the honey from the great mass of contemporary literature and drop it into our mouths. I read the reviews, sir, and I am up with the times and the world."

Nosseros prides himself upon recognizing the author of every article in every review and magazine, and I trembled to meet him.

"Ha! ha! my young friend," commenced he, "you have done a dangerous thing: clever, yes, clever, but dangerous. Step out here."

He drew me out upon the piazza, and continued:

"Smytthe, you know my regard for you. It leads me now to say that you must beware. You have shown in this story—for of course I knew your hand in a moment—a flippancy of feeling, and a positive looseness of sentiment, which is a bad augury for your future. Why should you skip about—a mere butterfly—from summer haunt to summer haunt, and impale flies upon a pin? Life is an earnest thing, my dear Smytthe, and your own does not satisfy you nor your friends. Don't be content with shining, but aim to impart heat. It is not the sun's light that fructifies; and a merely brilliant—even granting that this story were such, which, seriously, I do not think—a merely brilliant author is not a loved man, nor a merely sparkling story a permanent influence nor one worth desiring. I am sorry for you that you have written this thing in Harper, and I shall every where deny that you did it."

"Yes, answered I, "and you can do so with perfect truth, Mr. Nosseros."

"What! you didn't write it?"

"Most certainly not."

"My dear Smytthe, you know my weakness; you know that I would not willingly yield an opinion of mine in such a matter. But my pride is lost in satisfaction in hearing what you say. Do you know who did write it?"

"I do."

"Ah! tell me, tell me!"

"Upon condition that you will not tell the girls, who believe it is Mr. Marvel's or the Howadji's."

"Of course I will not."

"Well, then, guess."

"It wasn't—no, it couldn't be—the great Linkum Fidelius?" asked Nosseros, with the eagerness of a hound upon the scent.

"No."

"Nor, my friend H. Teety?"

"O wise young judge!"

"Who was it, then; I shall never guess?" said Rye, anxiously.

I drew him to the edge of the piazza; kind reader join us there. I whispered to him, and I whisper to you

"No!" said he, with an energy that threw his hat off, as he started back in surprise—"not *he!*"

"The same," replied I, quietly lighting a cigar.

"Not you, nor the Howadji, nor Ik. Marvel, nor H. Teety, but ——?"

"Emphatically so," said I; "and when you go to Saratoga, look and see who occupied No. 310 at that time, and discover if I am wrong."

Who I told him the author was will not interest you. Let it suffice to know that it was one who, "meaning well and hoping well," had trained himself "to do service in" "various writings," and to whom certain distinguished authors owe more than they care to acknowledge.

"Well, it's odd," said my friend. "I've just come from Newport, where the thing was charged upon the Bachelor or the Howadji, but never upon him, nor upon you, I assure you, although I was confident you wrote it. I shall quietly write the fact to Herbert who is perfectly furious."

"The deuce; I wouldn't do that."

"Well! I'll think of it," said he, and we moved into the house. "By-the-by, do you know

what Brunetta told me just before you came in," and there was a wicked leer in Nosseros's eye.

"No, of course I don't," said I, feebly and suspiciously.

"Brunetta said to me, that she knew you wrote the story, and that it was all true, and that you had been refused by Miss Lulu, and—good Heavens! how you blush—*I* am perfectly convinced of it too."

I stood before him red and hot, the blood tingling and throbbing in my cheeks. My secret out—my refusal blown—with all the unalleviated responsibility of that too truthful sketch upon my shoulders. I endeavored to rally, and smiled incredulously, in a faint, sickly way.

"Come! don't burn up about it. Let's go and take a horn," said Rye Nosseros.

I went in; drank with great hilarity, of course; smoked, chatted, learned that Lulu was really at Newport, and went to bed with the pleasing consciousness that my secret was known to the most garrulous of literary gossips. I have no doubt he has told you, my too credulous reader; and that you really believe I wrote my own story!

SUNDAY MORNING.

IT is a question not, I think, beneath the dignity of the philosopher and psychologist to discuss, whether, supposing our dear old friend Robinson Crusoe to have lost count of a few days during his stay on the island of Juan Fernandez, he would have been enabled to correct the notches on that dear old post—Heaven's blessing upon it, how it stands up in the plain of my childhood, sun-lighted for ever!—by intuitively knowing Sunday as soon as it came round. My theory is that he would: my opinion is, that there is something in and about the aspect of the Sabbath so contra-distinguished from other days, so perfectly *sui generis*, that, the wide world over, the cognizance and recognition of Sunday are innate and intuitive. It is not like other days; the air, the stillness, the noise, are not like those of other days. There is rain on a wet Sunday, and rain on a wet Monday; but they are not the same rains by any means. The Sunday sunshine and the Saturday sunshine both light us and warm us and cheer us; but the sunny Saturday is far different from the sunny Sunday.

Sunday morning in town and country; let me essay, with my blunt pencil, to sketch some Sunday morning draughts.

What sort of a Sunday morning could that have been of the 18th of June, 1815, when the two great armies of the English and the French lay opposite each other (after couching uneasily in their muddy lairs all Saturday night), like wild beasts, ready to rend each other in pieces presently? Gunner and Driver number seven, as he pushes and labors, and toils and moils at the wheels of yonder great piece of ordnance, overhauling and sponging out the creature's mouth to see that it is ready for roaring and biting, does he think of the bloody Sunday's work he is upon—that it was on a Sunday morning that the great Untiring Hand yet chose to rest from the labors of Creation? Gunner and Driver number seven, as, wiping the sweat from off his anxious face, he scans the trees and farms and cottages as well as he can for a rainy mist—does it ever strike him that the gray church of Waterloo yonder was meant to be something else than a mere "position"—than a place to hold or defend, or to assault and attack—than a thing to batter and rear great guns against, and throw red-hot shot into, or may be, after the battle, to establish an hospital or litter down troop horses in? Comes there ever a thought across this rude fighting man that there are villages and village churches in his own land of England?—notably a little, gray, ivy-colored fane "down in his part of the country;" a church with a leaden spire and a thatched roof, and little lozenge casements glistening like diamonds; a church with a rebellious sea of church-yard, all stormy waves of turf, crested with breakers of white tombstone, surging up viciously against the church, and threatening to break through its Gothic windows, and quite submerge that snug Corinthian porch the last vicar (who had a pretty taste for building, confound him!) raised, rolling its verdant billows to rocks ahead of family vaults, and the low encompassing stone wall? Here he played, years ago, before ever he thought of 'listing, or of being a Gunner and Driver, or of fighting any body on a Sunday morning, were it not, indeed, Tom the blacksmith's son, or Toby Crance, who lived "along a Saunders," which last—the self-styled cock of the village—he, the embryo Gunner, met on a Sabbath morning and "paid," knocking him from his cockish eminence, crowing, to the very bottom and foundation of a muck-midden, where he lay howling among the ordure; for which exploit he (Gunner) was sorely scourged next morning by the schoolmaster, a learned man, who could talk like a book, and had a wonderful property of boxing your ears, sitting the while at his desk, were you ever so many feet off. Many a Sunday morning has he (Gunner) sat in the free-seats close to the squire's pew, wondering why the brave gentlemen and fair ladies on the brasses always crossed their arms like scissors, and held their heads askew; why the mailed knights with tin pots (in marble) on their heads, always went to sleep with their feet resting on little dogs; spelling out that quaint marble tablet setting forth how Sir Roger Bielby died in the Civil Wars, and wondering what wars were like. Those Sunday mornings: how drowsy, how distressingly somnolent they were to him! That weary litany! that still more sleepy sermon! There was a sharp zest or relish thrown in to relieve the monotony of the former in the shape of the publication of marriage bans, and a neat peppery little prayer about the French and the Pope and a certain "blood-thirsty usurper," whose "casting down" was hebdomadally supplicated; but no such zests enlivened the dreary waste of sermon. Page after page of manuscript was turned over with a lullaby of rustling foolscap, and the drooping,

sleep-oppressed spirits of the boys would have given in, have knocked under entirely, were it not for the thought—the mighty thought—the bark riding on a sea of joy with twenty anchors of Hope at the bows—the thought of the gathering round about the baker's shop after church; the glad symposium of boys and girls with snowy napkins waiting for the baked dinners; the gastronomic Bourse—where a rumor that Starling's pie was spoilt, that Bailey's over-cake or puff-paste rider to her pie had been devoured by a buccaneering baker, was sufficient to throw a gloom on the market, and cause apples and marbles to be quoted at nothing at all. And when the Sunday bakings did come forth, what glorious sights they were! Gunner and Driver number seven, you have had commissariat beef, and commissariat biscuit, this Sunday morning; but in those days you were entitled to a share in a dish in which there was brown, hot meat with streaky fat—a dish so brown, so streaked with white itself, so encompassed with savory crispness, that you fancied you could eat it, as well as the meat, for all it came from Staffordshire and was but a potsherd. Nor was this all; for in another compartment of this edible dish there lurked in a greasy nectar, potatoes—so crisp, so exquisitely done, so yellow, that they looked like the golden apples of the Hesperides, or that the shepherd gave to Venus. Who would mind sermons with such fruits in store? Old days, those, Gunner and Driver number seven—quiet days, timid days!

Sunday morning in London streets. The pavement seems to have its Sunday coat on, as the pavement treaders have. The omnibuses, though working, poor vehicles! look spruce and "Sundayfied." The horses have bunches of ribbons in their ears, and the coachmen carry pinks or dog-roses in their button-holes, or in their mouths. The drivers and conductors have some degree of smartness in their attire, not always, I am afraid to say, displaying clean linen; but, always mounting—on the part of the driver—a pair of fresh gloves, and on that of the conductor an extra polish to his boots. The cabmen, unused to frequent fares on Sunday mornings, snore peacefully on their boxes, or improve their minds with the perusal of cheap periodicals; or, seated on the iron door-step of their vehicles, and puffing the calumet of peace, hold mystic converse with other cabmen, and with the waterman on the stand.

Town-made little boys, with caps between Lancers' shakoes and accordeons, pick out the cleanest spots on the road to cross, lest they should soil their bright highlows. Policemen lounge easily past, whistling softly, as if to say that, with the exception of orange baskets, they war against no human thing to-day. Cooks and housemaids peep slyly over area railings and out of second-floor windows; for it is their "day out," and they are anxious to ascertain what the weather looks like, and whether it is within the limits of reason to risk and throw on the clemency of the skies that gorgeous thing I know of in the back-kitchen and a band-box—that boomerang, which is to strike terror and dismay into the heart of "Missus," and then, recoiling, seat itself triumphantly on the head of Jane or Ann Elizabeth—the Sunday bonnet. But see, the door of this genteel residence opens, and forth from it comes Missus herself in her Sunday bonnet (with not half such splendid colors or so many ribbons as Jane's in the band-box), and Master, and young Master, and Missey, and the children, all bound for church. Master has a broad-brimmed hat, and such a shirt-collar, neck-cloth, and frill, as only the father of a family conscious of his moral responsibility can boast. His boots are the boots of a man with five hundred a year, who owes his baker nothing, or, if any thing, can pay it, sir, at Michaelmas when he sends his bill in. His double eye-glass has respectability, paternity, morality in it. He is a a Churchman, I can see, by the complete Church Service in a small portmanteau of blue leather, which young Master (bound in a cut-away coat, turned up with check trowsers, and gilt lettered) is carrying.

Ring out, ye bells, from the great spire of Paul's; from the twin towers of St. Peter's, Westminster; from lowly St. Margaret's, with its great stained window nestling close by. Ring out from St. Pogis-under-pump, where the rector is non-resident, and the mild young curate has a hankering after candlesticks on the communion-table. Ring out from the dozy chapel-of-ease, where the very crimson cushions seem to slumber; from the bran-new Puseyite bazaar—I beg pardon, church—where a wax-chandler's shop seems to have broken into the main avenue of Covent Garden market, and, having stormed the Pantheon in Oxford Street, to have sat itself down among the ruins; tinkle from St. Hildeburga's, the sly little Romish chapel;—call your flocks together, Zoar, and Enon, and Ebenezer, and Rabshekah;—Howlers, Jumpers, Moravians, Johanna Southcotonians, and New-Jerusalemites Ring out, ye bells—for this is Sunday morning.

And, ring out, oh bells, a peal of love, and kindness, and brotherhood. Ring Tolerance into preacher's mouths and men's hearts, that while they pray they may forbear to thank Heaven that they are not as other men, or even as "this Publican" who is their neighbor!

SPEED THE PLOW.

JOHN WILDE of Rodenkirchen was standing on a hill
Of the far-off Isle of Rügen, on a morning bright and still;
And, as he looked about him, he saw a little shoe
Of glass, most strangely fashioned, that glitter'd like May dew.

No foot of mortal creature such a little thing could wear;
John saw it was a fairy's shoe, and took it up with care.
For he knew that the dwarfish owner, who lived in the cave below,
Until he regained his slipper, on one bare foot must go.

John kept his treasure safely; and, in the dark midnight,
He went up to to the hill-top, alone, without a light.
To the ground he put his mouth, and he gave a loud halloo:
"John Wilde of Rodenkirchen has found a tiny shoe!"

Straightway he heard a murmur far down within the hill,
Like the swarming of a flight of bees, and the clacking of a mill;
Straightway he heard a pattering of little feet hard by:
But John was very cautious, and homeward did he hie.

Next morning came the fairy, like a merchant rich and gay:
"Have you got a little crystal shoe you could sell to me to-day?"—
Quoth John, "I have a slipper, of glass so fine and small,
That only one of fairy size could put it on at all."

Said the merchant, "I will give you a thousand dollars new,
From the mint all freshly shining, for this wonderful glass shoe."
But John was avaricious—a grasping hand had he:
He laughed out in the merchant's face with loud and scornful glee;
And vowed by all things holy, no less sum would he take,
Than a ducat for each furrow that ever his plow should make.

The merchant writhed and twisted, but saw that he must yield:
So he swore that in each furrow John made within his field,
Yea, of what length soever his life might chance to be,
A heavy golden ducat he should not fail to see.

John knew right well that fairies to their oaths are always true:
So away the elf has taken the little crystal shoe.
And away John Wilde has hurried into his field to plow:
"Without," thought he, "a single seed, I shall soon have crops enow."
Anon he drove a furrow—a furrow broad and deep;
And at once a golden ducat into his hands did leap.

He jumps about and dances, to be sure 'tis not a dream:
Then, shouting like a madman, again drives on his team.
Oh, now 'twould seem a devil has entered into John!
From furrow unto furrow he goads his horses on:

From furrow unto furrow he urges them amain;
And still the golden ducats spring up like golden grain.
Faster and ever faster, he tears across the land;
And fast the yellow ducats come glittering to his hand.

The sun rides up the heavens; the noon is fierce and dry;
Yet still John drives his horses, beneath the bright bare sky.
The sun rides down the heavens; and, hastening to his bed,
Shuts out the eastern moonlight, with cloudy curtains red:
Yet, till the valley darkens, he plows the dusky loam,
John does not stop his labor, nor turn his face toward home.

The thirst for gold has seized him; each day is now the same:
His blood is all on fire, his heart is like a flame.
For ever, ever plowing, ever running to and fro,
Driving random furrows, with ne'er a seed to sow.

Still plowing, ever plowing, through all seasons of the year!
In the seed-time, in the harvest, in the winter bleak and bare.
He scarcely thinks of resting—in the early morning's cold,
While the night yet fills the valleys, and the mists are on the wold,

His wife beholds him rising out of his weary bed,
His eyes like staring marsh-lights, in the hollows of his head.
When the night is at its noon, and the stars have mounted high,
He reels home with his horses, like one who straight must die.

Poor wretch! his work's not ended!—he has a feeble light,
And o'er his chest he hovers, in the shadow of the night:
Over his chest he hovers, to count his lovely gold;
Counting, counting, counting, till the sum is fully told.
He crawls to bed, and slumbers, yet still at work he seems—
Still plowing, ever plowing, through dark and tangled dreams!

John Wilde grows thin and haggard—he mumbles with his mouth;
His eyes are fixed and arid, like one consumed with drouth.
It is the dead of winter—his hands with cold are sear'd;
The sweat is on his forehead, but the frost is in his beard.

Still plowing, ever plowing! though the sleety mists environ,
And the plow goes through the furrows, like iron into iron.
Still plowing, ever plowing—but see! he can not stand,
There is darkness all about him; he has fallen upon the land!

The horses come home early; but their master—where is he?
Some neighbors go to seek him, where they know that he must be;
And there they find him lying, all stiff and stony-eyed,
Stretched full-length in a furrow—and a ducat by his side.

Oh, wretched fool! what matter how fast the plow he drave?—
In plowing up his ducats he was digging his own grave!
John Wilde of Rodenkirchen died many a year ago:
Still many for gold are delving, whom gold will soon lay low.

A TIGER'S JAWS.

GRICE and I obtained two-and-a-half months' leave on purpose to kill tigers, panthers, and bears. Having made our preparations for the jungle, we started on the nineteenth of March, with a fine band, consisting of one big drum, one big bell, four small drums, and a pair of pistols always loaded with coarse powder, and being continually let off. The noise of this concert was sufficient to frighten any animals out of the jungle; and, when it was not, we had also some twenty or thirty men to set up a supplementary yell. I should like you to have heard our band turning a corner among the hills! Our battery consisted of ten double guns—some rifles, the others smooth-bored—and two brace of pistols. We did not commence shooting until the twentieth, when we began at about nine in the morning; our plan being always to go some half-a-mile before the beaters; and, having placed ourselves in some likely spot, to sit quietly, and (if possible) concealed, until they had beaten up to us. Owing to rain, we saw nothing until the twenty-second; when, having walked some five miles, we perched ourselves, guns and all, on a small tree, and put the beaters in. We had been in the tree about twenty minutes, when Grice whispered to me "Tiger!" I saw her almost at the same moment: we fired four barrels, all of which took effect. She charged with frightful speed right under the tree in which we were sitting, and was into the jungle in a moment. Immediately after this, a peacock began calling, a sure sign of a tiger being near; and, sure enough, in another minute out came a small cub about the size of a dog: this, Grice shot. We then began the ticklish work of "following up," generally done on elephants; but, not being rich enough to sport them, we were forced to go on foot. We traced our prey about half a mile into the jungle, which was so thick that one could not see more than ten yards ahead. I separated some six or seven yards from Grice, and was in the act of looking down close to the ground, when I heard a frightful roar; and, before I had time literally to cock one barrel (I had imprudently gone into the jungle with my piece on half-cock), I felt myself jammed in the brute's jaws. She carried me about ten yards. My face, I believe, was touching her cheek, when Grice, with the most wonderful pre-

sence of mind, put two bullets into her ear. She dropped, but still held me. Grice ran up, and before she was actually dead, pulled me out of her mouth.

I am told that there was not two inches of space between my head and the spot where the bullets hit. Had Grice's hand shaken, I should probably have been shot through the head, as he had a very small mark to fire at. I was perfectly conscious when pulled out of the brute's mouth.

The skin, of course, I keep as a trophy—it is nearly twelve feet long. The accident occurred fifty miles from camp; and if it had not been for Grice, God knows how I should ever have been taken back; but he is well known by the natives —in fact they are afraid of him (his nickname is "Tiger Grice")—and he told them they would be well paid if they carried me to the next town, Jaat, about twelve miles off. After some little arrangement, they carried me on my bed to Jaat, where Grice is almost worshiped, on account of having last year killed a tigress which had at different times killed twenty-four of the villagers, and at the time Grice shot her, she was in the act of eating an unfortunate woman. Twenty-four men were sent out from camp with a palanquin to meet me. Grice rode all night by my side, and accompanied me till within two miles of camp, when he went back again to go on with his sport. It is more than a month since he has been heard of, but I hope he is all right. I suffered great agony, from the moment I was bitten. My mother was always anxious about all her children's constitutions; well, a very clever doctor told me that if I had not had an iron constitution it would have gone very hard with me. I am perfectly convalescent, walk about, and go out every evening in a kulkee; the wounds are healing, but it is irritable to have one's arm continually slung up. I should like very much to send the skin to England, but it is very large, and would be difficult to pack up; otherwise, it would make a nice rug.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE death of DANIEL WEBSTER and the Presidential election have absorbed public attention during the last month. Mr. WEBSTER died on the 24th of October, at his residence in Marshfield, after an illnesss of some weeks, which, however, had threatened a fatal termination for only ten days. In the preceding pages of this Magazine we have made so full mention of the leading incidents of his long public career, as well as of his personal character, that further reference to them here would be superfluous. His death created a profound sensation of regret throughout the country, and will be mourned beyond the limits of the United States. It is universally felt that he stood at the head of American statesmen, and that his death creates a void in the public councils which can not be adequately filled. Public proceedings have been had in various sections of the Union, expressing the public respect for his character, and taking suitable measures to honor his memory. Hon. EDWARD EVERETT has been invited by the President, and has consented to succeed him in the Cabinet as Secretary of State.

The Presidential election took place on Tuesday the 2d of November. At the time of making up this Record returns have not come in sufficient to enable us to make up a statement of the vote in each State. But the general result was known, by means of the telegraph, on the evening of the day of election. Gen. PIERCE was elected President by a larger popular majority, as well as by a larger majority of the electoral votes, than has ever before been given to any candidate in a party contest. In the State of New York HORATIO SEYMOUR was elected Governor by a very large majority.

The Legislature of Vermont commenced its session on the 15th of October. Governor FAIRBANKS's Message was brief, and devoted wholly to State affairs. It commends education, in both common schools and colleges, to the earnest attention of the people. The Geological Survey of the State is still in progress. The general Banking Law, adopted at the last session, works well thus far; the railroads constructed within a few years past have done much to develop the resources of the State, though they have not as yet proved specially remunerative to the stockholders.——The Legislature of North Carolina met on the 19th. The Governor's Message discusses at length the question of constitutional reform, recommending the passage of a law to enable freemen to vote for members of the Senate, as well as of the Lower House. He objects to changing the basis of representation, though he is in favor of abolishing the property qualification for voters. The attention of the Legislature is directed to the subject of internal improvements. The State debt is $3,364,000: the amount of taxation required to meet annual expenses is $177,137. The Geological Survey of the State is advancing steadily toward completion.——The Court of Appeals, the highest legal tribunal in the State of New York, has decided the case of the American Art Union, which was carried up on two cases from the Supreme Court. The decision declares the mode of distribution adopted by the Art Union to be in violation of the State law against raffling.——Advices from the Lobos Islands represent that the vessels from Boston which had gone thither for cargoes of guano, under the assurance of protection from the American government, had been warned by the Peruvian vessels that they would be regarded and treated as intruders. Their officers replied that they had supposed they were in pursuit of a legitimate commerce, and that they had no intention of trespassing on the rights of Peru.

From CALIFORNIA we have news to the 16th of October. The intelligence from the mining districts was highly satisfactory. A good deal of interest has been excited in the business community of San Francisco by instructions sent out from the Treasury Department to the collector not to receive the ingots stamped by the Assay Office, in payment of public dues, because they are not of the fineness of the coin

of the United States, as required by law. Public meetings had been held in regard to the subject: but the difficulty had been temporarily adjusted by several of the business men guaranteeing the collector against loss, and his consenting to receive the ingots. A very great number of persons are leaving California for Australia. Agriculture was receiving increased attention. An annual fair is now held at Sacramento, at which splendid prizes are awarded, plowing matches held, &c. The health of the country was good. A great deal of indignation had been aroused on ascertaining that the parties in charge of the emigrant relief train sent out by the State authorities, under an act of the Legislature, to relieve suffering emigrants, had taken advantage of their position to make profit by selling to emigrants in distress the provisions they were directed to deliver gratuitously. Many persons had thus been forced to buy at enormous prices even water to drink, and those who had no money were left unsupplied. A company of sixty Frenchmen were about forming a settlement on the Gila river. The Governor of Sonora had agreed to grant them lands, furnish them with beasts of burden, and provisions to last six months. The place where they design settling is considered the richest in the country, the only drawback being Indians, who are numerous in that region. But in a recent engagement the French defeated the Indians, killed four of them, and took fifty horses and one prisoner, who, in the absence of lead, used silver bullets. The death of Major Savage, who had been very popular with the Indians, has created an intense excitement among them, and it is feared that they are concerting a formidable outbreak, which will lead to a most disastrous and expensive conflict.——The Coast Surveying party continues its operations, though at Cape Flattery it has encountered much difficulty in the prosecution of their work. Added to the inhospitable aspect of the country for topographical work, they have had the Indians to keep in check. At one time they were threatened by over two hundred armed Indians, who anchored their canoes to the reef, and lay before their camp a whole night; but a vigilant look-out being kept, and a bold face put on the matter, they passed safe, and a substantial breastwork was erected before them, ready for any emergency. The astronomical work has progressed with great success, though it is mentioned as an anomaly to see the observers at work with a revolver within reach.

From Oregon we have news to the 1st of October. The emigration to that Territory this year is very great, and there has been much suffering among the emigrants in the mountains. Grass was very scarce, and it was very difficult to keep the emigrants, or their cattle, supplied with provisions. The papers mention another discovery of coal near Olympia, Puget's Sound, which bids fair to be better, both in quality and quantity, than any of the coal deposits previously found on the Pacific coast.

From New Mexico we have intelligence to the 15th of October. The Indians were quiet; business was good, and the agricultural prospects of the country highly encouraging. Governor Lane was inaugurated on the 12th of September. In his inaugural address, he very earnestly disavowed all private purposes in coming among them—declaring that he had not came to improve his own fortunes, nor to advance the political views of any person or party. He reminded the people that the efficacy and utility of the laws depended upon the fidelity with which they were enforced, and that for this they were in a very great degree responsible. He promised to exert all his influence, personal and official, to diffuse knowledge and promote virtue; to secure the rights of person and property; to develop the various resources of the country, and to bring the distant parts of the Territory nearer to each other, and into closer proximity to the States, by improved roads and increased facilities for travel. All possible efforts would be made to check the ravages of the Indians, and for this purpose the resources of the General Government would be employed.

From Utah we learn, by dates to the 31st of August, that business was very active. The government train had arrived at Fort Laramie with the goods intended for annuities to the Indians, a large number of whom had been collected, impatiently awaiting its arrival. Governor Young's administration was giving great satisfaction; and in the Salt Lake Valley every thing was going on prosperously and quietly. The crops this year are hardly equal to what was expected, but much greater than the demand for consumption. The Mormons are building up a dense city at Salt Lake. They have finished their *Tabernacle*, and have commenced the *Temple Wall*. This is a wall fifteen feet high, which is to surround the temple grounds, an area of about ten acres. The temple is to be commenced in April next. Trade and business have been reasonably brisk in the Valley during the season, and the settlements are extending themselves out in various directions.

From the Sandwich Islands we have intelligence to the 11th of September. An act has been passed by the government declaring that all flour, fish, coal, lumber, staves, and heading, the produce or manufacture of the United States, shall be admitted into the Island free of duty, provided the government of the United States will admit the sugar, molasses, and coffee of the Hawaiian Islands into all the ports of the United States on the same terms. ——Advices from the Society Islands state that a British steam frigate was at Huahiva on the 14th of August, with the intention of taking that island under British protection, as an important point in the greatly augmented commerce between Great Britain and Australia. The French, who also had a vessel of war there, dispute the right; but it was thought that their interference would prove unavailing, The Society Islands are very fertile, and their proximity to California would seem to indicate the importance to the United States of not suffering them to fall under the exclusive dominion of any foreign power.

CUBA

No events of importance have occurred in Cuba during the month. The authorities continue to exercise the utmost vigilance in repressing and punishing every indication of discontent. It is not easy under the existing state of affairs to procure accurate and reliable views of the actual condition of public opinion there; though the least prejudiced accounts represent the current rumors of discontent as greatly exaggerated. The business classes are, almost without exception, earnest in maintaining the ascendency of the Spanish authorities, and are very indignant at the hostile demonstrations to which they are constantly exposed from the United States. The Crescent City steamer, touching again at Havana, with the mails, on her way from New Orleans to New York, entered the harbor without difficulty or molestation. At sunrise the captain of the port came alongside, and asked whether the purser, Mr. William Smith was still on board; and being answered in the affirmative, it was at once

ordered that the steamer should have no communication whatever with the shore. A cordon of boats was stationed to watch the steamer, and enforce execution of the order in question. Lieutenant Porter requested permission to communicate with the American Consul, in order to present to the Captain General, through him, a protest against the treatment to which the steamer was subjected. This, after a parley on shore, was refused for some time: but finally, after an ineffectual effort to ascertain the contents of the protest, Lieutenant Porter refusing to communicate farther on the subject, except through the acting consul, the latter officer was permitted to come alongside, in a government boat, in company with the captain of the port, to whom the protest was delivered. The consul, however, was not permitted to go on board the steamer, nor to write home by her. On his assurance that nothing could be done to vary the position of affairs, the Crescent City proceeded to sea. Judge Conkling, the newly-appointed American minister to Mexico, touching at Havana, on his way to Vera Cruz, had a conference with the Captain General, by direction of the United States government, in regard to the difficulties between the two countries, but the result has not been reliably ascertained. In Cuba the opinion prevailed, that the interests of the United States had been sacrificed. It is stated that further conspiracies have been discovered in Matanzas, Pinar del Rio, and other places. The Captain General seems to have become a little alarmed at the prospective results of his arbitrary conduct. Galiano, the Governor's secretary, well known to be the confidential adviser of General Canedo, and the instigator of all his acts of oppression, is anxious to resign; but the Captain General apprised him that, as he had got him into difficulty with the United States by his advice, he should stand by him, and see the play out. Quite a number of persons who have become obnoxious to the government, but are safe from its vengeance because in the United States, are requested to return and stand trial.

MEXICO.

Our advices from Mexico are to the 16th of October, and they represent the country as in a deplorably unsettled state. Revolutions were in progress in nearly every department, and the general government lacked the energy necessary for their suppression. It would be useless to present here the details of any of these movements, which in themselves amount to very little, but which become important when regarded as indications of the general condition of the country, and the elements of dissension and weakness which abound throughout the several States. Congress met in extra session on the 15th of October; and on the next day it was resolved to impeach the Minister of Justice, and Camares, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, and also the Chief Clerk in the War Department. Great excitement prevailed throughout the city, and the Government apprehended an immediate outbreak. A report made by Señor Luis de la Rosa upon the subject of the Tehuantepec grant, states the principal cause of the hostility of the Mexican Government to granting to the United States a route across the Isthmus, to be an apprehension that the integrity of the Mexican territory would be threatened by such a grant. He advises the Mexican Government to listen to no propositions for a route there, from any nation, until it shall have first established fortifications and settled a great number of Mexican families, sufficient to absorb any North American emigration. In this way only, in his view, can Mexico be saved from another dismemberment of her territory.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From Buenos Ayres we have intelligence to the 1st of September, of a good deal of interest. General Urquiza, Provisional Director of the Argentine Confederation, has issued a decree, opening the large rivers Parana and Uruguay, which drain so large a portion of the interior of South America, to the commerce of all nations. The only conditions attached are that every foreign vessel allowed to enter must be of more than 120 tons burden, and that no such vessel will be allowed to embark or disembark merchandise, except in appointed ports, where custom-houses are to be established. The decree was to take effect on the 1st of October. This is a very important step in the progress of the Argentine Confederation toward commercial prosperity and fixed relations with other nations. The British and French governments have labored for many years, through their diplomacy, to secure the free navigation of these rivers, but without success. The effect of this measure of Urquiza will be very great. It will open new and vast countries to European commerce, settlement, and civilization, as these rivers hold almost the same relations to the South American continent as the Mississippi and Ohio hold to the vast territory of the United States. It was the policy of Rosas to keep these rivers closed; and their being so promptly thrown open is a favorable indication of Urquiza's course. Urquiza has also issued a decree restoring to Rosas, through his agent, all his property, which was confiscated immediately after his overthrow. The punishment of death for political offenses has been abolished. Various other steps have been taken for the practical improvement of the country; and a strong degree of confidence in its prosperity is springing up.——The eighth parliament of Brazil was closed on the 4th of August. Notwithstanding its unpopularity, the government has done a great deal to advance the prosperity of the empire. Four new railroads have been authorized, the government guaranteeing five per cent. to the shareholders. Companies are formed, under similar guarantees, to establish steam navigation along the coast and upon the principal rivers. The revenues of the country have increased at all the ports; and a loan has just been negotiated of a million sterling, to pay off the Portuguese loan, which Brazil guaranteed at her independence.——From Chili we have intelligence to the middle of September, but it is of little interest. The mines were increasing in richness. The city of Santiago was rapidly improving. The attention of the government is urgently called to the necessity of improving the navigation of the Chilian rivers, which run through fertile districts, and could easily be made to sustain a flourishing commerce.——In Guayaquil difficulties have taken place, which have led to the withdrawal of the French Chargé. It seems that sundry persons implicated in the Flores rebellion took refuge with him, whom he refused to deliver up to Urbina's government for punishment. For this he was severely censured by the press; and was still further accused of receiving and forwarding correspondence between the General and his friends. At a banquet in the city he was greeted by insulting cries; and, failing to obtain any satisfaction, withdrew on board the French man-of-war Penelope, the commander of which had addressed a threatening protest to the government. ——At Montevideo, the American minister, Mr. Schenck, was formally presented to President Giro

of the republic of Uruguay, on the 21st of August. He stated the object of his mission to be the establishment of mutually beneficial relations between the governments of the two countries; and the President in his reply expressed the most earnest desire that so desirable an object might be secured.

ENGLAND.

Parliament is to meet on the 4th of November. Its first business will of course be to provide for the public funeral of the Duke of Wellington, for which extensive preparations are made, and which will undoubtedly be one of the most imposing ceremonials ever seen in Great Britain. The Duke is to be buried in St. Paul's Cathedral by the side of Nelson.—Political discussion is active in England, but as the purposes of Ministers have not been disclosed, it lacks definite interest. It seems to be universally conceded that no attempt will be made to restore protection, or to interfere with the existing commercial regulations. The veteran reformer, Joseph Hume, has declared himself opposed to any movement for the ballot, as he deems it calculated to divide the Liberals, and lead to no useful result. Lord John Russell made a speech on the 28th of September at Perth, to which a good deal of political importance is attached. He charged the Ministry with endeavoring to alarm the country by holding out the approach of a wild, unbridled democracy, and declared that he considered the alarm wholly groundless. He said that while democracy had just as good a title to the enjoyment of its rights as either monarchy or nobility, it did not threaten or desire any infringement of the rights of either. It might be true—and it certainly was to be desired—that the people of the country, by increase of wealth, of intelligence, and of power, were increasing also in the weight which they ought to have in public affairs; and this was an increased power which ought not to be crushed, but encouraged and maintained. This increase, morever, in the power of democracy, could not be dealt with as it had been in former times—by measures of repression and restraint: it must be done by listening to every complaint, by considering every grievance, and by giving a legitimate and legal organ to that power and influence which otherwise may be mischievous, irregular, and injurious. It was by such a policy only that England had been saved from the perils of revolution in 1848, and it was only by persisting steadily in it that future dangers could be averted. These declarations put forth by the late Premier, have been generally regarded as foreshadowing the character of the opposition in the approaching session of Parliament.—Mr. Henley, one of the ministerial members for Oxford, made a speech on the same day at Banbury, in which he gave assurances that the government would uphold the broad principles of Conservatism, which could alone maintain the stability of the throne, and the valued institutions of the country.—Mr. Bright at Belfast, on the 4th, made a speech on the politics and industry of Ireland, in which he presented the fact that the land is not owned by the people who live upon it, as the great evil under which the country labored. As to tenant-right, he declared his disposition to give a right to retrospective compensation for all substantial and valuable improvements made on the land during a period of twenty years;—but this was not considered satisfactory by his auditors.—The Earl of Derby has been elected Chancellor of the University of Oxford.—The Queen returned to Windsor on the 15th of October from her visit to Scotland.—Intelligence from the Arctic Exploring Expedition has been received by the return of the Prince Albert, which left Beechy Island on the 24th of August. At that time the exploring force had searched Cape Riley, Navy Board Inlet, and Beechy Island, without finding any documentary or other indication from Sir John Franklin of the course he intended to take. Sir Edward Belcher had proceeded up Wellington Channel, which was open to an unprecedented degree, and was sanguine of his success in penetrating to Queen Charlotte's sound. He expected to find traces of Sir John Franklin's party on the further shores of Wellington Channel. Although the expedition has thus far been barren of positive results, it is believed to have done a good deal toward determining the exact direction in which further explorations must be made: and very strong hopes are entertained that Sir Edward Belcher may succeed in reducing the fate of the veteran navigator to something like certainty.

THE CONTINENT.

Interest upon the Continent is mainly confined to FRANCE: and the great event there is the steady and rapid march of the country toward the Empire. We mentioned in our last Record the tour of the President through the southern departments. It seems to have been wholly a political journey, and was marked by sundry incidents of unmistakable significance. At Lyons, on the 19th of September, at the inauguration of an equestrian statue of the Emperor, he made a speech recalling the devotion which that city had always evinced to the cause of Napoleon, and declaring that he should have but one object in his administration, "to reconstitute in France, convulsed by so many commotions and Utopian schemes, a peace based on conciliations for men, inflexibility of principles of authority, love for the laboring classes, the national dignity." He said it was as yet difficult for him to know under what name he could render the greatest services; if the modest title of President could facilitate his mission, it was not he who, from personal interest, would desire to change that name for the title of Emperor. At Marseilles on the 25th, in a public speech, he declared his desire that Marseilles, more and more flourishing, should co-operate in realizing the great idea of the Emperor, that "the Mediterranean ought to be a French lake." At Bordeaux he made a still more important declaration of his sentiments in regard to the Empire. He said that the object of his tour had been to make himself acquainted with the real character and wants of the provinces; but it had been attended by a much more important result. Never did a people more directly, more spontaneously, or more unanimously testify a determination to free itself from all uneasiness in regard to the future, by placing in the same hands as heretofore a power which sympathizes with its feelings. France desired a return to the Empire, in order to produce confidence in the present and security for the future. There was one objection to which he would reply: "certain minds seem to entertain a dread of war; certain persons say the Empire is only war; but I say the Empire is peace, for France desires it, and when France is satisfied, the world is tranquil." War was not made for pleasure but through necessity; and in this era of transition woe be to him who gives the first signal of a collision, the consequences of which would be incalculable. He said he had many conquests to make; he wished to conquer by conciliation all hostile parties, and to bring into one grand popular current those hostile streams which now lose themselves without profit to any one. "I wish," said

he, "to restore religion, morality, and opulence to that still numerous part of the population, which, though in the bosom of the most fertile country in the world, can scarcely obtain the common necessaries of life. We have immense waste territories to cultivate, roads to open, ports to dig, rivers to render navigable, a system of railroads to complete; we have opposite to Marseilles a vast kingdom which we must assimilate to France; we have to bring all our great western ports into connection with the American continent by a rapidity of communication which we still want; lastly, we have ruins to restore, false gods to overthrow, and truths to be made triumphant. This is the sense which I attach to the Empire, if the Empire is to be restored. Such are the conquests which I contemplate, and all you who surround me, and who, like me, desire your country's welfare—you are my soldiers!" This speech was very justly regarded as in the highest degree significant of the sentiments and purposes of the Prince President. It was the closing declaration of his journey, and on the 15th of October he returned to Paris, where he was greeted with imposing demonstrations and no inconsiderable degree of popular enthusiasm. Nearly all the banners, inscriptions, and addresses greeted him as Emperor. Immediately after his return a decree was issued summoning the Senate to meet on the 4th of November, to consider the question of changing the form of Government and re-establishing the Empire, in consequence of the expressed wishes of the people of France. If the change should be decreed, it is declared that it will be submitted to the vote of the people.——On his way to Paris, Louis Napoleon stopped at the Chateau d'Amboise and liberated Abd-el-Kader from his captivity, informing him that he would be conducted to Broussa in Turkey, where he would receive from the French government an allowance befitting his rank.

From the other countries of the Continent there is little intelligence of importance. In GERMANY the contest still continues between Austria and Prussia concerning the Zollverein. Prussia wishes the League to be reconstituted for twelve years, and Hanover to be admitted, before entering upon the great question of a commercial and customs-union with Austria; but the Southern States object to defer for so long a period the possibility of negotiations. The Prussian Government will now only admit to the Congress of the Zollverein those States which have consented to re-establish that body without condition or reserves in favor of a future treaty with Austria. Above a year, however, has yet to elapse before the present Zollverein will expire.

From SPAIN, the only news of interest is that of the death of an old companion in arms of the Duke of Wellington, General CASTANOS, at the age of 95. Castanos was free from the jealousies entertained by several of the Spanish commanders toward their foreign allies; he was the ablest of all the Spanish generals, and much esteemed by Wellington and the British army. His funeral will be conducted with all possible magnificence, at the expense of the State. The Spanish Government has issued a decree directing that all contracts with the State shall, in future, be put up at auction.——Railway projects are exciting a good deal of attention in Spain; to such an extent, indeed, has capital been invested in these undertakings that a commercial crisis is apprehended. The Government has decided that a meeting of the Provincial Deputations shall be held in Madrid to decide on the parts to be taken by each town in the construction of railways, with a view to a prompt execution in every direction. Another decree has been lately issued, lowering the duty upon many imported articles, with a view of increasing the revenue through a more than proportional increased consumption.

In BELGIUM a singular complication of affairs has occurred. At the meeting of the Chambers, on the 28th of September, the Ministry announced that they intended to stand or fall on the election of M. Verhaegen as President:—he was defeated, receiving 46 votes, and his opponent, M. Delehaye, receiving 54. The latter refused to accept the office. Another ballot was had—M. de Brouckhere being brought forward—when M. Verhaegen received 50 votes, Delehaye 48 votes, and De Brouckhere 1. But M. Verhaegen now refused to accept office, on the ground that he had been unaware of the fact that his election was to be made a Cabinet question; because it was no longer M. Verhaegen who was at stake, but a member of Liberal opinions. "The Liberal principle had been involved; it should not be re-established. He would not engage his individuality; he would not accept the Presidency:" a declaration loudly applauded by the Opposition. The sitting was adjourned. In the evening, a Royal decree prorogued the Chambers until the 26th of October, and the Ministers resigned. A new Ministry was soon after formed under the lead of M. de Brouckhere.

In ITALY nothing has occurred of special interest. The Roman budget shows the annual receipts of the Papal States to be £2,400,000, and their expenditures at £2,800,000.——Sir Henry Bulwer, the British Embassador at Florence, has recently been upon a special mission to Rome, the objects and results of which are revealed in the Paris *Débats*. It is stated that Mr. Bulwer, in his interview with Cardinal Antonelli, put forward three propositions: 1. That the British government would consent to the removal of Mr. Freeborn, the English Consul at Rome, who was very unpopular at court: 2. That a representative of the Queen should be accredited to the Holy See with the title of Minister Plenipotentiary: 3. Concerning the case of Mr. Murray, who has been sentenced and condemned by the Papal tribunals. Upon the first point the reply was that the Papal court was entirely indifferent whether Mr. Freeborn remained or not: upon the second, that the Pontiff would receive no Minister from England, so long as ecclesiastics were declared inadmissible as envoys to the court of Queen Victoria: and upon the third, that the evidence against Mr. Murray had been reconsidered and found to be clear and conclusive against him.——A good deal of excitement has been occasioned in Tuscany by the imprisonment of a family for no other offense than that of having a copy of the Protestant Bible in their possession.

In PERSIA the Shah has narrowly escaped assassination. While he was hunting near Tehrân, on the 15th of August, six "ill-dressed" Persians, belonging to the sect of Babi, a religious chief put to death some time since, approached the Shah with petitions. Having presented them, they demanded redress for the insult to their religion. Two seized the bridle of his horse; and before the attendants, who, according to the Persian custom, were waiting at a distance, came up, two of the assassins fired their pistols. The Shah was slightly wounded in the cheek and thigh, but retained his seat. His servants arrived at a gallop, cut down two of the assassins, and pursued and captured one. Three escaped; but they were afterward found in a well, and cut to pieces.

Editor's Table.

THE INCREASE OF CRIME is becoming one of the most startling notices in our daily newspapers. Of the fact there can be no doubt. Three, four, five, and, in one case, eight murders are announced in New York for one week. Like the reports of epidemic disease, they may sometimes show a decline, but on the whole there is a steady advance. We are becoming familiar with what, twenty years ago, would have shocked the universal conscience. The burglaries, forgeries, arsons, are in like proportion. If there be any difference, the more enormous and startling crimes are multiplying more rapidly than the minor and less bold offenses. The fact, we say, is beyond all doubt, whatever may be the cause or causes,—whether temporary and incidental, or inherent in the very modes of thinking and acting which characterize our remarkable age.

It becomes, then, a most serious question—Is there really a *progress* in crime? If so, there must be something radically wrong in all our other progress. It is all in the wrong direction. It is an accessory to evils which far outweigh all its other benefits.

We should not, however, rashly say that one is inseparable from the other. The causes of crime may be distinct from the main movement, or only incidentally blended with it. What are they, then? becomes a question of the deepest interest to the advocate of a physical progress, as well as to the more conservative moralist or theologian.

Post hoc, propter hoc—after this, on account of this—may not be a conclusive rule of investigation, but still it must be, more or less, the first step in every inductive inquiry. What are the preceding or accompanying events? In examining such a question, however, it would be most unphilosophical to confine ourselves to what may be called immediate or proximate influences. These are themselves but effects, and, though not to be disregarded, are mainly useful as putting us on the track of the radical deflection from the course of a true *upward* as well as *onward* progress.

Among these proximate causes have been usually reckoned the great influx of foreigners. It is undoubtedly true, that a large proportion of the crimes committed are from this class of our population. This, however, falls far short of a satisfactory explanation of the alarming phenomenon. Crimes are increasing in a ratio much beyond even the rapid increase of our numbers as reckoned from every quarter. It may be a serious question, too, whether the unusual amount of offenses committed by foreigners may not be owing, in great measure, to influences to which they become especially exposed in our own midst. It is no disparagement of these unfortunate exiles to say, that they are made up chiefly of those who are most in danger from temptation. They are not worse than other men, but peculiar circumstances in their hard lot have loosened those outward restraints of home, of neighborhood, of long-revered law, in a word, of settled conventional character, in which so much of what we proudly style our human virtue will be found to consist. Victims of poverty and oppression in their own land, they come among us with extravagant expectations and grossly false ideas of personal freedom. These are rendered still more false and extravagant by the influence of demagogues, who take them in hand almost immediately on their arrival on our shores; and the consequence is a reckless disregard of law and order, preparing them for the commission of every other crime.

All of us, the best of us, are better at home than abroad. We are all better under the eye of friends and neighbors and kinsmen—under the restraints of habits connected by a thousand associations with every act and every thought of our lives. The power of these is only known when circumstances have cast them off. Sometimes a single journey reveals to a man a knowledge of himself which is any thing but pleasant either to his conscience or his self-respect. How much greater must be the effect when all such ties are sundered, when the habits abandoned of the support of their old associations decline more and more from their artificial uprightness, when there comes over the soul a feeling of moral nakedness, when the conventional garment is stripped off, and the scanty stock of principle left to its own intrinsic resources reveals to us how weak and poor a thing, indeed, is almost all that commonly passes under the name of human virtue.

It has been well shown by Dr. Bushnell that the initiatory tendency of emigration is ever to barbarism, although it may be counteracted by other and later influences. This is more or less true even in respect to the emigration of entire social communities and churches, as in the ancient colonies of Athens and the Puritan settlements of New England. Here, though many ties are broken, many still remain. But in the case of what may be called sporadic emigration, when the poor exiles are strangers to each other as well as to all the world beside, the demoralizing freedom must be vastly greater, and the consequent tendency to evil in a like ratio accelerated. Our own race, and our own nation, furnish examples of this as decisive as any to be drawn from the Irish or the Germans. What is even New England virtue in Texas or California? What converts the sober select-man into the member of the lynch law vigilance committee? What suddenly changes even the hair-splitting casuist into the contemner of all law, higher or lower, objective or subjective, human or divine? Why is his abstract philanthropy found to be so poor a thing when he gets away from the lecture-room, from the resolving platform, and, above all, from that silent educating power of positive law, whose worth is never more distinctly proved than when men have felt themselves beyond the limits of its empire.

Making, however, all allowance for what may be styled the barbarizing influence of emigration, this is far from adequately explaining that enormous increase of crime for the source of which we are now in search. It is doubtless one among the proximate causes; but much as we may talk of the immediately practical in human affairs, there must be, for all such phenomena, remoter reasons lying away back in what may be called the region of abstract speculation. The *actual* must ever have its ground in the *ideal;* and never was this more true than at present. False and mischievous abstractions are every where around us, and they must be grappled with on their own chosen field. Our literature, whether of books or newspapers, is full of them; and those who object to be treated with the ideal, or the abstract, will never get at the true source and the true cure of some of the most practical ills of life. Thus, too, the roots of the evil of which we are treating may, perhaps, be

found in a theory primarily remote from the common mind, but which is rapidly coming, as such theories ever do in time, to leaven it with its deadly influence. Wrong habits of thought and wrong action in the masses may ultimately be traced to a false philosophy in the few; and false philosophy—especially may we say it of the moral and political—will almost always be found to have its root in a false theology. There can be no right theory of human government where there is a radically wrong view of the Divine, and no hope of any adequate moral good from any human legislation, where there is extensively prevalent a false doctrine in respect to the inherent nature of punishment and crime.

Abstractions they may be at first, but they ever come down at last to the plane of the common mind, and infect what would otherwise be the healthy common sense. From some such pure speculation as that of Hobbes, or Godwin, or Rousseau, or Bentham, or Owen, or Fourier, they pass to the essayist or reviewer, from the reviewer to the lecturer, from the lecturer to the editor or newspaper paragraphist. Taking another course in their descent, they infuse themselves into the novel and the drama, they tinge the sentimental tale, and color the stream of poetry; they get into the literature of police reports, and finally make their way down into the child's school book—each filtration manifesting more and more of the dregs that lie concealed in the original fountain—until, at last, the common habit of thought is unconsciously yet essentially modified, and though old forms of speech remain, new associations are every where connected with them. In time, too, they produce a change in our moral and political dialect. Thus phrenology has infected language with its miserable cant, and socialism is evidently aiming to produce the same effect. The advocates of both impudently employ their own quackish terminology as though it had become an established part of human speech. Thus the very instrument of thinking is vitiated at the fountain-head, and the false philosophy of which a certain lingo is the symbol, begins to mould the conceptions before it is distinctly understood as a radically new system of belief.

This false philosophy is as old as the first dawning of human speculation; but it is only in very modern periods that it has been brought to bear extensively upon the common mind. We define it most concisely *in terms*, and most extensively *in idea*, when we say that its aim is wholly to unspiritualize what has heretofore been called sin or crime—in other words, to get crime *out of* the soul into something which, however near, or however closely related, is still *external* to our spiritual humanity. In proportion as this is done is it taken out of the domain of the conscience, and severed from that private personal being of each man, which, as the ablest of the school maintains, is not only pure but incorruptible, utterly incapable of moral taint. Sin and crime are only *incidents* of the material, the social, the political—in a word, the *external* relations. The new ethics has various departments, but all united in this ONE *proton pseudos*, or *first lie*. Phrenology begins the work, by getting all sin out of the soul properly into its supposed next neighbor, the brain. When crime is regarded as a *spiritual* inhabitant, or as dwelling in the very centre of our being, the thought is too painful, and relief is immediately experienced even by this apparently slight removal from the sphere of our direct personality. If we can only get it located in the phosphoric matter of our cerebral organization, and away from our "spiritual house not made with hands," its features lose much of their intolerable hideousness. This is doubtless the great secret of the ready reception of phrenology, and phrenological works, in our penitentiaries and State prisons. This constitutes its chief recommendation to that class of prison discipline reformers, who would seem to maintain that the works of Combe and Spurzheim are better adapted to produce repentance and reformation than the Bible and the direct preaching of the Gospel.

Another branch of the new ethics demands a still wider field. Phrenology locates crime in the brain; this gives it the range of the whole body. It belongs to our material organization; it is a physiological malady; its cure is to be found in diatetic regimen; it is to be treated in hospitals and asylums; it is to be soothed into repentance with music, and flowers, and fêtes, instead of being scared, as heretofore, with whips, and imprisonment, and the gallows.

Again—there is another step in progress. The body, it is true, is outside of the soul, but we are still too near the domain of the spiritual conscience. Society must next come in for its share of responsibility, and here some would throw the great burden of all human guilt. A stage beyond this, and we come to Owen's famous doctrine of circumstances, as old as the days of Protagoras; but even here, in this ultima Thule, it is the same essential principle of reasoning—the same motive—to get away from the conscience, and to recede as far as possible from its dread abode *in the spirit*. The brain, the body, society, circumstances, the universe, are but stages in this flight of Jonah from the presence of the Lord. It is in the third theory, however, or that which makes *society* bear the burden of all guilt, that we find one great, and perhaps we may say the greatest cause of the modern increase of crime, in those countries where such theory is most abundantly taught.

We are not required to suppose that the murderers, and burglars, and incendiaries, and rowdies of every description, understand all this, or that they actually comprehend what perhaps is incomprehensible—the transcendental antinomianism of those who talk of the pure "divine man" in each individual, and the pure devil in that combination of individuals they call society. Yet still they somehow drink in the spirit of the doctrine—that which commends it to the animal instincts, if not the intelligence of depraved humanity. They read and hear enough to become immersed in that atmosphere of railing which is so constantly kept up in certain widely influential quarters—railing against the church, against society, against institutions, against "relics of barbarisms," against positive punitive law as a vindictive monster partaking of the spirit of Moses instead of that of Christ, and which, they are told, they only imitate in their own vindictive retaliations.

They imbibe the feeling, we say, that flows from the doctrine, and its continual reiteration, if they do not comprehend the doctrine itself. *This* they understand, that somehow they are wronged, and crime is only satisfaction; they are down-trodden, and violence is only justifiable revolt; they are poor, whether by their own vices or otherwise, and property is an usurpation not to be tolerated. Like the effect upon the brain of the inhaling of some noxious gas, such a feeling once excited distorts every sentiment, and inverts every moral perception. The criminal has nothing to do with creating his circumstances; they create him. Bad men do not make bad society; but bad society existing as a separate though inconceivable abstraction, makes bad men who would other-

wise have been as pure as the angels in Heaven. This is nonsense, to be sure, but very venomous nonsense. If the mind does not get from it distinct thoughts, it gets, at least, a direction toward crime; its sense of heinousness is diminished; it is furnished with a palliation; temptation becomes easy, and then the least influence turns the trembling balance.

Let us fancy some poor wretch actually meditating the commission of crime, but still deterred by some lingering remains of conscience, or just held in check by some habit of respect, or some fear of outward law. There may be, and there doubtless are, thousands in this very condition. Now while the temptation is strong, and the evil heart is seeking that justification without which human nature is not diabolical enough to commit deliberate crime, and angry feelings are rising against the law, and the scales are quivering in the equipoise, the morning paper, or the evening lecture, let us suppose, just drops into one side the *feeling*, if not the *conviction*, that comes from the "higher law" philosophy. How easy for him, under such circumstances, to believe that society is the real criminal, not he. The "divine man within him" commits not the deed. His personality is only the agent—he would almost make himself believe the unwilling agent—of a most depraved social system.

Besides this direct instigation of crime, it has another, and, in some cases, a still more pernicious influence in preventing the true effects of justice and punishment upon the minds of the condemned. It hinders repentance, and consequently that very reformation which philanthropists of this school are so fond of representing as the sole end of punishment. Our prison system is doubtless a most wretched one, but in this widely prevalent doctrine is to be sought the main cause of the little efficacy of punishment in deterring from repeated crime. The thought of justice, of personal guilt, of punishment as inherent desert, is humbling, softening, reforming. The wrong doer feels himself confronted, not with society, not with his fellow men individually or collectively, but with the invisible power of law appealing directly to his conscience. In this pure presence passion and sense can not stand. With its impersonal strength the *individual will* can maintain no conflict, but bows down before it as the earthly representative of the Eternal Justice in the Heavens.

Teach a man, on the other hand, that he is in conflict with society, with circumstances, with his body, as something separate from himself, and yet not this outward invisible power that has its immediate representative in his own soul—teach him this, we say, and he forthwith assumes the attitude of a martyr. He demands sympathy as the victim of a false system; and the convict's cell becomes the theatre of a vicious sentimentalism instead of a true and hearty repentance. We are not dealing in mere pictures of fancy, but in representations which have been repeatedly realized. Most of our readers are probably familiar with the case of Colt, who was condemned for murder in this city, a few years ago, and, for whose escape from the law, such powerful exertions were made. During imprisonment he employed himself upon a sort of diary, published in the form of letters in one of our Sunday newspapers. No more striking proof could be given of the extent to which this doctrine had even then pervaded that class of minds, and was bearing practical fruit in crimes of the deepest die. No contrition, no remorse, no confession of guilt. Thoughout those remarkable productions, society was arraigned as the real criminal, and even in reference to his own awful crime, an attempt is made to characterize an atrocious murder as a sudden rising of nature against a persecuting creditor to whom society had given an unjust and tyrannical power! The idea, the spirit, and the language bore a striking resemblance to what we find in the favorite writers of this transcendental ethics. Under a different form any intelligent reader might discover that same doctrine about "the divine in man," and the "purity of the individual," which has of late been so boldly presented by some of the leading minds of the school.

Closely connected with this cause there is another, a great favorite with all lecturers and paragraphists of the same class, and which, we doubt not, is operating most extensively in producing an increase of crime. It is the famous doctrine of *the transition state*. It makes crime a sort of necessary feature of what they are pleased to regard as the passage from the old church and old state to their new future, or "*good time coming*," when there shall be no transgression, because there will be no law to be transgressed. In the mean while, this *transition state* is the grand excuse for all acts of violence and all offenses against society. We must not view them as we would similar deeds under the old stagnant regime, but rather in the light of that new era of which these acts are but the "harbinger." Sometimes the excuse becomes so truly ludicrous, that we overlook the fatal mischief that lies concealed beneath it. Not long since a most bloody riot took place at Hoboken between a company of Germans and a gang of rowdies, well known in our city under the appellation of "short-boys." The public peace was most seriously disturbed; the most cruel bodily injuries were inflicted; life was taken with a ferocity that characterized the sans-culottes of the French Revolution. And yet a leading moralist of the daily press can find for it no terms of serious condemnation. Such things were to be regretted, to be sure; but yet they were only necessary peculiarities of our very peculiar position between the old and the dawning era. It was on the whole a rather hopeful sign. The "short-boys" are in "*the transition state*," they are the *pioneers of progress*, and their proceedings are not to be judged by ordinary rules. Such events are but the throes of the new social birth; they are but "abnormal" acts of the new development. Instead, therefore, of harshly condemning, we ought rather to regard these dissonances as cheering signal notes of the coming modulation, in other words, as essential anomalies or necessary discords to be all resolved in the harmony of that new key which is to succeed. The "short-boys" may well be proud of their position. But in all seriousness—who can wonder that murders, and arsons, and crimes of the deepest dye, are increasing rapidly among us, when doctrines such as these are so widely diffused through the most popular literature of the day?

We can barely glance at another of the causes which may be regarded as having an agency in the present alarming developments. There can not be acts of *public* injustice without its being someway felt in every fibre of every member of the body politic. There is, however, no point in which a false conservatism is more apt to deceive itself than here. Nothing can be more certain than tnat a national wrong, notoriously committed, must weaken every tie of private right as well as public allegiance When national law, *or the morality which should regulate it*, is recklessly contemned, all law feels the

shock; all law is less regarded; all law, whether civil or domestic, is more likely to be broken. Every unrighteous war, every unjust interference with other nations, all filibustiering or encouragement of, or connivance at filibustiering, all national violation of treaties, or suffering them to be violated by individuals, is not only a disturbance of our foreign relations, but an attack upon every personal right, and every title to property within the particular national jurisdiction. Every thing is held by a less secure tenure. All confidence in the protection of law receives a wound; while riots and lynch law proceedings within our borders, assume a rank and a plea of right which the soundest conservatism is unable to resist. Can we wonder that such public wrongs should be followed by a marked increase of private crime? Can we wonder that there should be eight murders in New York in one week, when such lawless and bloody enterprises are indirectly encouraged by the literature as well as the politics of the day?

But the subject is one of greater magnitude than we had at first anticipated. There are still other causes we might enumerate. There is intemperance, public excitement of every kind, the growing contempt for parental authority, the foolish yet mischievous slang about "old-fogyism," the absurd yet dangerous spirit of "Young-America-ism," the increasing disregard and dislike of positive law, the efforts to bring into contempt certain legal enactments, the insufficiency of courts, the unprincipled quibblings of lawyers, the vile corruption of politics, the uncertainty of punishment, the delay of justice, &c., &c.—some of them leading causes, others deriving their strength from the main evil influences against which we have been contending. But our Editor's Table is already too long. We are therefore compelled to cut short our reflections, satisfied if in the hints thrown out we have discharged a public duty, and with the hope that they may lead other minds to the study and exposition of a subject surpassed by few in interest or importance.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A GREAT death will tear a rent even in the raiment of our town gayety; and when, a month ago, the lightning told us upon a Sunday morning, that the great statesman DANIEL WEBSTER had said his last prayer and gone to his last reckoning, there was a throbbing and a stopping of the blood even at the gates of the gayest hearts, which preached louder than all the sermons. It is a matter we are all marching toward—in pink bonnets and blue, in striped waistcoats and in velvets, on cross-legged stools, or in easy chairs. And we never feel the truth more, than when some great mind, which seemed by its stature and its strength to rise above all the ordinary harms which belong to humanity, is suddenly shivered from top to bottom—like a gnarled oak by lightning—and falls crashing, to rise no more! Then the old, simple Publican plea, "God be merciful!" levels us all; and the large and the small, seem all of equal stature, as they struggle together upon the strand where the great waves of Death roll up, and lick us to our graves!

Not a few black clouds have passed over the sunshine of the season gone by; and the annalist of the current year, upon whose skirts we are now treading, will have a fearful array of deaths to record—not of great men only, but of companies of travelers swept away by dozens and fifties. It affords no unfair measure of the influence of such a man as Webster, to recall the fact, that the announcement of his death struck the nation with more awe, and with a deeper sense of loss, than even that frightful catastrophe upon the Hudson, when the dead were counted by fifties. Indeed, thousands might have slipped away from the ordinary paths of life in a body, without quickening that keen sense of want and deprivation, which belonged to the simple story—Daniel Webster is dead!

This may not seem an Easy Chair topic, yet it bites so deeply into the gayety of the hour and the time, that we must give it this passing note, and so yield it up to the hands of the teachers.

AT the date of our writing, chit-chat is wearying itself in praises of the golden autumn which has crowned our summer; and the "oldest inhabitants" tell us that a brighter succession of harvest days has never blessed the crops, or the crowd. The painted foliage has hung lusciously through thirty days of blue haze and dreamy sunshine, along all our river banks; and has lighted up the depths of high mountain scenery, with such crimson and tawny yellow, as have never yet found their way upon canvas.

When, by-the-by, are we to have a full-souled American artist who will "stay out" the falling of the leaves, and drink up the gorgeousness of our autumns, till his overflowing sense renders it back in painting? Here and there, a little red-colored picture finds its way upon our Academy walls, giving us painful hints of what might be done; but even these are rare exceptions; and our favorite forest artists still stick to the cool gray of spring-time, or the throbbing warmth of summer.

Is there not in all this a little insensible following after of those model landscapes, which won perfection at the hands of masters who had never a sight of such bloody woods as stain the skirts of the American autumn? And is it not fair to believe that the bold genius of that brigand-artist, Salvator Rosa, would have reveled in the sight of our fall forests, and have wrought his revels wondrously on canvas? Is there not a trifle too much of timidity in those who have the handling of these matters?

SPEAKING of painting reminds us that a new gallery is just now calling forth a little of the salon talk; and (bating the long flight of stairs) is drawing very cheerful lookers-on to the old rooms of the National Academy.

The gallery we speak of is imported by Mr. Bryan, and has been brought together during a long residence in Europe, by the care and skill of a connoisseur. Whoever happens there, will be gratified with a look at such paintings as rarely find their way to this side of the water; and the old visitor by the shrines of the old world will be sure to find tender memorials of all the pleasures and surprises which first overtook him beyond the seas.

There are almond-eyed faces of Greuze which will haunt one; and there are trees breezy with all the Spanish air of Velasquez. There is a Teniers too full and wonderful to be mistaken; but chiefly this new gallery will attract, as giving by fair examples, a history of art; and the amateur may trace the progress of painting from the first master of oil-coloring, down to the somewhat meagre specimen of Horace Vernet.

ONCE more, before quitting this subject of art, may we not in our indolent way call attention to that statue of Mr. Cooper, about which there happened a year ago an enthusiastic meeting, and about

which, so far as we can ascertain, very little has since transpired. If our memory serves us well, there was a most respectable company of gentlemen (albeit authors and editors like ourselves) who constituted themselves an association, with president and secretaries, and treasurer—since which constitution, we are sorry to say, we hear very little either of monument or money.

In contrast with this slackened action, we beg leave further to call attention to the promptitude and enthusiasm with which our brotherhood of Boston have already organized a society, and contributed funds for the erection of a worthy memorial to that great New Englander—Daniel Webster. Nor would we be greatly surprised if a statue to Daniel Webster, under the auspices of Boston energy, were to gain completion and inauguration, before the Cooper committee have fairly decided what particular plan to adopt.

This inaction is hardly creditable to such a city as New York; and were we not *participes criminis*, and a veritable inhabitant ourselves, we should be indignant at such rude exposition of the truth.

We are not man-worshipers (saving Kossuth) in this country; or woman-worshipers (saving Fanny Ellsler and Jenny Lind); we let our great men die very quietly and kindly, and live fast upon their memories. Jefferson, indeed, stands in the President's yard, and Washington, in the Capitol at Richmond, and behind the Capitol of the nation: but as for Franklin, and Fulton, and Hamilton, and Marshall, and Adams, their statues are not among us to remind us of great things, or to quicken the soul-springs of our ward-school boys. We shall very likely improve in this matter, when the improvement will do us little good; at least, that much may be hoped for, without being too sanguine.

The spirit-rappings are again engrossing a lion's share of the talk; and the electro-biologists and mental alchemists are again upon their winter's beat. As faithful chroniclers of the times, we can not let them go by unnoticed. The biologists are comparatively vulgar, and do not extend their operations beyond making a man smell brandy out of a cup of pure water, or fancy that a red nose is unmistakably green. Their province is comparatively limited, and does not as yet extend into the spirit world.

Not so, however, of the rappers and table-movers. The *media* are, we understand, multiplying day by day to such an extent, that presently no live man will be sure of his side-board, and no dead man will be sure of his soul.

We do not mean to speak too flippantly of what the very respectable *media* will tell us we do not comprehend; and we only object to the matter that it takes off so much from the dignity of the spirit-life; and if Heaven grants us the gift of ubiquity, when once this dull mortality is shaken off, we do humbly hope and pray, and, as in duty bound, will ever pray, that we shall not come down to such scurvy occupation as rapping upon an old lady's table, or guessing at a dead man's age!

We have, with all modesty, laid out for ourselves what seems to us better employment; and if worse comes to worst, we would hope rather for no business at all, and no ubiquity, rather than to stand the catechizing of inquisitive mortals. There can be no doubt at all that most extraordinary answers have been returned to many querists, sufficient almost to shake our common sense. And there is still less doubt, that tables have moved, or seemed to move, without the application of any apparent force. This last may depend on some truths of animal magnetism, or electric influences, which are not yet fairly understood. It is certainly somewhat easier to believe this, than to believe that either good or bad spirits are at the bottom of the matter; and being easier, we slip into it without any harm to our consciences.

As for the spirit-communications, we had rather count them strange, than to count them spiritual: our faith is taxed enough in the grappling of weightier matters—matters which belong to Death and the Deity; and until it appear that a new faith, in these new-come spirits, will make us either healthier, or heartier, or happier, we shall not cultivate faithfulness in them.

We happened the other day, upon an old dissertation, by Increase Mather, upon angelical apparitions. The old gentleman, it will be remembered, wrote and lived at a day not far removed from the deviltry of witchcraft; and as he was himself a *quasi* believer in both good and bad spirits, we shall bolster up our friends of the rappings with a few pertinent quotations:

"No good angel ever told a lye. Hence that spirit which shall be once found in a lye, comes not from Heaven. Or, if it does persuade to any dishonest thing, it is an evil spirit. By this it was manifest, that the spirits which Dr. Dee and Killet were so familiar with, supposing them to be good angels, were unclean Devils: for, although those spirits did, for a long time, pretend to great sanctity, they, at last, advise to filthy things. Or, if the seeming angels shall endeavor to establish any notions in Religion not grounded in the Scripture, they are not from Heaven.

"Or, if they shall speak any thing which is not grave or weighty, it is easy to judge what spirits they are. It is beneath the majesty of an angel to speak or do any thing which is trivial, mean, or little.

"If the apparitions are frequent, and the spirits that come use familiar converse, it is much to be feared that they are not from Heaven, but from Hell. If these spirits appear to Females only, who are the weaker sex (deluded Increase Mather)! and more easy to be imposed on, that renders the case yet more suspicious. It was part of the Devil's subtlety in the first temptation, which he assaulted mankind with, that he began with the woman; and he hath found such success, as to hold on in the same course [ever since]. How many women have been famous in some former dark ages, on account of pretended angelical revelations and apparitions? There was St. Hildegardis, with whose revelations as wise a man as Bernard was deceived. There was Lutgardis, whose many revelations are recorded by Surius. There was St. Bridget, Elizabetha, Liduina, Catharina, Agnes, Politiana, and I know not how many more such, of whose converse with spirits, Sandenus, Delrio, and other such authors have published strange things. If ever an age for angelical apparitions shall come, no question but men, and not women only, will be honored with their visits, of which I hear little or nothing at present."

He further tells this strange story—not without its pertinency to the present fever—of a certain Christina Poniatovia, the pious daughter of a pious minister, who was of a noble family in Prussia:

"This, her Father, was a learned and a judicious Divine, and a great opposer of Revelations and Visions, who, when he understood that his daughter pretended to them, he did, with great solemnity and severity, lay obtestations on her, that she should not

regard them. Nevertheless, he himself did at the last think that they were Spiritual and Divine. Those supereminent Divines, Vedelius and Diodat, and other learned men in Germany had a favorable opinion of them. Commenius, who was her Tutor and Spiritual Father, has related such things of her as are marvelous and unaccountable. Once, when an aged minister came to visit and comfort her, being sick, as soon as he was gone, she said to her Tutor: 'That good old man little thinks that he must be the first of all the Pastors that shall go into the Eternal City.'

"Her Tutor asked her how she knew that? To whom she replied, 'I was with the Lord, and I saw the Pastors that live here coming one after the other, of whom he was the first.' She likewise told him that she saw Stadius, who was a young, and a strong healthy man, come after him. And that because she did not see Commenius, she asked the reason. It was told her that God had work for him to do on earth, and therefore he must not go to heaven as yet.

"These things happened accordingly. That Pastor dyed first, and then the rest; and Stadius when he was but in the fortieth year of his age. But Commenius lived above forty years after.

An angel appeared to her, and told her she should speedily dye of an Apoplexy;—she was that night smitten with that disease. She made her will, and took her leave of all her friends; was for some time thought to be really dead: there was no breath perceived in her, but she was grown quite cold; her hands and feet were become stiff, like a dead person's. All persons went out of the room, leaving only two nurses to lay her out. But on a sudden she rose up in her bed, and called for her clothes, and was in such perfect health as before she had not been in, her lame hand and foot being whole and perfect, to the astonishment of all about her.

"The account which she herself giveth of this matter is, that on the day before, *there was a knocking or striking on the Table—first, one stroke; and after that, five;* whence she concluded that the next day she should dye at five o'clock in the afternoon;—that she heard a voice saying, '*Come! come! come!*' When that evening came, her sight and speech failed; and (says she) 'I felt myself go forth with my Spirit, and be carried into heaven, where, surrounded with a great shining, I saw a huge company clothed in white: and the Lord stepping forth took me in his embrace.' She addeth that the Lord told her she should return again, and behold his goodness in the land of the living; that her disease should leave her. Whereupon she worshiped him, and was restored to life, and to full vigor, health and strength in that very moment.

"This, surely, is a strange relation; yet reported as credible by as grave and learned a man as Commenius. Now, I must confess I am not easy to believe that Christina's death, or her ascension into Heaven, was real, but that they were both fantastical."

Mr. Mather's opinion jogs rather severely upon that of the German pastors; the story, however, goes to show, if nothing more, that the spirits of old time were not unused to rappings upon tables; and that the devils—if devils they are—have always had a gift of the knuckles.

Turning from this somewhat leaden-colored subject, we beg to transport our readers, by a lift of the pen, to the sunny parterres and sparkling fountains of Paris. Never was the season richer; never held on the autumn with more loving fingers to the flowers and the foliage of summer;—never were the streets, the Boulevards, the Champs Elysees, the garden of the Tuileries, the theatres, more full of the seekers of listless or active pleasure. The lodging-houses are crowded; and the tired loungers over the baths of Germany, or the gaming-tables of Homberg, or the mules of the Apennines, are pricking up their ears at the quick-coming salutation of the new Emperor, "Napoleon the Third." The jewel-shops are over-run, and diamonds have risen in value;—the Bourgeois traders rub their hands in their shop-doors at the thought of so much of regality in their beautiful France, as will bring new customers to their shops and stability to their stocks and their trade.

The thought which animates all—and such a thought will almost animate a Frenchman—is the present and assured conviction, that a great and brilliant change is soon to come over their political constitution, and that an Emperor in the old robes, and with the old splendor of illustration, is within a month to step into the place of their decennial President. The people are reckoning up, with greedy tongues, the pleasures and the fêtes which will attend this grand changing of the scene; and foreign loiterers linger still, that they may witness once the scenic transfiguration of Republican France.

Doubt—if we may trust such friends as keep us provided with the aspect of the gay capital—has gone wholly by; and people talk in serious earnest of *when* the Senate will sit, and when the Prince will determine, and when the Empire will be proclaimed.

There is something not a little grand—detest it, and mock at it as we will—in the idea that those thirty millions, more or less, of working, thinking, dancing, dying Frenchmen are waiting just now, in gaping wonder, upon the sheer *will* of that one man, Louis Napoleon—not five feet ten in his stockings—and are querulous for the signal, to break into a shout that shall proclaim him their Lord and Emperor!

Nor is the Prince altogether so poor a speech-maker as some of his Republican friends would have us believe; he has certainly evinced a tact in his southern tour, which will more than match any thing in the speech management of our twin-candidates for the Presidency.

Hear him at Bordeaux (we give the spirit of his matter): "The invitation of the Chamber of Commerce of Bordeaux, which I have accepted with unfeigned pleasure, gives me occasion to thank the inhabitants of your beautiful city for a hospitality as kind as it was magnificent; and it gives me further occasion now, at the end of my journey, to tell you of the impressions it has created. Never—if I may say it without pride—has a people shown a more frank and sincere desire to relieve themselves of all *pre-occupations* about the future, by centralizing the power in prudent and careful laws.

"I rejoice in having saved the ship of state only by raising the standard of France. Disabused of absurd theories, the people have won the conviction, that these pretended reformers are merest dreamers, incapable of giving any practical issue to their shadowy schemes. The nation greets me kindly, because I am no idealist. There is no need for new systems; confidence in the present, and security for the future, is what we want. This is why an Empire is demanded.

"They tell us that the Empire is war. But I say—the Empire is peace. It is peace, because France

desires it; and when France is satisfied, the world is tranquil!"

This last touched, as was intended, and the air rung with such plaudits as *tranquil* Frenchmen can only give!

Among other gayeties of the hour, there is present talk of the establishment of the old gaming-houses of Paris. It is argued in their favor, that in these days of railways, the vice—if vice it be—flourishes under Parisian patronage at all the watering places upon the Rhine; and that it would be fully as well to retain this quiet changing of capital within the city, as to pamper by it the beer-drinking Germans. It is also advocated, under the belief that it would restore something of the old gayety and brilliancy to the now almost deserted arcades of the Palais Royal.

It is not a little curious in the fashionable history of the city, that particular localities have, for a time, their prestige and eclat; after which they yield to some new quarter. Thus they tell us that the old arcades of the Place Royale, toward the column of the Bastile, and where Victor Hugo, until driven away, had his home, were once as sportive and rollicking with the mirth and the beauty of Paris as the veriest *flaneur* could desire. After this followed the endowment of the loftier and more brilliant arcades of that great Orleans property—the Palais Royal. Even within fifteen years, and up to a date still more recent, no Cafés were more thronged than those of the *Rotonde*, and *Véfour*, and *Trois Frères;* and no gardens were more haunted of white spirits and gray; and no fountains were more looked upon by grisettes, and strangers, and men *blasés*, than those of the Palais Royal.

But now they tell us (and a friend writes in corroborative vein), the Palais Royal is deserted, and fashion, and *lorettes*, and strangers have gone over to the *Boulevard des Italiens*, and the *Café de Paris*, and the *Maison d'Or*. Only here and there you see some old sexagenarian, whose habits are hard to change, or some stranger, who takes his cue from old guide-books, or some connoisseur who knows the cookery of the *Trois Frères*, wandering about the once brilliant precincts of the Palais Royal. Even the little theatre, which has rejoiced successively in the names of *Théâtre du Palais*, *Théâtre Montansier*, and I know not how many others—now shows but a beggarly array of boxes; notwithstanding the inimitable *Valvassor*, and *Sainville*, and *Grassot*, and the pretty *Mdme. Schnivaneck*.

Poor Rachel, the persecuted of a thousand petty suits at law, now and then will fill the benches at the other end of the Palace, with her personation of Camille, or Elvire, or that masterly portrayal of the afflicted Virginia; but beside her there is none at the Théâtre Français to bring either a bravo, or (what she brings oftener) floods of tears.

The same pleasant, gossiping letter-writer gives us this little bit of French effrontery, which is certainly a rare specimen of criminal ingenuity.

"You know," he says, "what the French police courts are, with their guard municipal, their cocked hats, their men in blouses, and their joking thieves.

"Well, the culprit I happened to see, was a keen-eyed fellow of some two-and-twenty, accused of stealing two bits of lead, weighing some three or four pounds each.

"The judge says to him: You can hardly deny the fact, since you were found with the lead in your pockets.

"CULPRIT.—It is true your honor; I took the lead; but I was constrained, forced.

"JUDGE.—How is this—forced to steal.

"CULPRIT.—This is it. I had taken a cup or two with a generous friend—too much, perhaps—

"JUDGE (very sternly).—Drunkenness is no excuse for robbery (takes snuff); drunkenness does not destroy reason—

"CULPRIT.—*Me voilà*—reason was not destroyed; on the contrary, it was because my reasoning powers were very active, that I took the lead—observe, *took* the lead, not stole.

"JUDGE.—Go on.

"CULPRIT.—I would have returned the paltry metal; but being in a state—uncertain—wavering—in short, deprived of my equilibrium, it seemed to me, that as the head was heaviest, I would make a balance so far as possible, by putting a little metal in my pockets. I hoped, your honor, by these means to reach home safely.

"The poor fellow's ingenuity was deserving of a better fate; but the judge handed him over to two months of prison."

Some graceful French feuilletonist has told latterly a pretty story of an episode in the life of Madame de Vallière, which does not, we fancy, appear in the biographies.

It appears that when the gallant Louis XIV. took possession of the splendid palace of Versailles, and the court (of which the Vallière was even then a petted member) were amusing themselves upon the parterres, and in the magnificent alleys which Le Nôtre had wrought, the younger graces of the circle (La Vallière among them) contrived the frolic of walking blindfold down the main avenue, to the great fountain of Neptune.

La Vallière, with pretty feet and coquettish air, and eyes bound up with scarf, bearing the royal cipher, strayed more wildly than any; and with pretty *naïveté*, appealed to the grave Bossuet to know why it was, that she could not walk in a direct path, but was forever going astray?

"They who walk upon the parterres of the court," said Bossuet, "if they be young and beautiful, must neither bandage their eyes nor their conscience."

Time went on, and the pretty wearer of the scarf, with the royal cipher, was as good as queen. Poets made ditties in her honor; and courtiers won her to their suits. Racine threw at the feet of the gallant monarch that perfumed drama of Berenice, in which he had wrought up ancient story into delicate flattery of the lover monarch.

But, with the lapse of years La Vallière had lost her hold upon the affections of the king; loving him still, as such wronged woman will love, through all her vices, she bore up in the hope of winning again the distinction that seemed slipping from her grasp.

The night for the show of Berenice had come; and La Vallière wandering tearful in her apartments, searches in her jewel-box for that old, and tenderly cherished scarf, bearing the cipher of the king. But the scarf is gone: and taking only a simple gold ring, which is the oldest memento of this royal love, she plumes herself to the air of the time, and takes her place in the royal box.

The drama has its sad touches; and not a few which chimed to the wayward life of the royal lover, who was the courted listener. Under all, however, the Vallière bore up bravely, until the hero of the piece says to the desponding fair one that loves him: "It is ended; we must part!"

Poor La Vallière, not so barren of imagination, or so bereft of forecast, but that she saw in this, the heralding of her own sad story, with difficulty could hold her place. And when the drama ripened into

actual and agonizing grief, her courage sank, and the royal theatre-goers, pushing their way out of the princely scene-room, left La Vallière in the hands of the tiring-women, and to the kindness of the physician.

There was no Vallière at the ball which followed the play: but alone, forgotten, uncalled-for, she paced those chambers which had been the scene of so many of her ribald joys. The laugh and the shout of that beauty of Montespan, which was fast eclipsing her fallen fortunes, reached to her princely chambers; and echoed like sepulchral mockery between the walls of her royal tomb.

Again she sought her casket, to replace that ring—the pledge of so much, and of so little—when she found, to her amazement, the old and tenderly-cherished scarf in its place. But, alas, for La Vallière, and alas, for her presentiments of the evening, the royal cipher was torn away, and the scarf bore only now the name of *Berenice*. Fatality had crowded on her, and the heroine of the play was but the herald of her woes.

Again at the feet of the mild Bossuet, in this day of her affliction, she threw herself: confessing, tearfully, how with bandaged eyes and bandaged conscience, she had strayed through the sweet gardens of the court; and "Now—now, sire, guide me to repose!"

"Repose, madame? Alas! God only can guide you there through paths of grief."

And the grief came quick and heavy; and in after years, when with fortunes all fallen, La Vallière went out, on her way to the Convent of the Carmelites, she gave up the last trophies of her palace life to those who smiled at her wreck: a ring to one, and a necklace to another; but to the Montespan, who had supplanted her in the king's favor, she gave, with a vengeance that she did not know, the long-cherished scarf—once broidered with the cipher of the king—but now bearing only the bitter words, "the scarf of Berenice."

A vengeance it proved; because, in her turn, the Montespan yielded to another, and served only as a stepping-stone for the proud and the gallant king, on the way to his "deep damnation."

And with this we close our budget, until the winds shall have piped the refrain of the dying year; and we greet our readers upon the threshold of '53.

Editor's Drawer.

NOW that winter, with "frozen mantle bound," is stalking into our midst, let our readers in the country solace themselves with the *realization* of this graphic and admirable picture, "*Reminiscences of a Winter's Fireside in the Country.*" It involves the simple poetry of genuine observation and true feeling:

"The frost is creeping, creeping over the lower panes, one after another. Now it finishes feathers; now it completes a plume; now it tries its hand at a specimen of silver graining. Up, up it goes, pane after pane, clouds and feathers and grains. Here a joint, there a nail cracks like a craft in a racking storm, but all is calm and cold as death. Clink goes a forgotten glass in the pantry. The door latch is plated; half-hidden nail heads here and there in the corners, are "silvered o'er with"—frost.

"But what cared we for that, as we sat by the old-fashioned fire? Log, back-stick, fore-stick, top-stick, and superstructure, all in their places. The coals are turned out from their glowing bed between the sentinel andirons—the old-time irons, with huge rings in the top. One of them has rested for many a day, on a broken brick, but what of that? Many a beautiful tree, nay, a whole grove may be, has turned to glory and to ashes thereon, and will again, winters and winters to come.

"A handful of 'kindlings' is placed beneath this future temple of flame; here and there a chip, a splinter, a dry twig, is skillfully chinked into the interstices of the structure; a wave or two of the housewife's wand of power, and the hearth is 'swept up.' The old bricks in that altar-place of home, begin to grow bright, and 'as good as new.' A little spring flame, ambitious to be something and somebody, creeps stealthily up, and peeps up through the crevices, over this stick, under that one, looking like a little half-furled banner of crimson. Then comes another and another, and down they go again, the timid flames that they are! By-and-by they grow bolder, and half-a-dozen altogether, curl bravely round the 'fore-stick,' and up to the 'top-stick,' and over the whole like the turrets of a tower at sunrise, one, two, three, four, five spires. Then they blend together a cone of flame. Then they turn into billows and breakers of red, and roll up the blackened wall of the chimney, above the jamb, above the mantle-tree, away up the chimney it roars, while the huge 'back-stick' below all, lies like a great bar, and withstands the fiery surf that beats against it.

"The circle of chairs is enlarged: the 'old arm-chair' in the corner, is drawn back; one is reading, another is knitting; a third, a wee bit of a boy, is asleep in the corner; they look into each other's faces, look beautiful to each other, and take courage and are content. There is not a shadow in the spacious room; the frost creeps down from the windows; the ice in the pail in the corner gives a half lurch like the miniature iceberg it is, and over it goes with a splash. The fire is gaining on it. The latch and the nails lose the bravery of their silvering; the circle round the fire grows larger and larger; the old-fashioned fire has triumphed. It is summer there, it is light there. The flowers of hope spring up around it; the music of memory fills up the pauses; the clock ticks softly from its niche above the mantle-piece, as if fearful of letting them know how fast it is stealing away with the hours—hours the happiest, alas! we seldom live but once—hours whose gentle light so often shines from out the years of the long gone morning, on into the twilight of life's latest close.

"Ah! necromancers swept the magic circle in times of old, but there is none so beautiful, none with charm so potent, as the circle of light and of love around the old-fashioned fire!"

WE like an unpremeditated pun, but a forced, *lugged-in* pun or conundrum is our especial aversion. Here is one of the first and better class:

"Are them all Bibles?" asked a countryman, the other day, in the Register's office, pointing to the big bound volumes of wills.

"No, Sir," answered one of the clerks; "those are *Testaments!*"

Almost equally good was the one made by an Irishman in the course of a discussion touching the superior natural productions of various countries:

"You may talk," said he, "as ye plaze about it, but be Jabers, Scotland is the finest counthry in the wurruld for nathural productions."

"How so?" cries one.

"Impossible!" exclaims another.

"Give us your reason!" demands a third.

"Why, gintlemen," said he, "don't ye see that Scotland has got a whole *river of Tay* running through it!"

This punning upon his own brogue would never have been thought of by any body but an Irishman, and an Irish wit beside.

"I S'POSE, neighbor," said an independent voter to another, on the eve of the election, "that you'll vote for our friend B—— again this time?"

"No," was the reply; "I don't think I shall. The beef wasn't cooked to my mind that he gave us last election!"

JOHN BANIM, an Irish writer not half as well known in this country as he ought to be, has the following very felicitous thought:

"Whenever care or trouble comes to me, it goes away somehow from my side, as I saunter along by the banks of the peaceful water; and it's a truth, take it from my lips, that a stroll along the grassy bank, about the hour of sunset, will do more than make a sorrowful heart happy; it will make a happy one *happier;* ay, and still more than that, 'twill smooth the wrinkle on an angry man's brow, and it will steal out of the breast of the worldly man, in a long sigh, his envy, or his ill-will to his neighbor."

A WORK was published some twenty years ago in Constantinople, entitled, "*Nasir-Eddin.*" It is a kind of jest-book, and contains many amusing things. The following "Celestial" jokes were translated from its pages at the time of its publication:

"One of his neighbors once went to NASIR-EDDIN, and solicited the loan of a rope. The Khojah went into his house, and after a delay of several minutes returned, and told the borrower that the rope was in use tying up flour.

"'What do you mean?' said the neighbor; 'how can a rope be used to bind up flour?'

"'A rope may be applied to any use,' replied the Khojah, 'when I do not wish to lend it.'"

"A man once came to the Khojah, saying:

"'Effendi, I have great need of an ass to-day; have the kindness to lend me yours.'

"'I have not an ass here,' said the Khojah. At the same moment the animal began to bray in the stable.

"'Ho!' said the man, 'do not I hear your ass braying?'

"'What!' exclaimed the Khojah, 'would you take the word of an ass in preference to mine?'"

"One day NASIR-EDDIN ascended the pulpit of the mosque, and thus addressed the congregation:

"'Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?'

"'No,' responded the congregation.

"'Well, then,' said he, 'there is no use in my speaking to you,' and he came down from the pulpit.

"He went to preach a second time, and asked the congregation,

"'Oh, true believers! do you know what I am going to say to you?'

"'We know,' replied the audience.

"'Ah, as you know it,' said he, quitting the pulpit, 'why should I take the trouble of telling you?'

"When next he came to preach, the congregation resolved to try his powers; and when he asked his usual question, replied,

"'Some of us know, and some of us do not know.'

"'Very well,' said he, 'let those who know tell those who do not know.'"

"The Khojah one day saw a flock of ducks swimming in a lake; he ran toward them, and they immediately flew away. Taking some bread he sat down, and dipping it into the water, began to eat.

"'What are you doing there, Khojah?' said some one from the opposite side.

"'I am trying the flavor of duck-soup,' was the reply."

"A robber having broken into Nasir-Eddin's house, his wife, hearing the noise, exclaimed:

"'Effendi! Effendi! there's a thief in the house.'

"'Oh,' said the Khojah, 'never mind; I only hope he will find something, that we may take it from him.'"

"NASIR EDDIN had a board put up on a part of his land, on which was written, "I will give this field to any one who is really contented;' and when an applicant came, he said:

"'Are you contented?'

"The general reply was, 'I am.'

"'Then,' rejoined he, 'what do you want with my field?'"

MOST American readers have heard of SWAIM, the "author" of "Swaim's Panacea," and how, by being a book-binder, he came to find on the blank-leaf of a volume he was binding, the recipe for the celebrated medicine which laid the foundation of the princely fortune which he left behind him. Something like this was the lucky accident which made DAY and his "eminent" blacking so famous:

Day was a hair-dresser in a humble way, and was beneficent and charitable in the extreme: one day a soldier entered his shop, and stated that he had just landed from an expedition, and had a long march before him, to reach his regiment; that his money was gone, and nothing but sickness, fatigue, and punishment awaited him, unless he could get a lift on a coach. The worthy barber presented him with a guinea, when the grateful soldier exclaimed:

"God bless you, Sir—how can I ever repay this? I have nothing in this world—except," pulling a dirty piece of paper out of his pocket, "a recipe for blacking: it is the best ever was seen; many a half-guinea have I had for it from the officers, and many bottles have I sold; may you be able to get something for it to repay this you have given to the poor soldier: your kindness I never can either repay or forget."

Mr. Day, who was a shrewd man, inquired into the truth of the story, tried the blacking, and finding it good, commenced the manufacture and sale of it, and realized the immense fortune of which he died possessed.

NOT long since, an elderly woman entered the cars at one of the Ohio stations, and disturbed the passengers a good deal with complaints about a "most dreadful rheumatiz" that she was troubled with. A gentleman present, who had himself been a severe sufferer with the same complaint, said to her:

"Did you ever try electricity, madam? *I* tried it, and in the course of a short time it completely cured me."

"Electricity!" exclaimed the old lady—"y-e-s, I've tried it to my satisfaction. I *was struck with lightning* about a year ago, but it didn't do me a single mossel o' good!"

It very seldom *does* much good, as a "curative process," we believe!

"ONE fountain there is," writes that very plain-looking lady, with a most beautiful heart—FREDRIKA BREMER—"whose deep-lying vein has only just began to throw up its silver drops among mankind; a fountain which will allay the thirst of millions, and will give to those who drink from it abundant peace and joy. It is KNOWLEDGE—the fountain of intellectual cultivation, which gives health to the mind, makes clear the vision; brings joy to man's life, and breathes over his soul's destiny a deep repose. Go and drink therefrom, thou whom fortune has not favored, and thou wilt soon find thyself rich. Thou mayest go forth into the world, and find thyself every where at home; thou canst enjoy thyself in thine own little chamber; thy friends are every where around thee: Nature, Antiquity, Heaven—all are accessible to thee!"

AN odd specimen of French-English has found its way into the "Drawer." A French gentleman, a friend of the writer, was one day caressing a dog, when an English by-stander remarked that he seemed very fond of it.

"Ya-a-s," answered the little Frenchman, with the inevitable shrug of the shoulders, "I am; for this dog he bring to my recollection my own ver' pretty little dog at my 'ome!"

"You love dogs, then?"

"Oh, y-a-a-s; I love de dogs and de cats, de 'osses and de asses: I do love every t'ing dat is—dat is *beastly!*"

HAVE the goodness to pronounce this little word. It is the original Mexican for country curates:

"*Notlazomahnitzteopixcatatzins!*"

IT strikes us that DICKENS himself never wrote a more "searching" satire than the following upon the practice of *Shading Human Grief*, as if one could *half* or *quarter* mourn for a dear friend "gone hence, to be no more seen!" The article from which it is condensed was called "*The House of Mourning, a Farce;*" which appeared in an English magazine (now discontinued) some sixteen years since. It should be premised, that "Squire HAMPER" and his wife, persons rather of the rustic order, who have come up to London from the family seat in the country, in the progress of shopping in a street at the west end of the metropolis, stop at a dry-goods undertaker's, with "*Maison de Deuil*," or "House of Mourning," by way of a sign over the door.

"Mason de Dool!" exclaims the Squire, responding to his wife's translation; "some foreign haberdasher's, I s'pose."

The lady, however, coaxes him to go in; for, although she has lost no friends, she longs to see the "improvements in mourning," which she can do by "cheapening a few articles, and buying a pennyworth of black pins." The worthy pair enter, take an ebony chair at the counter, while a clerk in a suit of sables addresses the lady, and in sepulchral tones inquires if he "can have the melancholy pleasure of serving her."

"How deep would you choose to go, Ma'am? Do you wish to be very poignant? We have a very extensive assortment of family and complimentary mourning. Here is one, Ma'am, just imported; a widow's silk, watered, as you perceive, to match the sentiment It is called the 'Inconsolable,' and is very much in vogue in Paris for matrimonial bereavements."

"Looks rather flimsy, though," interposes the Squire; "not likely to last long, eh, Sir?"

"A little slight, pr'aps," replies the shopman; "rather a delicate texture; but mourning ought not to last forever, Sir."

"No," grumbles the Squire; "it seldom does, 'specially the violent sorts."

"As to mourning, Ma'am," continues the shopman, addressing the lady, "there has been a great deal, a very great deal indeed, this season; and several new fabrics have been introduced, to meet the demand for fashionable tribulation, and all in the French style; they of France excel in the *funèbre*. Here, for instance, is an article for the deeply-afflicted; a black crape, expressly adapted to the profound style of mourning; makes up very sombre and interesting. Or, if you prefer to mourn in velvet, here's a very rich one; real Genoa, and a splendid black; we call it the 'Luxury of Woe.' It's only eighteen shillings a yard, and a superb quality; fit, in short, for the handsomest style of domestic calamity."

Here the Squire wants to know "whether sorrow gets more superfine as it goes upward in life."

"Certainly—yes, Sir—by all means," responds the clerk; "at least, a finer texture. The mourning of poor people is very coarse, very; quite different from that of persons of quality. Canvas to crape, Sir."

The lady next asks if he has a variety of half-mourning; to which he replies:

"O, infinite—the largest stock in town; full, and half, and quarter, and half-quarter mourning, shaded off from a *grief prononcé* to the slightest *nuance* of regret."

The lady is directed to another counter, and introduced to "the gent. who superintends the Intermediate Sorrow Department;" who inquires:

"You wish to inspect some half-mourning, Madam? the second stage of distress? As such, Ma'am allow me to recommend this satin—intended for grief when it has subsided; alleviated, you see, Ma'am, from a dead black to a dull lead color. It's a Parisian novelty, Ma'am, called 'Settled Grief,' and is very much worn by ladies of a certain age, who do not intend to embrace Hymen a second time."

"Old women, mayhap, about seventy," mutters the Squire.

"Exactly so, Sir, or thereabout. Not but what some ladies, Ma'am, set in for sorrow much earlier; indeed, in the prime of life; and for such cases it is a very durable wear; but pr'aps it's too *lugubre:* now here's another—not exactly black, but shot with a warmish tint, to suit a woe moderated by time. The French call it a 'Gleam of Comfort.' We've sold several pieces of it; it's very attractive; we consider it the happiest pattern of the season."

"Yes," once more interposes the Squire; "some people are very happy in it, no doubt."

"No doubt, Sir. There's a charm in melancholy, Sir. I'm fond of the pensive myself. Pr'aps, Ma'am, you would prefer something still more in the transition state, as we call it, from grave to gay. In that case, I would recommend this lavender Ducape, with only just a souvenir of sorrow in it; the slightest tinge of mourning, to distinguish it from the garb of pleasure. But possibly you desire to see an appropriate style of costume for the juvenile branches, when sorrow their young days has shaded? Of course, a milder degree of mourning than for adults. Black would be precocious. This, Ma'am, for instance—a dark pattern on gray; an interesting dress Ma'am, for a little girl, just initiated in the vale of tears; only eighteen-pence a yard, Ma'am, and warranted to wash."

The "Intermediate Sorrow Department," however, derives no patronage from the "hard customer;" and we next find her in the "Coiffure Department," looking at caps, and interrogating a show-woman in deep mourning, who is in attendance, and enlarging upon the beauty of her fabrics: "This is the newest style, Ma'am. Affliction is very much modernized, and admits of more *gout* than formerly. Some ladies, indeed, for their morning grief wear rather a plainer cap; but for evening sorrow, this is not at all too *ornée*. French taste has introduced very considerable alleviations."

Failing, however, in "setting her *caps*" for the new customer, the show-woman "tries the handkerchief" enticement; exhibiting one with a fringe of artificial tears worked on the border—the "*Larmoyante*," a sweet, pretty idea.

The Squire intimates that as a handkerchief *to be used*, it would most likely be found "rather scrubby for the eyes." But the show-woman removes *this* objection:

"O dear, no, Sir—if you mean wiping. The wet style of grief is quite gone out—quite! The dry cry is decidedly the genteel thing."

No wonder that the Squire, as he left the establishment with his "better half," was fain to exclaim:

"Humph! And so that's a Mason de Dool! Well! if it's all the same to you, Ma'am, I'd rather die in the country, and be universally lamented after the old fashion."

"Is that animal a biped, or a quadruped?" asked one of the visitors at a circus, one day, of a by-stander.

"I think, sir," said an evident student of Natural History, with bulging eyes, and green spectacles, "that the gentleman who shows the animals called it a *kangarooped!*"

THE subjoined epitaph, it is said, may be seen upon a tomb-stone in New Jersey. It manifests some defiance of "public opinion," not usual in grave-yard inscriptions:

"Reader, pass on!—don't waste your time
O'er bad biography and bitter rhyme;
For what *I am*, this crumbling clay insures,
And what *I was*, is no affair of yours!"

APROPOS of epitaphs, is the following, sent us by a correspondent in Montreal, who copied it from a tomb-stone in Hadley church-yard, Suffolk, England:

"The charnal mounted on the w
Sets to be seen in funer
A matron plain domestic
In care and pain continu
Not slow, not gay, not prodig
Yet neighborly and hospit
Her children seven yet living
Her sixty-seventh year hence did c
To rest her body natur
In hopes to rise spiritu

ALL

THE best specimen of the characteristic and utterly *inimitable* style of the Chinese celestials, is embraced in the following certificates, given in 1833, nearly twenty years ago, to Dr. J. H. BRADFORD, an American physician and distinguished occulist, then resident at Macao:

"The person who announces his farewell, and humbly renders thanks, Tsang Ale, knocks head and twice bows before the presence of the great physician, teacher, and magnate.

"I, in youth, had an affliction of my eyes, and both were short of light; fortunately it occured that you, Sir, reached this land, where you have disclosed the able devices of your mind, and used your skillful hand. You cut off a bit of filmy skin, removed the blood-shot root, pierced the reflecting pupil, and extracted the green fluid; you swept aside the clouds, and the moon was seen as a gem without flaw. You spared no labor nor trouble; made no account of the expense of the medicines; both kept me in your lodging-house, and gave me rice and tea; truly it is what neither in ancient nor modern times has ever been.

"Now my eyes are gradually brightening; ten thousand times have I to bow for your favors, and to wish, Sir, that heaven may send down on you a hundred things felicitous, bestow a thousand things fortunate, and give longevity and riches with splendor and affluence. Respectfully is this raised upward!"

"I, Kwo Tingchang, with a thankful heart return to my village; when can I make a poor return for your goodness? My whole family is grateful for your favors; while with leaping and joy I present these expressions thereof. In all the village your fame shall spread. With gratitude this is presented before the presence of the great physician and venerable gentleman to glance at.

"Kwo Tingchang of Heoshan district knocks head, bows, and gives thanks."

"Reverently to take leave, and give thanks for your great favors. You, venerable Sir, received me into your house, and attended to my cure; you also gave me food and provision, and made me dwell in the forest of medicines. You put in order the great principles of benefiting the world, and displayed the skillful hand of Sun and Hwa; like as when clouds are swept aside, the sun is seen clear and pure as an autumn spring of water.

"I am now about to return. Your grace and virtue I am quite unable to repay; but I wish, Sir, that heaven may send down to you a hundred sources of emolument, with sons and heirs numerous as the fruitful locusts, and that your happiness may equal the eastern sea, and your longevity compare with the southern mountains."

"Walking through a forest of medicines," in *our* day and our community, would be hardly a subject to "knock head, bow, and give thanks" for!

"Boz," in one of his admirable "Sketches"—his first efforts, by-the-by, but in many respects second to none of his after performances—satirizes the ridiculous names given to some of the English inns, such as "The Black Boy and Stomach-Aeke," "Cat and the Larder," &c., &c. A laughable illustration of the folly of these and kindred names was given in a London newspaper "about those days:"

One of the Dover coaches pulling up for orders at a booking-office, the coachman called out, as usual:

"Passengers for Dover?"

"Yes!"—roared out a cad—"two Bricklayers—and one Elephant!"

Coachman whipped on, but the passengers stared at each other; when one asked the coachman what the deuce was meant as to "one Elephant?"

"Hah! hah! hah!" laughed coachee—"what a mistake! Lord bless you, sir, 'tis only that there are two passengers booked at 'the Bricklayers' Arms,' and one at the 'Elephant and Castle!'"

THACKERAY—who is presently to be among us—"leastways" his flunkey, Yellowplush, *alias* "Jeems"—once described the honor which he had of introducing the author of "Pelham," etc., etc., etc., to a

distinguished party among the "Nobs," as he called them, of England. The noble literary Baronet not having a card with him (having come, if we remember rightly, not from his residence, but from a call at the "Parliament House"), gave the name to "Chawls" or "Jeems," which name, understanding rather indistinctly, he announced as follows, after throwing wide open the drawing-room door, and ushering the distinguished visitor into the *salon:*

"*Saw-ah-Edouwawd-ah-Litting-ah-Bullwig-ah!*"

This announcement must have sounded rather oddly to the "noble Baronet," as well as to the other guests with whom he was about to intermingle; but not more so, perhaps, than in the following instance, which, upon newspaper authority, we pronounce to be entirely authentic:

"After the termination of the Seminole campaign, General JACKSON visited Washington City, and during his stay there, having occasion to supply himself with a nether garment, employed a fashionable tailor named BALLARD to make it. Ballard, who was a very pompous little fellow, and very fond of being recognized by great men who had been his customers, a few days after he had finished the unmentionables, seeing the General in front of TENNISON'S Hotel, in conversation with some gentlemen, stepped up and spoke to him. The General, thinking him some distinguished individual, very cordially gave him his hand, but not remembering him, in a whisper inquired his name. To which Ballard replied:

"'I made your breeches!'

"The General deceived by the sound, immediately turned to the company and introduced him as *Major Breeches*—a title which poor Ballard was afterward obliged to wear to the day of his death."

THE booksellers' advertisements in England are sometimes ludicrously abbreviated, doubtless to save the great expense of advertising in the London journals. The following is a laughable announcement of one among several evangelical works recently issued:

"'Daily Bread'—*boards!*"

THERE is a double misfortune recorded in the following lines, a consideration of which we commend to all "callers," as well as to those who are "not at home:"

"Two visits less lucky than mine
No unfortunate ever could pay;
The first man I called on, they said,
Was gone out for the whole of the day.
And the other—it's certainly true
That misfortunes in pairs ever come—
Oh, I see: you found him gone out too?
No, I didn't: I found *him* at home!"

ADMIRAL HAWKINS, of the Royal British Navy, adopted a good plan to rid his command of the reproach of profane swearing on board of his ships:—that useless indulgence, which brings no present or after enjoyment with it, and is the sure criterion of a lack of gentlemanlike qualities, to say nothing of morality and religion.

Hawkins was a religious man himself, and he endeavored to encourage in his people those religious feelings which they had rather disregarded than despised; and after they had solemnly returned thanks to God for their deliverance when the ship was on fire and in imminent danger of being consumed, he took occasion, with their general consent, "to banish swearing out of the three ships." This was effected by ordaining that in every ship there should be a ferule given to the first who was "taken with an oath." He could be rid of it only by taking another in the same offense, when he was to give him a stroke on the palm, and transfer to him the instrument of punishment. Whoever had it in his possession at the time of morning or evening prayer was to receive three blows from the captain, or master, and still bear it, till he could make a transfer agreeable to the law. This, in a few days, "brought both swearing and ferules out of use. And," he adds, "in vices, custom is the principal sustenance; and, for their reformation, it is little available to give good counsel, or make good laws and ordinances, except they be executed."

A RECENT French Journal has the following:

"Foreigners have the great advantage of knowing that Mr. ABEL is authorized to *inter them as soon as convenient!* Having an extensive stock of woods for coffins, he hopes his friends will favor him with an early application. As an 'English upholsterer' he can be strongly recommended."

THAT is a capital story of a wag in a stage-coach, who had been listening, in company with a number of other passengers, to the wonderful story of a drover in the neighborhood through which they were passing, who fell asleep by the side of a lime-kiln, and slept on while his leg was burnt off, and then got up and asked a man by whom he was roused from his slumbers, to assist him looking for his shoe. He gave the following *fact*, which is equally credible:

"A hypochondriac, who occasionally took odd fancies, at last imagined himself a *tea-kettle*, and sending the servant on some sleeveless errand, took an opportunity, in her absence, to seat himself on the kitchen fire, where, on her return, she found him singing. He then cautioned her to beware how she took off his lid, lest she should be scalded by the steam, and would not consent to her removing it till she procured the kettle-holder, to save her fingers from the heat of the handle. He was at length rescued from his pleasant position, and a surgeon was sent for, if possible, to remedy the ill consequence of his vagary, when he received additional pleasure from a persuasion that the son of Esculapius was a tinker, who had been called in to mend him!"

SOMEBODY, who seems to consider his plan infallible, has written as follows, touching the "*Art of Swimming or Floating:*"

"Any human being who will have the presence of mind to clasp the hands behind his back, turn the face toward the zenith, may float at ease and in perfect safety, in tolerably still water, ay, and sleep there no matter how long. If, not knowing how to swim, you would escape drowning, when you find yourself in deep water, you have only to consider yourself an empty pitcher; let your mouth and nose, and not the top part of your heavy head, be the highest part of you, and you are safe; but thrust up one of your bony hands, and down you go—turning up the handle tips over the pitcher."

Now we saw an "Empty Pitcher" *try* to follow this prescription at Dr. Rabineau's Baths at Castle-Garden last summer, and his "heavy head," and "mouth and nose," and every thing else, "went under" quicker than one could say "Jack Robinson." When the experimenter came up, he sputtered much salt water from his mouth, and as he seized a rope, was heard to exclaim, in no equivocal tones—"*Humbug!*"

Literary Notices.

The Private Life of Daniel Webster, by CHARLES LANMAN. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The first-fruits of the loving admiration, which will long continue to collect around the tomb of the illustrious dead the memorials of friendship, the recollections of his early years, and the records of his private life, whose majestic beauty, as he unbent from the toils of statesmanship amid the rural scenes he loved so well, forms the brightest spot in his history, giving the world assurance that the naturalness of the man was not swallowed up in the artificial routine of the civilian. In these pages we see the great WEBSTER at home, inhaling the pure breezes of the mountain or the sea, courting the pleasures of country life with the first breath of the morning, sitting under the shade of his ancient elms, raising his solemn eyes to the sublime heights of Kearsarge, listening to the ocean's roar as it broke against the rocky shores of Plymouth, admiring the symmetry of his noble herds, indulging in tender reminiscences of his "dear kindred blood," or conversing with the gray-haired cultivators of the soil, with whom he sported in his boyish days, as he revisited the hallowed spot, where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep." No one can read these touching descriptions with a dry eye. With all his supremacy of intellect, Mr. Webster had the soft-heartedness of a woman. He fully shared in the strength and the weaknesses of our common humanity. Combined with his keen logical understanding, was the impulsive gayety of a child. He was strong every way—strong in mind—strong in passion—strong in his muscular frame, pitching more hay of a summer's afternoon when verging on the age of seventy, than any man among twenty laborers—strong in the magnificent gladiatorship of the Senate; but withal a man of tender gentleness of soul—attached to children, kind to animals, beautiful in his relation to inferiors, delighting in flowers and pleasant sunshine, and recalling on the bed of death the simple hymns which he had heard in childhood from his mother's lips. These traits are strikingly revealed in the present volume. It is brought out at a seasonable moment. It will be read with pensive delight over our whole broad continent, and furnish invaluable materials to the future biographer.

The Men of the Times (published by Redfield), is designed as a complete work of reference on contemporary biography. It is collected from a variety of authentic sources, and contains a large amount of matter never before printed. The notices of living statesmen appear to have been prepared in the most careful manner; and, for the most part, are distinguished for their accuracy and impartiality. In bringing out a first edition of a work of this kind, many rreors, defects, and omissions were unavoidable; but, taken as a whole, this volume fills an important place, as a source of popular information, and will be likely to find an extensive circulation.

Selections in Poetry, by EPES SARGENT. (Published by Thomas, Cowperthwait & Co.) The race of juveniles have great reason to be thankful when a man of taste and culture, like the editor of this volume, engages in the drudgery of compilation for their especial benefit. They are not likely to meet with a more valuable aid in the development of their poetical talents than this excellent selection. It has been conscientiously prepared, and admirably fulfills the purpose to which it is devoted.

Cornish, Lamport and Co. have issued *The Life, Character, and Acts of John the Baptist*, by Rev. WILLIAM C. DUNCAN, a work which fills a place hitherto unoccupied in theological literature. It presents a thorough, critical narrative of the history of John, the condition of the Jewish people at his birth, the character of his ministry, and its connection with the Christian dispensation. Free from the destructive spirit of modern skepticism, it aims to elucidate the inartificial statements of the Gospels, to collect their fragmentary hints into a harmonic unity, and thus to throw a fresh light and beauty on the records of the Christian faith. This work is founded on the excellent German monograph of Von Rohden, but it is by no means a mere reproduction of that treatise. The author has pursued a system of independent research. While consulting the best authorities on the subject, he evidently thinks for himself. His style partakes of the lucidity of his thoughts. It is simple, transparent, animated, and effective. We are sure that this volume will be welcomed by all genuine scholars, both for its intrinsic value, and as a gratifying proof of the progress of theological education in this country.

Woman's Record, by SARAH JOSEPHA HALE. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Many years have been devoted to the preparation of this comprehensive work, which contains complete and accurate sketches of the most distinguished women in all ages of the world, and in extent and thoroughness far surpasses every previous biographical collection with a similar aim. Mrs. HALE has ransacked the treasures of history for information in regard to the eminent women whom it commemorates; few, if any, important names are omitted in her volume; while the living celebrities of the day are portrayed with a justness and delicacy which reflect the highest honor on her impartiality and kindness of heart. The picture of woman's life, as it has been developed from the time of the earliest traditions to the present date, is here displayed in vivid and impressive colors, and with a living sympathy which could flow only from a feminine pen. A judicious selection from the writings of women who have obtained distinction in the walks of literature is presented, affording an opportunity for comparing the noblest productions of the female mind, and embracing many exquisite gems of fancy and feeling. The biographies are illustrated by a series of highly-finished engravings, which form a gallery of portraits of curious interest to the amateur, as well as of great historical value. We predict for this work an extensive and permanent popularity, which it richly deserves, both on account of the originality and excellence of its plan, and the felicity of its execution. The authoress has indelibly inscribed her name on the records of her sex, and may challenge an enviable rank among the women of the age.

Palissy the Potter. The Life of Bernard Palissy, by HENRY MORLEY. (Boston: Ticknor, Reed, and Fields). A romantic biography of a self-taught genius, who flourished during the age of the revival of letters. He was distinguished for his inventive faculties in the sphere of decorative Art, as well as for the originality and strength of his personal character. His career presents a vivid illustration of the condition of society in Europe, three centuries ago, and is described by the writer with great picturesque effect.

Essays on the Progress of Nations, by EZRA C. SEAMAN. (Published by Charles Scribner.) A new and greatly enlarged edition of a useful statistical work, which has obtained the rank of a leading authority among American publications on the subject. It includes an account of the population of Europe and America—the commerce of the United States, and of the principal commercial nations of Europe, at different periods—and the productive industry of the countries where agriculture and manufactures have received the greatest development. In connection with the statistical details, that are profusely furnished, the author discusses the principles of political economy, and the sources of national progress and happiness. The work exhibits rare industry, an enlightened judgment, and a familiar acquaintance with statistical facts that is seldom met with in the writings of the most eminent publicists. It must serve as a standard of reference to all future inquiries on the comprehensive topics to which it is devoted.

The Industrial Resources of the Southern and Western States, by J. D. B. DE BOW. (New Orleans: J. D. B. De Bow.) We have in this work an ample and interesting collection of facts in regard to the history, population, geography, industrial products, internal improvements, commerce, and slavery statistics of the South and West. The editor, who enjoys a highly honorable reputation, as the conductor of the able commercial Review to which his name is attached, is thoroughly conversant with the subjects treated of in these volumes, while at the same time he has availed himself of the aid of several distinguished pens in various parts of the country. His work is important on account of its extensive statistical and industrial information. It contains several elaborate essays of great value. It is still more important in a national point of view, making the different parts of the Union better acquainted with each other, and increasing the attachment of all to the general interests of their common country.

A superb edition of BAILEY'S *Festus* has been issued in Boston by B. B. Mussey. The character of this remarkable poem—remarkable both for its genius and its errors—has been too much discussed to need further comment here. Its most ardent admirers could not wish to see it in more beautiful costume than that which it has received from the present publisher. His edition is unrivaled as a sumptuous specimen of American typography.

The History of Henry Esmond, Esq., by W. M. THACKERAY. The presence of Mr. Thackeray in this country was not needed to excite the curiosity of the American public in regard to this latest production of his versatile, creative pen. Though exhibiting little resemblance to Vanity Fair or Pendennis, it betrays the rare spirit of observation, the shrewd insight into the weaknesses of man, and the wonderful facility of hitting off character by a few bold touches, which distinguish the more recent writings of the author. The scene is laid in the time of Queen Anne. The hero, who tells his own story, was a colonel in her Majesty's service. He thus introduces himself to the notice of his readers: "Lives that have noble commencements have often no better endings; it is not without a kind of awe and reverence that an observer should speculate upon such careers as he traces the course of them. I have seen too much of success in life to take off my hat and huzza to it, as it passes in its gilt coach: and would do my little part with my neighbors on foot that they should not gape with too much wonder, nor applaud too loudly. Is it the Lord Mayor going in state to mince-pies and the Mansion House? Is it poor Jack of Newgate's procession, with the sheriff and javelin-men, conducting him on his last journey to Tyburn? I look into my heart, and think I am as good as my Lord Mayor, and know I am as bad as Tyburn Jack. Give me a chain and a red gown, and a pudding before me, and I could play the part of Alderman very well, and sentence Jack after dinner. Starve me, keep me from books and honest people, educate me to love dice, gin, and pleasure, and put me on Hounslow Heath, with a purse before me, and I will take it. 'And I shall be deservedly hanged,' say you, wishing to put an end to this prosing. I don't say no. I can't but accept the world as I find it, including a rope's end, as long as it is in fashion." The plot gives occasion to the introduction of several celebrated historical characters, who are made to play their parts with consummate effect. In the style, we find a smack of the olden time, forming an appropriate dress for the incidents which are related. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Village Life in Egypt, by BAYLE ST. JOHN. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) A new book of Oriental travels by the lively author of "The Libyan Desert." In a great measure it occupies different ground from that traversed by previous tourists. It is chiefly devoted to sketches of the agricultural laboring classes, and furnishes a necessary supplement to our already copious library of works on the East. The author writes with untiring vivacity, and conveys a great amount of really important information in a style as pleasant as the intelligent chit-chat of a friend.

Walks and Talks of an American Farmer in England, by FRED. L. OLMSTEAD. (Published by G. P. Putnam and Co.) A second series of the desultory, but frank and genial papers on rural life in England, which have been received with a good deal of interest by the public. Mr. Olmstead is a shrewd, observing, free-spoken Yankee—with none of the stiffness of the professed author—and rejoicing in the fragrance and beauty of the orchards and grain-fields of old England. Some of the best things in his book are the descriptions of his off-hand conversations with people he met by the road-side, at cottage-doors, or in stage-coaches; and the next best, are his remarks on English agriculture. His book is eminently popular, in the true sense of the term, and can not fail to be a favorite with the great mass of readers.

Little Silverstring is the title of a neat volume of tales and poems for the young, by WILLIAM OLAND BOURNE, published by Charles Scribner. Breathing an atmosphere of pure and tender moral sentiment, and executed with superior literary taste, this unpretending work may safely be recommended to parents as adapted to make a worthy and agreeable inmate of their domestic circle.

Garden Walks with the Poets, by Mrs. C. M. KIRKLAND. A bouquet of the most fragrant flowers has here been arranged in a tempting form by the tasteful hand of the accomplished editress. The volume consists of selections from favorite American and English poets, relating to the Garden and its accompaniments. No theme, except Love, has been so fruitful of exquisite poetry as this. Mrs. Kirkland has rifled the choicest treasures of English verse for the materials of her beautiful holiday-offering, of which neither the charm nor the value will pass away with the ephemeral gift-books of the season. (Published by G. P. Putnam and Co.)

Harper and Brothers have issued a convenient library edition of GROTE's *History of Greece*, whose rare merits have elicited a universal tribute of admiration from intelligent students of Greek literature. In acuteness and extent of research, comprehensiveness of scope, and depth of critical discussion, this history is one of the most remarkable productions of living English scholarship. Its vivid portraitures revive the fading glories of ancient Greece, while its profound analytic investigations throw light over many an obscure corner in her traditional history.

Stories of Ancient Rome, by F. W. RICORD. (Published by M. W. Dodd.) Pleasant specimens of the romance of history. They may serve as baits to the young student till he is prepared to examine the authentic memorials of ancient Rome, in the discriminating pages of Niebuhr and Arnold.

Comparative Physiognomy, by JAMES W. REDFIELD. An ingenious and amusing comparison of men and animals in regard to form and feature. With much that is purely fanciful, and with frequent exaggeration of the truth, the work betrays a remarkable keenness of observation, and is filled with significant suggestions to the student of human nature. The profuse pictorial illustrations with which it is embellished, present an irresistible appeal to the risible faculties, in their nice shadings-off between caricature and reality. (Published by Redfield.)

Harper and Brothers have published a complete edition of DICKENS's *Christmas Stories* in one handsome volume, which will go the rounds of many families with the compliments of the season.

My Life and Acts in Hungary, by ARTHUR GÖRGEI. This autobiographical sketch of the notorious Hungarian commander presents a complete view of his career during the campaign of 1848 and 1849. It will be read with profound interest both by the partisans and opposers of Kossuth. Written with spirit and frankness, it gives the best defense of the author, of which his conduct was susceptible. The details concerning the Hungarian war are in many respects new, and should be studied by all who pretend to impartiality in the formation of their opinions. (Harper and Brothers.)

Ancient Egypt under the Pharaohs, by JOHN KENRICK. (Published by Redfield.) A work of profound antiquarian interest, embracing the discoveries of the innumerable travelers, artists, interpreters, and critics who have made the remains of ancient Egypt the object of devoted study for the last half-century. It is the fruit of extensive learning and research, and must form the standard authority, for a long time to come, on Egyptian archæology and history.

The Eagle Pass, by CORA MONTGOMERY. (Published by G. P. Putnam and Co.) A series of graphic descriptive sketches of society in Texas and Mexico. Though bearing the name of a lady on the title page, the work is written with masculine strength and spirit. As the result of personal observation by an acute and intelligent eye-witness, it forms a valuable addition to our knowledge of border-life in the Southwest.

Pioneer Women of the West, by Mrs. ELLET. (Published by Charles Scribner.) This volume is devoted to the history of the wives and mothers who bore a part in the struggles of the early pioneers in the Western wilds. Mrs. Ellet is familiar with this branch of the American annals. She has given much time to research on the subject. Her inquiries have been attended with remarkable success. Gathering a rich fund of local anecdote and tradition, furnished with interesting details by the descendants and the acquaintances of her subjects, and in many cases visiting the scenes of their adventures, she has obtained abundant materials for an attractive work, and has wrought them up with evident ability and good taste. Her volume, though full of interest to all classes of readers, is especially adapted for circulation at the Great West.

The following estimate of HAWTHORNE and BROWNSON by a London critical journal is more curious than discriminating. "Hawthorne is one of the few intellectual Americans who have left behind them the extravagances of Transcendentalism without being doomed to nourish feelings of remorse or disappointment, or being impelled to still more dangerous companionship with the impracticable and absurd. What a difference between him and Orestes Brownson, who has just republished in a collective form a volume of *Essays and Reviews, chiefly on Theology, Politics, and Socialism!* Brownson is a very clever, accomplished, and resolute man, who was brought up a strict Presbyterian, then became a Unitarian and Universalist, presently falling among New England Transcendentalists, he out-Hegelized Hegel and out-Proudhonized Proudhon. Now, he is an ultra-Romanist, and is commencing a platform-crusade against Protestantism, like which there has been nothing so insane since Don Quixote took the field."

Of CHAMBERS's edition of BURNS's *Life and Works*, republished by Harper and Brothers, the *London Critic* remarks, "The volumes before us contain almost every line that has been preserved of Burns's own, and perhaps every fact of the slightest import that has been recorded respecting him, his associates, and his circumstances. Burns's poems and letters (including those to Clarinda, from the authorized edition), are arranged in strict chronological order, are the prime materials of the work; and Mr. Chambers's connecting biographical narrative, and instructive subsidiary appendices, elucidate them, their author, and their authorship. A sleepless editorial industry has succeeded in discovering many new pieces and letters of the poet's, not printed even in 'The People's Edition;' among the former, a number of hitherto unpublished stanzas from the first draught of the beautiful poem, *The Vision*. Instead, too, of a meagre glossary at the end of the work, each Scottish word or phrase, unintelligible, or hardly intelligible to the Southron, has its English equivalent in the margin, or a fuller explanation in a foot note, an improved arrangement which shows its advantages on its face. Altogether, the present may be confidently pronounced, from a bibliographical point of view, to be *the* edition of Burns. A biographical industry, not less sleepless than the editorial, has collected from far and near, all old facts respecting Burns's life; not merely from professed biographies, but from fugitive sketches and anecdotical papers, deep-buried in forgotten numbers of newspapers and magazines. The new facts, again, are very numerous, and many of them valuable, gathered from the lips of Burns's sister, from local tradition, from communications of acquaintances and friends of the poet's; and the whole is conveyed in a pleasant, easy, lively style, which is occasionally suspended for the introduction of some more elaborate sketch of Scottish life or scenery, or for some grave passage of generalizing and moralizing reflection, such as the life of Burns so often gives occasion for. Here certainly we miss the qualities which mark some of Burns's other critics, commentators

and biographers—the severe dignity of Wordsworth, the vivid energy of Lockhart, the softly-flowing geniality of Allan Cunningham, Carlyle's lofty, and Wilson's bursting eloquence; but, having regard to its spirit, we must pronounce Mr. Chambers's biographical treatment to be not only excellent, but admirable. Friendly without indulgence, moral without prudery, he neither patronizes nor panegyrizes his hero; and, on some questions of real difficulty and complacency, he seems to us to display a delicacy of judgment which leaves all former biographers behind him."

Sir FRANCIS HEAD has in the press an account of *A Fortnight in Ireland*.——Mr. THACKERAY'S new novel, *The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.*, is being printed at Leipzig, in an edition which has been sanctioned by the author.

A publication of much interest to Biblical students is announced in London, under the title of *The Chronological Old Testament*. A similar version of the *New Testament*, by the same editor, has been received with favor by theologians and scholars. The *Old Testament* will afford more scope for critical and philological illustration. The English authorized version will be compared with the original, and with all the versions in Walton's Polyglott Bible, with the view of rendering the translation more strictly conformable to the Hebrew text, and more uniform in its renderings. Notes and comments will be appended to the text. The division of the books into paragraphs and sections will be according to a new arrangement. The first part, containing Genesis, will appear in January.

It has been proposed to place a memorial to the poet WORDSWORTH in the church now rebuilding at Cockermouth. It is the place of his birth, and where he received the first elements of his education, in the Endowed School adjoining the church-yard. His father, also, was buried near the chancel; and here, in his gray hairs and honors, often he stood and communed in spirit with his departed parent; but as yet no public testimony has been raised in a locality so much associated with the poet's personal history. It is intended to take advantage of the present opportunity, and that the great five-light east window of the chancel should be a Memorial Window, filled with Scriptural subjects, and inscribed to the memory of Wordsworth.

At Toulouse M. VESTREPAIN, a patois poet, was permitted to read to the President a poetical address exhorting him to create a new order for poets, to be called "The Legion of Apollo," the members of which would be decorated with the cross of honor of the Troubadours. The Prince promised to take the request into consideration.

It is well known that the Sultan has made a concession to M. LAMARTINE of an extensive farm in the neighborhood of Smyrna. M. Lamartine has leased it to an English gentleman on certain conditions, which have not been accepted by the Government. An Armenian company, however, offered a sum of £800 per annum for twenty-five years, on the Government conditions, which has been agreed upon, and ratified by all parties.

The *Madrid Gazette* publishes a Royal decree prohibiting M. ALEXANDRE DUMAS'S "History of the Political and Private Life of Louis Philippe."

The German translation of VICTOR HUGO'S "Napoléon le Petit," just published, has been seized in all the booksellers' shops in Berlin, and confiscated. The sale of the French edition has not been prohibited.

Since VICTOR HUGO'S "Napoléon le Petit" has been added to the list of forbidden books in Vienna, it has been, says the *Times* correspondent, in great request.

"Last week," says the Vienna correspondent of the *Times*, "a work on the Austrian Revolution, by Mr. STILES, who was the Chargé d'Affairs of the United States here during 1848, was prohibited, although it contained little or nothing calculated to give offense to Government."

HENRY KÖNIG, an author of some standing in Germany, has published a book containing the autobiography of an author. The German papers, which go to great lengths in praising this work, say that it is "full of charming sketches and pleasing details."

The latest number of the *Singapore Free Press* reports that Madame PFEIFFER was at Samba, and was about to proceed to Pontianak *en route* to Batavia. She had visited the wild and independent Dyak tribes on the banks of the Lufar and Batang-Lufar rivers, and on the Rekaniet mountains. The river Batang-Lufar took her into the small lakes of Bunot and Taomen, from which she reached the magnificent stream, the Kapuas. After visiting Singtang, Sangan, and other places, she reached Pontianak. By the interference of the Dutch authorities at Pontianak, she visited the diamond mines of Landak, and several of the most interesting Dyak tribes. Every where the enterprising traveler was well received, and she describes herself as being conveyed and escorted in "almost triumphal style."

Iceland, say the Continental papers, has just lost her most accomplished linguist—Dr. EGILSSON. Fortunately, he lived to finish his great work, a Dictionary of the old Norse poetical language, as exhibited in the Eddas, Sagas, poems, &c., of Norway and Iceland. This storehouse of philological research, in which the explanations are given in Latin, will, it is added, shortly be published by the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries.

The distinguished HUMBOLDT has been seriously ill, but we are glad to learn that he has sufficiently recovered to resume his usual scientific avocations. He is said, in letters from Berlin, to be employed three or four hours a day on another volume of the "Cosmos"—which it is thought will soon be ready for the press. He has entered his eighty-fourth year.

From Dorpat, in Livonia, we hear of the sudden death of the oldest of the professors in that Russian University—Dr. CHARLES DE MORGENSTERN. Dr. De Morgenstern had occupied the chair of Greek and Latin Philology there for the long period of half a century, less a year. He was the creator of the Museum of Antiquities and of the Library of the University at Halle, where he had first professed, and the founder of the Philological Seminary, and of the Normal School, at Dorpat. In his person learning had been decorated by the hands of two sovereigns—the Emperors Alexander and Nicholas: and many well-known works, in Latin and in German, remain to attest his titles.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



SPORTING EXTRAORDINARY—THE OLD DOG POINTS CAPITALLY

"I tell yer what it is, Sam! If this fool of a Dog is a-going to stand still like this here in every Field he comes to, we may as well shut up Shop, for we shan't find no Partridges."



STARTLING EFFECT OF THF GOLD "DIGGINS."

REDUCED GOLDSMITH.—Now then, Here you are!—A Handsome Gold Snuff-Box and a Ha'porth of Snuff for a Penny!"



BOW[wow]ERY PIES.

CHINAMAN.—Oh, gr'at Countree this. Good Man you—Good Pie you give me—Mut-ton you only call him, but he real bow-wow, what you call Dog.

Fashions for December.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—WALKING AND CHAMBER COSTUMES.

WALKING DRESS.—Bonnet of lisse crape trimmed with blonde and marabouts. The brim stands off from the cheeks, the crown is rather back, and the curtain straight. The bonnet is covered with ruches of narrow blonde. On each side there is a marabout thrown backward, so that its extremity turns under the crown. The cheeks are trimmed with bunches of small flowers. Dress of black gros d'Ecosse, having in front a width of moire covered with narrow black velvets and terminated by silk tassels. The body is plain; low behind to the extent of three inches. It forms a kind of tight vest, and draws together at the waist. Leaving an interval of two and a half inches. There is only one plait on each side. The skirt, sewed on to the body, is plaited at the hips in hollow and flat plaits. The black sleeve is rather wider than the arm and only seven inches long. A bow of watered silk completes the body and makes it high. The same width is continued in front as an apron and has at bottom a breadth of thirty-two inches. This width is cut slanting and put on quite even. The second sleeve is watered silk, cut in the pagoda shape, wide at bottom. It has two seams, that in the bend of the arm being hollowed out a good deal. The black velvets are barely a quarter of an inch wide, and are placed three quarters of an inch apart; they are laid in the form of a V, and have at each end a small black silk tassel with fringed ends. The same kind of velvets and tassels are placed slanting on the sleeve. The collar, of modern guipure, is pointed in front and round behind. The under sleeves are composed of a large muslin bouillonne and a guipure falling over the hand.

CHAMBER TOILET.—A chamber gown of *hongroise* (a new tissue of wool and silk ribbon like reps). Body high, gathered and drawn at the waist by a string. Talma tippet, that is to say, half round; sleeves *à la Vénitienne*. Skirt open straight down, but only parting through the movement and fullness

of the petticoat. The *hongroise* is a striped pattern imitating velvet. There are three groups of stripes on the skirt. The edge of the front, of the tippet, and the sleeves, is made by means of bands cut out of the stuff and sewed on. The bows of the sleeves, neck, and waist, are watered silk of the same color. The collar and under sleeves are modern guipure with large vandykes. The under-dress is white muslin embroidered in front, and trimmed with little flounces pinked at the edges like cock's combs and plaited in small plaits.



FIGURE 3.—HOME DRESS.

HOME DRESS.—Hair arranged in double bandeaux; the first flat and divided at the sides so as to form a puffed bandeau which accompanies the upper part, and incloses the tress which passes over the flat bandeau. Body of white muslin embroidered with small bouquets in satin-stich. This body appears open from top to bottom, but it is mounted on a low white taffeta body, which clasps in front, under the trimming of the outer one. All the edges of the body are bordered with a No. 1 white ribbon gathered, under which is sewed a modern guipure rather more than three inches deep, and several rows of this same guipure are sewed together to form a flat piece under the body. The sleeve is in the pagoda form, and rather wide and long: it is bordered with a guipure. A second row placed in the shape of a V at the side is ornamented in the same way. A pretty rosette of watered ribbon is placed at the waist. The skirt is taffeta, a small plaid. Watered silk bracelets.

A new fabric for winter garments has made its appearance in Paris, to which the name of *Ouatine* has been given. It is stronger than cloth, as supple as Cashmere, and as soft and silky as velvet. It is made of every variety of tint and hue, but only in three patterns—the *small chiné*, the *great chiné*, and the *striped chiné*. It is the richest material of the season, and so thick that it is only adapted to full and loose garments, such as: The *Montmorenci*, a large cape, without a seam, with but a simple opening at the sides for the arms; the *Siberian*, a large traveling cloak, reaching nearly as low as the dress, having a large cape. The ornaments of these garments consist of velvet bands at different heights, disposed in series, or put on as borders; of velvet cut from the piece, six inches wide, stamped with figures; or of *chiné* plush ribbon, black and white, edged with velvet, blue, green, or violet. The color of the velvet should contrast with that of the stuff, and the lining match that of the velvet. Similar garments are composed of cloth or velvet. Braidings and galloons are the predominant trimmings. Flowered, satin, and watered galloons are especially in vogue.

Among the innumerable variety of out-of-door garments which the season has produced, the following are favorites: The *Camargo*, of maroon velvet representing a square mantle, with sleeves also square, concealed by the trimming composed of a satin ruche with a narrow lace on each side of it. It is decorated with two flounces of very rich guipure. The first is six inches deep, the second twelve inches The *Rob-Roy*, of black velvet rounded off in front, and hollowed on square fronts, put on with concealed seams. The collar is twelve inches wide, and square in front. It is trimmed with a galloon nearly three inches wide. Ground, satin and black reps, flowered with a double wreath of green bouquets. The lining is green satin. The galloon on the collar is much narrower.

Bonnets are decidedly closer, though still oval in shape, and graceful. Drawn bonnets of this style are worn, and are becoming to every cast of countenance. For full dress there is also a blonde bonnet with satin plats, and a bouquet rising almost like a crown. For a more unpretending toilet, a bonnet of three blond frills under which are arranged loops of No. 4 velvet of a periwinkle blue. Daisies, laurel flowers, periwinkles, and hearts-ease are in vogue for trimming the inside of bonnets.

We give below (*Figure* 4) a very pretty head-dress for a young lady. It is composed of blue-bells, and bows of No. 4 ribbon. The effect of this simple ornament is decidedly charming.



FIGURE 4.—HEAD DRESS.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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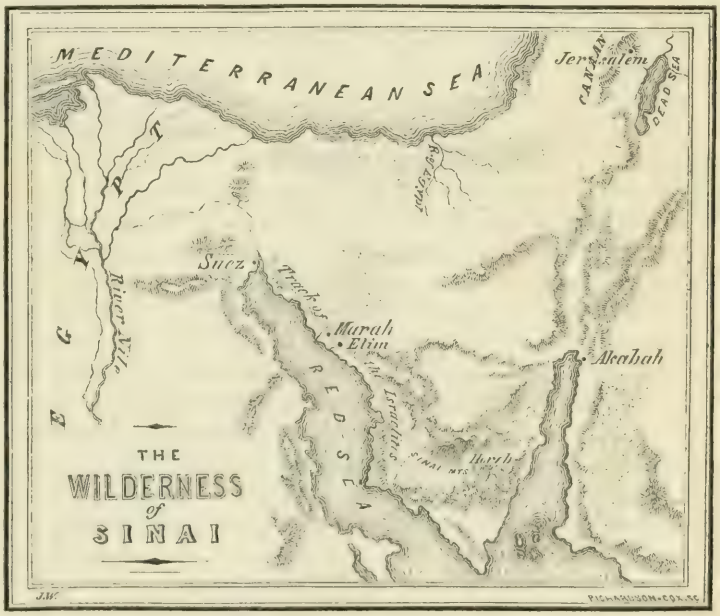
MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT

MOUNT SINAI.

THE EXODUS.

THE migration of the children of Israel from Egypt to the land of Canaan, from whatever point of view it is regarded, must be considered as one of the most remarkable transactions which has occurred in the whole course of human history. Every thing connected with it was extraordinary. The land which the emancipated nation escaped from, the land which they fled to, and the intervening wilderness through which their long and weary journey lay, though widely different from each other, were all marked with such striking peculiarities, as have made each one of them, in every age, the wonder of mankind. The circumstances of the migration too, were most extraordinary. A whole people, at the command of God, peaceably withdraw from a condition of abject and apparently hopeless bondage, and by one and the same act, emancipate themselves from slavery, enter upon a long migration, and found a kingdom. At the commencement of their undertaking, they had no organization, no known and acknowledged leaders, no common understanding of their plan. The country which they left was a green and lovely valley spontaneously fertile, whose lands, smooth, soft, and level, were as easy to till as they were generous in their products. The land which they went to, was mountainous, rugged, and stern; fertile, indeed, but wild and grand in character, and abundantly provided with the means of resisting the attempts of the husbandman to subdue it. Then the dreary tract of country through which the suddenly enfranchised nation had to march on its way to its final home, is in all its aspects, one of the most wonderful conformations which the surface of the earth presents.



THE WILDERNESS.

The wilderness, as it is called, through which the children of Israel journeyed in their migration, was situated chiefly in that part of Arabia which is called the Peninsula of Mt. Sinai. The peninsular character is given to the territory by the Red Sea, which, dividing itself into two great branches at its northern termination, encloses, as it were, the vast mountainous region, of which Sinai and its surrounding summits constitute the highest peaks, between them. This region, as has already been intimated, is one of the most extraordinary tracts of country on the globe. It extends from the shores of the Mediterranean on the north, to the point of bifurcation of the Dead Sea on the south, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, and its breadth, from east to west, is more than one hundred. The whole of this vast region forms one wide expanse of stupendous and sublime desolation. The scenery is infinitely varied, but the almost total absence of rain which characterizes this portion of the world, condemns all alike, mountain side, valley, and plain, to perpetual barrenness. The mountains consist of naked rocks, the valleys are dry and barren ravines, and the plains, instead of being clothed, like other plains, with verdure and beauty, are wastes of drifting sands, arid, and desolate. There are no rivers; for rivers are the offspring of rain. Their place is supplied with dry and desolate gulleys, which traverse the country in every part, intersecting the plains, and dividing the mountain ranges

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1852, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York

from each other, and by presenting every where to the eye of the weary and thirsty traveler, the lifeless and withered image and emblem of the flowing stream, tormenting him with perpetual tantalizings.

The country, however, after all, desolate as it is, is not totally barren. The mysterious and omnipresent principle of life, develops itself in some form or other in the wildest and most desolate regions; and even this desert has its plants, its animals, its fruits, its flowers, and its human inhabitants. Rainless as the region is called, clouds are sometimes formed in its skies, and showers of rain at distant intervals descend upon the mountains. These showers, although they are too scanty and too infrequent to fertilize the surface of the ground where they fall, nevertheless furnish some supply of water for the subterranean strata. Through these they slowly percolate, in crevices of the rock, or through porous beds of sand, until they at length find outlets in the lower valleys, where they form pools or springs, issuing from beneath the rocks, and fertilizing for a little distance, the dell into which they flow. Sometimes extensive valleys are thus made permanently fruitful. In some parts of the country, too, there is a sufficient degree of rain and dew to produce in certain seasons of the year, quite an abundant covering of shrubs and herbage. The plants that grow in these situations are of course adapted, in the constitutions which nature has given them, to the strange conditions under which they live; while the animals that feed upon the plants are all provided with a peculiar organization, adapted to the extraordinary exigencies to which they are always liable to be exposed. Thus the country through which the children of Israel had to pass, though called a wilderness, was really, in some measure, stocked with animal and vegetable life, and it was inhabited from the earliest times by wandering tribes of half-civilized men, who obtained their subsistence from flocks and herds, which they were accustomed to drive from place to place, among the mountains, wherever there was hope of finding water and pasturage.

Moses had spent a large portion of his life in the peninsula before he led the Israelites forth into it. He fled thither from Egypt, on the occasion of his taking part with one of his countrymen against an Egyptian, in an altercation in which the Egyptian was slain. Moses and the other Israelite took every precaution to conceal all proofs of the deed they had committed, by burying the body of their victim in the sand. In some way or other, however, the transaction became known, and Moses fled from the country, to save his life. Having been brought up by Pharaoh's daughter, he was, in some sense, a privileged person, and he might perhaps have looked for immunity from the consequences of almost any other offense; but taking the part of a slave in resisting and destroying his master, constituted, according to the codes which usually govern in such cases, the most atrocious crime that could possibly be committed; and Moses fled for his life, so soon as he suspected that the transaction was known.

There was only one place to which he could fly—and that was the peninsula of Sinai. Here he roamed about for a time, until at length he became acquainted with some of the wandering shepherds that lived among the mountains of this wild region; and then marrying the daughter of one of them, he settled himself among them, and lived with them in peace and quietness for many years. The circumstances under which he first became acquainted with these people, and also various particulars in respect to his subsequent history while dwelling with them, all illustrating in a very curious and striking manner, the customs and modes of life which then prevailed in those wild solitudes, are related in a very graphic manner, in Exodus, iii.

At length, after many years had passed away, and the time for the deliverance of the children of Israel from their bondage drew nigh, Moses received from the burning bush on Mt. Horeb, the summons which called him from his simple and solitary pastoral life in the wilderness, to the exalted position which he subsequently occupied as the deliverer and the lawgiver of a mighty nation. Horeb, as will be seen from the map, is one of the summits of Mt. Sinai, and is far in the interior of the peninsula, remote from the Egyptian frontier. Here Moses, in the course of his wanderings in search of pasturage, had driven his flocks, and was watching them while they grazed on the mountain sides. To keep continual watch over flocks and herds thus grazing, was a very essential service in such a region, since there were of course no inclosures to keep them from straying away; and they were exposed, moreover, in those wild and lawless solitudes, to constant danger from robbers and beasts of prey. It was while Moses was watching his flocks to guard against these dangers, that he received the Divine commission to return to Egypt, and there to demand of Pharaoh that he should set the Hebrews free. Moses yielded, though with much hesitation and many anxious forebodings, to the Divine command He took leave of Jethro, his father-in-law, and of the other friends with whom he had dwelt in the wilderness, and returned to Egypt. There, after encountering various difficulties and delays, and surmounting them one after another, by the miraculous power with which he was endowed from on high, he effected the deliverance of the Hebrews, and leading them through the waters of the Red Sea, he entered with them upon their long and weary wanderings through the wilderness.

The course of life through which Moses had thus far been led, was a very remarkable one, and it was admirably adapted to fit him for the extraordinary duties which he was now called upon to fulfill. He had been brought up in the court of the king of Egypt, and had thus received the highest education which could be given in what was then the most learned coun-

try in the world. As soon as his education was completed, he left Egypt, a fugitive and an exile, and spent many years in attending flocks and herds, in scenes of silence and solitude, among the mountains. By his early education his mental powers had been unfolded and developed, and in the long years of his seclusion he had had abundant leisure to exercise them in reflecting on the past, and in forming plans for the future. As he watched his flocks and herds, feeding quietly on the mountain sides, or in green and secluded valleys, his thoughts recurred to the unhappy condition of his countrymen, doomed to a life of unrequited toil. He revolved, perhaps, in his mind, the possibility of emancipating them from their bondage, and of seeking for them some way of escape through those mountain fastnesses, where he then found a home, to some other lands in which they might enjoy liberty in peace. While dwelling on these thoughts, the sublime scenery with which he was surrounded, elevated his fancy, inspired him with enthusiasm, and formed in his soul grand and solemn conceptions of God. He acquired, too, a very complete knowledge of the character of the country through which the journey of the Hebrews, in their migration from Egypt, must necessarily lie. During the many years of his pastoral life he roamed over it in every part. He became familiar with its dangers, and with the hardships and privations to be encountered in ascending its wild and gloomy passes, or traversing its barren plains. In the end, the train of events through which the great deliverer of the Hebrews passed, had endued him at once with the commanding intellectual eminence that learning and philosophy can give, and also with all the local and practical knowledge necessary to fit him for the daily detail of his singular and responsible mission. In a word, he was prepared for very extraordinary duties, by a very extraordinary and protracted course of training. So long, in fact, did this course of training endure, that Moses was not ready to enter upon his work, till the period had arrived, when, according to the ordinary course of nature, life is ended. He was eighty years of age when God appeared to him in Mt. Horeb.

THE JOURNEY OF THE HEBREWS TO MT. SINAI.

The Hebrews entered the wilderness, as is generally supposed, at a point on the shores of the Red Sea, near the northern termination of the western branch of it. Thence they took their course, so far as their track can be ascertained and identified now, to the southeast, in the direction of Mt. Sinai. The difficulties which they encountered, and the incidents which befel them on the way, were such as might have been expected to occur from the character of the country, and from the nature of the circumstances which attended their march.

Their first serious suffering was from thirst. They took with them, unquestionably, at the commencement of their march, as large a supply of water as could be carried in leathern bottles, and by such other modes as were customarily resorted to, in traversing the deserts in those days; but these supplies were soon exhausted, and the vast concourse of people were reduced to great distress. In three days they came to a fountain called Marah, but, though the waters of it were bitter, Moses healed them miraculously by casting into them some plant which grew near by, and thus the wants of the thirsty congregation were supplied.

Travelers who in modern times explore the route of this great migration, visit a brackish spring which is situated in a little dell called Howarah. It forms a shallow pool, containing ordinarily only two or three hogsheads of water. A few shrubs and trees grow near it, but the place is otherwise gloomy and desolate. This, it is supposed, might have been the ancient Marah.

A short distance beyond Marah, the expedition came to a place where they found a more copious and a better supply of water. The place was then called Elim. Here they found twelve fountains or wells, and quite a grove of palm trees around them. Ancient tradition, confirmed by the observation of modern travelers, has identified this spot with a fountain, or a group of fountains, in the valley of Ghurundel, which, as will be seen by the map, lies at a little distance south of Howarah. The principal fountain forms a basin of cool and refreshing water, with green shrubs and herbage fringing its margin. A small stream issues from it too, which, meandering down the dell, creates quite a little scene of verdure and fertility. The water is even now tolerably abundant here, and may have been much more so in ancient times.

Hunger came next to thirst in the trials of the Hebrew congregation. It was to have been expected, in fact, that this would be the order in which their wants would assail them, inas much as men can always carry a larger supply of food than of water, when marching through a country from which neither can be procured When the provisions which they had brought with them at length became exhausted, the whole vast concourse were threatened with famine This danger was averted, too, in a miraculous but not in an unnatural manner, first by quails, and secondly by manna—both, as it appears from the researches of modern travelers, natural resources of the land, though wholly insufficient in the ordinary course of nature for the wants of such an immense army of travelers. These miracles, like almost all others recorded in the Scriptures, though they transcended the powers of nature, were still, in a certain sense, in harmony with its laws. They were, however, effectual. The abundance of manna continued to furnish an ample supply for the wants of the vast concourse of travelers through all the remaining stages of their protracted and wearisome journey.

The expedition moved slowly on, and at length arrived at the confines of Mt. Horeb, where Moses had originally received his commission, and here they met with the third of the great

sources of difficulty and danger which they were destined to encounter in their perilous undertaking. This third calamity was war. They were attacked in their march by a formidable army of the natives of the country. The people who thus attempted to oppose their march were the Amalekites, a wandering but powerful tribe who inhabited the valleys and passes of the country, and who, finding the produce of the land scarcely sufficient for their own maintainance, were alarmed at the ingress of such an immense company of intruders. They first evinced their hostility by hovering about the vast Hebrew caravan on its march, and cutting off the weak, the weary, the defenseless, and all others that fell into their hands. At length, growing bold by the success which they met with in their partial and occasional conflicts, they set themselves in array, and prepared to dispute the passage of the Hebrews altogether. Moses accordingly organized a body of armed men, and put them under the command of Joshua, with orders to march out and give their enemies battle. The account of this battle, and of the manner in which the fact that the result of it depended on the miraculous power and interposition of God, was made conspicuously manifest to all the congregation, is related in the following words.

"And Moses said unto Joshua, Choose us out men, and go out, fight with Amalek: to-morrow I will stand on the top of the hill with the rod of God in mine hand.

"So Joshua did as Moses had said to him, and fought with Amalek: and Moses, Aaron, and Hur went up to the top of the hill.

"And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed: and when he let down his hand, Amalek prevailed.

"But Moses' hands were heavy; and they took a stone, and put it under him, and he sat thereon; and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, and the other on the other side; and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun.

"And Joshua discomfited Amalek and his people with the edge of the sword."—Exod. xvii., 9–13.

Having thus, through the help of their Divine deliverer, escaped the three great dangers which in such a migration they had specially to fear, and having received, in the wonderful interpositions by which they had been preserved, an earnest and a proof of future protection and safety, the vast congregation advanced to their encampment at the foot of the consecrated mountain, where Moses had originally received his commission, and where they were now to receive, in the most solemn and formal manner, the laws and ordinances which God was about to ordain for their government as a permanent and independent nation. In order that the great transactions which followed may be clearly understood, we must pause here to describe the general topography of the region, as it has been ascertained and delineated by travelers in modern times.

TOPOGRAPHY OF SINAI.

There is a considerable degree of vagueness and uncertainty in respect to the precise application of the name Sinai, at the present day, there being a group or cluster of mountains over which it hovers, as it were, without definitely and conclusively appropriating itself to any one particular summit. The question of the application of the name, has given rise to a great deal of speculation and discussion among travelers and scholars. The nature and design of the present series of articles, however, are not such as to lead us at all into this discussion. We shall simply present, without argument, the view which seems to be most generally entertained by Christian geographers of the present day.

The most natural and easy, though not the most direct approach to the Sinai group, is by a long and winding valley, or series of valleys, which form a continuous though serpentine avenue, extending through the country for seventy or eighty miles, and terminating in a broad plain, in the very heart of the mountains. The position and the course of these valleys may be seen in the general map of the peninsula of Sinai, at the commencement of this article. The termination of it among the mountains is represented on a larger scale, in the map given on the following page.

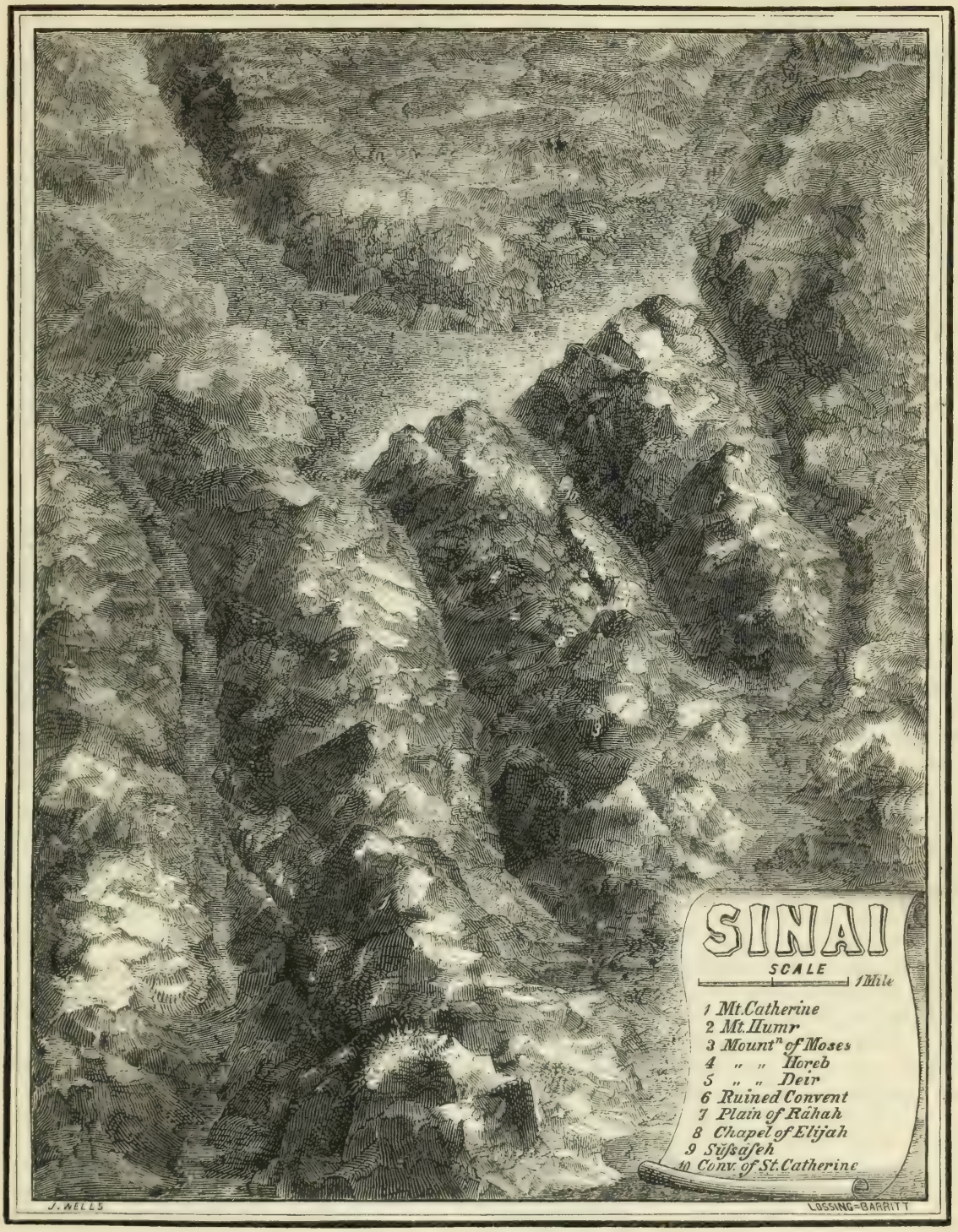
In approaching the mountains, this avenue comes in, as will be seen upon the map, from the east. It is called here the Wady Es-Sheikh. The large plain in which it terminates is called the Wady, or plain, Er-Rahah.

To the south of the plain of Rahah—or rather, to speak somewhat more accurately, to the southeast of it—are three short mountain ranges, separated from each other by deep valleys.

The most easterly of these ranges is Mt. Deir. The valley to the east of Mt. Deir is called the Wady Subeiyah.

The middle range is Mt. Sinai. The southern extremity of this range is the most lofty portion of it. The peak is called Mt. Moses, or, in the language of the Arabs who frequent the valleys around it at the present day, Jebel Musa. In the central part of the range, or a little to the northward of the centre, is another peak. This is Mt. Horeb. The northern extremity of the range forms a vast promontory, which hangs almost perpendicularly over the valley of Rahah, and is called at the present day Sufsafeh Head.* These three summits, however—Mt. Moses, Horeb, and Sufsafeh—though having each its name, are after all only the three marked points of one and the same mountain mass, the whole of which is designated by the name Mt. Sinai. The children of Israel, when they received the law, were encamped upon the plain of Rahah, and of course that part of the mountain called Horeb and Sufsafeh, which is a spur or projection from Horeb, was the part which was immediately before them.

* Ras es-Sufsafeh—the word Ras signifying *promontory* or *head*. The word Sufsafeh means *willow*.



THE SINAI MOUNTAINS.

The words Horeb and Sinai are used, accordingly, interchangeably, in the description of the transactions connected with the mountain, contained in the Old Testament history.

The valley on the east of Sinai, between it and Mt. Deir, is called Wady Shueib. It is the seat of a celebrated convent, called the convent of St. Catharine, of which we shall have much to say in the sequel. A little above the convent, in ascending the valley to the south, is a branch valley, through which lies a path leading to the crest of the Sinai range, and thence southward to the summit of Mt. Moses, and northward to Horeb and Sufsafeh. The length of the range, from the foot of the precipices at the plain of Rahah, to the southern declivity of the peak of Moses, is three or four miles.

The third of the ranges lying to the southward of Rahah, and the only remaining one which we shall have particular occasion to name, is Mt. Humr. The southern extremity of this chain rises to the height of one thousand feet above all the surrounding mountains, and about eight thousand feet above the sea; and forms the celebrated summit of St. Catharine. This range is separated from Sinai by the valley of Leja. There is a path, as shown in the map, leading up this valley to the top of St. Catharine and

another from the convent of St. Catharine across Mt. Sinai. At the junction of these two paths, in the valley of Leja, are the ruins of an ancient convent, celebrated in former days, but now deserted and desolate.

Besides these three chains—Deir, Sinai, and Humr—and the summits pertaining to them, there are a great many other peaks and ranges in the region that surrounds the plain of Rahah, which it is not necessary here particularly to describe. The whole country is wild and mountainous, though intersected in every direction by valleys and ravines, some of which form verdant and fertile dells, while others are frightful gorges, arid, and rocky, and desolate in the last degree.

THE GIVING OF THE LAW.

It was among these wild and gloomy mountains that the great congregation of Israel were assembled to receive from God, through the medium of Moses, their constitution of government and their code of laws. The occasion was one of great grandeur and solemnity to them, as forming an era of the most momentous importance in their national history. It has, however, acquired a still higher consequence in the general estimation of mankind, from the fact that there were included among these laws the system of the Ten Commandments, that great moral code, which has since been received among all the most enlightened nations of the earth as a complete and fundamental exposition of the moral and religious duty of man. The validity of this law rests among mankind upon a double basis—the divine authentication which accompanied its announcement from Sinai, and its own intrinsic and exact adaptedness to the moral constitution and the moral wants of the human soul. The terrific portents which enveloped the mountain when it was first proclaimed—the thunderings, the lightnings, the smoke, and the tones of the celestial trumpet that echoed far and wide through all the surrounding valleys, impressed those who first received it with a feeling of solemn dread; and the historical evidence which has come down to us, attesting the truth and reality of these proofs of the divine origin of the law, have doubtless exercised great power in maintaining its ascendancy in the human mind. It has, however, besides this, its own internal and intrinsic evidence that it must be the law of Him who made the human soul. It is, in fact, but the clothing in language, brief, terse, and emphatic in the highest degree, of those moral instincts, which appear as essential and universal constituents of the very nature of man.

It was exactly three months from the time that the Israelites left Egypt that they were encamped before Mt. Sinai, for the purpose of receiving the law. When all was ready, Moses went up into the mountain, and there a voice from God called to him, and solemnly announced through him to the people of Israel, the terms and conditions on which God would become the permanent protector and friend of the nation that had been thus redeemed from their bondage. Moses was directed by this voice to go to the people, and, reminding them of the great deliverance which they had experienced, and of the wonderful interpositions of power divine by which it had been achieved, to announce that God was now about to promulgate to them his law, and to promise them that if they would obey this law, and submit as a nation to its requirements, he would always be their guardian and protector; he would watch over them continually in all their future course, and raise them to the highest degree of prosperity and honor. "If ye will obey my voice indeed," said he, "and keep my covenant, then ye shall be a peculiar treasure unto me, above all people; for all the earth is mine."

Moses, having received this commission, descended from the mountain, and calling all the elders and other prominent men of the congregation together, he laid before them the words of Jehovah. They heard the message, and replied, "All that the Lord hath spoken we will do."

In the course of the subsequent arrangements, Moses was directed to say to the people, that, in order to prove incontestably that the voice which was to speak to them was really the voice of God, and thus to preclude forever, both for themselves and their children, all possible doubt in respect to the divine authority of the commands and ordinances which were about to be proclaimed, the promulgation of them from the summit of the mountain was to be accompanied by thunderings, by lightnings, by quaking of the earth, by supernatural smoke and flame, and by other portents such as no human power could possibly produce. Three days' notice was given of these phenomena. The people were to prepare for the scene as for a solemn religious festival, and, at the appointed time, they were to be convened in a grand assembly on the plain before the mountain, kept back from too near an approach to the sacred ground by bounds which Moses set up for the occasion, and which they were on no account to transgress. In a word, every arrangement was made to impress the vast congregation with a sense of the solemnity and awe belonging to the occasion; the occasion of receiving for themselves, and for all mankind, the commands and warnings of the eternal and omnipotent Jehovah.

On the third day, accordingly, in the morning, a thick cloud enveloped the summit of the mountain as seen by the Israelites from the plain below, and from the midst of it thunderings and lightnings were emitted, and dense volumes of smoke arose, producing a most sublime and solemn spectacle. The people were summoned by Moses to come out from their tents, and were arranged in the place set apart for them on the plain, where they stood in a vast concourse, gazing on the scene with awe and terror. "Sinai was altogether on a smoke, because the Lord descended upon it in fire. The smoke thereof ascended like the smoke of a great furnace, and the whole mountain quaked greatly. And when the voice of the trumpet sounded long, and waxed louder and louder, Moses spake and God an-



THE GIVING OF THE LAW.

swered him by a voice." The Ten Commandments were then solemnly proclaimed. "And all the people saw the thunderings and the lightnings, and the noise of the trumpet, and the mountain smoking, and when the people saw it, they removed and stood afar off, and said to Moses, speak thou with us and we will hear, but let not God speak with us lest we die."

THE LOCALITY.

The locality of Sinai, and the relative position of the mountain and the plain, as seen and described at the present day by travelers who visit the spot, correspond very strikingly in all respects with the various details of the sacred narrative. The existence of a plain at the base of the mountain, broad enough for the encampment of such a host, is a very remarkable circumstance, and aids very essentially in identifying the spot. This plain, as will be seen from the map, is very irregular in its form—the open and level space extending laterally in several directions into the valleys which open from it. Robinson, who made a careful survey of the locality in 1838, found the plain itself two miles long, and from one-third to two-thirds of a mile wide. This gives for the surface of it an area of about one mile square. Robinson found also that there was in the valleys, opening from the plain, an extent of level ground from which the face of the mountain might be viewed without obstruction, sufficient to double this area. That is to say, the spot affords a camping ground of two square miles, from every part of which the summits and declivities of the mountain could be clearly seen. This space is amply sufficient to answer all the conditions of the Scripture narrative.

The view of the mountain from the plain below presents, even at the present day, a very grand and solemn spectacle. The rugged cliffs of Sufsafeh rise almost perpendicularly to the height of five or six hundred feet above the plain, and frown in grand and gloomy majesty on all below. Beyond them the towering summit of Horeb rises into the heavens, the precipices of Sufsafeh serving, as it were, as a wall to forbid all approach to it. It was undoubtedly from this summit—now called Horeb—that the thunderings and lightnings were heard and seen, that accompanied the giving of the law. It is true that the summit of Mt. Moses is more lofty, as it is represented on the map, and there is an ancient local tradition, moreover, which claims for it the honor of having been the precise spot where Jehovah spake in proclaiming the law. This highest peak is, however, certainly not directly visible from the plain where the Israelites were encamped, and, consequently, could not have been the part which they actually saw enveloped in clouds and illuminated with flashes of lightning. It may, however, have been the place to which Moses ascended in order to receive the law, while the thunderings and lightnings, the clouds and the smoke, enveloping the whole range, were only observed by the people about such northern peaks and cliffs of the mountain as were visible from the plain below.

Some travelers have made explorations to the south side of the Sinai range, in search of some plain or valley there from which the highest peak of the mountain might be seen. But no such spot can be found there—at least none large enough for the immense encampment which is described by the sacred writer as formed before the mountain. It is, therefore, now generally agreed that the encampment was at the plain of Rahah—that the part of the mountain which the Israelites saw enveloped in clouds and smoke, was that forming the summits of Sufsafeh and Horeb; and that if the law was actually given to Moses on the highest peak, which now bears his name, it was done in pursuance of a design to withdraw him to a remote and inaccessible region, entirely

beyond the view of the congregation encamped below. The distance from Er-Rahah to the summit of Mt. Moses is about three miles.

ELIJAH AT MT. SINAI.

Besides the visit of the Israelites to Mt. Sinai for the purpose of receiving the laws and ordinances of Jehovah, the spot was the scene of one other remarkable event recorded in the sacred history. It became the retreat and dwelling place, for a time, of Elijah, in one of those extraordinary emergencies of difficulty and danger which so strikingly marked the prophet's career. The circumstance occurred during the reign of King Ahab, and immediately after the destruction of the prophets of Baal, at the foot of Mt. Carmel, by the hand of Elijah, as described in the eighteenth chapter of the Book of Kings, and as illustrated and explained somewhat at length in our article on Mt. Carmel. The tendency of King Ahab to idolatry was occasioned, as it would seem, in a great measure, by the influence of his wife, who was a Sidonian princess, and who appears to have brought with her, into the kingdom of her husband, a very strong and determined attachment to the pagan usages and worship to which she had been accustomed in her early days. She was the celebrated Jezebel. Her character for desperate wickedness was so decided that it has indelibly connected associations of the most atrocious violence and cruelty with her very name.



ELIJAH IN THE WILDERNESS.

As soon as Ahab returned home after the slaughter of the priests of Baal, as described in the passage cited above, and informed the queen what Elijah had done, she was extremely exasperated at the deed, and sent a messenger forthwith to Elijah to tell him that, before twenty-four hours should have elapsed, he should be as dead himself as any of the priests that he had slain. Elijah was alarmed at this threat, and fled for his life. He went southward till he came to Beersheba, the frontier town on the southern border of the land of Israel. Here he left the servant who had accompanied him thus far, and proceeded himself alone into the wilderness. After wandering on all day through the wild ravines of this desolate region, he arrived, at length, at night, at some little dell which presented certain traces of verdure, and here, wearied and exhausted, he lay down under a juniper tree, and wished that he might die.

He fell asleep. After sleeping for some time, "an angel touched him and said to him, Arise and eat." Elijah arose, and looking before him he saw a fire burning, with a cake baking upon the coals, and a leathern bottle of water at his head. He ate the cake and drank the water, and then lay down and went to sleep again.

Presently the angel touched him a second time, and repeated the call that he should arise and eat, saying that he was about to take a long journey, which would be too much for him without a greater supply of food. So Elijah arose, and ate and drank again, and then resumed his journey. The miraculous supply which he had thus received, proved in the end sufficient to sustain him for forty days. He wandered, during these forty days, in the wilderness, continuing to direct his steps to the southward, until at last he reached Mt. Sinai, and there he sought refuge in a cave at Horeb. It was while he was dwelling in this cave that he was again summoned to resume his course of active duty by the striking and oft quoted call, "What doest thou here, Elijah?" To this call, the prophet replied that he had been earnestly and faithfully engaged in the cause of God, and had been brought, by his zeal, into such imminent danger, that he had been compelled to fly from his native land into the wilderness, to save his life. "I have been very jealous," said he, "for the Lord God of hosts: for the children of Israel have forsaken thy covenant, thrown down thine altars, and slain thy prophets with the sword; and I, even I only, am left; and they seek my life to take it away." On saying this, he was directed to go forth and stand upon the mount before the Lord.

While standing in the place assigned him, "the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountain and brake in pieces the rocks. But the Lord was not in the wind. And after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake. And after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire. And after the fire a still, small voice" was heard repeating the call by which the prophet had already once been summoned, "What doest thou here, Elijah?"

In answer to this renewal of the question, Elijah repeated his former reply. He was then directed to leave his place of retreat, and return

into the land of Israel, and there resume the functions of his holy office in the performance of certain duties of the most public and momentous character, which God now assigned to him. Elijah obeyed the command, and leaving the remote and secluded retreat which he had chosen, went back to his native land. The memory of his visit to these solitudes, however, remained; and the fact that the great prophet made one of the caverns of the mountain his place of refuge on an occasion so extraordinary, furnished a new source of interest in the spot for those who were to visit it in subsequent ages.

MT. SINAI IN THE CHRISTIAN ERA.

After giving the foregoing account of the flight of Elijah to the cavern in Horeb, and of the incidents which befel the prophet there, the sacred narrative leaves the region of the Sinai mountains altogether, to return to it no more; and for many centuries subsequent to that time, no historical records of any kind allude to it, or relate to it in any way. At length, in the course of two or three hundred years after the Christian era, we find, in rare and brief narratives of the early monastic writers, various incidental allusions to the mountain as inhabited by monks, hermits, and recluses, and as visited from time to time by pilgrims from the eastern world. It would seem, from these allusions, that the earliest of these anchorite inhabitants of Sinai were persecuted Christians from Egypt, who fled at first into the wilderness to save their lives, and then, gradually making their way to the sacred mountain, adopted it for their permanent home; dwelling, some in natural caves, and others in rude huts and grottoes, which they built of stone, in secluded and secret fastnesses of the mountain. In the fourth century, the number of these recluses had become quite large, and the writings of the monks give frequent accounts of visits made to them, by pilgrims, with brief descriptions of the modes of life which they were accustomed to lead. They lived, these writers say, in separate cells, though they held regular intercourse with each other. Those who were preeminent for learning and piety became leaders and teachers of the rest, who were accustomed to assemble, from time to time, to listen to their instructions. In this way small monasteries were sometimes formed where several monks lived together, under such rules and regulations as their self-constituted superior might ordain. In other cases the recluses lived by themselves, each in his own lonely cell, where they passed their time during the week in silence and solitude until the evening of Saturday; then they would assemble in some grotto larger than the rest, or in a rude edifice which they had constructed for the purpose from stones out of the mountain, and would continue all night in prayer. When the morning came they would receive the sacrament, and then return to their several cells.

The monks were accustomed to obtain supplies for their daily wants by the cultivation of gardens, which they formed in the neighborhood of their several cells, wherever any little spot was to be found that could be walled up into a terrace, and made productive. These gardens they tilled with their own hands, watering the ground by guiding rills and streamlets to it from the mountains above. The productions of their simple horticulture, consisted of dates, berries, melons, and other similar fruits; for they lived without bread, and drank only water. Though their condition was thus one of extreme privation and poverty, they seem to have been effectually protected from absolute want. Their lives, too, were not altogether so dreary and monotonous as might, at first, be imagined. Besides the occupation which they found in tilling their gardens, and in constructing their chapels and cells, they enjoyed the pleasure of frequent intercourse with one another; and they were visited from time to time by wandering monks and pilgrims, who came from the most distant countries to commune with them in their seclusion, drawn by the double charm of solemn veneration for the sacredness of the spot, and of reverence for what they regarded as the sublime and almost superhuman sanctity of the men who had chosen it for their abode.

THE MASSACRES.

It would be reasonable to suppose that, whatever might have been the other difficulties or dangers to which the lives of these mountain anchorites subjected them, they would be entirely safe from all molestation from the hands of their fellow men. This, however, unfortunately, was not the case. Neither the remote and inaccessible seclusion of the place of their retreat, nor the harmlessness and sanctity of the pursuits to which they were devoted, were found sufficient to protect them from the lawless violence which every where attended the wars and commotions of those days. At one time, according to the narrative of an Egyptian monk, who visited the mountain in the year 373, the Saracens came, and made an attack upon all the inhabitants. The hermits, on hearing the alarm, abandoned their cells, and attempted to fly to a sort of tower, which it seems they had erected in some secluded spot in the mountain, to serve as a place of refuge in such seasons of danger. Many of them succeeded in reaching the tower. Others, however, were overtaken, and slain by their enemies on the way. Those who reached the tower, shut themselves up in it, in the hope of excluding their enemies. The Saracens, however, attacked the tower, and seemed on the point of taking it, when all at once they were thrown into sudden consternation at the spectacle of smoke and flame bursting, in a supernatural manner, from a neighboring summit of the mountain. They immediately abandoned their victims, and, terrified in their turn, fled from the spot. The monks, finding themselves thus saved from the danger which had threatened them, came forth from the tower; and returning to their cells, they took up the dead bodies of their brethren for burial. They discovered the corpses of thirty-eight of their number that were al-



THE FLIGHT OF THE SARACENS.

ready dead. There were, besides these, two who were mortally wounded, though still breathing when they were found. The victims of this calamity were called the forty martyrs; and a convent, called the convent of the forty martyrs, was subsequently built near the place of the massacre, to commemorate the event. The ruins of this convent still remain.

A few years after this, another massacre of the hermits and monks on Mt. Sinai was committed, by a lawless horde of Saracens that penetrated suddenly to their abodes. The monks at this time lived almost entirely in separate cells, which were situated remote from each other, in the recesses of the mountain. The object of this arrangement was to secure for the members of the community a more uninterrupted solitude and seclusion. The inmates of the cells were, however, accustomed to meet still on Saturday evening, in the manner already described, and to spend the whole night together in prayer. The place of their assemblages was on the spot where, as they supposed, God appeared to Moses in the burning bush. There was a building on this spot which served the purpose of a convent and chapel, and in this building, too, were stored such supplies of food and clothing as were necessary for the use of the monks during the winter season.

One Sunday morning, the company of monks, after spending the night as usual at their devotions, were about to separate to return to their several cells, when they were suddenly attacked by a party of Saracens, who drove them all into the chapel, shut them up there, and then commenced plundering their stores.

When they had thoroughly ransacked the convent supplies, and taken all that they desired, the Saracens opened the door of the chapel and brought their prisoners forth. They slew without mercy the superior of the convent, and two or three of the other principal monks. Of the rest, they selected several of the younger men to carry away with them and sell as slaves. The remainder they released, and rudely ordered them to begone. Those thus liberated, astonished at their unexpected deliverance, made no delay, but retired precipitantly from the scene, and immediately disappeared among the recesses of the mountain. The Saracens then withdrew, taking their prisoners with them and killing all others that they met with on their way.

Notwithstanding these and similar disasters which befel the Sinai monks and hermits, from time to time, they still continued to dwell in the mountain, returning, after every dispersion, back to their cells and grottoes as before. The tendency, however, to combine and consolidate their establishments gradually increased, and the edifices which they constructed assumed more and more the character of strongholds, adapted for purposes of defense as well as of devotion. At length, one or two great and strongly fortified convents were all that remained to represent the hundreds and perhaps thousands of isolated cells and grottoes, that in earlier periods were scattered over the mountain. The principal of these convents, and the only one that now remains, was the convent of St. Catharine. It is situated, as may be seen upon the map, in the valley of Shueib, on the northeastern side of Mt. Sinai. It has stood there in its lonely valley for a thousand years, a castle and a convent both in one, and an object of intense interest and profound veneration to the long succession of pilgrims and travelers that for the last ten centuries have visited the spot. It is commonly called the convent of St. Catharine.

ORIGIN OF THE CONVENT.

The account of the origin of the Convent of St. Catharine is connected, in the traditions of the monks, with some very extraordinary tales. We shall relate the story just as the ancient historians have recorded it, without attempting to separate what is true from what is false in the narrative. According to the ancient legend, then, it happened that at a very early period, while the monks and hermits that inhabited the mountain were dwelling in the scattered grottoes and caves, which they had found or formed in various parts of the mountain, the locality was visited by the Empress Helena, the mother of Constantine, a lady who acquired for herself great renown during the age in which she lived, by the interest which she felt in visiting the various localities in the East, which were the scenes of sacred history, and in awakening throughout the Christian world, feelings of re-

spect and veneration for them. When she came to Mt. Sinai, she explored the ground in a very careful and thorough manner, and at length discovered and fully identified the place where God appeared to Moses in the burning bush. She caused a tower and a small chapel to be built upon the spot, and it was here that the monks and hermits were accustomed to meet weekly, on the evening of Saturday, as has already been described. Ruins, which the monks say are the remains of this tower, are shown to visitors, in the garden of the convent, to the present day.

The visits of Helena to the mountain and the discovery of the spot where the miracle of the burning bush was performed, greatly increased the interest which was felt throughout the Christian world in visiting the mountain. The number of pilgrims that journeyed thither was greatly increased, and the permanent population of monks and hermits became greater than ever before.

Notwithstanding this increase, however, in their numbers, the occupants of the mountain still continued to suffer from the incursions of the Saracens, and to endure ill treatment of various kinds, from time to time, from the Arabs and Bedouins of the desert around them, so that at length they sent a petition to the Emperor Justinian, praying him to commiserate their exposed and defenseless condition, and to build a convent for them, with strong and substantial walls, such that they might fortify themselves within it, and thus be provided with some means of protection against their enemies. The emperor acceded to their request. He sent workmen from Constantinople, and from Cairo, with orders to build a capacious and strong convent, on the highest summit of the mountain, that is, upon the top of Mt. Moses. The engineers, however, who were intrusted with the plan of the work, when they came to examine the spot which the emperor had thus designated, found that no water could be procured there, nor, in fact, upon any of the higher portions of the mountain. Besides, it was not possible, as the monks say, to build the convent upon the top, on account of the quakings of the earth, and the subterranean shocks and rumblings, and other similar supernatural phenomena, which were constantly occurring there. The engineers, accordingly, looked out for some more suitable place for their proposed construction, and finally chose the spot in the valley, where Helena had formerly built her tower, to commemorate the miracle of the burning bush. They accordingly built the convent there; and there it stands to the present day.

A few years after the completion of the convent, an event took place at Alexandria, in Egypt, which attracted much attention at the time, and was subsequently greatly celebrated in ecclesiastical history. This event was the martyrdom of St. Catharine—a Christian lady of great purity and sanctity of character. She was ordered to be put to death by the Emperor Maxentius, and the mode of execution to which she was doomed was a species of torture that was inflicted in some way by means of a wheel with teeth upon the circumference of it. The wheel, however, which was to be used upon this occasion, broke to pieces miraculously, just as the executioners were attempting to apply it, and thus defeated their attempt; so that they were obliged in the end to behead their victim. When this was done, the body of the martyr, with the head, was seized and borne away by angels, to prevent its falling into the hands of the persecutors, and by them gently laid in a recess among the rocks upon the top of Mt. Sinai.

Intelligence of this fact was then communicated to one of the monks in the convent, in his sleep, by a vision, and on the following day this monk, and his brethren, formed a procession, went up the mountain, and found the remains. They took the body up with great reverence and proceeded to bring it down the mountain. After descending for some hours, they became fatigued and thirsty; and as they sat down to rest by the wayside, a flock of partridges came to the spot, and began to evince, by such dumb signs as many animals have at their command, a desire that the monks should accompany them. The monks, accordingly, did so, and the partridges guided them to a spring of water, at a short distance away from the path, where they obtained an abundant supply of cool and refreshing drink. The fountain is called the Partridges' Fountain to the present day.

The remains of St. Catharine were then conveyed by the monks to the convent, and deposited there; and thenceforward the institution received the name of the convent of St. Catharine. In consequence of these occurrences the number of pilgrims and visitors to the convent at Mt. Sinai was greatly increased, and many other monastic establishments were formed in various parts of the peninsula. The Emperor Justinian, it was said, granted the whole peninsula and all the monastic establishments which were built within its boundaries, to the convent of St. Catharine. At one time the number of monks in all these various convents, monasteries, and hermitages, amounted, as was supposed, to six or seven thousand, and when duly organized under the arrangements which the charter of the emperor prescribed, they formed quite an extended community, with laws, usages, judicature, and government complete, like any independent state or kingdom. The wants of this extraordinary commonwealth were supplied in some measure from the products of such small tracts of garden ground as could be found or made in the wilderness, but chiefly, perhaps, from the gifts and contributions of the pilgrims who came to visit them in their seclusion.

To complete the system, a military order of knights was established, to protect the monks under the jurisdiction of the convent of St. Catharine, and the pilgrims in their journeys to and from the mountain. These knights were called the Cavaliers of St. Catharine. They wore a prescribed costume and armor, which is represented in the accompanying engraving. The



KNIGHT OF ST. CATHARINE.

armor bore devices and emblems, representing the martyrdom of their patron saint. The principal of these devices consisted of a broken wheel, with points upon the circumference of it, and a sword or dagger passing through it. This device was figured on the breastplate, and also embossed upon the shield.

Thus the Convent of St. Catharine was established in the possession of a considerable degree of power and glory, and it continued to occupy this high position for many years—as long, in fact, as the Christian powers of Europe retained possession of those countries. At length, however, when at the Mahommedan conquest these regions passed into the hands of the enemies of Christianity, the various smaller convents that were scattered about the peninsula, were gradually suppressed, or abandoned by the monks, and many of them were destroyed. Pilgrims could no longer visit Mt. Sinai in safety. The knights of St. Catharine were disbanded, and the monks shut themselves up within the walls of the convent, where they remained for many centuries in silence and seclusion, and were well-nigh forgotten by all mankind. Within the last fifty years, however, they have been brought forward again quite conspicuously to the notice of the world, by the accounts of travelers and explorers, who go now from motives of curiosity, and from love of excitement and adventure, to visit the ground to which of old the steps of so many weary pilgrims were turned, under the widely-different impulse of a solemn and profound religious veneration.

POCOCKE'S VISIT.

One of the earliest of the modern travelers who have visited Mt. Sinai, and have brought back to us a detailed account of the region, as it appears at the present day, was Richard Pococke, an English divine, who made an extended tour through all the countries of the East, in the years 1735–42, and published a very full account of his adventures, in two folio volumes, on his return. He gives a very minute account of his visit to Mt. Sinai, and of the condition in which he found it at that time, and describes with great minuteness, the ruins, the inscriptions, the grottoes and caves, and all the sacred localities, which were pointed out to him by the monks that were then dwelling there. He found the Convent of St. Catharine to consist of an extended group of buildings, inclosed in very solid walls and strongly guarded. The walls, he says, were six feet thick, and there were no doors or windows near the ground, so that the only access to the interior was through an opening in the wall, forty feet from the ground. To this opening, those who were to be admitted within the convent were drawn up by means of ropes and a sort of basket. The buildings of the convent were very irregular, he says, and of a rude construction. They were, however, extensive; the whole inclosure being, according to his measurement, 255 feet long, and 155 broad. There were square towers on the corners of the walls, and also in the middle, and within them every thing necessary for the wants of the community was provided—chapels, dormitories, gardens, wells, mills, bakehouses, and all offices required, so as to render it unnecessary for the inmates ever to go without the inclosure.

When Pococke arrived at the walls of the convent, the monks let the basket down, and drew him to the opening in the wall, by means of a windlass and ropes, as they were accustomed to do in the case of all pilgrims that came to visit the spot. As soon as he had entered within the walls, they asked him whether he would be immediately shown to his room, or whether he would first visit the church. The traveler desired to see the church, and the brother who received him in charge accordingly conducted him thither. On entering the church, he found that though it was small, and simply constructed, it was still elaborately ornamented with columns, porticoes, chapels, mosaics, and paintings; and the floor was very beautifully paved. In one part of the edifice, near the high altar, was a marble chest, elaborately wrought, and adorned with carvings of foliage. This chest contained the relics of the body of St. Catharine, which, as the reader will recollect, were found upon the summit of the mountain, and brought down to the convent by the monks. In the east end of the church was a small chapel, which was called the Chapel of the Burning Bush. It occupied, as the monks supposed, the very spot where the burning bush was seen by Moses. The precise place where the bush is supposed to have stood, is marked by a white marble stone, under the altar. No one approaches this chapel but with feelings of profound veneration and awe. They remove their shoes from their feet, as Moses was directed to do when he saw the bush. They then enter in solemn silence, and reverently kiss the stone which marks the consecrated place where the miracle was performed.

After meeting with various adventures, and



THE CONVENT OF ST. CATHARINE.

witnessing a great many singular ceremonies within the convent, one of which was the public exhibition of certain parts of the body of St. Catharine, as preserved in the marble chest, our traveler was one morning let down from the wall, for the purpose of making an excursion to the summit of the mountain. One of the lay brethren of the monastery went to accompany him, as a guide. The ascent commenced on the north side of Mt. Horeb, by means of a pathway formed of stone steps, narrow and rude, but of very ancient construction. The monks said that these steps were made by the Empress Helena, and that the series was continued formerly quite to the summit of the mountain. After ascending for some time, Pococke and his guide came to a place where, at a narrow pass in the road, there was an arched portal or gateway, built across the passage, so as to close it entirely when the gate was shut. The guide said that, in former times, when pilgrims ascended the mountain, it was customary for them to receive the sacrament at the summit, and that in preparation for this service they were accustomed to confess their sins to a priest at the convent, and to take a certificate from him that they had done so. This certificate they were accustomed to deliver at this gateway, and to receive instead of it, a

sort of pass, which they were afterward to deliver in its turn at another gateway, farther up the mountain.

On reaching the summit of the first ascent, our traveler turned to the right, toward Mt. Horeb, where he found several chapels. Among them was one called the Chapel of Elijah. Within this chapel was a small cave, where it was said the prophet dwelt at the time of his retreat to Mt. Sinai, already described. There were various other grottoes and caves in this vicinity, with each of which was connected some strange story or legend relating to the saint or hermit by whom it had been occupied. Our traveler, without waiting long to examine these ancient cells, continued his ascent until, at length, he reached the summit of the mountain. Here were small churches and mosques, built by the Christians and Mahommedans, who both alike venerate the spot where the law of God was first recorded and proclaimed. One of the churches was said to occupy the precise spot where Moses received the two tables of stone.

Our limits will not allow us to follow our traveler any farther in his wanderings about the Sinai Mountains, or to describe in detail the various objects of interest which attracted his attention. It is sufficient to say, that the region was filled in every part with grottoes, cells, ruined convents and chapels, deserted roads, and other similar tokens of the presence of an abundant population on the spot, in former years.

The lay-brother who served our traveler for a guide, conducted him, moreover, to a number of sacred localities, and pointed out to his attention several very wonderful relics and memorials relating to the various events of the Mosaic history. On the very summit of Mt. Moses, for example, there was a great rock, whose top towering above the surrounding crags, formed the very pinnacle of the mountain, while the base of it, leaning against the face of a precipice below, inclosed a sort of cavity, where a man might creep in and lie concealed. On the side of this cavity, opposite to the entrance, was a crevice, through which one might see the light. It was here, the guide said, that Moses was concealed when God put him into the cleft of the rock, and covered him with his hand, as described in Exodus xxxiii. 22. At another place, near the base of the mountain—in fact, at the commencement of one of the roads leading up from the Valley of Rahah—the spot was pointed out where Aaron cast the golden calf. There was a hole in the rock, somewhat in the form of a head, which the monks said was the actual mould in which the head of the image was formed. But, perhaps, the most important relic of all, was the stone which Moses smote, to bring water for the children of Israel to drink. This stone lay in a valley to the west of Mt. Sinai. It was of red granite, and Pococke, on measuring it, found it about fifteen feet long, and ten or twelve wide and high. "On both sides of it," says Pococke, in his description, "toward one end, and at the top, for about the breadth of eight inches, it is discolored as by the running of water; and all down this part, on both sides, and at the top, there are certain openings or mouths, some of which resemble the lion's mouth that is sometimes cut in stone spouts, but appear not to be the work of a tool. There are about twelve of these openings on each side. The Arabs call this the Stone of Moses, and they put herbs into these mouths, and then give them to their camels, as a sovereign remedy, they think, in all disorders."

All these things, as Pococke saw and described them a hundred years ago, are found remaining there unchanged, by travelers who visit the spot at the present day.

BURCKHARDT'S VISIT.

One of the most interesting narratives which have been given of the numerous visits made to Mt. Sinai in modern times, is that of Burckhardt, the celebrated oriental traveler, of whom we have already spoken at length, in our article on the Dead Sea. His narrative is the more important to us in this connection, as he describes in full his journey from Cairo to Mt. Sinai, and gives us a very distinct idea of the condition of the peninsula at the time of his visit. His journey was performed in 1816.

The expedition which Burckhardt made to Mt. Sinai was in some respects an accidental event, as he informs us; for he was engaged at the time in the service of a society, whose object it was to make explorations in Africa. A tour to Mt. Sinai, which is in Asia, was thus an episode, as it were, from his general plans It happened thus:

He had been spending some time at Cairo, studying the languages of the countries which he was intending to visit, and making other preparations for his journey, when suddenly the plague broke out there. Most of the Franks in the town immediately shut themselves up, to avoid the contagion. Burckhardt, however, being unwilling to subject himself to such an imprisonment—one necessarily very rigid in its terms, and very likely to be greatly protracted in its duration—determined to avail himself of the opportunity for making an excursion into the peninsula of Mt. Sinai. He conceived the idea, not merely of visiting the convent on the mountain, but also of extending his tour to the town of Akaba, which stands at the extremity of the eastern arm of the Red Sea. This was quite an adventurous undertaking, for in Burckhardt's time no European traveler had penetrated as far as to Akaba, though in our day the road to it has become quite a thoroughfare for curious travelers.

Before setting out upon this journey, there were two preliminary steps which our traveler deemed it expedient to take, in respect to the people of the peninsula. The object of the first was to provide some means of protection and security against the tribes of wandering Arabs that he must necessarily encounter in every part of his journey; and the second, to secure the means of admission into the convent which he

should reach at the end of it. The Arabs were accustomed to consider all travelers who should attempt to penetrate into their dominions, as intruders and enemies; and the people of the convent, it was said, would never admit any wandering travelers through their lofty and inhospitable door, unless they came with proper credentials. There was a branch of the convent at Cairo, and a letter of introduction from the officers in charge there, was essential to secure admission within the walls of the edifice. Such a letter Burckhardt procured. He also attempted to obtain a passport from the Pasha of Egypt, addressed to the principal chieftain of the peninsular Bedouins. By means of such a document Burckhardt hoped to establish friendly relations with the Arabs whom he should encounter on his journey, and perhaps find a company of them willing to guide and escort him to Akaba. He was disappointed, however, in his hope of procuring this passport. It was promised to him, and he waited day after day in hopes to receive it. It did not come, however; and, finally wearied with the delay, and impatient to escape from the infected atmosphere of Cairo, he concluded to set off without it, and to trust to his own resources for surmounting or evading any difficulties which he might encounter on his way.

At the time of Burckhardt's visit, there was a constant intercourse between Cairo and the peninsula of Mt. Sinai, as caravans were frequently coming and going with passengers, goods, and provisions of various kinds, the results of a rude traffic which was carried on by Cairo with Suez, and also with the interior of the country beyond. This traffic arose in part from the wants of pilgrims who, in certain seasons of the year, traverse all the routes of the eastern world in great numbers. Burckhardt made arrangements for traveling in company with a caravan consisting of twenty camels, which was about setting out on the journey to Suez at the time when he was ready. He provided two camels, one for himself, and one for a servant, whom he had employed as a guide; he also laid in a stock of provisions for six weeks' consumption. When all was ready, he proceeded one evening to the place of rendezvous appointed for the caravan, which was a lonely spot among some ruined tombs, to the eastward of Cairo. There he spent the night at the encampment of the caravan, and on the following morning the long train took up its march for the desert.

The route led them across a region of rocky hills and sandy plains, with valleys here and there among them, which produced a scanty vegetation for the support of the flocks and herds of the wandering Arab tribes. After a few days' journey, during which the party met with the usual adventures and incidents encountered by such companies in crossing the Arabian deserts, they reached Suez. Here the caravan stopped; and Burckhardt found himself under the necessity of relying on his own resources for the remainder of his journey. He accordingly hired another Arab to accompany him, and then setting out early in the morning with these two attendants, he left Suez, and passing round the head of that branch of the Red Sea on which Suez is situated, he entered upon the broad and sandy plain which opened before him in the direction of Sinai.

He was five days in reaching the mountain. He traveled sometimes over desert plains—sometimes through narrow and rocky defiles, and sometimes through valleys that could make some pretensions to fertility and verdure. He encamped at night at the wells or springs of water to which his guides directed him, and when these failed, he pitched his tent under the shelter of a rock, or in a nook or recess in some winding



TRAVELING IN THE DESERT.

ravine. From time to time he met with parties of Arabs traveling to and fro, and sometimes visited these barbarians in their encampments. In such cases, he was always received with great kindness and hospitality. The country became more and more mountainous as he proceeded, and the valleys more contracted; until, at last, after passing through a series of winding and rocky defiles, he entered the Wady Es-Sheikh, and thus found himself drawing near to the Sinai mountains.

The word Sheikh, in the language of the Arabs, means *chieftain;* and Burckhardt found that the valley derived its name from the fact of its containing the tomb of a celebrated Arab chief called the Sheikh Szaleh. After traveling along the valley for about eight hours, Burckhardt and his party reached this tomb. It consisted of a small stone building, of a rude but substantial con-

struction, with the coffin of the Sheikh inclosed in it. The travelers entered the tomb, and found that the walls of it were adorned with various votive offerings which the Bedouins had made to honor the memory of the deceased, such as silk tassels, handkerchiefs, ostrich eggs, camel halters and bridles, and other similar tokens. The coffin itself was concealed from view, being protected by a sort of curtained screen, on which several Arab prayers and invocations were embroidered.

The tomb of this chieftain was regarded, Burckhardt found, according to the estimation of the Arabs, as the most sacred spot in all the peninsula—the memory of the personage whose remains it was built to protect, being regarded by them with the utmost veneration. They were accustomed to make vows to sacrifice a sheep in honor of the Sheikh, on condition that some anticipated event or contingency, which they wished very much to realize, should really occur—and then, in case their desires were fulfilled, they would repair to this tomb with their friends, and after offering the sheep according to their vows, would spend the day in feasting and conviviality. Still, after making very diligent inquiry, Burckhardt was unable to ascertain who this great chieftain was, or what he had done to give him such claims to the respect and veneration of his countrymen.

Leaving the tomb of the Sheikh, our traveler continued his journey, until, at length, turning from the valley of Es-Sheikh into that of Shueib, he came to the foot of Mt. Sinai, and halted under the walls of the convent. The monks let down a cord, and Burckhardt, by means of it, sent up his letter of recommendation. After reading it, the monks let down a rope with a stick tied across at the end. The traveler mounted upon this stick, and clasping the cord in his hands, was drawn up, and taken in at the window. He was received with great kindness and cordiality by the monks, and was conducted at once to an apartment furnished especially for the convenience of European travelers. He remained several days at the convent, and then resuming his journey went on to Akabah, and afterward returned to the convent again. During these two visits he explored the convent buildings and all the sacred localities of the mountain. The observations which he made, however, within the convent, and the adventures which he met with in ascending the valleys and exploring the mountains around it, were very similar to those of Pococke, and we shall not repeat them. Very little change, in fact, had taken place during the half century that had elapsed since the journey of the former traveler had been made—except that the lapse of time had carried gradually forward the progress of delapidation and decay The monks were fewer in number, the pilgrims and other visitors were more rare; the ruins were more ruinous, and the traditions more faint, and, above all, the power of the spot to awaken sublime and solemn emotions, had been very essentially weakened, through the progress and influence of that great change which, for the last century, has been gradually taking place in the point of view from which such memorials are regarded by mankind.



ENTERING THE CONVENT

CONCLUSION.

During the period which has elapsed since Burckhardt's visit, a greater change still has taken place in the aspect which Mt. Sinai presents, though it is a change which has been produced, not by any alteration in the locality itself, but by the entirely new light which the present age is throwing around it. It is such a change as is produced in a sombre moonlight scene among the mountains, by the rising of the sun. The effect of modern improvements in locomotion, and of the vast increase of wealth and of opportunities of leisure among the middling and higher classes in Europe and America, has filled the east with gay and thoughtless tourists and travelers, who roam every where over the sacred ground, under the influence of curiosity and love of excitement and pleasure, but who have very little reverence for the sacred localities, and very little faith in the ancient traditions which claim to identify them. The pilgrim of ancient days, who toiled for months, and sometimes for years, along his weary way, from kingdom to kingdom, and from shore to shore, until he reached the hallowed ground, and then knelt before the relics and monuments which he beheld there, overwhelmed with the deepest emotions of veneration and awe, is seen no more. He has passed forever away; all that is most grand and sublime in the sombre glory of Mt. Sinai has passed away too:—for it was the light with which his devout and solemn enthusiasm invested the solitary mountain that constituted its highest charm.

THREE WEEKS IN CUBA.

BY AN ARTIST.

A BRIGHT dream of boyhood and earnest aspirations of maturing youth, have been realized! I have seen Cuba, the "Queen of the Antilles," and am satisfied. I have felt the emotions of delight which fill the heart when the purple hills of Managua are first seen looming up in the distance, like monsters in repose on the bosom of the ocean. I have endured the vexations of official extortion at *la Punta;* lounged in the *cafés* of the capital; loitered at twilight on the margin of the *Paseo de Isabel*, or by the sparkling waters of the *Fuente de la Habana*, where groups of young men stand gazing with delight upon the lovely *señoritas*, flitting by in their light *volantes;* and better than all this, I have climbed the glorious mountains of the island, reveled in the wealth of verdure which garnish its plains, and have bathed in its clear rivers. O! she is a lovely Queen even now, scarred as she is by the implements of man's avarice; blighted as is her primal beauty by the moral mildew of kingly and priestly despotism, and warted as she is in every feature by that parasite of civilization in the Western World, the slavery of mind and muscle, in its worst form. Her mountains, rising in queenly magnificence, and crowned with a diadem of brilliant atmosphere, are yet as glorious—and, in her vestments of unequaled verdure, garnished every where with buds and blossoms, and fragrant with perfumes which Araby could not yield for the garments of Sheba's Queen, she is yet as attractive as on that brilliant October morning, three hundred and sixty years ago, when Columbus, with the Pinzons and their followers anchored in the beautiful Nisse, chanted a *Te Deum*, and then reveled in the paradisiacal luxuries of Nature in her plenitude. But there is a cloud of deep sadness upon her brow, for cruel wrongs are wringing bitter tears from her eyes. Yet there is a "still small voice" of hope, potential and abiding, in every gentle breeze from the ocean; and the Seer of inspiration seems to speak from the dim Past, "Wake Isles of the South! your redemption is nigh!" Even the hoarse voice of the hurricane appears to tell of a mighty power of deliverance which proclaims the dawning of a day at hand, when "the mountains and the hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

A blight fell upon Cuba on the day when Columbus came, with lofty spiritual professions, and first trod its soil. Filled with admiration, he exclaimed, "I know not where first to go, nor are my eyes ever weary of gazing on the beautiful verdure. The singing of the birds is such that it seems as if one would never desire to part from hence. There are flocks of parrots that obscure the sun, and other birds of many kinds, large and small; and trees, also, of a thousand species, each having its peculiar fruit, and all of marvelous flavor." Yet, while the navigator's soul was thus involuntarily worshiping at the shrine of God's lovely creation, GREED, with its keen eye and stony heart, laid its hand upon his shoulder and bade his spirit grovel in search of gold—gold! the puissant magnet which for a century and a half afterward attracted ship after ship from Western Europe, filled with avaricious men in search of sudden wealth in the virgin bosom of the Western World. Gold, pearls, spices, and other luxuries of courts and feudal households, were the chief objects sought for by the Genoese and his companions; and when success failed to crown their efforts bitter disappointment clouded their perceptions and chilled their hearts. They could not appreciate the gentle docility of the Cubans whose brotherly kindness followed them at every step. Although here seemed to be the dim-shadowed Atlantis of antiquity, with all its wonderous romance a reality; and nature and humanity coalesced in every gentle influence to purify the heart and elevate the affections, Greed held its icy sway, and every sense was employed in eager search for gold, pearls, and spices. Finding neither, they left this fancied Cipangi (Japan) to search for the more wealthy shores of Farther India.

Discoverers were soon followed by conquerors, proud, avaricious, and heartless. No *right* was recognized, in the treatment of the natives, but *might*, and those simple people who had lived in physical ease and enjoyed tranquillity, love, and almost unalloyed happiness, until Europeans saw and coveted their paradise, were dispossessed, degraded to the condition of slaves, and made beasts of burden to Spanish adventurers. Settlements were formed, cities were founded, nominal Christianity was established, bishops came, and the Cubans, as a people, were no more. Political tyranny and religious bigotry blotted out their simple civil laws and religious rites, and avarice, after crushing every semblance of dignity in their character, bent their backs to its labor-burdens. From that hour to the present a voice of wail has gone up continually to high heaven from the heaving bosom of the "Queen of the Antilles."

Baracoa was founded as early as 1508. In 1514 it was invested with the dignity of a city and a bishopric, and was made the capital of the island. Havana was planted in 1515; was fortified after being burned by a French privateer in 1538; was made the vice-royal residence in 1549, and, in 1589, was declared to be the capital of the island. All manual labor was performed by the enslaved Cubans; searches for gold continued; agriculture was very little attended to, and the wealthy proprietors were mere cattle-breeders, whose herds grazed upon the bountiful plains where no seeding by the hand of man was needed. By degrees the soil revealed its promises, and the indolent Spaniards, perceiving surer wealth there than in the mines, were induced to cultivate the fertile acres. During the last twenty years of the sixteenth century, the cultivation of the sugar-cane and tobacco was introduced, and a royal license was obtained to

import negroes from the coast of Africa, to perform the labor. The natives, weighed down by oppression, rapidly diminished in numbers, and a century after the discovery of Cuba, few of pure blood remained. The women were made the wives and concubines of the conquerors, and soon a hybrid race, called Creoles, considered by the Spaniards inferior to themselves, formed the numerical strength of the population of the island. Charmed by the promises of pleasure held out by the climate and the social system of Cuba, many Spanish hidalgos, and even nobles of higher rank, emigrated thither, and this class (which has ever been very considerable), and the Creoles, constitute the social and political antagonisms which now distract the island. The success of the commandants of fortresses in repelling invaders, gave these officials greater consequence than the civil governors possessed, and the imperial government, acknowledging that superiority, placed the supreme rule of the island in the hands of Captains-general. For more than a hundred and fifty years that most odious of all despotisms, *military rule*, has prevailed in Cuba. The Captain-general exercises vice-regal powers, and holds in his hand the dispensation of happiness or misery to the people of Cuba. For more than a century tax upon tax has been laid upon the industry of the island, for the ostensible purposes of revenue for the royal treasury, but really to fill the coffers of greedy resident officials. The Creoles groan under the burden, and sigh for deliverance. Commerce has made them acquainted with our happy republic; despotism has compelled them to study our institutions, to learn the way to emancipation, and the lash of extortion makes them stretch forth their hands imploringly to us, beseeching us to be bountiful almoners of that freedom which we so largely possess. That genuine sympathy which flows out toward the oppressed every where, makes us start in response to the call, but the hand of national faith, pointing to grave treaties, sealed by plighted honor, beckons us back to the seat of inaction.

I am neither historian nor philosopher, prophet nor politician; yet if I read history aright, and understand the philosophy of its teachings, it needs not the perception of a prophet to foresee the political condition of Cuba, perhaps ere the earth shall have made another circuit of the ecliptic. There appears to be a higher law than the savage enactments of selfish men, at work in the hearts of the Cubans, and this energy, aided by official stupidity, is rapidly deepening the grave of Spanish misrule over one of the most beautiful domains of earth. With free institutions and an intelligent people, Cuba, instead of presenting to the world the spectacle of a garden in ruins—its hedge broken down, and its shrubs and plants and fruitful vines crushed and ravished by "the wild boar out of the wood," might exhibit a garden in richest bloom and generous fruitage, the delight of its husbandman and the pride of the Western world.

Standing, like Janus, with a face toward the Past and toward the Future, and in absorbing thought almost forgetting the Present, my pen has impolitely parted company with its pencil-companion, and wandered off among "the delectable mountains" of fact and speculation, whither I did not intend it should go. I gave it staff and scrip for a brief journey, with its companion, into the interior of the island, far away from the din of commerce and the wranglings of politics. The truant is recalled, chided for its errantry, and placed in the sober path of present reality.

I first saw Cuba from the sea, at eight o'clock in the morning, and before noon we were upon the waters between Moro Castle and the Punta. Government officials speedily examined my passports, and measured, speculatively, the length of my purse. An hour afterward, having paid for personal and baggage permits to land, I was chatting with a resident friend at Madame Almy's, the most comfortable hotel in the Cuban capital.

I believe I am courageous even in the presence of danger, yet that

> "Conscience which makes cowards of us all,"

gave my heart a slight ague as I strolled, during the afternoon, over the open space between the Punta Castle and the stately houses beyond, where Lopez was *garroted*. I knew myself to be full of sympathy for the Cubans—a very magazine of rebellious thoughts and words, as fearful to a Spanish official just now as a lighted bomb-shell at his feet; and I involuntarily shuddered at the thought that one might explode in the midst of the excitement then prevailing in the city. Reflecting, however, that I had carefully buttoned my lips with prudent silence on ship-board, and had opened them only for food and conversation with my friend since my arrival, I passed the first night in Havana without disturbing dreams, and the fear that a careless word might come back in the form of a dark-visaged policeman.

At dawn the following morning I left for the interior. My friend had become surety for my good behavior while on the island, and in my pocket was a twelve-month's traveling license. I have it yet—a precious memento of the extortions and vexations to which strangers are subjected in Cuba. Havana is the paradise of official vultures. They meet you at every corner, and by the time a stranger is fairly lodged at a hotel, he possesses many dimes less than when he entered the harbor. If you desire to spend a night with a friend away from your hotel, a permit must be previously obtained, and if you wish to make a journey into the interior of the island, you must procure a license for fifteen days, to go and return from any given place, or one for a year, which will allow you to traverse any part of Cuba, unmolested by other extortioners. In each of these transactions, money—the *alpha* and *omega* of the official alphabet of Cuba—is required, and the stranger is reckoned among the fortunate ones if he gets *legally* seated in a railway car or upon horseback for the sum of twelve or fifteen dollars. It was thus "armed and equipped as the law directs," that I left my hotel in a *volante*, passed along the *Calle Muralla*



THE VOLANTE.

(Wall Street), one of the busiest thoroughfares in the city, through a narrow arched gateway in the city wall, guarded by stupid sentinels, and emerged upon the beautiful *Paseo*, or public grounds, of Isabella II. There is the *Fountain of Havana*, surmounted by an Indian princess with a mural shield, and pouring forth clear waters from the distant hills through finely-carved dolphins. This *Paseo* is a favorite resort of the Habaneros on Sundays and other "cross days;" and there, toward evening, hundreds assemble daily for recreation. There may be seen long lines of *volantes*, often drawn by blood horses, richly caparisoned with silver-mounted harness, and driven by black mounted *caleseros*, whose boots vie in polish with their faces. In each of these two young ladies are usually seated, their heads bare, their hair tastefully interwoven with pearls and flowers, their arms and bosoms sparkling with jewels, and the ever-present fan gracefully aiding them in bestowing coquettish smiles upon the groups of young men who crowd the footpaths of the *Paseo*. Mingled with this gay scene are stern-featured mounted lancers, kept there for the purpose of preserving order and decorum, while at the same time they remind the people, even in the midst of innocent enjoyments, that in military power they have a lord and master.

Passing from the *Paseo de Isabel*, and leaving the *Campo de Marte* on the left, we reached the railway station, and took a seat for Guanajay, on the western branch of the railway from Havana. After proceeding slowly along the *ferro carril*



RAILWAY STATION

among the wretched suburban population — a motley collection of all colors and ages, half-naked men and women and nude children—we passed the rich gardens of the Captain-general, the great reservoir, and one of the finest of the city cemeteries, and immediately penetrated the best cultivated portions of Cuba, where art, applying irrigation to a dry but generous soil, has produced great fertility. On every side were well-stocked farms, beautified by hedges of aloes with their magnificent candelabra of flowers, or the more modest lime-hedges, sprinkled with white blossoms, and redolent with perfume. The fields were covered with growing and ripening pine-apples and luscious bananas; and in every nook gorgeous flowers, such as we of the chilly North cherish in hot-houses, were springing into life and beauty. Beyond these plantations, designed as gardens for the supply of Havana market stalls, we traversed little valleys among the hills, covered by extensive sugar and coffee estates. The neat mansions of the proprietors, with their broad verandahs, were seen in the distance at the end of a colonnade of stately palms, or in glimpses behind large clumps of luxuriant bamboo. Here I first saw the *palma real* (royal palm) in its beauty. They are scattered over the fields, sometimes in groups, but often alone, standing like sentinels watching the wealth around them. They cast very little shadow, for the tall trunks are covered only with a tuft of long leaves, which tremble at the touch of every zephyr, and glisten like satin in the sun.

At Guanajay I mounted a horse, and accompanied by a single *arriero* with a pack mule, departed for that portion of the island lying betweed Mariel and Mangus, where the northern and southern shores of Cuba approach nearest each other.

The highways of Cuba are generally worse than the by-ways of New England. Although blessed with such a lofty name as Royal Road, they are always cursed with unmitigated roughness, especially those which traverse the mountains. Wheeled vehicles can not be used with either comfort or safety, and the horse and mule are universally used in traveling. Even this method is difficult upon the plains, in the rainy season, for the rich soil becomes a bottomless slough of mud; and in the dry season it is changed into a suffocating dust, which renders traveling very disagreeable. Journeying in the mountains upon the sure-footed beasts of burden, though rougher and more dangerous, is far more agreeable.

The taverns by the way-side afford very little attraction to the stranger, traversing the country for the first time. The bill of fare is exceedingly simple and brief, and almost every dish of prepared food is highly flavored with offensive garlic. The traveler may resort to a meal of bananas, rice, and eggs, if they can be procured, until his taste becomes "acclimated," which happy state is soon attained under the severe regimen of hunger and a keen appetite, and garlic loses a degree of its offensiveness to palate and nostrils. Sometimes the traveler may be favored with jerked-beef and codfish, and even with milk and chickens. These, however, are reckoned among rarities, and the tavern is a comfortable place only for the *arrieros* (pack-mule drivers) and the *carreteros*, the drivers of heavy carts used in conveying the produce of estates to maket. The traveler finds comfort neither at table nor in bed, for the musical musquito and the crafty flea vie with each other in their attentions to a stranger during the night.

The horse being almost the only conveyance for persons in the interior, the animal and his



FARM HOUSES

trappings often constitute the chief wealth and solicitude of the *guajiro* (peasant); in fact, the Cuban peasant is a sort of Centaur—the horse becomes a part of the man. The poorest of them manage to possess a horse; and even the beggars approach the traveler upon the road on horseback, and ride from one plantation to another, in careless ease, soliciting "entertainment for man and beast."

In the management of their horses, the poorer classes use a simple rope halter, and ride upon saddles made of palm leaves and straw, until fortune favors them with money sufficient to purchase an outfit more stylish. A good saddle, silver-mounted bridle, silver spurs, and a silver handled *machete* (a heavy straight sword) are prime objects of a *guajiro's* ambition. Possessing these, with the addition of gold shirt-buttons and silver buckles for his pantaloons, he is considered a favored child of fortune, and is ready to assume the grave responsibilities of married life. His wants are few, and his ambition is easily satisfied. He has no craving for a fine mansion and costly furniture, but is "as happy as a lord" beneath his shelter of dried palm-



PEASANT'S HOUSE.

leaves laid over rafters of bamboo, which scarcely protects his household from the heat of the tropical sun and the drenching rains. His carpet is the native clay; his table is of rough boards, and his chairs are seated with raw dried cow-hides. These, with the shells of the *guira* (calabash), of various sizes, and a bed of dried palm leaves and straw, constitute the bulk of his furniture. The chief ornaments of his house are the trappings of his horse, hung in a conspicuous place when not in actual service, and a few wretched pictures of the *Virgin* and *Saints*, in every form of expression. Ignorant and indolent, with few incentives to do better, the *guajiro* labors only in response to the call of the physical necessities of himself and family. He cultivates *bananas*, *malangas*, and *yuca* as substitutes for bread, and sometimes raises pigs and fowls. Game-cocks are usually more numerous than hens in his brood, and command his chief solicitude, for they afford him exquisite amusement and while away many tedious hours of each day of his listless life. Thus thousands of strong men pass indolently, and almost uselessly, through life, upon a soil of marvelous fertility, beneath a sky of radiant beauty, and in a climate of surpassing amenity, chiefly because a crushing despotism, civil and religious, has sealed almost every avenue to distinction and every incentive to action, to the Creole, and thickly vailed the lamp of learning, whose light every despot, great and small, has sufficient acumen to perceive reveals the upward pathway from slavery to freedom. There are strong and willing hands; there are warm and generous hearts; there are intellects clear and powerful among the Creoles all over Cuba, which need only the promise of free institutions to be brought into efficient action in the broad field of human progress. They are now prisoners all—slaves all—and true Christian civilization weeps in pity, yet smiles in hope, for the day of jubilee is dawning.

The mansions of the sugar and coffee estates present an agreeable contrast to the rude domicils of the peasantry. Formerly, the cultivation



CEIBA TREE.

of sugar cane was confined to districts near large towns upon the coast. Within a few years they have extended to the interior among the rich plains and intervales of the *vuelta arriba* (upper country). I halted at one of the finest *ingenios*, or sugar estates, in the district of St. Marc, about forty miles from Havanna. The country in that vicinity is thickly settled and well cultivated; not too hilly, watered by fine streams, and beautified by the luxuriant vegetation which gives such a charm to Cuban landscapes. Next to the delicious perfumes which greet the senses at early dawn, and the enchanting brilliancy of the atmosphere just before sunrise, nothing arrests the attention of the stranger in Cuba more forcibly than the wealth of its vegetation, exhibiting an almost endless variety of trees, shrubs, and flowers. Among the former, the *ceiba*, the Anak of Cuban forests, challenges special attention. The powerful trunks of some of these rise to an altitude of eighty, and even one hundred feet, before stretching out their brawny arms and covering their delicate fingers with the rich velvet-like foliage which forms a superb canopy many yards in circumference. Its stately trunk, like some castle tower, is supported by huge buttresses, and over the whole surface of its branches, parasites creep in serried lines or depend in graceful festoons, brilliant with flowers. This section of the island exhibits, also, a great variety of *palms*, all of one general family, with points of near resemblance, yet all distinctly marked by differences. These mingle with the great variety of other trees, and all being interlaced with vines and creeping parasites give a density to the shadows of Cuban forests and groves, unknown in northern latitudes. The parasites every where abound. They creep and twine around the stems and branches of almost every tree, loading them with floral ornaments in profusion. They also creep over barren rocks and dead trunks of trees, and like the drapery of the gums and cypresses of our southern swamps, appear to derive all nutriment from the air.

One of the most remarkable specimens of the parasite family is the *jaguey-marcho*, very properly called the *parricide tree*. Its growth sometimes commences upon the trunk of the palm or the ceiba, and sometimes among the branches. Rapidly extending its tendrils in every direction and increasing its bulk and strength, it at length wraps its serpent folds in deadly embrace around the parent tree. A conflict for mastery may be carried on for years, but the parasite is sure to be the victor. The parent tree dies and decays, and there stands the parricide, with its distorted, hollow trunk, a striking emblem of filial ingratitude Our picture represents a palm in the embrace of a *jaguey-marcho*.



PARRICIDE TREE.

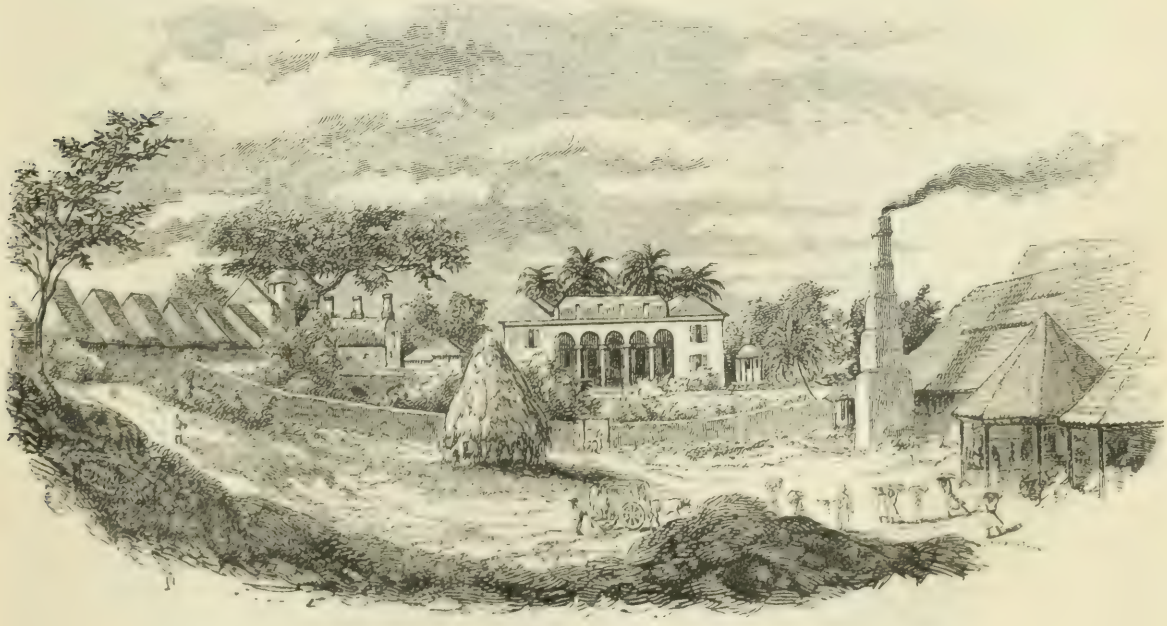
The *caña brava*, or bamboo, is the queen of vegetation in Cuba. Grace, delicacy, richness of form and color, every element of vegetable beauty appear combined in this luxuriant dweller by the streams of the tropics. Nothing is more cheering to the eye of the heated and weary traveler than the deep rocky basins formed by mountain streams when filled with water and overshadowed by clumps of bamboo. They often lean over the stream upon one side, and arch the pathway upon the other, excluding almost every ray of sunlight from the cool recesses below. Their delicate brittle leaves are stirred by the tiniest zephyr, and bend to the pressure of the butterfly and the bee. Sometimes clumps of bamboo stand on either side of the roads and form long vaulted passages, as if by fretted Gothic arches, with here and there bunches of rich flowers and leaves hanging down like beautiful corbels. When the gale or the hurricane comes.



BAMBOO.

these groves of bamboo exchange an aspect of beauty for that of grandeur. They are heaved and tossed like the billows of the sea, and their rich foliage, driven in every direction, appears like surges breaking on the rocks.

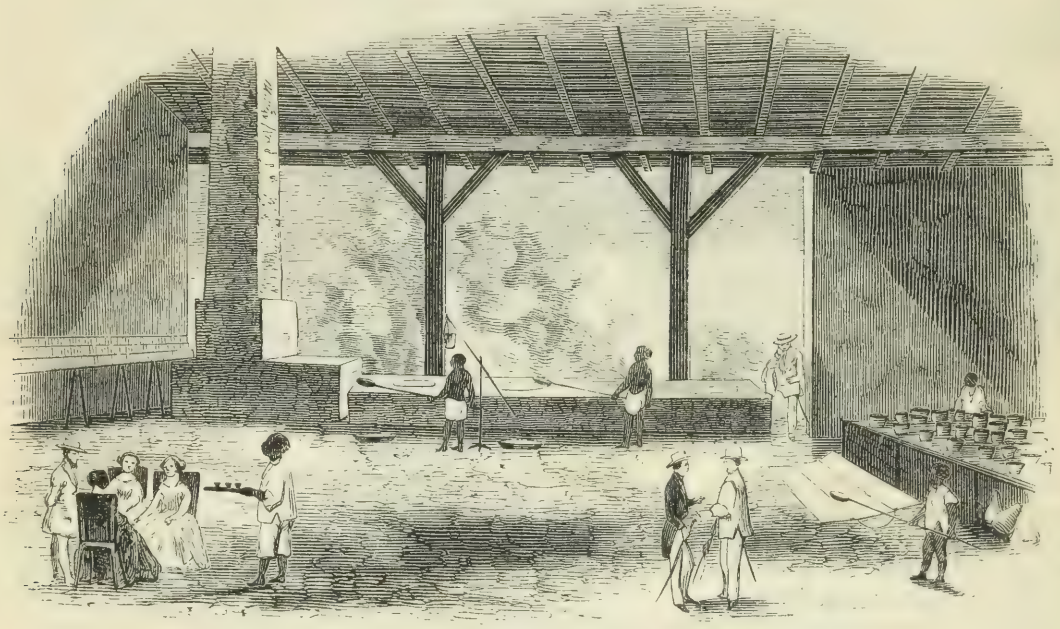
It was late in October, at the beginning of the cane harvest, when I enjoyed a week of pleasant recreation upon the *ingenio* of a wealthy Spaniard. The roads in the vicinity were much superior to any I had seen after leaving Guanajay, and the appearance of unthrift, every where else abounding, was here unperceived. As we approached the *ingenio* long lines of the royal palm skirted the highway, and hedges of the aloe and lime beautified the margins of broad fields covered with the tender sugar cane. Passing through a delicately wrought iron gateway, and along a lane studded with two rows of palms on either



A SUGAR ESTATE.

side, we reined up before the mansion of the proprietor, who was at home and gave us a cordial welcome. He was a man of fifty, of pleasing address, and appeared to be desirous of making my visit agreeable. After resting, and partaking of some refreshments, we visited the various buildings devoted to the manufacture of sugar from the cane. These consisted of the mill, where the sugar is crushed, the boiling-house, where the sirup is prepared for crystalization, the purging-house, where the sugar is refined, and the drying-house, where it is finished for market. Every process was new to me, and as they may be also to many readers, I will here give a brief account of the manufacture of sugar. The cane is cut while yet tender, brought from the fields, and passed between heavy wooden or iron rollers, by which the juice is pressed out. This juice or sirup is then exposed to evaporation until the liquid has acquired the proper consistency for crystallizing. During the time of evaporation, lime-water is added to the sirup to facilitate the separation of vegetable matter and neutralize certain free acids. The vegetable matter rises to the surface, and is skimmed off. The sirup is then placed into shallow wooden coolers, where it concretes. It is then put into barrels with numerous holes in their bottoms, through which a quantity of molasses gradually drips, while the remainder granulates. This process completed, the sugar is put in hogsheads, and sent to market. This is the common *raw* or *muscovado* sugar.

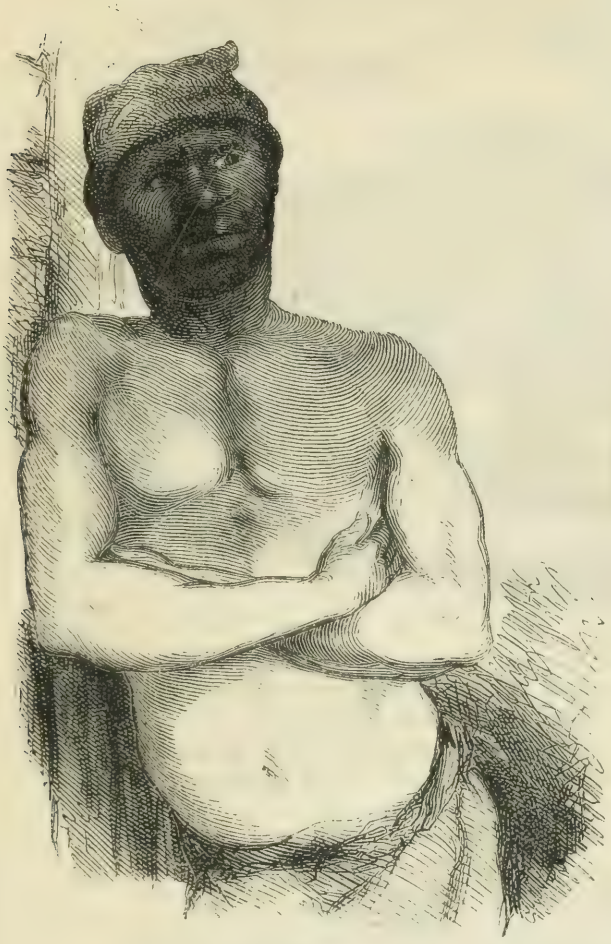
The refined sugar of commerce is not manufactured in Cuba. The *muscovado* often receives a certain degree of purification by the operation of "claying," employed in making the best refined sugar. After being properly prepared by vigorous agitation in coolers, with wooden oars, it is placed in inverted cones of unglazed earthen ware, which had been previously soaked in water. The apex of the cone is open, for the egress of molasses. Upon the exposed base of the loaf in these moulds, a layer of pipe-clay, an inch in thickness, and made of the consistency of cream, by water, is placed. The water from the clay percolates through the sugar, and carries impurities with it out at the orifice. The loaf when taken out of the mould, exhibits three degrees of purity, that toward the apex being the most impure. They are separated and put up for market as three distinct qualities of common white sugar.



SUGAR BOILING.

The season for gathering the sugar cane commences at the close of October, and continues, sometimes, until March. It is a season of severe labor for the negroes, and many of them, compelled to work at least eighteen hours each day, suffer much from being overtasked. The larger portion of the active slaves are natives of Africa, and are extremely indolent. There exists in Cuba none of that family feeling so prominent on the plantations in our Southern States, and they are treated with far less humanity. Impressed with a belief that extreme rigor is necessary, and regarding the slaves as mere brutes, the lash, so seldom used in our Southern States, is there a potential instrument in governing them. Fear of, not affection for their masters, makes them humble and respectful; and on a plantation where there are from three to five hundred negroes, there are seldom more than a dozen white men to manage them. The lash is laid on without stint, for the most trivial offenses, and often only as a spur to labor One general overseer, called *mayoral*, governs all the labor upon an estate. He has subordinate overseers, who parcel the negroes into gangs, and place black drivers over each group. These drivers are furnished with whips, which they often use without mercy, for each knows that if certain work assigned to his gang, is not completed at a given time, he will receive the lash himself. Selfish, like civilized man, he prefers to let his brother suffer in his stead.

The wants of the negro, which are purely physical, are extremely few in Cuba. They live almost exclusively on the abundant fruits of the island, of which they receive a stated daily allowance. The climate is so mild during



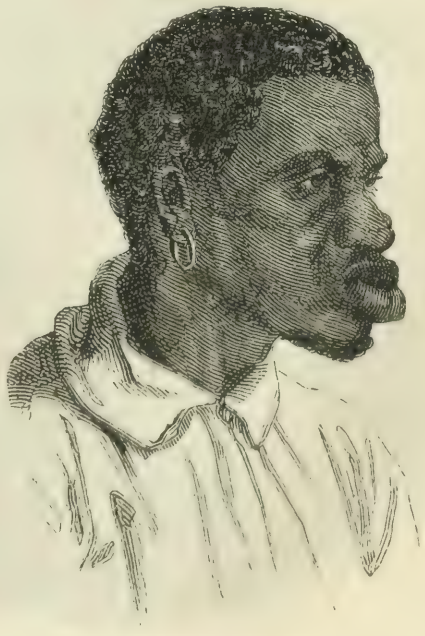
A FIELD NEGRO.

the whole year, that clothing is almost unnecessary for comfort, except in case of rain, or on windy days in winter, when they are provided with coarse woolen overcoats. The men work naked in the fields, except coarse linen pantaloons, and the children generally go entirely naked, until they are ten years of age. The whole race in Cuba are less intellectual in appearance than those of the United States where the African blood has a large portion of European alloy. They also have their peculiar vices, which appear to be inherent. The crime of theft is universal among them, and they often steal apparently for the love of the thing. Those who have been imported directly from Africa are expert in the use of vegetable poisons and often use them to compass certain selfish ends. I remember one negress, of forbidding features, who poisoned her children to secure her own ease. She claimed to be the daughter of a Lucumi king, and was brought to Cuba fourteen years ago. Her aversion to labor was so strong that it subverted her maternal feelings, and she kept three of her children, in succession, sick from their birth, with slow poison, until they died, in order that she might be confined with them in the plantation hospital, and thus avoid work.



A NEGRO MARTRICIDE.

I saw another pure African, of marked character and hideous aspect. He claimed to have been a priest in his native country, and he was shrewd enough to practice his sacerdotal functions in Cuba, to his own personal advantage. He was a most consummate hypocrite, perfectly loathed labor, and yet he commanded the reverence of his race on the estate. He managed to bow to the ground, kneel, utter unintelligible prayers, and perform all sorts of gesticulations so frequently, that when the sun went down each day, the priest had worked but little. He frequently made his antics profitable, for after



AFRICAN PRIEST.



LA TUMBA.

exhibiting his ludicrous performance to visitors, he would receive from them a *medio* (five cents) or *peseta* (twenty cents) in exchange for the fun he had afforded them. Bowing reverently, he would say. "Muchissimas gratias a su mercea" —Many thanks to your honor.

I must not omit the bell, a prominent object upon every estate. It is generally hung be



THE HERMITAGE

tween posts at a considerable height, so as to be heard in every part of the plantation. It is used to announce the time for rising in the morning, going to work, meals, to call the negroes from the fields on the approach of a thunder storm, or, in the event of a fire or other calamity, to summon the neighbors to assemble. It awakens the negroes at dawn, and at eight in the evening it calls them from the fields, to bed, in the village of huts which surround the mansions. They are all locked in at night, and the keys of each building are placed in the hands of the *mayoral*. They are thus kept, night and day, from interchanging thoughts, or forming combinations for any purpose.

Leaving the hospitable mansion of the *ingenio*, I turned my face toward the beautiful mountains which loomed up in the west, a dozen miles distant. Among the lovely intervals at their base is the *ingenio* of *La Tumba*, one of the finest on the island a few years ago, but now almost a desolation. We tarried long enough to quaff some sweet water at a spring near its entrance gate, and to make a sketch of the surroundings of the dilapidated mansion, from its porch, und then penetrated the recesses of the mountains by a steep and rugged bridle path. For several hours we traversed the rough road, filled at almost every step with boulders. It sometimes coursed along the margin of a rocky abyss, sometimes in the deep shadows of dense trees, and frequently crossed and recrossed rapid mountain streams, and through yawning chasms. It was a fatiguing journey, but full of excitement, such as nature in her grand and beautiful exhibitions, inspires We finally emerged from the amphitheatre of rough mountains into an open country, broken but exceedingly fertile, where *cafetals* (coffee estates) once flourishing, but now in ruins, were seen on every side. They were planted by French refugees from St. Domingo. Political disturbances in Cuba, a sudden decline in the price of coffee, and a succession of bad crops, discouraged the planters, and they abandoned the country and went to Jamaica. The ruins of many of their once gay dwellings, preached sadly to us of misrule, from their beautiful shaded pulpits on the hill slopes. One fine estate, called the *Hermitage*, yet preserves some of its former attractions, and is partially cultivated. It belongs to the proprietor of *Angenero*, and is kept as a pleasant resort among the hills during the hot months of summer. There we found a substantial meal of chickens, eggs, cakes, and bananas. It is a lovely spot. Every hill is crowned with verdure, springs gush from their bosoms, and clear mountain streams wind through the little valleys and gather in broad basins, where the angler's sport or the luxuries of a bath may be enjoyed.

Proceeding two or three miles beyond the *Hermitage*, the rugged hills disappeared, and gentle elevations rising one above another, crowned with palms and clothed in coffee-shrubs, fruit-trees, and flowering plants, presented a prospect truly enchanting. Here were some fine coffee estates, where nature and humanity assumed a gentler aspect. The coffee districts are much more agreeable to the traveler and philanthropist than the more fertile and profitable regions where the sugar-cane is cultivated. The field labor bears no comparison with that upon the *ingenios*, and



A CAFETAL OR COFFEE ESTATE.



ENTRANCE TO A COFFEE ESTATE.

much of the work is performed under shelter. For a long time the cultivation of this plant rapidly increased, and coffee promised to become one of the staple products of the island. The revolution in St. Domingo at the close of the last century, when the island passed into the possession of its half million of negroes, caused many of the French planters who fled to almost every island in the archipelago, to settle in Cuba. They were chiefly coffee-growers, and this immigration gave an impetus to that branch of agriculture. In the year 1800, there were but eighty *cafetals* on the island; in 1827, there were between twenty and thirty thousand, averaging from thirty to forty thousand trees each. Many of them had seventy and eighty thousand shrubs. The cultivation of coffee, owing to causes before hinted at, is far less profitable than that of sugar.



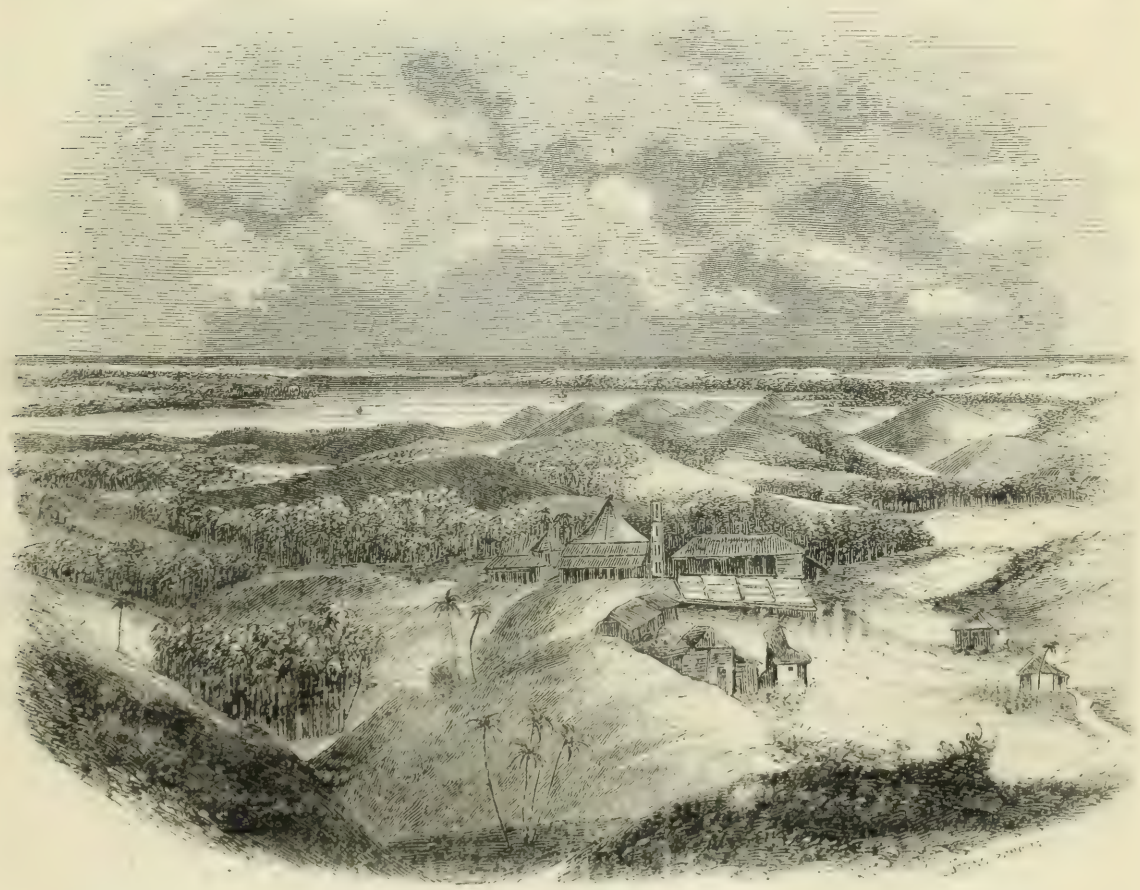
LANDING-PLACE OF CAVANAS.

and many *cafetals* have been changed, and are continually changing, to *ingenios*.

Comfort and thrift appear among the *cafetals*. The mansions are pleasantly situated near running streams, and in the midst of fruit-trees and flower gardens. The manners of the proprietors are more refined, and their treatment of the negroes more humane than on the sugar estates; and that utter brutality in the feature of most of the field slaves of the *ingenios*, is seldom seen on the *cafetals*. Here is less material life, and social intercourse is far more delightful. I enjoyed the hospitality of one or two American coffee planters in this district, and with them and their highly intelligent families I passed a few days most agreeably. Books, music, embroidery, and a variety of light employments keep them busy, when not engaged in social pleasures; and these isolated families, having sources of enjoyment within their own little circles, and surrounded by the ever-beautiful works of nature, have no cause to sigh for the brilliant but less satisfactory excitements and pastimes of city life.

In this vicinity rises one of the loftiest elevations on the island. It is very steep on every side, and access to its summit is exceedingly difficult. Assured of a glorious prospect from its pinnacle we climbed it, when a panorama, worth a voyage to Cuba, burst upon the vision. Looking northward, beyond the range of broken hills at our feet, a rich plain was spread out, dotted with forests, groves, and isolated *ceibas*, and bounded in the far distance by the sea. Turning southward, there again was the ocean, with the Isla de Pinos (Isle of Pines) lying like a dim cloud upon its heaving bosom, while westward hills appeared piled on hills, in wild confusion, and the vast forests of the Western Department stretched away to the extent of vision.

About three leagues northwest from this grand observatory, was spread out the beautiful Bay of Cavañas, which affords several fine landing-places, from whence the planters ship their produce for Havana and other markets. The most important of these little ports is that of the villages of Cavañas and Amiota, delineated in the engraving. Eighteen miles farther westward, on this northern shore of Cuba, is Bahia Honda, with the village of that name. This location has been made familiar in name to the people of the United States by its connection with the ill fated expedition of General Lopez and his followers, in their attempt at Cuban liberation, in the summer of 1851. It is surrounded by a rich country, abounding in sugar and coffee estates, and peopled chiefly by the better class of Creoles. Still farther west, about twelve miles from Bahia Honda, is *La Murillo*, the place where Lopez and his troops landed from the Steamer *Pampero*, on the night of the 11th of August, 1851. It was the intention of Lopez, when he left New Orleans, to pass round to the southern side of Cuba, and land upon the coast of the Central Department, where, it was understood, disaffection was most rife. On touching at Key West,

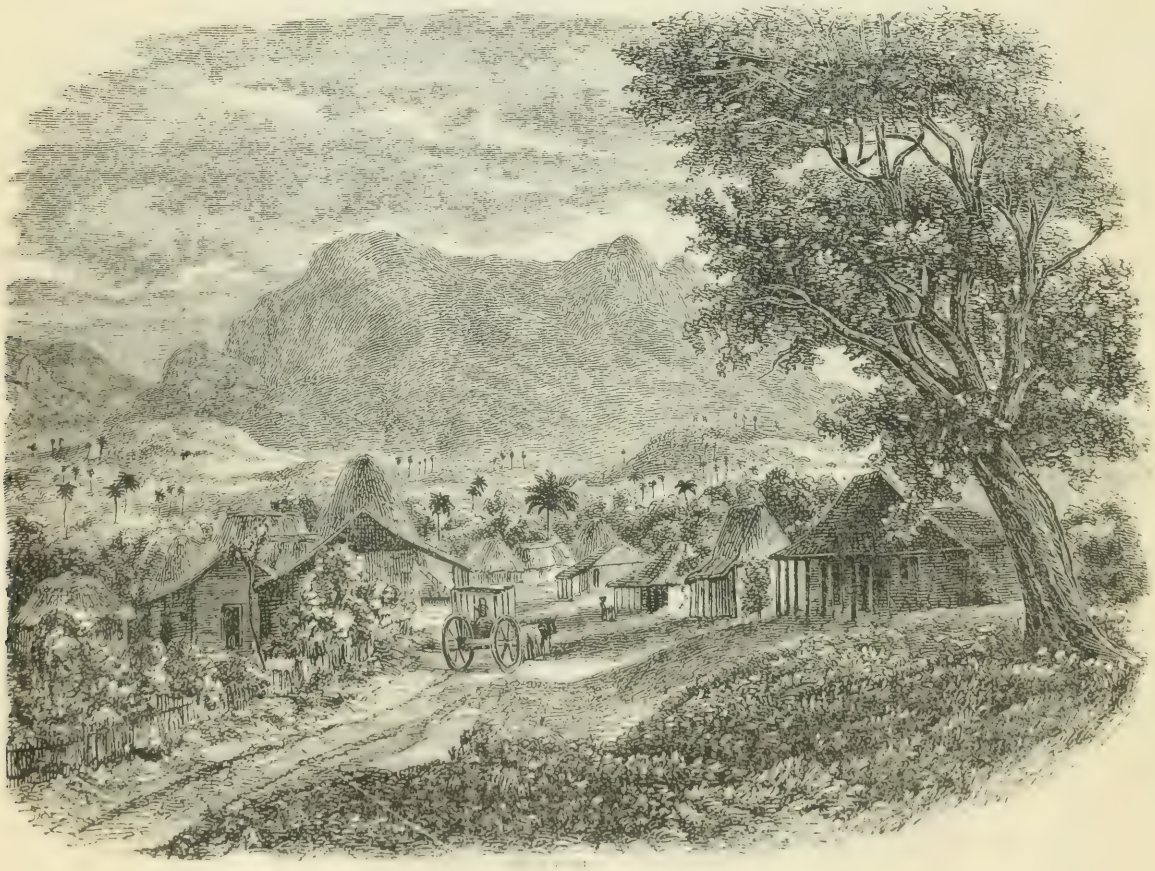


BAHIA HONDA



PLACE WHERE LOPEZ LANDED.

Lopez was assured that a revolt had broken out in the *Vuelta de Abajo*, south of Havana, and he resolved to land on the shore of that district. By some fatal mistake, the place of their destination was missed, and they landed at *La Murillo* There no man welcomed them, for the timid inhabitants had fled to the hills. Lopez marched immediately to the little village of *Las Pozas*.



LAS POZAS

on the borders of the wilderness, leaving Colonel Crittenden and about one hundred Americans at *La Murillo*. These were attacked on the following day by a large body of Spanish troops. Perceiving further resistance to be in vain, Crittenden and his men retreated to the coast, procured some small boats, and left Cuba for the United States. They were captured on the 15th, by the Spanish Steamer *Habanero*, taken to Havana, and on the 17th were shot at the Punta, by order of the Captain-general.

Las Pozas (the Wells or Cisterns), is a charmingly-situated village on the verge of cultivation toward the west. Beyond it are vast forests, where the hunter seldom disturbs the wild deer, and where deep solitude is broken only by the noisy voices of immense flocks of parrots and other kinds of songless birds. These forests afford secure retreats for runaway negroes, who become brutal desperadoes. The traveler seldom has courage to pass into the solitary wilderness beyond the line of charcoal-burners, upon its eastern verge. Indeed there is little to entice him thither, and after remaining a day at *Las Pozas*, I turned my face toward Havana.

It was at *Las Pozas* where Lopez was first attacked by the Spanish soldiers under General Enna. He repulsed them, but lost about fifty men. Among these were the brave Hungarian, General Pragay, who, with three or four Americans, was slain near the village, in sight of Guajaybon, the highest mountain in the western department. Thus weakened, perceiving no disposition on the part of the inhabitants to aid him, and knowing his inability to withstand another attack, he attempted to take refuge in the mountains. While breakfasting, on the morning of the 24th of August, he was surprised. and his little band was scattered to the winds. With six others, Lopez attempted to reach the coast, but was betrayed, and made a prisoner on the 29th. He was taken to Havana, and on the morning of the first of September he suffered death by the *garrote vil*, at the Punta.

I was seated in a car at *Guanajay* just a fortnight after leaving that station for the west; and at the close of one of those brilliant days at the beginning of November, for which Cuba is famous, I again entered Havana. Great excitement prevailed there, for rumor was rife that the United States Government, commending the conduct of Captain Porter of the *Crescent City*, and seconding his manly protest against the arbitrary refusal of the Captain-general to allow him to land his passengers and mails, was not only about to send a squadron to inforce a satisfactory apology, but had given unqualified permission for its citizens to invade Cuba on private account. Full credence was given to these deceptive rumors, and all was alarm, uncertainty, and confusion. Every foreigner was watched by the police with eager suspicion, and all his actions were scrutinized with keen vigilance. I did not escape. My portfolio was subjected to the severest scrutiny by two sub-officials, when my sketches of *Cavañas*, *La Murillo*, and *Las Pozas*, were regarded as evidences of my secret connection with the *filibustieros*. Through the agency of my resident friend, who was of good repute "at court," I soon convinced the authorities that I was a plain, unsophisticated artist, with no ambition above a pallet, without a political sentiment in my heart, or the shadow of a jurisprudential maxim in my head—in a word, a perfect innocent. Doubtful whether I could maintain that simple character long, I hastened my departure, indulging the hope and belief that when I visit Cuba again, some other flag, more suggestive of freedom and progress than that of Old Spain, will be waving over the battlements of the *Moro*.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

ULM AND AUSTERLITZ.

AMERICANS have derived their views of Napoleon from the Tory historians of England. The strongest of earthly motives have urged, and still urge, these historians to misrepresent his character. Thus only can they rescue the government of England from the condemnation of mankind. For years Europe was deluged with blood. These wars were caused by the incessant attacks and vast alliances with which the Tory government of England endeavored to crush the republican Emperor. What inspired England to a strife so protracted, so terrific? Was it ambition? Was it philanthropy? She awaits her verdict before the tribunal of the world. Her historians plead her cause. They are not impartial judges. They are ardent advocates, hungering for the liberal reward which attends their successful defense.

In France the reputation of Napoleon has been exposed to influences almost equally adverse Upon the downfall of the republican Emperor, the Bourbons re-ascended the throne. Their claims to the sovereignity of France could be defended only by representing the exile of St. Helena as an usurper and a tyrant. Again the people drove the Bourbons from the throne. The Orleans branch of the family received the sceptre. The motive to withhold justice from Napoleon continued with unabated strength. Louis Philippe, during all his reign, trembled at the name of Bonaparte. The historian who should have dared to vindicate the character of the great idol of the populace, would have been withered by the frowns which would have darkened upon him from the saloons of Versailles, St. Cloud, and the Tuileries. All the despots of Europe have been equally interested to misrepresent the career of Napoleon. He was the great advocate of the rights of the people against the arrogant assumptions of haughty nobles and feudal kings. By their combined power they crushed their foe Now they traduce him.

So potent have these influences of misrepresentation been, that one can hardly find in the United States a man, who has passed sixty years of age, who does not think that Napoleon was almost a demon. The public mind has been so

effectually perverted by the misrepresentations of years, that any impartial statement of the real character of the Emperor, is by many regarded as blind eulogy.

An American alone is favorably situated to write an impartial account of that terrific conflict, which filled Europe with smouldering cities, and which crimsoned her fields with gore. An American is exposed to no influences to induce him to swerve from historical verity. He has nothing to hope and nothing to fear from either England or France. Self-love will induce him to prize his own reputation as an impartial historian, far above any unworthy desire to eulogize one now mouldering in the grave. With three thousand miles of ocean rolling between him and the scene of strife, he can contemplate the conflict with a calm and an unprejudiced mind. The kings of Europe still look with awe upon the dome of the Invalides, beneath which repose the ashes of the mighty Emperor. France, in every street of her tumultuous metropolis, and in the most secluded hamlets of her distant departments, is still agitated by the name of Bonaparte. A fair representation of the endeavors of Napoleon to withdraw from the aristocracy their exclusive privileges, and to elevate the masses of the community to self-respect and to equal rights, would shake the government of England to its foundation. The view of his character presented in these pages, if placed before the people of Great Britain, would be regarded by the government as a calamity. In America alone can an impartial history of Napoleon be written. And the citizens of America alone are in a state of mind impartially to scrutinize his astonishing career. Still no one can be blind to the fact, that notwithstanding all the misrepresentations of hostile historians, the reputation of Napoleon has been, for years, rising higher and higher. Spot after spot has disappeared from the escutcheon of his fame. There is an impression, the world over, that Napoleon was the friend of the masses of the people. "I have no fear," said Napoleon, at St. Helena, "respecting my reputation. The world will yet do me justice."

The campaigns of Ulm and of Austerlitz will be remembered while time endures. The facts are simple. Napoleon was engaged in a war of self-defense with England. He had implored peace. Earnestly he desired it. Peace alone, by promoting commerce, agriculture, and manufactures, could make France rich and powerful. War was destruction to his infant navy, robbed him of his colonies, and called the peasants from fields of rural labor to the field of blood. But England did not wish France to be rich and powerful. With her invincible fleet Britain could sweep every sea, enrich herself with the spoils of the Republic, and command the commerce of all climes. Earnestly desiring war, she violated the most solemn treaty, and commenced, even without warning, an attack upon the unprotected cities and the unguarded commerce of the French. Napoleon, disappointed, yet not intimidated, rose sublimely to meet the struggle. England was amazed and terrified by his gigantic efforts. To avert the impending storm she strove to call the despots of Europe to her aid. She succeeded. Russia, Austria, Sweden, dreading the free principles which had gained utterance in France, gladly accepted the bribes which England offered to marshal their armies for war. The allies secretly organized a force of five hundred thousand men to fall simultaneously upon France, at various and widely distant points. England agreed to pay six millions of dollars annually for every one hundred thousand men the allies would furnish. The fleet of England, numbering not less than five hundred ships of war, blockaded the harbors of France and of her allies, and desolated with storms of shot and shell, every unprotected city.

England, in India, in Egypt, along the shores of the Mediterranean, and in all seas from pole to pole, was extending her limitless empire. Russia, the great despot of our globe, was grasping, with her right arm, the half of Europe, and with her left, the half of Asia, and was yearly extending her sway over conquered provinces. Austria had overrun large portions of Italy, and in banditti alliance with Prussia and Russia had dismembered Poland, and divided the spoil. And yet these monarchs had the effrontery to say, "Behold the intolerable ambition of Napoleon. He has annexed to France, Genoa, Piedmont, the Island of Elba, and has accepted the crown of Lombardy." Napier, the eloquent English historian of the Peninsular war, candidly makes the following admission: "Up to the peace of Tilsit the wars of France were *essentially defensive*. The bloody strife which wasted the Continent so many years was not a struggle for pre-eminence between ambitious powers, not a dispute for some accession of territory, nor for the political ascendency of one or other nation; but a *deadly conflict to determine whether aristocracy or democracy should predominate, whether equality or* PRIVILEGE *should henceforth be the principle of European governments*."

And how can candor censure Napoleon for this strife. Could he escape the imputation of folly, if, surrounded by hostile despotisms, all increasing their power, and all ready to band together for his destruction, he had made no attempt to strengthen France by friendly alliances. And when thus treacherously assailed in every quarter, without even a declaration of war, was it his duty quietly to repose in the palace of the Tuileries, and see the billows of invasion roll over his country? Was he bound tamely to submit to be hurled from the throne upon which the unanimous voice of France had placed him? Was it his duty to surrender his countrymen to the hated despotism of a detested dynasty? To these questions impartial history can return but one answer.

The allies hoped to take Napoleon by surprise. No declaration of war was issued. The Austrian minister remained quietly in Paris. Every precaution was adopted to lull their vic-

tim into false security. The destruction of Napoleon now seemed certain. How could he contend, single-handed, against such myriad foes? Stealthily the armies of Austria, 80,000 strong, under General Mack, commenced their march toward the frontiers of France. The Emperor Alexander, with 116,000 Russians, was hastening, by forced marches, through the plains of Poland, to unite with the Austrians. They thought that Napoleon, all engrossed upon the shores of the Channel, a thousand miles distant, was blind to their movements. He was watching them with an eagle eye. With the infatuation of self-confidence the Austrian host rapidly advanced. They overran Bavaria, the ally of France, and endeavored to compel the king of Bavaria to join in the assault. They took possession of Munich and Ulm, entered the defiles of the Black Forest, and fortified themselves strongly in all the outposts which opened into the valley of the Rhine. The Russian army, with proud tread, was hastening to join them. The Austrians were full of satisfaction that at last they had stolen a march upon so vigilant a foe.

But Napoleon was not the man to be thus entrapped. Like a whirlwind from the serene sky he burst upon his astounded foes. Indescribable was the consternation and bewilderment of the Austrians, when informed that Napoleon, as by magic, had crossed the Rhine and the Danube; that, with his whole host, he was in their rear, cutting off all their supplies, all communication with Austria, all hope of relief from the Russians, and all possibility of escape. Had an army suddenly descended from the clouds the Austrians could hardly have been more utterly confounded. From every direction Napoleon's triumphant columns were marching upon their unprotected rear. In their distraction they fled this way and that. But there was no escape. There was no hope. Every where they were entangled in the meshes of that net which Napoleon had so skillfully and so rapidly spread around his foes. In despair they threw down their arms. Baggage-wagons, guns, muskets, horses, and standards in vast profusion fell into the hands of the victors. Resistance was in vain. Napoleon had so manœuvred that each Austrian band found itself surrounded by superior numbers. The least resistance insured destruction. The marvelous conquest which Napoleon thus achieved was almost as bloodless as it was entire.

As soon as Napoleon, at Boulogne, heard of the decided hostile movement of his foes, he put the seal of silence upon the press, and upon the telegraph, and upon all the avenues of information. Twenty thousand carriages were in readiness to transport his host, which, from its



BREAKING UP FROM BOULOGNE.

thorough discipline, he called the *grand army*, to the banks of the Rhine. He assembled the soldiers before him, informed them of the perfidious and unprovoked assault of the allies, and of the necessity of an immediate march to Germany. Exultant cheers announced the alacrity with which the mighty host obeyed its chieftain. In an hour all were in motion. The genius of Napoleon was perhaps never more conspicuous than in the directions now given to the several corps of the army. The vast plan, extending over a region of hundreds of leagues, embraced the utmost grandeur of general combination. At the same time his directions were given to

each of the generals with the most extraordinary minuteness and accuracy of detail. The daily marches of every regiment, the places of rest—all were marked out with undeviating accuracy. Almost with the celerity of the wind nearly two hundred thousand men swept over France, crossed the Rhine, and the Danube, and effectually blocked up the retreat of the foe, even before that foe was aware that the French had left the heights of Boulogne. As soon as Napoleon had seen his whole army on the move, he hastened to Paris, and assembling the Senate, thus addressed them :

"Senators! It is necessary, in the present state of Europe, that I should explain to you my sentiments. I am about to quit my capital to place myself at the head of the army, to bear prompt assistance to my allies, and to defend the dearest interests of my people. The wishes of the eternal enemies of the Continent are accomplished. Hostilities have commenced in the midst of Germany. Austria and Russia have united with England, and our generation is involved anew in the calamities of war. A few days ago I still cherished the hope that peace would not be disturbed. But the Austrian army has passed the Inn. Munich is invaded. The Elector of Bavaria has been driven from his capital. All my hopes of peace have vanished."

To meet the enormous expenses of such a war required great financial skill. But the genius of Napoleon was equal to the task. He was so strongly enthroned in the hearts of his countrymen, that he could easily have borrowed millions, and thus have imposed upon France the burden of taxation which Pitt has bequeathed to England. But he was exceedingly unwilling to throw any of the expenses of the war upon the future. "While I live," he wrote to M. Marbois, "I will not issue any paper."

Josephine accompanied Napoleon to Strasburg. His columns had strictly followed his orders, and had pursued the routes which he had assigned to them. He wrote to Talleyrand, "The Austrians are in the defiles of the Black Forest. God grant that they may remain there. My only fear is that we shall frighten them too much. If they allow me to gain a few more marches, I shall have completely turned them. Forbid the newspapers to make any more mention of the army than if it did not exist." It was, indeed, a proud array which Napoleon had now at his command. One hundred and eighty-six thousand combatants, burning with enthusiasm and adoring their chief, awaited his orders. Thirty-eight thousand horsemen were ready to move with the celerity of the wind wherever he pointed. Three hundred and forty pieces of cannon, whose gunners were trained to unerring precision, were dragged in the train of this formidable host. Still he was contending at fearful odds. The coalition numbered 500,000 men. Of these 250,000 were Austrians, 200,000 Russians, 50,000 English, Swedes, and Neapolitans. It was also known that 200,000 Prussians were ready to join the coalition upon the first reverse attending the French arms. As soon as Napoleon arrived at the head of his columns he was received with shouts, a thousand times repeated, of "Vive l'Empereur." He addressed his troops in one of those eloquent and heart-stirring proclamations which ever roused them to almost a frenzy of enthusiasm. "Soldiers!" said he, "the campaign of the third coalition has commenced. Austria has passed the Inn, violated its engagements, attacked and chased our ally from his capital. We will not again make peace without sufficient guarantees. Our generosity shall not again make us forget what we owe to ourselves. You are but the advance-guard of the great people. You may have forced marches to undergo, fatigues and privations to endure. But whatever obstacles we may encounter, we shall overcome them, and never taste of repose till we have planted our eagles on the territory of our enemies."

Matters were now rapidly approaching a crisis. Mack was fatally enveloped in the divisions of the French. Napoleon superintended every thing. He was every where present. He slept not. He rested not. He scarcely ate. On horseback by night and by day he passed, like the wind, from post to post. His mind seemed incapable of exhaustion; his body insensible to fatigue. One cold, stormy night, when the rain was falling in floods, and a freezing October gale swept hillside and valley, Napoleon, spattered with mud and drenched with rain, rode on horseback, through the black hours, to the lurid dawn of day. He then overtook a division of his army toiling painfully through the storm. The soldiers were half dead with fatigue. For many days and nights the weather had been frightful. The tributaries of the Danube were swollen into torrents. The snow, melting as it fell, had rendered the roads almost impassable. Without a murmur they had been making forced marches, dragging their heavy artillery through the miry ruts, and bidding defiance to every obstacle. In the gloom of the dismal storm, Napoleon gathered the troops in a circle around him. Like a father talking confidentially to his children, he explained to the soldiers the situation of the enemy, and the manœuvres by which he was surrounding them. The soldiers, intoxicated by this proof of confidence from their Emperor, burst into the most vehement transports of enthusiasm. As Napoleon again put spurs to his horse, and disappeared in the gloom of distance, a shout of exultation rose from the multitudinous host, which pierced the tempestuous sky, and outroared the wailings of the storm. His words proved a tonic to the whole exhausted host. With renovated energies they pressed on their way.

Napoleon's gigantic plan was completely successful. The Austrians were surrounded beyond all hope of escape. In twenty days, without a single pitched battle, by a series of marches, and a few skirmishes, the Austrian army, of 80,000 men, was utterly destroyed. A few thousand only, in fugitive bands, eluded the grasp of the victor, and fled through the defiles of the mount-

ains. The masterly manœuvres of the French columns had already secured 30,000 prisoners almost without bloodshed. Thirty-six thousand were shut up in Ulm. Their doom was sealed. The well authenticated fact seems almost incredible that the Austrians, by this sudden apparition of Napoleon and his whole army in their rear, by the blow after blow which fell upon them with lightning rapidity, and with the scathing severity of the lightning's bolt, were in such a panic and so utterly bewildered, that one night one hundred Austrians surrendered at discretion to a French officer and two dragoons.

As the Emperor was one day passing through a crowd of prisoners, an Austrian officer expressed his astonishment on seeing the Emperor of the French, with his clothes saturated with rain and spattered with mud, presenting a more comfortless aspect than the meanest drummer in his army. For eight days and nights, during which the rain had been falling almost incessantly in torrents, the Emperor had not taken off his clothes, or even his boots, or thrown himself upon a couch for rest. One of the aids explained to Napoleon the remark of the Austrian officer. "Your master," replied Napoleon, "has compelled me to resume the character of a soldier. I hope he will allow that the throne and the imperial purple have not made me forget my first profession."

The fatigue of the soldiers, during the forced marches of the dreary days of mud, and rain, and freezing cold, was dreadful. After a sleepless night upon the storm-drenched ground, they often toiled all day, almost without food, and up to their knees in mire. Yet whenever the Emperor appeared new vigor was infused into their exhausted frames, and they greeted him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. The Austrian officers expressed their surprise at this extraordinary attachment, and wondered that the soldiers, in the midst of such distress, could forget their sufferings the moment they saw the Emperor. "They are right," Napoleon replied; "it is to spare their blood that I make them undergo such dreadful fatigue."

In the midst of these stormy scenes Napoleon was one day riding on horseback, when he saw a carriage advancing. A lady was in it, bathed in tears. Napoleon inquired the cause of her distress. "Sir," she replied, "I have been robbed by a party of soldiers, who have killed my gardener. I am going to request that your Emperor will grant me a guard. He once knew my family, and was under obligations to them." "Your name?" inquired Napoleon. "I am the daughter of M. Marbœuf," she replied, "formerly governor of Corsica." "Madame," Napoleon rejoined, "I am delighted to have the opportunity of serving you. I am myself the Emperor. Every member of M. Marbœuf's family has a claim upon my gratitude." He treated her with the greatest possible attention, gave her a picket of chasseurs from his own guard to escort her, liberally rewarded her for the losses she had sustained, and conveyed her to her home, grateful and happy.

Napoleon sent General Segur to summon the garrison at Ulm to surrender. The night was chill and black. A terrific hurricane wrecked earth and sky. The rain fell in floods. To pass to the city from the French camp the utmost caution was necessary to avoid gulfs in which both man and horse might have foundered. The French advanced posts, main guards, videttes, and sentinels had all sought shelter from the drenching, freezing storm. Not a watch-fire blazed upon the deluged ground. Even the parks of artillery were deserted. With difficulty a trumpeter was found, under a wagon, stiff with cold, and half drowned with mud and water. He was taken to accompany the messenger, and with the blast of his bugle to seek entrance at the city gates. The impetuous spirit of Napoleon was unmindful of the darkness, the cold, and the tempest. He was ready for the assault, and to spare the effusion of blood summoned a surrender.

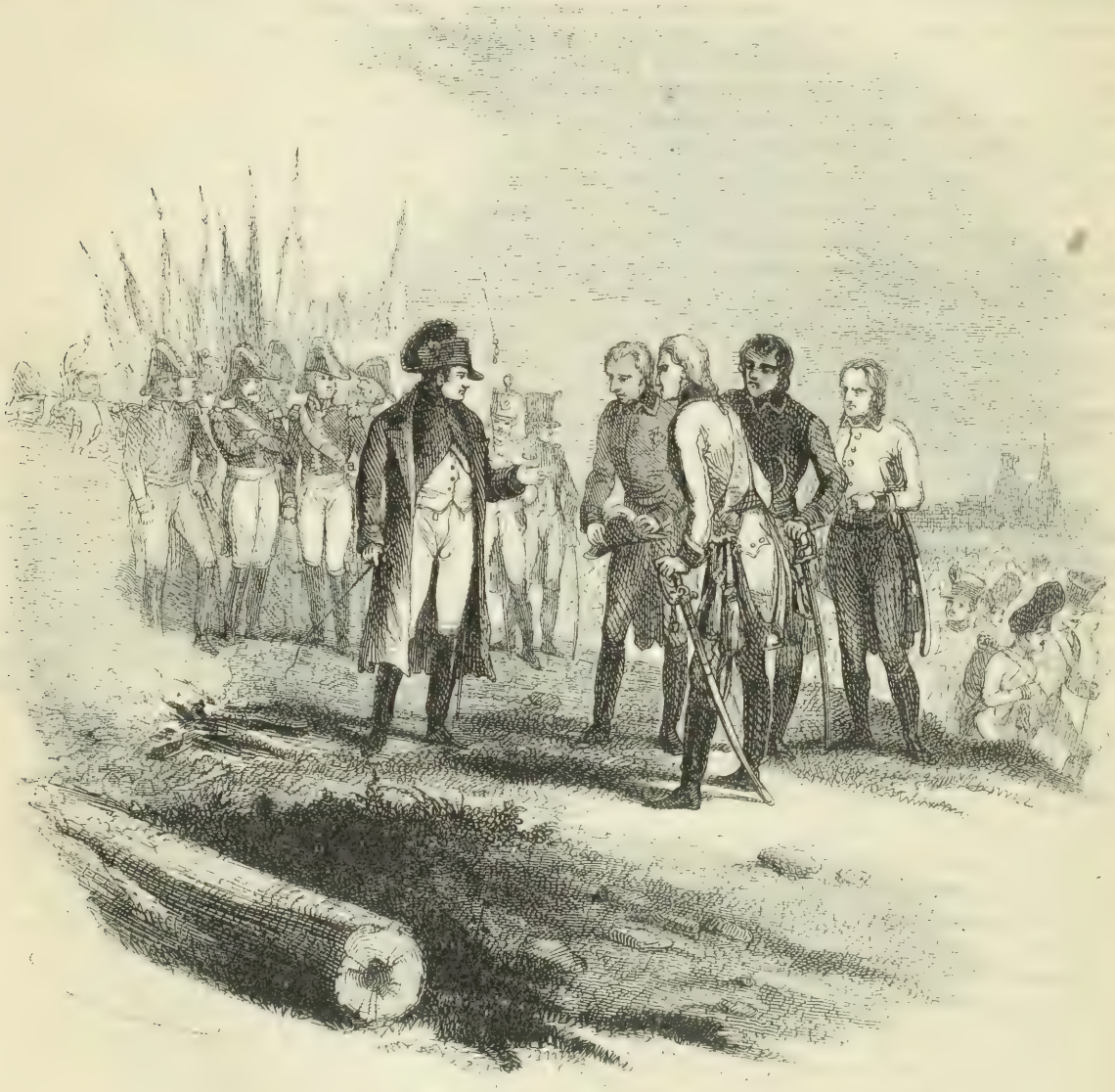
Thirty-six thousand Austrians, in the extreme of dejection, were now trembling behind the ramparts of Ulm. Napoleon in person superintending the approach, was hourly contracting the circle which confined the Imperialists. His guns were placed upon the heights which commanded the city, and now and then a shell fell into the streets, a dreadful portent, to the terrified inhabitants, of the approaching storm. Nothing remained for Mack but capitulation. Prince Maurice was sent, early the next morning, to the head-quarters of Napoleon. As is customary on such occasions he was conducted to head-quarters blindfolded. When the bandage was removed from his eyes he found himself in the presence of the Emperor. The weather was dreadful. Chilling winds swept the bleak plains. The sleet, which filled the air, melted as it reached the ground, and the miry roads, trampled by horse and furrowed by artillery wheels, were almost impassable. The Emperor was ever ready to share those hardships which he laid upon his soldiers. The convoy found him in a wretched tent, through which the storm swept drearily. A few loose boards, upon the ground, kept his feet from the water which deluged the plain. The prince proposed to surrender upon condition that the garrison should be permitted to retire to Austria. Napoleon smiled, and replied:

"What reason can I have to comply with such a request. In a week you will be in my power without conditions. I am perfectly acquainted with your situation. You expect the advance of the Russians. They have scarcely yet arrived in Bohemia. And then, if I allow you to depart, what guarantee have I that your troops will not be united with those of Russia, and be made to fight against me again? Your generals have often deceived me thus. I will not again be their dupe. At Marengo I suffered Melas to march with his forces from Alessandria. Two months afterward Moreau had to fight the same men, notwithstanding the most solemn promises on the part of your government to conclude peace. After such conduct as I have experienced from

the Austrian Cabinet I can trust to no engagement. The war is not of my seeking. It has been a violation of faith throughout. Return to your general, and inform him that I can not grant what he requires. Your officers alone can be allowed to return to Austria. The soldiers must remain prisoners. He must be brief in his decision. I have no time to lose. The longer he delays the worse he will render his own situation and that of his army."

The next day General Mack himself visited Napoleon. He was treated with that courtesy and generosity with which Napoleon ever addressed a fallen foe. The conqueror demonstrated to General Mack the utter hopelessness of his condition. He convinced him that all farther resistance must be unavailing. In glowing colors he depicted all the carnage which must ensue from taking the place by assault. He implored the general, as a humane man, to spare him the cruel necessity of throwing his shells into the thronged dwellings of the city, and of surrendering its beautiful streets to the horrors of fire and the sword. It was clearly in vain to protract the struggle. Mack, with anguish, consented to the surrender. Napoleon was overjoyed that he had thus been enabled to mitigate the miseries of war, by disarming his enemies, almost without bloodshed.

The next day was cold, clear, and brilliant. It witnessed a scene unparalleled in modern warfare. Europe was astonished and appalled by its narration. Thirty-six thousand troops marched out of the gates of Ulm, and laid down their



NAPOLEON BEFORE ULM.

arms before the conqueror. Napoleon, with his magnificent staff, stood upon an eminence before the fire of a bivouac, as the melancholy array, for five hours, defiled before him. It must have been a proud hour to the victor. Yet no gesture and no expression of his serene countenance revealed the slightest emotion of exultation. In touching terms, magnanimous and sympathetic, he thus addressed the vanquished officers:

Gentlemen! War has its chances. Often victorious, you must expect sometimes to be vanquished. Your master wages against me an unjust war. I say it candidly, I know not for what I am fighting. I know not what he requires of me. He has wished to remind me that I was once a soldier. I trust he will find that I have not forgotten my original avocation. I want nothing on the Continent. I desire ships, colonies, and commerce. Their acquisition would be as advantageous to you as to me."

Again he remarked to a group of Austrian officers as the procession of captives continued to defile before him: "It is truly deplorable that such honorable men as yourselves, whose names are spoken of with honor wherever you have combated, should be made the victims of an insane Cabinet, intent on most chimerical projects. It was already a sufficient crime to have attacked me in the midst of peace without any declaration of war. But this offense is trivial compared with that of bringing into the heart of Europe a horde of barbarians, and allowing an Asiatic power to mix itself up with our disputes. Instead of attacking me without a cause, the Aulic Council should rather have united their forces to mine, in order to repel the Russian force. Such an alliance is monstrous. It is the alliance of the dogs and the wolves against the sheep. Had France fallen in the strife you would not have been long in perceiving the error you had committed."

At this moment, a French officer repeated an insulting expression which he had heard from the common soldiers in regard to the Austrian captives. Napoleon severely rebuked the officer and ordered him to retire. "You must have little respect for yourself," said he, "to insult men bowed down by such a misfortune."

The joy and exultation in the French army passed all bounds. Such victories with so little bloodshed were never known before. The enthusiasm of the troops and their devotion to the Emperor became boundless. "The little corporal," exclaimed the veterans to each other, "has discovered a new method of carrying on war. He makes more use of our legs than of our bayonets." The following proclamation electrified Europe by the stupendous successes it commemorated, and by the nervous eloquence with which its sentences glowed.

"Soldiers of the grand army! In fifteen days we have concluded a campaign. We have kept our promise. We have chased the troops of Austria from the Bavarian territories, and have re-established our ally in the possession of his states. That army which, with so much ostentation and presumption, had advanced to our frontiers, is annihilated. But what signifies that to England? We are no longer at Boulogne.

"Of 100,000 men who composed that army, 60,000 are prisoners. They will replace our conscripts in the labor of the fields. Two hundred pieces of cannon, their whole park of ammunition, and ninety standards are in our possession. From that whole army not fifteen thousand have escaped.

"Soldiers! I announced to you a great battle; but, thanks to the faulty combinations of the enemy, I have obtained these immense advantages without incurring any risk. And, what is unexampled in the history of nations, this great result has not weakened us by the loss of fifteen hundred men. Soldiers! This astonishing success is owing to your boundless confidence in your Emperor, to your patience in undergoing fatigue, to your rare intrepidity. But we will not rest here! Already I see you are burning to commence a second campaign. The gold of England has brought against us a Russian army from the extremities of the universe. We will make it undergo the same fate. There are no generals there whom it would add to my glory to vanquish. All my care shall be to obtain the victory with as little effusion of blood as possible. My soldiers are my children."

"Napoleon," says Bourrienne, "was completely subdued in spirit when he was the conqueror. He received the vanquished with kindness. Nor was this the result of a feeling of pride concealed under the mask of hypocrisy. I am sure he pitied them sincerely. I have often heard him remark, 'How much to be pitied is a general on the day after a lost battle.'" When the Austrian court, in its exasperation, was about to wreak unjust vengeance upon General Mack, Napoleon humanely interfered to save him from condemnation by a court martial.

He sent to the Senate the flags taken from the enemy. In his letter to this body he says, "The primary object of the war is already fulfilled. The Elector of Bavaria is re-established upon his throne. The aggressors have been struck as by a thunderbolt. Assisted by divine providence, I hope, in a short time, to triumph over all my enemies." He wrote, at the same time, a circular to all the bishops in the Empire, requesting them, in gratitude to God, to sing a Te Deum in all the churches. "The dazzling victories," said he, "which our armies have just obtained, against the unjust league formed by the hatred and the gold of England, renders it necessary that my people should address their thanks to the God of armies for the past, and implore His blessing for the future."

Just before the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon sent Captain Bernard, a young officer of engineers, on an important reconnoitring expedition. With great skill and intrepidity he prosecuted his mission, advancing almost to Vienna. Upon his return Napoleon personally examined him, and was much pleased with his answers. Among other things he remarked that it would be of great advantage to direct the army upon Vienna, passing by the fortified places, and that once master of the capital, the Emperor might dictate laws to the whole Austrian monarchy. This was taking too great a liberty. Napoleon severely replied, "You are very presumptuous! A young officer to pretend to trace out a campaign for me! Go and await my orders." As soon as the young man had retired, Napoleon turned to General Rapp and said, "There is a man of merit. He has observed correctly. I shall not expose him to the risk of being shot. I shall have occasion for him by-and-by. Tell Berthier to dispatch an order for his departure for Illyria." This young man finally became an aid of Napoleon, and one of the most distinguished engineers in the world. Upon the overthrow of his illustrious master, declining the most brilliant offers from the different sovereigns of Europe, he retired to the United States. Here he took

the command of the corps of engineers, and executed works in civil and military engineering, which will forever remain memorials of his genius.

The following anecdote illustrates the implicit and exact obedience which Napoleon demanded and enforced. He arrived at Strasburg the 25th of September. He had ordered all the divisions of the grand army, converging by various routes, to defile across the Rhine by the bridge of Kehl, the next day. The general officers were directed to meet him at the head of the bridge at six o'clock in the morning. An hour before the appointed time, in spite of the rain which was pouring from the skies in floods, Napoleon, in the gloom of the yet undawned morning, was at the rendezvous. The columns were already crossing the bridge, and ranging themselves upon the other side of the river. As Napoleon sat upon



NAPOLEON AT THE BRIDGE OF KEHL.

his horse, exposed to the fury of the storm, the water, dripping from his clothes, made quite a pool beneath him. His hat was so soaked by the rain that the rim flapped down upon his shoulders. Calmly, silently, and apparently unannoyed by any sense of discomfort, he contemplated the passage of the troops. Soon the officers gathered around. Napoleon interrupted the silence by saying, "Gentlemen, we have gained a grand march upon our enemies." Then glancing his eye around the group, he exclaimed, with rapid utterance,

"But where is Vandamme? Why is he not here? Is he dead?"

For a moment all were silent. Then General Chardon ventured to reply, "Sire! it is possible that General Vandamme is not yet awake. Last evening we drank several glasses of wine together, to the health of your majesty, and perhaps—"

"General!" interrupted Napoleon, with severity, "you did well to drink to my health yesterday. But to-day Vandamme does wrong to sleep when he knows that I await him."

General Chardon offered to dispatch one of his aids to call his companion in arms.

"Let Vandamme sleep," said Napoleon. "He will perhaps awake himself. Then I will speak to him."

At that moment Vandamme appeared. He was pale with agitation, and exceedingly embarrassed. "General!" said Napoleon, glancing at him a severe look, "it appears that you have forgotten the order which I have issued."

"Sire," said General Vandamme, "this is the first time that I have thus offended. And I assure you that I was this morning extremely unwell, because—"

"Because," interrupted Napoleon, "last night you were as tipsy as a German. But, lest that calamity should happen to you a second time, you will go to combat under the flag of the King of Würtemberg, that, if possible, you may give the Germans a lesson upon temperance."

Vandamme retired in disgrace. The same day he joined the army of Würtemberg. During the brief campaign he performed prodigies of valor. After the capitulation of Ulm, Napoleon again saw him, commended him for his services, and again received him into favor, saying, "General! never forget that I honor brave men. But I do not love those who sleep when I am waiting. Let us say no more about it."

In crossing a swollen stream, the captain of a company was swept away by the torrent. A soldier, whom that captain had degraded in consequence of some fault of discipline, plunged into

the stream and saved the life of the drowning officer. Napoleon heard of it. Immediately he sent for the soldier. "You are a brave man," said he. "Your captain had degraded you. And he had reason to do so. In saving his life, you have proved that there is no rancor in your breast. This is noble. You are now at quits. But, as for me, I am not at quits toward you. I appoint you quarter-master, and make you chevalier of the Legion of Honor. To your ptain you owe this promotion. Go and thank him."

This even-handed justice, punishing his proudest generals when they deserved it, and appreciating and rewarding in the humblest soldier any trait of courage or magnanimity, accounts, in part, for that almost superhuman love, with which Napoleon bound all hearts to himself.

On the 17th of October Napoleon rode forty-two miles, on horseback, without one moment of rest. He then, booted and spurred and wrapped in his muddy cloak, threw himself upon some straw in a cow-shed, for an hour of sleep. Not



THE BIVOUAC.

a mile from where Napoleon was sleeping in the midst of the lowing herds, the Bishop of Augsburg had splendidly illuminated his aristocratic palace, and a bed of down, curtained with silken drapery, was prepared to receive the Emperor. But Napoleon would not sleep in ceiled chambers, when his soldiers were suffering through the dreary night in pools of water upon the cold unsheltered ground.

The capitulation at Ulm took place the 20th of October, 1805. Astounding as was the victory which Napoleon had just achieved, still his peril was most imminent. One hundred and sixteen thousand Russians, headed by the Emperor Alexander, were hurrying through the plains of Poland to meet Napoleon. From every quarter of Austria columns of troops were in rapid march to unite with the Russians. In a combined band of overwhelming numbers they determined to crush their audacious foe. Alexander repaired in person to Berlin, and employed all the weight of his authority, and all the fascinations of his captivating manners, to unite the army of Prussia, 200,000 strong, with the allies. The Queen of Prussia, a beautiful woman, proud, ambitious, and animated by the inspiration of genius, conceived the idea of uniting the two sovereigns by an oath, which should never be forgotten. At midnight Alexander and Francis descended into the dark and dismal tomb of Frederic the Great. A single torch revealed the gloom of the regal mausoleum. Thus standing in the dead of night, by the coffin of the warrior, they took his skeleton hand in their own, and bound themselves, by a solemn oath, to sustain the cause of the allied kings against those principles of popular liberty which threatened the subversion of every European throne.

England disembarked a force of thirty thousand troops in Hanover, to hasten to the scene of conflict. It was apparently time for Napoleon to retreat; or at least strongly to fortify himself, and await the assault of his combined foes. But to the amazement of all Europe, he audaciously pressed on, into the very midst of impending destruction. Like an inundation his victorious army rolled down the valley of the Danube, sweeping every thing before them. Neither rivers, nor batteries, nor hostile legions could, for an hour, retard his march. Every soldier seemed to have imbibed the spirit of his commander. It was a band of iron men in-

sensible to fatigue or to fear. In three days Napoleon entered Munich, the capital of Bavaria. The whole city blazed with illumination. The most enthusiastic shouts welcomed the deliverer. But Napoleon rested not for an hour. He allowed his discomfited foes not one moment to recover from their panic. "Forward, forward to Vienna," was the command. The impetuous torrent, horsemen, infantry, artillery, rolled resistlessly on. Terror and destruction had fallen upon the empire so suddenly, that it overawed like a supernatural infliction. All Austria was in consternation. Francis fled from his capital. The panic in Vienna was dreadful. And still each day the mighty host drew nearer. Resistance was in vain. The Austrians and Russians retreating from the blows which fell so thick and heavily upon them, fled to join the proud army which Alexander was leading to the rescue. On the morning of the 13th of November the bugles of the French were heard upon the heights which surround Vienna, and the polished steel of their armor glittered in the rays of the morning sun. It was a clear, cold winter day. A deputation of the citizens waited upon Napoleon imploring his clemency. He assured them of his protection. The Russians, in their semi-barbarian lust and cruelty had left desolation wherever they had appeared. The French, preserving perfect military discipline, and treating all the peaceful inhabitants with justice and with courtesy, were hailed by the people almost as deliverers. No private property was allowed to be touched, and no person to be injured. But the government chests and the arsenals fell into the hands of the victor. They were abundantly filled with the munitions of war. One hundred thousand muskets, two thousand cannon, and military stores of every kind, replenished the stores of the conquerors. Such achievements are unparalleled. In twenty days Napoleon had marched from the ocean to the Rhine; in forty days from the Rhine to Vienna. His foes had been dispersed before him like autumnal leaves by the whirlwind.

But Napoleon, though thus victorious, was in a situation critical in the extreme. Europe deemed him irretrievably ruined. He was hundreds of leagues from his own capital. It was a cold and icy winter. With comparatively a small army, he was far away in the heart of one of the most proud and most powerful monarchies upon the globe. The Archduke Charles, with 70,000 Austrians, was rapidly approaching from the south. Active agents of Francis were rallying 80,000 Hungarians to rush to the conflict. The tramp of 100,000 Russians was but a few days' march before him. His rear was exposed to assault from 200,000 Prussians. Surely Napoleon will stop and fortify himself behind the ramparts of Vienna. But no! The command is still, "Onward, onward." Not a moment was allowed for repose. Yet while thus, with apparent recklessness, pressing forward into the midst of his multitudinous foes, the utmost caution and vigilance was exercised to guard against any possible disaster. While Napoleon was one of the most adventurous of men he was also one of the most wary and prudent. The cold winds of winter now swept the plains. The driving snow whitened the hills. Still the indomitable host pressed on till amidst the dark storms of the north it had disappeared from the observation of France. Upon the field of Austerlitz, fifteen hundred miles from the capital of France, Napoleon met his foes. An army of nearly 100,000 men, headed by the two Emperors, Alexander and Francis, flushed with anticipated victory, arrested the steps of the conqueror. Not an hour was to be lost. Napoleon had but seventy thousand men. From all directions the clangor of arms was heard, as horsemen and footmen, in uncounted thousands, were hurrying on to add still greater strength to the allied host.

It was the morning of the 1st of December when Napoleon came in sight of his foes. With "inexpressible delight" he says he beheld their solid columns, dark and massy, moving before him, at so short a distance as to render it evident that a decisive action was at hand. With intense interest he watched their movements, and immediately detected their plan of attack. Penetrating their designs, he was at once confident of victory. "To-morrow," said Napoleon, "before nightfall, that army is my own." He spent the whole day on horseback, riding along the ranks, speaking words of encouragement to the soldiers and studying the capabilities of the ground, and making the most careful arrangements for the wounded. It was his invariable custom, not only to give his directions most minutely, but also to inform himself if his directions had been obeyed. Wherever he appeared among the troops he was enveloped in shouts of "Vive l'Empereur." The shades of night had settled over the camp, and Napoleon was still continuing his preparations for the decisive battle which the morning was to usher in. As he rode along the lines in the gloom of midnight, a soldier attached to his bayonet a bundle of straw, and setting it on fire raised the brilliant torch in the air. It was the anniversary of the coronation of the Emperor. Instantly the whole camp, extending for miles, blazed with illuminations, as the soldiers elevated, flaming into the air, the straw provided for their bivouacs. The ruddy glow gleamed over the hills, and sent wonder and a strange apprehension to the heart of the hostile legions. Transported with the enthusiasm of the moment, the army raised a simultaneous shout, which, like the roar of many waters, pierced the night air, and vibrated in ominous thunders through the tents of the allies. Napoleon reined in his horse. It was midnight. For a moment, silent, pale, pensive, he gazed upon the sublime spectacle, and listened, with emotions undivulged, to the acclamations of seventy thousand voices. Then retiring to his tent he dictated, with the utmost rapidity of utterance, the following proclamation:

"Soldiers! The Russian army has presented

itself before you to revenge the disasters of the Austrians at Ulm. They are the same men whom you have conquered at Hollabrunn, and on whose flying traces you have followed. The positions which we occupy are formidable. While they are marching to turn my right, they must present their flank to your blows. Soldiers! I will myself direct all your battalions. I will keep myself at a distance from the fire, if, with your accustomed valor, you carry disorder and confusion into the enemies' ranks. But should victory appear for a moment uncertain, you shall see your Emperor expose himself to the first strokes. Victory must not be doubtful on this occasion."

Never before did a general venture to announce to his soldiers the manœuvre by which he expected to gain a victory. A single deserter might have exposed it to the foe. But Napoleon knew in whom he confided. Never before did a general endeavor to rouse his soldiers to desperation of courage, by the assurance that he would keep himself out of the reach of all danger. Never will mortal man again acquire such an ascendency, as to undertake to repeat that experiment. Say not that Napoleon was but a merciless, ambitious, blood-thirsty conqueror. Human hearts are not won by cruelty and selfishness. Napoleon was the kind friend of every man of the seventy thousand who rallied beneath his eagles. And thus, and thus only, he secured the deathless homage of all these hearts.

The night was cold and clear. A dense fog, however, settled upon the lower grounds, enveloping friend and foe in an impenetrable sea of obscurity. The horizon was illumined, for leagues around, with the bivouac fires of the antagonistic hosts. Gradually the unreplenished piles burned out, and silence and darkness brooded over the sleeping armies. At 4 o'clock Napoleon was on horseback. A confused murmur, piercing the dense fog, revealed to his experienced ear that the Russian columns were in full march to surprise him, by the attack he had anticipated upon his flank. By this movement the allies weakened their centre, and exposed it to the concentrated attack which Napoleon was prepared to make. The bugles sounded. The French soldiers sprang from the frozen ground, and, as by magic, formed themselves in battle array. Every officer knew the part he was to perform. Every soldier was impatient for the conflict. The stars still shone brightly in the wintry sky, and not a ray of light dawned in the east. Gradually the stars disappeared; a ruddy glow illumined the horizon, and the sun rose unclouded and brilliant, gilding the hill tops and penetrating the ocean of vapor which rolled in the valleys. It was the "Sun of Austerlitz." Its gorgeous rising produced a deep impression upon the imagination of Napoleon. Often, in after years, he apostrophized that sun as his guiding star. The marshals, surrounding the Emperor, were burning with impatience as they awaited the signal of attack. "How long," said Napoleon to Marshal Soult, "would it take you, from hence, to reach the heights of Prutzen?" This was one of the heights in the centre of the allied army, which the enemy were deserting in their flank march. "Less that twenty minutes," replied the marshal. "My troops are in the bottom of the valley, covered with mist, and with the smoke of their bivouacs. The enemy can not see them." "In that case," said Napoleon, "let us wait twenty minutes. When the enemy is making a false movement, we must take good care not to interrupt him."

Soon the heavy booming of artillery announced that the Russians had commenced a furious attack upon the right. "Now then," said Napoleon, "is the moment." The marshals instantly galloped in all directions to head their respective corps. Napoleon, plunging his spurs into his steed, flew like the wind to the front ranks of the foremost columns. As he rode along the line he exclaimed, "Soldiers! the enemy has imprudently exposed himself to your blows. We shall finish this war with a clap of thunder."

With resistless impetuosity, the solid columns of the French pierced the weakened centre of the allies. The conflict was desperate and most sanguinary. But nothing could resist the desperate valor of the assailants. The allied army was pierced and cut entirely in twain. Horsemen and footmen were trampled beneath the tread of the proud victors. The field was filled with a rabble of fugitives, flying in wild dismay, as the cavalry of the imperial guard rode over them and sabred them mercilessly. Napoleon then, leaving a few battalions to prevent the right wing from coming to the rescue of the left, turned with nearly his whole force upon the left, and destroyed it. He then directed the terrible onset upon the right wing of the allies; and it was no more. A division of the ruined army, consisting of many thousand men and horses, sought to escape by crossing, with artillery and cavalry, a frozen lake, which adjoined their line of march. The surface began to yield beneath the enormous load, when a few balls and shells, from the French batteries, broke the ice, and the whole mass was plunged into the freezing waves. A fearful cry, resounding above the roar of battle, ascended from the lake, as the frantic host struggled for a few moments in the agonies of death. But soon the icy waves closed silently over them all, and these unhappy victims of war were sepulchred forever. From a neighboring eminence the Emperors of Russia and of Austria witnessed the entire discomfiture of their armies. Accompanied by a few followers, in the deepest dejection, they joined the fugitives and the stragglers and fled from the field of disaster. In the profound darkness of the ensuing night, they retreated precipitately and almost alone over the plains of Moravia. Thus terminated the battle of Austerlitz. It was the most brilliant of the victories of Napoleon. The whole campaign added new lustre to the genius of the conqueror. The loss of the allies was immense. Fifteen thousand were killed or wounded. Twenty thousand were taken prisoners. One hundred and eighty



THE SUN OF AUSTERLITZ.

pieces of cannon, forty-five standards, and an immense quantity of baggage-wagons remained the trophies of the victors' triumph. The reserve of Napoleon had hardly been called into action during the day. But forty-five thousand of the French troops had been engaged, and they had beaten ninety thousand Russians and Austrians.

No language can describe the frightful confusion and disorder which pervaded the ranks of the retreating foe. The genius of Napoleon never shone more terribly than in the blows which he dealt upon an enemy flying before him. The barbarian Russians, drunk with dismay, filled the heavens with their wild shouts, and wreaked a blind and merciless vengeance upon the villages scattered along their route. The squadrons of Napoleon pursued them in all directions, and trampled their gory bodies into the earth. The Emperor Francis, seeing that all was irretrievably lost, sent Prince John to Napoleon to implore an armistice. The hours of the bloody day had passed, and midnight had again settled over the gory plain.

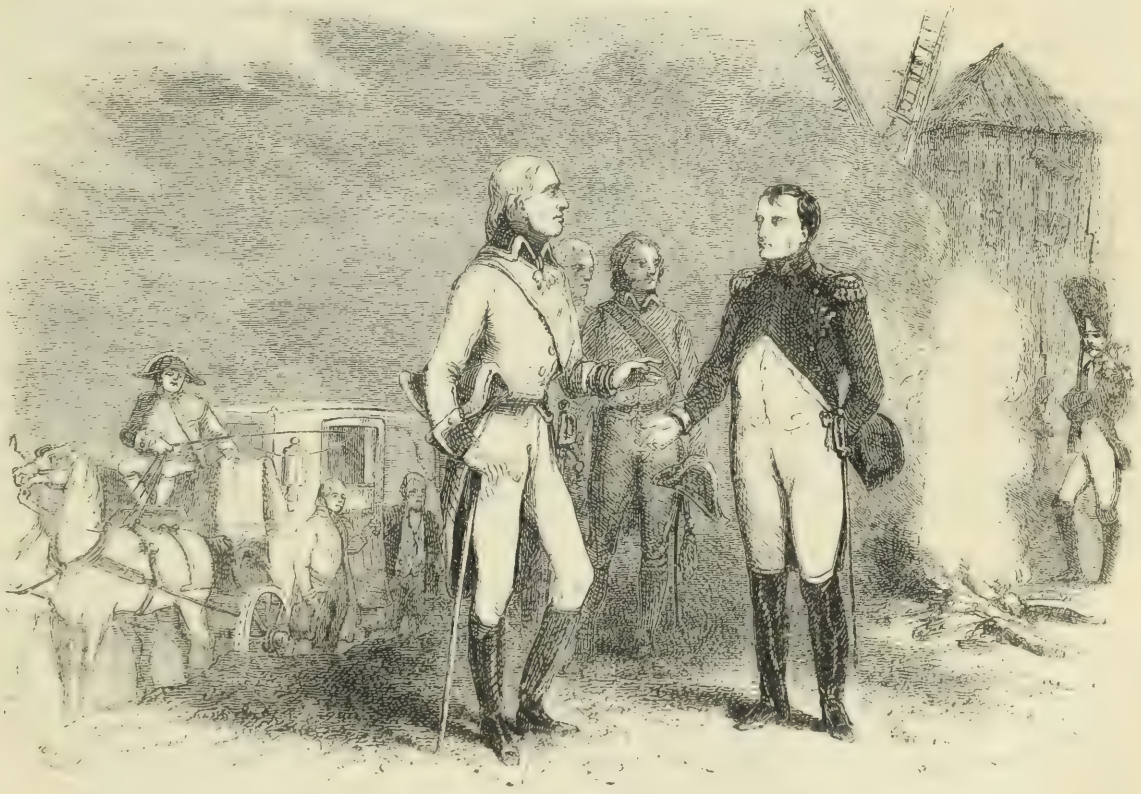
The Prince found Napoleon upon the field of battle, carrying succor, with his own hand, to the wounded, and speaking to their grateful hearts words of sympathy and encouragement. He would allow himself no rest till, with his own eyes, he had seen that all his wounded men were

sheltered. Many a dying soldier, with tearful gaze, in his last agonies, looked up and blessed his Emperor. He administered cordials to their parched lips, and with his own hands stripped the cloaks from the dead to cover their shivering frames.

Napoleon received the Prince courteously. He assured him that most earnestly he desired peace, and that it would afford him satisfaction to have an interview with the Emperor of Austria on the following day. In the mean time he issued orders to pursue the retiring foe with the utmost vigor. His position was still perilous in the extreme. Despotic Europe was banded against him. Another powerful Russian army was marching down from the north. Hungary was rising *en masse*. Prince Ferdinand was approaching Vienna at the head of 80,000 men. Prussia, with her 200,000 troops, was threatening his rear. Napoleon was conscious of his peril, and conscious of his power.

The next morning he addressed his troops in the following proclamation: "Soldiers! I am satisfied with you. In the battle of Austerlitz you have justified all that I expected from your intrepidity. You have decorated your eagles with immortal glory. An army of one hundred thousand men, commanded by the Emperors of Russia and of Austria, has been, in less than four hours, either cut in pieces or dispersed. Thus in two months the third coalition has been vanquished and dissolved. Peace can not now be far distant. But I will make only such a peace as gives us guarantees for the future, and secures rewards to our allies. When every thing necessary to secure the happiness and prosperity of our country is obtained, I will lead you back to France. My people will again behold you with joy. It will be enough for one of you to say, 'I was at the battle of Austerlitz,' for all your fellow-citizens to exclaim, 'There is a brave man!'"

The next morning the Emperor Francis, accompanied by a small escort of guards, repaired, in a carriage drawn by six horses, to the place appointed for the interview. He found Napoleon



NAPOLEON AND THE EMPEROR FRANCIS I.

standing before the fire of a bivouac. A windmill by his side afforded a partial shelter from the wintry gale which swept the bleak hills. Napoleon with great courtesy greeted the Emperor of Austria as he alighted from his carriage, and said to him, "I receive you in the only palace which I have inhabited for the last two months." "You have made such good use," Francis very happily replied, "of that habitation, that it should be agreeable to you." The two monarchs conversed together for two hours, and agreed verbally to terms of accommodation. Francis, mortified and exasperated, endeavored to throw the blame of his own perfidy upon England. "The English," he exclaimed, "are a nation of merchants. In order to secure for themselves the commerce of the world, they are willing to set the Continent in flames."

Having obtained better terms for himself than he had any right to expect, the Austrian monarch next interceded for his ally Alexander. "The Russian army," replied Napoleon, "is surrounded. Not a man can escape me. If, however, your Majesty will promise that Alexander shall at once return to Russia, I will stop the advance of my columns." Francis pledged his honor, and Napoleon immediately dispatched Savary to the head-quarters of the Czar.

When the Emperor Francis had withdrawn, Napoleon walked for a moment to and fro before the fire, with his hands clasped behind his back. After a short silence, during which he appeared entirely absorbed in thought, he was overheard to say, "I have acted very unwisely. I could have followed up my victory, and have taken the whole of the Russian and Austrian armies. They are both entirely in my power. But—let it be. It will at least cause some less tears to be shed."

Napoleon immediately dispatched General Savary to the head-quarters of Alexander, to inquire if he would ratify the armistice.

"I am happy to see you," said the Emperor to the envoy. "The occasion has been very glorious for your arms. That day will take nothing from the reputation which your master has earned in so many battles. It was my first engagement. I confess that the rapidity of his manœuvres never gave me time to succor the menaced points. Every where you were at least double the number of our forces."

"Sire," Savary replied, "our force was twenty-five thousand less than yours. And even of that, the whole was not very warmly engaged. But we manœuvred much, and the same division combated at many different points. Therein lies the art of war. The Emperor, who has seen forty pitched battles, is never wanting in that particular. He is still ready to march against the Archduke Charles, if your Majesty does not accept the armistice."

"What guarantee does your master require?" replied Alexander; "and what security can I have that your troops will not prosecute their movements against me?"

"He asks only your word of honor," Savary replied. "He has instructed me, the moment it is given, to suspend the pursuit."

"I give it with pleasure," rejoined the Emperor. "And should it ever be your fortune to visit St. Petersburg, I hope that I may be able to render my capital agreeable to you."

Hostilities immediately ceased. The fragments of the two defeated armies retired without further molestation to their homes.

As Napoleon was returning to Vienna, he met a large convoy of wounded Austrians, on their route for the hospitals of the capital. He immediately alighted from his carriage, and uncovering his head exclaimed, "Honor to the brave in misfortune!" His suite followed his example. The Emperor stood in pensive silence, with his hat in his hand, as the melancholy procession of the wounded and the dying passed along. The human heart is ever responsive to such appeals. These men had lavished their blood contending against Napoleon. But this development of sympathy in one moment disarmed all enmity, and irresistably won their love and admiration.

France had been perfidiously assailed by the allied powers. In repelling the assault millions of money had been expended, all the arts of peace had been interrupted, and seven thousand Frenchmen had sacrificed their lives. Napoleon wisely resolved so to strengthen his position as no longer, by weakness, to invite such attacks. With characteristic magnanimity, he added not one foot to the territory of France. He compelled Austria to pay the expenses of the war. He raised the Electors of Bavaria and Würtemberg to the dignity of kings, adding to the one power 1,000,000 inhabitants, and to the other 183,000. The little state of Baden also gained 113,000 subjects. Thus he rewarded his friends, and strengthened the barriers placed between France and the three great despots of Europe—Russia, Prussia, and Austria. To remove Austria farther from his eastern frontier, he annexed the state of Venice to the Italian kingdom, and gave Austria in exchange the electorate of Salsburg. These changes were all important, to protect France from future assaults. Napoleon would have been singularly wanting in political foresight had he exacted less. He could not have been accused of injustice had he demanded more. He wished to interpose a barrier of subordinate kingdoms, friendly to France, between his empire and the dominions of his powerful and unrelenting foes. Every dictate of humanity and of policy demanded that he should thus shelter from the assaults of conquered but still hostile nations.

Immediately upon the signing of the articles of peace, Napoleon made the following communication to his soldiers: "Peace has just been signed with the Emperor of Austria. You have, in the last autumn, made two campaigns. You have seen your Emperor share your dangers and your fatigues. I wish also that you should see him surrounded with the grandeur and splendor which belong to the sovereign of the first people in the world. You shall all be there. We will celebrate the names of those who have died in these two campaigns in the field of honor. The world shall ever see us ready to follow their example. We will even do more than we yet have done, if necessary to vindicate our national honor, or to resist the efforts of those who are the eternal enemies of peace upon the Continent. During the three months which are necessary to effect your return to France prove the example for all armies. You have now to give testimonies, not of courage and intrepidity, but of strict discipline. Conduct yourselves like children in the bosom of their family."

Napoleon now gave directions to the army to retrace their steps to France, by slow and easy marches. He himself proceeded to Paris with the utmost rapidity, allowing no time to enjoy the triumphs which were prepared to greet him by the way. The public authorities of Paris had made arrangements for a magnificent reception upon his arrival. He, however, disappointed them, by entering Paris at night, unattended by any escort. The next day the mayor and other public functionaries called upon him, and in their congratulatory address expressed regret that he had not given them opportunity to testify their gratitude for the services he had rendered his country.

Napoleon returned the following memorable reply · "Had I been defeated I would have made a public entry. Our enemies would then have been convinced, by the manner of my reception by the good citizens of Paris, that the attachment which they have alway shown me, was not confined to my fortune. Though vanquished, they would still consider their cause and mine inseparably united. Returning a victor, I would not hazard their being accused of servile adulation."

This formidable confederacy, which Napoleon had shattered at a blow, was organized by William Pitt. Its utter overthrow was fatal also to the ambitious spirit which formed it. When the news reached him of the total destruction of the allied army at Austerlitz, he gazed long and sadly upon the map of Europe, and turned away, saying, "Henceforth we may close that map for half a century." His health now hourly declined. On the 23d of January, 1806, at the age of 47, he expired, exclaiming with his last breath, "Alas, my country!" No sooner did the French revolution break out, than William Pitt, to use the words of Alison, "became the soul of all the confederacies which were framed to oppose a barrier to the diffusion of its principles. The steady friend of freedom, he was, on that very account, the resolute opponent of democracy. It was not against France, but *Republican France*, that his hostility was directed."

Several medals were executed to commemorate the battle of Austerlitz. One morning M. Denon came to Napoleon, at St. Cloud, with several medals upon this subject. One represented on one side a head of Napoleon, and upon the other an eagle holding fast a leopard. "What does this mean?" inquired the Emperor. "Sire," replied M. Denon, "it is a French eagle strangling in its talons the leopard, one of the emblems of the coat of arms of England." Napoleon contemptuously threw down the coin, saying, "How dare you tell me that the French eagle strangles the English leopard. I can not send out to sea the smallest fishing boat that the English do not seize upon. It is in truth the leopard that strangles the French eagle. Let this medal be instantly destroyed, and never present any of the same kind to me again."

The generosity of Napoleon toward his army was as magnificent as his victory. He immediately adopted all the children of those who had fallen. They were supported and educated at the expense of the state. They all, as the children of the Emperor, were permitted to attach the name of Napoleon to their own. To the widows of the generals he gave a pension of $1200 a year. The widows of the colonels and the majors received $500 annually; those of captains $250; those of lieutenants $150; while the widows of all the soldiers received a pension of $40. The wounded were also all liberally rewarded.

Napoleon was in the habit, during his campaigns, of writing almost daily to Josephine. These letters were often written upon a drum head, at his night's bivouac, or upon the pommel of his saddle, when the balls of the enemy were falling around him. These tokens of his love for Josephine were very brief, and so hastily written that it required all Josephine's ingenuity to decipher them. The following are from the letters which he thus wrote during this campaign. They give us an insight to the heart of Napoleon. These attentions, so delicate and so touching, prove that the majesty of genius had not overshadowed in his character the graces of affection.

"2 Oct. 1805. 10 o'clock A.M.

"I am still in good health. I start for Stuttgard where I shall be to-night. The great manœuvres commence. The armies of Würtemberg and of Baden have united with mine. I am in a good position, and I love you.

"NAPOLEON."

"12 Oct. 11 o'clock at night.

"My army has entered Munich. The enemy is beaten. Every thing announces the most short, successful, and brilliant campaign I have yet made. I am very well. The weather is, however, frightful. I change my clothes twice a day; it rains so incessantly. I love you, and embrace you. NAPOLEON."

"19 Oct.

"I have been, my good Josephine, much fatigued. During all the days of an entire week I have been drenched with rain, and my feet have been nearly frozen. This has made me a little ill. To-day I have obtained some repose. I have fulfilled my design. I have destroyed the Austrian army by simple marches. I have taken 60,000 prisoners, 120 pieces of cannon, 90 flags, and more than 30 generals. I now go in pursuit of the Russians. They are undone. I am content with my army. I have lost but 1500 men, and of these two-thirds are but slightly wounded. Adieu, my Josephine. A thousand loving words to you."

"3 Nov. 10 o'clock at night.

"I am in full march. The weather is very cold. The earth is covered with a foot of snow This is a little severe. Happily our march is through forests. I am pretty well. My affairs move very satisfactorily. My enemies ought to be more anxious than I. I desire very much to hear from you, and to learn that you are free from inquietude. Adieu, my love. I must sleep."

"15 Nov. 9 o'clock at night.

"I left Vienna two days ago, my love, a little fatigued. I have not yet seen the city by day. I passed through it in the night. Almost all my troops are beyond the Danube pursuing the Russians. Adieu, my Josephine. The very moment it is possible I shall send for you to come to me. A thousand loving words for you.

"NAPOLEON."

"16 Nov.

"I have written for you to come immediately to Baden, and thence to Munich, by the way of Stuttgard. Bring with you the means of making

presents to the ladies and to the functionaries who may serve you. Be unassuming, but receive all homage. Every thing is due to you. You owe nothing but courtesy. The Electress of Wurtemberg is daughter of the King of England. She is a lovely woman. Treat her with kindness, but without affectation. I shall be most happy to see you the moment my affairs will allow me to do so. I set out immediately for my advance guard. The weather is frightful. It snows continually. As to the rest, my affairs are prosperous. Adieu, my love.

"NAPOLEON."

"3 Dec. 1805.

"I send Lebrun to you from the field of battle. I have beaten the Russian and Austrian armies, commanded by the two Emperors. I am a little fatigued. I have bivouacked eight days in the open air, through nights severely cold. I shall pass to-night in the chateau of Prince Kaunitz, where I go to sleep for two or three hours. The Russian army is not only beaten, but destroyed. I embrace you. NAPOLEON."

"Dec. 5.

"I have concluded a truce. The Russians have implored it. The victory of Austerlitz is the most illustrious of all which I have gained. We have taken 45 flags, 150 pieces of cannon, and 20 generals. More than 20,000 are slain. It is an awful spectacle. The Emperor Alexander is in despair. I saw yesterday, at my bivouac, the Emperor of Germany. We conversed for two hours, and agreed upon an immediate peace. The weather is dreadful. Repose is again restored to the Continent. Let us hope that it will extend throughout the world. The English will not be able to make headway against us. I look forward with great pleasure to the moment when I shall again see you. Adieu, my love. I am pretty well, and am very desirous to embrace you."

"10 Dec., 1805.

"It is long since I have heard any news from you. The brilliant fêtes of Baden, Stuttgard, and Munich cause the poor soldiers, drenched with rain, and covered with blood and mire, to be forgotten I set out immediately for Vienna. The Russians are gone. They return to their own country thoroughly beaten and thoroughly humiliated. I desire intensely to return to you. Adieu, my love. NAPOLEON."

The following letter, of which we give a facsimile, conceals, beneath the semblance of mirthfulness, a spirit wounded by apparent neglect.

"19 Dec.

"August Empress! Not one letter from you since your departure from Strasbourg. You have entered Baden, Stuttgard, and Munich without writing us one word. That is not very amiable nor very tender. I am still at Brunn. The Russians have gone. I have a truce. Condescend, from the summit of your grandeur, to occupy yourself a little with your slaves.

"NAPOLEON."

HOW THE SAME WIND BLEW HOT AND COLD.

UPON the book of a certain hotel in Newport you will find recorded, under a certain date of the same month that saw me at Cape May, the following names:

SMELLE FUNGUS.
DE GREY HOWNDE.
J. SMYTTHE, JR.

We had hurried on from the South as rapidly as possible, and—as it was my first visit to the renowned sea-side resort—I peered curiously through the gray dusk of the early summer morning, as we neared the wharf, and saw a single slim spire rising from a mass of ill-defined houses that also rose gently, receding from the shore. Sleep reigned in Newport. The last polka was polked, the last farewell said—even the last serenade sung, for that night. Sleep reigned in Newport; and in the largest of those white houses, that gleamed through the dim early light, like the night-mare of a Grecian temple, and in the huge mass farther on—the impromptu Yankee palace—how many gay and pretty girls were soundly sleeping, dancing now, in dreams, at a ball that had no ending, and with tireless partners, whose hair was carefully parted down behind, even to the nape of the neck—beautiful to behold!

But if Newport town slept, Newport Long Wharf was wide awake with scores of carriages whose hospitable doors stretched widely open, and hackmen who swore with fearful distinctness in the early morning. The decks of the steamer were damp and sloppy with dew, the unshaven men looked wiry and cross as they bustled among the hopeless heaps of baggage—and ladies, whose age was of no consequence, bestowed their officious cares upon pet bundles and boxes, while thick vails, closely drawn over pretty traveling hats, and plain, exquisitely-fitting traveling habits, betrayed the belles who, like stars in their "watery bed," were about rising upon the bright firmament of Newport life.

I, who am always collected, stood placidly about in every body's way, and advised all the passengers I knew to be cool, or they would probably lose their baggage;—very good advice to give to cross people early in the morning when the steamer stops for five minutes. The only gentlemen I saw were the waiters, who moved quietly and rapidly through the throng, pocketing shillings for the protection of trunks and bags, and undertaking every thing that every body required.

A moment, and the scene changed to the interior of a carriage, with Smelle and I on the back seat and Hownde on the front.

"The Ocean," said Hownde, crisply; for, as he very properly remarked when he threw a bootjack and cut the head of Alonzo, his father's servant, as that functionary once entered his room to brush his clothes, "I never pretend to be good-humored before breakfast."

Which, of course, was as good as surgical ad-

vice to Alonzo, and made Dally's pain-extractor unnecessary.

The scene changed to the still streets of Newport. They are narrow, with rough pavement. A broad space, half street, half mall, stands before a quaint, old, Flemish-like building called the State House. At that hour of the morning I should not have been surprised to see old Governor Coddington step out upon the balcony, and glance ghostly upon the fresh jet of summer travel that poured beneath. I said as much to Smelle. But he was sleepy, and misunderstood.

"I'm sure I don't know whether there's any cod in town or not; hang it, how should I?"

It was a response that naturally induced silence upon my part, and as we had now quitted the square and were rumbling along a narrow street, I sank back in the carriage, and looked dreamily out of the window. The street was dark with heavy foliage upon each side, in which were buried two or three houses. At the corner of a side street stood a lofty gateway. It was fit for a palace, and, as I leaned suddenly forward to see it more nearly, I perceived, in the growing light, inverted torches sculptured upon its face, and the old Egyptian symbol of Eternity, with Hebrew characters, upon the cross-piece, and within the iron railing I saw the rank grass clustering around memorial stones, whose cold white surface did not redden in the dawn.

"Heavens! are there grave-yards in Newport?" cried De Grey, who had chanced to open his eyes just in time to see the cemetery. The novelty of the idea awakened him thoroughly, and he dozed no longer; but in a few minutes said,

"Here we are."

We alighted at "The Ocean," and entered our names as aforesaid. As we passed down the long, echoing corridors to our rooms, Smelle quietly changed the order of the countless boots that stood ranged before the doors. He was preparing great wrath for the unconscious sleepers. I told him so. But he only answered,

"Oh! that's nothing. Probably like De Grey, they never pretend to be in good-humor before breakfast. Besides, people enjoy themselves too much in Newport. There must be an alloy in human happiness."

He said all these things gravely and meditatively, as he compared the sizes of boots, so as to hopelessly confuse his victims.

"There's another very good alloy," said Smelle, as he walked on and stooped to another pair of boots, "that is shoemaker's wax. If you just smear the inside of the boot with that, it makes very pretty work at night, when an effort is made to remove the boot by a boot-jack or otherwise. But I don't chance to have any wax with me."

"That's a great pity," said I.

"Yes; but I suppose we shall have other opportunities."

So saying, he looked back along the rows of boots that he had "shot madly from their sphere," and remarking that it was "a very pretty arrangement," he wished me good-night, and we all went into our rooms.

Of course I don't know by what right a hole ten feet by five, with a bed, a table, a chair, and a looking-glass, which reflects upon your appearance in a manner no gentleman can possibly allow—is called "a room." In penitentiaries and other institutions similar to a great American caravanserai, they are called cells. It is upon the same inscrutable principle, I suppose, that the crowd of men in white jackets who rush round the dinner table, knocking your head with their elbows and plates, and pouring gravy and soup into your lap, are called waiters. How, when, or where they *wait*, I have never been able to ascertain.

I closed my door, and sat down in my one chair by my one window. The east was already flaming with the coming sun, and I threw up the sash, leaned out, and surveyed Newport. I saw a broad, bare space of fields stretching to the sea half a mile away. From my window I could see very few houses. Those that I saw were built very low, and painted very dark, as if they were trying to hide among the scanty foliage around them. One large, bare, lofty house I especially remarked, rough and massive as if hewn from the cliff, but more suggestive of the tempests of the wintry ocean than of the soft winds of the summer sea. Not far beyond was a marine villa, of a grace and elegance so rare, and of such harmonious proportions, that it made music to the mind in the dawn. Toward the sea were one or two red farm-houses, with a few lonely groups of melancholy trees; and just upon the verge of the cliff rose a huge, ugly, white house, exposed to the sun and storm, and withdrawn from any road. Yet, as I afterward learned, in that bare, ugly, white house, there had been an unstained summer of enjoyment for a party of friends, who, as September led them from the sea, did not find the old charm in Boccaccio, for their Newport summer dazzled the page.

As I leaned from my window, in the sunrise, and marked my first impressions of a place so socially renowned, a sense of sadness, that seemed prophetic, possessed my mind. Perhaps it was the stillness of early morning and the loneliness of the Newport fields—or the sight of the ocean that lay like a girdle of mist around the island—or it may have been the low, scarce-heeded sound of the sea as it broke along the shore, and against the cliff—or some shadowy reminiscence of the earlier days of summer—or that feeling of the evanescence of youth and beauty always so vivid at a gay resort—yet, from whatever cause, I felt a sadness creeping over my spirits, as the gray fog creeps over the sunny fields of that island, and turned away from the window, wondering and perplexed.

I opened my trunk, and listlessly tumbled my clothes out upon the floor. But I constantly paused, and my eyes strayed out of the window, and scraps of mournful poetry drifted through my memory. I thought of Saratoga and of the

Lulu episode—but not even my pride was touched. I remembered Cape May and old gossiping Rye Nosseros, but without emotion. "Well, let it go for a sentimental day," said I, springing up, "and ho! for Newport."

The gong clashed and thundered through "The Ocean." There was an interval—then more thunder. When I had waited until I supposed the "nice people" might be in the breakfast-room, I sauntered slowly down, in a costume designed for execution, and which almost slew De Grey Hownde with envy. I flatter myself that I combine in my toilet the characteristic excellencies of our great Sartorian prototypes, the English and French styles. Just now, of course, with all the rest of "the men," I go in strongly for the English mode. I have cut the exact, square bow in my cravat, which was the aim of all our ambitions three years ago, and let it fly rather loosely at the ends. I have my shirt collars very stiff, and protruding about two inches beyond my chin in front. My hair is cropped closely, and is seamed down behind; and I lay out my face in the most aggravated style of mutton-chop whiskers, and without mustache, which is getting a little vulgar. For morning coats, something very shabby and select is my fancy,—but with no elaboration of pocket-work. Plainness—simplicity—mark (when combined with my peculiar elegance) the true gentleman. Dress coats I must have close-fitting, and rather shortish; sleeves large, and also short, that my double wrist-bands with my gold bullets or my enamel knobs may have their due share in the general effect. Waistcoats were always a delicate subject. I should say decidedly short—(they have them so at "our club" in Pall-Mall)—and upon no account whatever must the lower button be unbuttoned. This lower button business is, at present, rather the test of the true gentleman. Plain shirt bosoms are of course; and any suspicion of a swell about the foot in trowsers is fatal, and admits of no palliation. None of "the men" will ever enter a respectable drawing-room without his hat in hand, and a well-conducted tee-ter—a movement produced by fancying yourself treading on hot plates—is the perfection of elegance.

Guided by such principles, you may imagine that I was no insignificant figure as I entered the breakfast-room. With a happy mixture of French grace and English indifference, I moved to my chair, and ordered tea and toast. My brother tells me they do so at the clubs in London, and of course what is natural and proper in a London Club-house or a Parisian *Salon*, is equally so at "The Ocean" in Newport.

I played with my knife a moment, looked carelessly out of the window, and then—as if I had just remembered there might be some one else present—I glanced round the table. Venus! What rosy ranks of loveliness! You know how it is at "The Ocean," or any where else in our favored land;—material for a book of beauty in as many volumes as there are novels of Mr. James. But I saw only one figure—only one face—and my Newport career was determined.

A simple light muslin dress, gathered like a cloud around her neck and breast, hair easily and gracefully folded and knotted behind—not a flying buttress of hair as broad and stiff as *mœlle de bœuf* and Martelle can make it—a face, too pale, but of flower-like beauty; a manner which was more than beauty, as the aroma is more than bloom—such was all I could see of Mabel.

I knew her father, and I knew by the restless eye that constantly watched his daughter, how deep was his fear of the pallor, that no fresh ocean-breeze would blow, nor sweet inland air allure, from her cheek. The old gentleman seemed conscious of no one else at table, nor in the world. When she rose, he lifted her gently, and placed her arm in his. Then, with the grace of a flower waving in the wind, she walked with him out of the room. But slowly, slowly. There was no elastic bound in her step; there was no proud, eager setting back of the head, and triumphant glancing into her father's eye—as with the springing Eva, who passed her before she reached the door. Mabel was not one of the Houris who made the "Ocean Hall" a Paradise for Young America the night before. Yet wherever she moved, *there* was the grace of angels—and upon whomsoever she looked, he was happy.

I confess that, as the door closed upon that girl, I felt a little ashamed of the perfect combination of the French and English styles in my toilet. There was something so real in that fading form, a light so pure surrounded her, that my elaborate efforts at the fine gentleman did not seem very noble. On the whole, was the lower vest button of such transcendent importance? Could any thing so needlessly insult a dying man or woman as a dandy? Not that I was called a dandy, but that I very well knew myself to be one, my dandyism consisting mainly in avoiding the remark. I felt how miserably flat and mean were my ideas of a successful Newport career—the driving of fine horses—the stinging gossip—the light flirtation—the general travestie and parody of a pleasant life which is annually presented there, in the very face of the sea and sky, compared with the thoughts of the dignity and worth and beauty of life, suggested by that pale consumptive.

In a plainer dress I was presented to her by her father, when, after dinner, they sat in their parlor, with the door open, to hear the music.

"I hope you find the sea-air beneficial?" I commenced, addressing her.

She smiled incredulously, and said: "Father tells me that I do, but I do not feel it myself. Yet I am very fond of Newport."

"What! of all this 'dressing, dancing, and flirtation,' as my cousin Looz Kreecher calls it," said I. "I am surprised to hear you say so."

"With this air, this sea, the pleasant island the choice and various society, amusing as well as agreeable; with music, youth, beauty, and love—why, are *you* not fond of Newport?" asked Mabel, in return.

"I have just arrived," I answered.

"Ah! then you have it yet to learn," said she.

"But you are young; and if you are well and gay, I have no fear that you will take the misanthropic view. I do not, even now, although I am no longer well, and can never be gay again."

As she spoke, a long, low, melancholy strain from the band mingled with her words, and continued for a few moments after she had ceased speaking, then died gradually away. The sadness of the music passed into her face. Disease makes more delicate those fine susceptibilities upon whose exquisite action depend so much the mental mood. It seemed as if the rare organization of Mabel was a harp upon which those breaths of music played.

We all sank into silence. The music ceased, and we heard the rustle of the throng as it passed out of the hall to dress for the drive. At intervals a bell rang in the office. Its sound had a fearful distinctness. Sometimes it was nervous and hurried, as if the imperious guest would not bide a moment's delay, or as if some belle vexed in arranging her shawl, petulantly summoned her truant maid. Then a grave and moral tinkle, as if some invalid clergyman or bank-president, in white cravat, wished sedately to have his carriage called. But all these suggestions of various persons and active life, all the more sharply defined in my mind because of the slight girl that sat upon the sofa, who was no longer well, and could never be gay again.

I drove with them that afternoon and the following days—short, easy, tranquil drives. How hard and fierce was the swift rush of gay life! I shuddered as I felt how ruthlessly the fading are forgotten. Then I stole a glance at Mabel, and her pale and waning beauty—pure as a starbeam—seemed the only real thing in all that raging whirl.

One day I read to her Charles Lamb's story of Rosamond Grey. It was in the late afternoon, when the light lay broad upon the water, and the sea was but a smooth pavement leading

"Beyond the earth's green cape and happy isles."

It is a quiet country love story, told in fragments and hints. But when I reached that passage: "Allan Clare when but a boy sighed for her"—I stopped: I could not read further; and as I looked at her an involuntary sigh escaped my lips. There were no tears in her eyes, but that wan, sad smile which is beyond tears. The twilight fell upon us as we sat in the quiet room, and the book was closed in my hand. A holy silence closed around us. The distant murmur of the sea stole muffled to our ears. "Allan Clare when but a boy sighed for her," said I, gently, and I kissed her hand.

The next evening the world went to one of the other hotels to a ball, and I persuaded Mabel to go into the parlor. There were several of the sedate groups that Nature always permits in hotel-parlors, to preserve the balance—so much lead to so much elixir. Mabel walked from her room, leaning upon her father's arm and mine. She was never more beautiful, so pale, so pure. We were scarcely in the room when I saw a cloud of satin rolling up threateningly from the other extremity, and beheld my old Aunt Terry Pinn sailing toward us, with hands prepared for those prodigious shakes in which she indulges upon the slightest pretext. I knew perfectly well that one onslaught of Aunt Terry Pinn would be fatal to Mabel, and I rushed forward to break the enemy's line.

"How dee do, John?" commenced the old lady, puffingly.

"I am very well, I thank you, Aunt Pinn, and I trust you are the same; I also trust that Uncle Pinn and the children are well. How is your health? How have you been? How are you going to be? How have Uncle Pinn and the children been, and how do you think they are going to be? And how are all your friends, and how have they been, and I trust they are going to be very well. I have been here several days, and I don't know how long I shall stay, and I suppose you are in the same state of uncertainty, and you're looking remarkably well, and I don't think you'll blow away just yet, and, on the whole, how are you?"

This speech I poured out as rapidly as I could, and all the time was pushing and pulling Aunt Terry away from Mabel. When I stopped Aunt Pinn began to cry, for she thought I was out of my head.

"Why, you're not well after all, are you, Aunt Terry?" said I.

"Yes, I am, you poor dear boy; but you're mad, I see that you're insane. Oh! dear me!" and Aunt Terry began to sob again and create a rather ridiculous scene.

"Mrs. Pinn," said I, with gravity, and in a low tone, "I am at a loss to understand why you insult me by such a remark. My dear Aunt Terry, don't make a fool of yourself in the public parlor: if you want to do that, go to your own room."

I am sure I can not tell why I spoke in such a manner to my Aunt, especially under the circumstances. For Aunt Terry Pinn went to her own room, as I recommended, but not to make a fool of herself: quite the contrary—to cut me off in her will.

I suppose it was the sharp contrast between the hideous apparition of fat Aunt Terry and the slight girl beside me—between her mundane and bovine impression and the celestial sweetness of Mabel—and the train into which I had fallen by pouring out nonsense while I pushed her back, that so confused me as to draw me on to that—I confess it, Looz Kreecher!—unwarrantable style of remark.

Did I tell you that I was dependent upon her for all my prospects, and that I was living large upon the prospective "cutting up" of old Terry Pinn? It was so, whether I mentioned it or not. So, fancy my emotions, when, after escorting Mabel back to her room, I went up to mine, and found a note pushed under the door. I opened it, and read—of course I might have known it.

"Mrs. Terry Pinn presents her compliments to Mr. J. Smytthe, Jr., and supposes he will not expect to be remembered in her will."

I sat down, and wrote immediately, "Mr. J. Smytthe, Jr. trusts that Mrs. Terry Pinn is well, and assures her that she is perfectly correct in her supposition. N.B. Love to old Pinn."

And I tumbled into bed with a very confused idea of what it all meant, and where I was, and, after a moment, thought I was walking in Switzerland, and saw an Alp falling toward me, and I couldn't escape, and in a moment down it came, and, while crushing, I opened my eyes and saw it was my Aunt Terry Pinn tumbling through the ceiling—and then no more.

Naturally no more, for I was in a raging delirium.

It lasted four weeks, and my only remembrance of it is that I had a permanent sense of being crushed under my alpine Aunt Terry Pinn, and when I began to recover, it was as if she, like a superjacent Alp, were crumbling away.

When I was conscious I called the nurse, and asked three questions:

First. How is Miss Mabel?

Second. Where is my Aunt Pinn?

Third. Has any thing happened?

Mabel was still in Newport, and a most blissful change had befallen her health—she was recovering! Aunt Pinn was in the kitchen of "The Ocean," making me some beef-tea.

"For me?"

"Certainly, sir, for you. Lor! she won't let nobody else touch it, and she sleeps here."

"My Aunt Terry Pinn sleeps and watches by me?"

"Just as if you was a baby, sir," whimpered the nurse.

"Thunder!" said I, and turned over in bed.

Nothing had happened, except that in dancing one evening, Jones Smith had danced little Miss Kydd Slippuz so rapidly backward toward the music, that she had tumbled among the music stands and dispersed the performers, and sat down hard upon a violin, quite smashing it. If Jones Smith had been Patrick O'Patrick, in the oyster house, he would have been called a drunken rowdy. As it was, the dowager mammas said, with little shrugs, that it was "really too bad," and they must really think of stopping Tilliana's dancing with him, and yet, you know, Mr. Smytthe, if a lady dances with one she must with all.

"Most certainly, madame."

And the young ladies said, "Why does Jones Smith get so?" and "Why, now, Mr. Smith," when he put his arm around them, and pulled them into the dance, and rushed, stamping and clattering his heels like a cart-horse, down the room. Jones Smith might be so tipsy that some of "the men" were obliged to lead him from the house. But every body agreed that there could be no party without him. Young America envied Jones Smith, and modeled itself upon him.

Mabel was recovering! There was news! Could it be true? And if it were true, should I find Mabel robust, gay, frolicsome, as interesting as the pale and beautiful girl who had made the summer a poem? That was a very grave consideration, as De Grey said, who cared nothing for her while she was an invalid, but had suddenly discovered how charming she was, now that she could dance.

"Mabel dance?" said I, faintly.

"Dance! why, she's the best dancer in New port," replied he.

"Thunder!" said I, and turned over again.

"You should have seen her last night, as she whirled down the room with Jones Smith."

"With Jones Smith?" gasped I.

"Why, yes. What the deuce is the matter with you? Of course with Jones Smith; and they are all in the parlor this very morning, dancing the German cotillon, and I have agreed to join them."

"What time is it?" inquired I.

"Eleven o'clock."

"And they are dancing in the parlor?"

"Yes—and I'm off, *au revoir*;" and De Grey, rather tired of a sick man, ran down the corridor. After a moment I heard the door of the parlor open, and a sudden burst of gay, dancing music pealed into the hall. I knew that they were all there. I knew that Mabel, who had reigned so purely and alone in my imagination, during my whole acquaintance with her—whose image stood in my mind like that of the Madonna in the secrecy of a Catholic's chamber—was now profaned by the embrace of a mere parody upon man; and I actually shuddered as I thought of Jones Smith encircling Mabel with his arm, and "rushing" her across the room.

I know what Looz Kreecher says: I know that she says it is mere habit, and that the girls are conscious of nothing improper in the thing, because they are educated to it. I know, also, how beautiful dancing is, and how fond I am of dancing. I know, if you please, dear Looz Kreecher, that the girls are only conscious of the exhilaration and enjoyment. But how about the men? I am a man, you perceive, and I happen to know what we say to our very intimate friends. And if you will observe carefully, you will discover that it is always the Jones Smith style of man that will not permit his sister or his sweetheart to waltz. Why is that, dear Looz Kreecher? For, whatever the reason may be, it is precisely the same that made me shudder—and get up.

I was desperately feeble, pale as a phantom, and much emaciated. By some inexplicable magic Mabel and I had exchanged conditions. I pulled on my clothes slowly, laughed faintly at my attenuated visage in the glass, and slipped into the passage. I tottered and groped along toward the parlor. The gay music made me giddy. The remembrances of my happy and sad days with Mabel, came thronging across my weakened brain. They were so tranquil and fair; and she belonged to them, by her spiritual beauty, as an angel to the serene heaven. Nearer

and nearer sounded the gay music. How much better had she passed away then, like a morning cloud melting in the sky, than have survived to this—said I, in my mind.

Was it a foolish saying? Well, the gay music made me giddy.

The door flew open, and I saw the merry, glancing crowd. Men and women, in strange morning costumes, were reeling and turning in the waltz; but chiefest, Jones Smith, in an unutterable coat, was flying with a light-figured partner directly toward me as I entered the room. It was a terrific and resistless rush. The German cotillon was aghast at the furious onset of its leader. The couples paused as the wild pair whirled around the room. Faster and faster beat the music, for the man at the piano was as much excited as the rest. Conversation stopped, the heated girls forgot to fan themselves, everybody instinctively awaited the result of this great movement. I, just within the door, stood transfixed. In the girl so wildly eddying around the room, I recognized Mabel—but my Mabel no longer. She dashed toward me like a swift wave, and sweeping around and barely escaping me, her light lace skirt, lifted by the whirl, flew against me and brushed my face, like a gust of spray. It was too much for my weakened brain. In the rapid motion, to the impetuous music, that too, began to reel and whirl, and I trembled lest I should faint or fall. I turned away slowly, to make my escape, but at the same moment saw the mad couple darting toward me. On they came—blinded, breathless, drunk with the excitement of the dance. Before they reached me I quivered so that I could scarcely stand. Everybody rose and ran a little forward. I heard a slight shriek, the music stopped, and at the same instant they dashed against me as if they had been shot from a mortar, and down we all heavily fell together—Mabel, Jones Smith, and I. I was beneath. At the same moment I lost my consciousness, and my love for Mabel.

—When, as I was slowly recovering from the relapse occasioned by that incident, I leaned one day at sunset from my window at the hotel, and once more surveyed the wide, solitary fields of Newport, which I had first seen at sunrise, I recollected the vague sense of sadness that haunted me that day. I do not know that my experience in the meantime has explained it—perhaps nothing could. The checkered life at my heart—as De Grey calls it in his love-letters when he tries the sentimental style—since my graduation in the early summer, had taught me more than I had fancied could ever be learned at Watering Places; forgetting that at Newport as at New Zealand I had to deal with the same human nature. Yet from that shock of feeling which I suffered in my acquaintance with Mabel, during this first Newport summer, it is, whenever I remember the gay watering-place, as if I looked through that stately gateway solemnly sculptured with the inverted torches, and saw beyond, the flowers that die at evening glittering in the rising sun.

LIFE IN PARIS.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PRINCIPLES.

SOCIETY AND SHOPPING.

SO susceptible were the Athenians to the influences of material beauty, and the subtle intoxication of the senses, that it is said, their judges listened only to the pleadings of certain orators in the dark, for fear that their judgments should be biased by the more powerful eloquence of their extreme comeliness, made doubly effective by the winning artifices of the accomplished speakers. This may readily be credited of the court that turned aside justice at the artful *exposé* of the charms of a courtesan. The Greeks were indeed a race prone to the liveliest emotions. Specious eloquence easily swayed or excited them, under the shadows of those glorious forms of architectural and statuesque beauty, upon which the world for more than two thousand years has placed the verdict of perfection, while transmitting them to posterity under the honorable appellation of Grecian Art. The mantle of their sympathy with that beauty that appeals so powerfully to the physical and intellectual, creating from each a species of worship, has fallen in these times upon Frenchmen. Greece only, of the nations of antiquity, was able to give birth to those brilliant combinations of beauty, grace, and wit, which enthralled alike the philosophy of Socrates and the statesmanship of Pericles, and made the wisdom and talent of that nation more submissive to the caprices of a harlot than to the virtues of a wife. Lais and Aspasia have left names as imperishable as the genius of the people whose society they adorned, but whose morals they corrupted. France alone, of modern nations, has developed a kindred class of women. Ninon d'Enclos and Marion Delorme inherited alike the accomplishments and vices of their Grecian sisters, and it is only in French history or the annals of Greece that such reputations could have achieved immortality. Their beauty would have found worshipers every where, but their intellectual fascinations and epicurean refinements of corruption would have failed elsewhere to make them the queens of submissive coteries of wealth, rank, and talent. Rome, true to its solitary instinct of force, was capable only of adding a Julia or Messalina to its coarse and repulsive career of debauchery, while the merry monarch of modern England was compelled to borrow from Paris the female name that most graced and disgraced the orgies of his reign. We would as soon look for the tropic bird in the sea of Okotsk, as for a Diana de Poitiers in the snows of Russia. The loves of her women are nearer allied to Roman lust than Parisian grace. Edinburgh and Boston dispute the title of modern Athens, but it is in literature and philosophy alone; while Paris, in every feature that constitutes a proud, gay, intellectual, and magnificent capital, and above all in the skeptical, pleasure-loving, beauty-worshiping, sensuous character of its population, can justly assert its pre-eminence in all those qualities that have

made the metropolis of Attica celebrated through all time. This affinity between the inhabitants of these two cities is not a discovery of the present century. It was noticed by the sharp-witted philosophers of the last. But they failed to observe one feature in which the women of Paris can happily claim a proud distinction. This they owe to the spiritualizing doctrines of Christianity. If their sex have illustrated the brilliant union of mere beauty with intellect, they have also produced characters, of equal attractions in these points, guided by the maxims of a purer morality than Greece ever knew, or subjected to the severer discipline of Christian truth. Paris can rival Athens in all that made her women the companions of her men, but the glory of Athens rose and set too soon to allow her to receive the only doctrine which had power to purify it, and render it permanent.

Women then, possessing education, beauty, and wit, maintain an empire in Paris unequalled elsewhere in extent and influence. But it is not a power which abides because once possessed. To maintain its conquests, unremitting care is required. Woman reigns supreme, but her supremacy depends upon her legitimate attractions. The beauty of a Frenchwoman is not so strongly characteristic as that of an Englishwoman, German, Italian, or Spanish. It may, but rarely does, possess the delicacy of the American, although it often combines the clear complexion, dark hair, and piercing or soft blue eyes of the others. It is more of a mosaic than that of other countries. But its strength lies rather in her "esprit." This is never extinguished. Some women drop their beauty as they do a garment, all at once. From being superb they become hideous. Others lose it by degrees, and gracefully fall back from embonpoint to their hair, from hair to teeth; these gone, the brilliant speaking eyes remain, conserving still all their triumphs. As they lose their lustre, and the figure its elasticity, most women withdraw from society, as being too dilapidated to add to its attractions or receive from it enjoyment. Not so with French ladies. They skillfully conceal the assaults of time by the arts of the toilet, and retain their power, and if possible become more attractive, by their inexhaustible "esprit," into the "spirituel" depths of which they plunge as into a fountain of youth. The respect and attention paid to age is delightful to witness. Society is not made up merely of thoughtless youth, whose highest aim is amusement, but parents take the lead, and children are content to follow their guidance. The art of conversation, as well as that of dancing, is cultivated, and soirées and receptions give scope to more elevating exchange of thoughts than mere gossip or chit-chat. It requires intellectual effort to maintain a good footing in Parisian society. One must know something, or be a lion, however small. Grace of figure and skill of legs are not the only needful accomplishments. Society in which the souvenirs of Mlle. de la Fayette, Madames Sévigné and Récamier are cherished, and a long list of names of either sex, illustrious in all that makes a drawing-room brilliant and attractive, is not content with the trite and common-place. The past must be ransacked for its stores of wit, and the future anticipated in its progress. Who then is so well fitted to shine in Parisian society as an experienced, intelligent woman? So long as she can enter a drawing-room she never grows old. Her memory becomes a treasury of anecdotes for the young, of wisdom for the adults. Like Madame de la Créquy, at ninety-six years of age, she can at once retain the respectful admiration and gallantry of the Emperor Napoleon and the affection and respect of youth. It has been truly said that every statesman, artist, poet, in short every man who has not passed some years in the intimacy of old Parisian women, has failed in his education of the world. Sooner or later his life will resent this wrong.

The secret of their great superiority, so says Léon Gozlan, and I believe him, is easily explained. As they grow old they preserve the delicacy of the woman, and acquire the good sense of a man. As the wine of which Homer speaks, they become honey by the virtue of their years. Living by reason alone, they are dead to the pas-



sions. No one deceives them. Why should they? There is no longer call for coquetry or any thing to gain by flattery. The solid charms of reason and wisdom gather about them a continual harvest of respect and attention. But this could not be had she not prepared herself to be the guide, companion, and counselor of the young—a preparation not to be made by the weak instincts of American mothers, which banish them from society to the kitchen or nursery, leaving their sons and daughters, in all their inexperience and youthful ardor, to the unrestrained indulgence of their vanities and unfledged emotions, in the pernicious atmosphere of our juvenile ball-rooms. Let us have innocence and beauty at our social gatherings, but let them be chaperoned by parental care and experience. So shall society in America be redeemed from its frivolity, to the higher purposes of intellectual entertainment; and parents and children have less reason to complain of mutual neglect.

I am aware that there is another phase to Parisian society—one, if you please, of heartlessness and hypocrisy. But, in these respects, is it worse than fashionable life every where? Parisian society is a firmament of worlds, each revolving in its own sphere. Pleasure and interest are the grand magnets of attraction in all. Balzac says, there are réunions, but no society, at Paris. Perhaps he is right; but nowhere is there more enjoyment for the stranger. Provided he is properly presented, he can have a

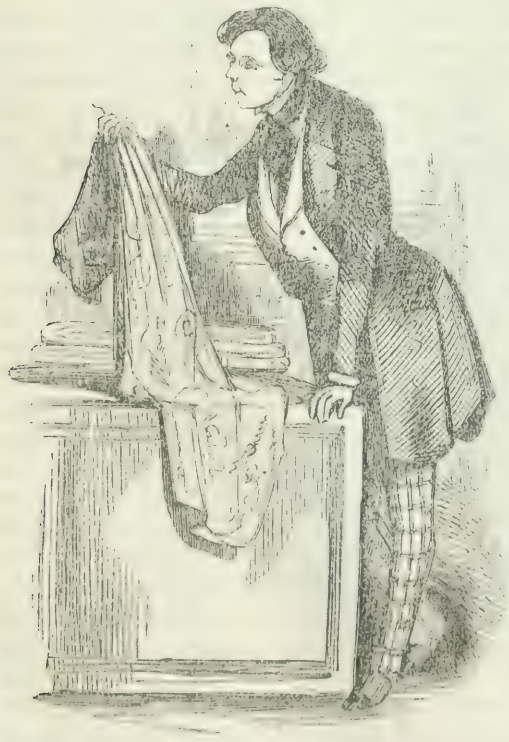


wide and varied circle of *entrées*. Once admitted, he is always at home. Introductions are unnecessary. It is not always requisite to know the host or hostess. One can enter or leave at his option —French-leaves have become proverbial. They are convenient certainly to both parties. In this sort of "monde"—for at Paris Madame receives her "world," if her callers be fewer in number than the satellites of Jupiter—tastes only are consulted in forming acquaintances. Within the walls of the salon the world assemble as friends, but part as strangers. "Egalité and fraternité" reign there in their true social sense, restrained only by sufficient courtesy to fuse all present into one "party of pleasure." Your arm may encircle in the waltz the fairest waist in the room, and the tresses of the softest hair droop languishingly on your shoulder, the tips of those delicate fingers may tremble within your own, but this does not authorize you to *know* Madame de —— on the Boulevards, unless with her permission. The men of fashion fly from one salon to another on the same night—at home with every one—dancing here, conversing there, music at one, whist at another; but once in the street, and their memory of all but their associates is at once steeped in Lethe. And this is as it should be While *in* society, each contributes his individual quota to the general enjoyment; while *out*, resuming his individual liberty and retirement. How awkwardly is this managed in the United States, where an introduction must follow every casual encounter, and mortal offense be taken at subsequent neglects, or forgetfulness of names, which no memory of less capacity than a Biographical Dictionary can possibly retain. With a surplus of political freedom, there is less social liberty among Americans than any other nation.

Paris is pre-eminently the city of shopping. An entire nation caters to the vagaries of taste of a world, and this capital has become the grand magazine where centres every commodity, luxury or necessity can devise. I can not in conscience add comfort, as this essential ingredient of human happiness, in the domestic Anglo-Saxon sense, is but imperfectly understood. It follows then that if shopping has attained the dignity of a passion with the fairer portion of humanity, as no husband, I opine, will be inclined to dispute, the shop-keeper's duties have equally bloomed into an *art;* a truth, no wife will gainsay whose experience has been gained in this quarter. Napoleon reproached the English with being a nation of shop-keepers, and the eagerness of their descendants in the pursuit of the dust or dollar, has passed into a proverb throughout the world. But with either nation it is accompanied by an energy of purpose and general integrity that raises their mercantile character far above that of France. The love of the dollar there is quite as strong and universal, and the modes of securing it more diversified and ruinous to the

conscience than in England or the United States. In love, success has been, since creation, the first article of Cupid's creed, and "all's fair in war," is an axiom common to every belligerant. To best describe the general trading character of France, I should fuse these two principles into one sentiment. So universal is this feeling of distrust and expectation of being defrauded, that it has resulted in the establishment of "shops of confidence," as exceptions to the universal rule. Some are all they pretend to be, while others have adopted the title, as many hypocrites profess religion, as so much additional capital of character. Travelers complain of the extortions of the Bedouins of the desert, but they have far more reason to complain of the publicans and tradespeople of Paris, although in most instances the fleecing is so adroitly disguised, by complimentary false words or lies of interest, that the particular operative is perceived only in the general depletion of the purse. Parisians themselves bewail the general corruption of their trading countrymen, and propensity to deceive strangers, as a short-sighted policy, by no means conducive to the true prosperity of their city. It is a sad truth that the standard of mercantile honor among the class referred to is lamentably low. In purchasing articles for the United States I have, with scarcely an exception, been asked by the sellers if I did not wish a *false* invoice made out for the custom-house. This sort of cheating seems to be expected as a matter of course.

But that which foreign ladies are called upon to experience is of a different character, and requires a combination of art and talent, which leaves far in the rear the "cuteness" of the Yankee. The character of the customer is known the moment her foot enters the shop door. Her purse, desires, fantasies, weaknesses, and intentions are generally read at once by the experienced caterer to the wants and vanities of female life. If not read, they are decoyed on until the desired knowledge is extracted. A lady may enter presuming she has sense, tastes, and opinions of her own, and, ten to one, she leaves doubly fortified in this opinion, while the flattery and deceitful eloquence of the clerk has, in reality, been her only guide in purchasing two-fold more than she originally intended.



A PARIS SALESMAN

A rich English or American woman is the most desirable game for these Talleyrands of the counter. Balzac delightfully hits off the purse-bred nonchalance and counterfeit phlegm of the one, and the diplomacy of the other, in a sketch which is so true to life that I can not better illustrate this species of "shopping" than by giving the pith of it.

An English woman enters No. — Rue de ——. The clerk advances—"Does madame wish an India or French shawl—high price or—"

"I will look at them."

"What sum does madame consecrate to the purchase?"

"I will look at them," coldly scanning the clerk through her glass.

"Here are our finest qualities in red, blue, and orange. These are ten thousand francs. Here are some at three and five thousand."

The English woman examines them with indifference. "You have others."

Yes, madame, but madame, perhaps, has not yet decided to take a shawl?"

"Oh, very decided."

The clerk disappears, and quickly returns with shawls of an inferior price. "These," says he, displaying them with great care and solemnity, at the same time giving an almost imperceptible but significant glance at his fellow clerks, "these have not yet been displayed. They were brought by couriers directly from the manufacturers of Lahore."

"Ah! I understand. These suit me better. What is the price of this one in blue?"

"Seven thousand francs."

She puts it on, looks at herself in the glass, returns it, simply remarking, "I do not like it!" Half an hour passes in similar fruitless essays.

"We have nothing more, madame," says the clerk, looking at the head of the establishment.

"Madame is difficult, as are all persons of true taste," remarks the chief, as he advances toward her, with all the graces of the shop concentrated in his manner. "I have still one shawl which has never been shown. No one has found it to their taste, it is very bizarre, and this very morning I proposed to give it to my wife. We have had it since 1805. It belonged to the Empress Josephine."

"Let me see it, sir."

"Go and fetch it," orders the chief, to his clerk. "It is at my house."

"I shall be very glad to see it," remarks the English woman.

"It cost sixty thousand francs in Turkey, madame."

"Indeed!"

"It is one of the seven shawls sent by Selim, before his catastrophe, to the Emperor Napoleon. The Empress Josephine, a Creole, as my lady knows, and very capricious, exchanged it for one brought here by the Turkish embassador, and purchased by my predecessor. I have never found a price for it, for in France our women are not rich enough. It is not so in England. Here it is, madame."

The chief opens with a little key a square cedar box, the simple form of which makes a profound impression upon the lady. From this box, neatly folded up in black satin, he produces a shawl worth about fifteen hundred francs, yellow as gold, with black designs, of most extraordinary ugliness and oddity.

"Splendid," exclaims the lady, "it is truly beautiful. It is my very ideal of a shawl."

"The Emperor Napoleon admired it greatly."

"It is very beautiful, fine, sweet!" exclaims the English woman, as the chief artfully and gracefully assists her to try it on. "Have you another?"

"I have one very fine," tranquilly replies the chief. "It came to me from a Russian princess, the Princess Narzikoff, who left it in payment for furnishings for her house. If madame wishes to see it, she will find it a marvel of beauty. It is entirely new—has not been unpacked. There is not its equal in Paris."

"I wish much to examine it."

It is produced with even more mystery than the other, and the two shawls, worth three thousand francs, are sold for six thousand. The chief quietly selects another from his stock of old ones, to play anew the role of the Selim shawl in the cedar box, and patiently awaits the next English amateur of shawls.

WINE.

Oh! thou invisible spirit of wine!—if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee—devil!

SHAKSPEARE.

SOME eighteen months or two years ago, I was doing my duty to my country and myself on board his Majesty's frigate, the Astræa, by undergoing seventeen games of chess per diem with our first lieutenant, and filling up every pause with murmurs at the continuance of these piping times of peace. We had been cruising some months in the Mediterranean, chiefly for the amusement of two dandy cousins of an honorable captain, whom we picked up at Malta, basking like two yellow, over-ripe gourds in the sunshine. We had touched at most of the ports of the Ionians, where Cyprus may be had for paying for, and where *faldettas* are held by hands as fair as their coquettish folds are black and lustrous.

At length, one beautiful evening, one of those twilights of chrysolite and gold, such as poets dream of, and the Levant alone can realize (having been for three preceding days, not "spell-bound," but "calm-bound among the clustering Cyclades"), it was the pleasure of our honorable captain and his cousins to drop anchor in the Bay of —— (I have reasons of my own for not being more explicit), where, after swearing the usual number of oaths at the quarantine officers, and the crews of the Venetian and Turkish traders, who make it part of their religion to give offense to the blue-jackets where offense can be given with impunity, I had the satisfaction to find myself, at about seven o'clock P. M., seated at the mess of His Majesty's gallant —th, doing as much justice to the roast beef of Old England as if we had not been within a day's sail of the Island of the Minotaur.

"Are you a punch-drinker?" inquired my neighbor, Captain Wargrave, with whom, as a school-fellow of my elder brother's, I had quickly made acquaintance.

"If I may venture to own it, no!" said I; "I have swallowed too much punch on compulsion in the course of my life."

"I judged as much from your looks," replied Wargrave, who had promised to see me on board the frigate. "If you want to get away from these noisy fellows, we can easily slip off while Lord Thomas and his operations engage their attention."

And, in compliance with the hint, I soon found myself sauntering with him, arm-in-arm, on the bastions of ——. We had an hour before us; for the captain's gig was not ordered till eleven; and, in order to keep an eye at once on the frigate and the shore, we sat down on an abutment of the parapet to gossip away the time.

"There seem to be hard-going fellows in your mess," said I to Wargrave, as he sat beside me, with his arms folded over his breast. "Thornton, I understand, carries off his two bottles a day, like a Trojan; and the fat major, who sat opposite to me, made such play with the champagne, as caused me to blush for my squeamishness. For my own part, I should be well content never to exceed a couple of glasses of good claret. Wine affects me in a different way from most men. The more I drink, the more my spirits are depressed. While others get roaring drunk, I sit moping and despairing; and the next day my head aches like an artilleryman's."

"You are fortunate," said Wargrave, drily.

"Fortunate!" cried I. "I wish I could appreciate my own luck!—I am voted the sulkiest dog unhanged, whenever it is my cue to be jolly; and, after proving a wet blanket to a merry party over-night, am ready to shoot myself with the headache and blue devils next morning. If there be a fellow I really envy, it is such a one as Thornton, who is ready to chime in with the chorus of the thirty-sixth stanza of "Nancy Dawson" between his two last bottles, and keeps his head and legs an hour after all the rest of the party have lost theirs under the table. There is something fresh and picturesque in the mere sound of 'the vine—the grape—the cup—the bowl!' It always appears to me that Bacchus

is the universal divinity, and that I alone am exempted from the worship."

Wargrave replied by a vague, unmeaning laugh, which led me to conclude that my eloquence was lost on him. Yet I continued:

"Do you know that, in spite of the prevalence of the Bacchanalian idolatry, I think we hardly give honor due to the influence of wine. It has ever been the mania of mankind to ascribe the actions of their fellow-creatures to all motives but the true; but if they saw clearly, and spoke honestly, they would admit that more heroes have been made by the bottle than the sword."

"Have you any personal meaning in this tirade?" suddenly interrupted my companion, in a voice whose concentration was deadly.

"*Personal* meaning?" I reiterated. "Of what nature?" And for a moment I could not but fancy that poor Wargrave had taken a deeper share in the Chateau Margaux of the fat major than I had been aware of. A man rather touched by wine is sure to take fire on the most distant imputation of drunkenness.

"I can scarcely imagine, sir," he continued, in a voice, however, that savored of any thing rather than inebriety, "that any man acquainted with the misfortunes of my life should address *me* on such a subject!"

"Be satisfied, then, that your indignation is groundless, and most unreasonable," said I, still doubtful how far I ought to resent the ungraciousness of his demeanor; "for, on the word of a gentleman, till this day, I never heard your name. Your avowal of intimacy with my brother, and something in the frankness of your manner that reminded me of his, added to the hilarity of an unexpected reunion with so many of my countrymen, has perhaps induced too sudden a familiarity in my demeanor; but, in wishing you good-night, Captain Wargrave, and a fairer interpretation of the next sailor who opens his heart to you at sight, allow me to assure you, that not a shadow of offense was intended in the rhapsody you are pleased to resent."

"Forgive me!" exclaimed Wargrave, extending his hands, nay, almost his arms, toward me. "It would have afforded only a crowning incident to my miserable history, had my jealous soreness on one fatal subject produced a serious misunderstanding with the brother of one of my dearest and earliest friends."

While I frankly accepted his apologies and offered hand, I could detect, by the light of the moon, an expression of such profound dejection on the altered face of Wargrave—so deadly a paleness—a *haggardness*—that involuntarily I reseated myself on the wall beside him, as if to mark the resumption of a friendly feeling. He did not speak when he took his place; but, after a few minutes' silence, I had the mortification to hear him sobbing like a child.

"My dear fellow, you attach too much importance to an unguarded word," said I, trying to reconcile him with himself. "Dismiss it from your thoughts."

"Do not fancy," replied Wargrave, in a broken voice, "that these humiliating tears originate in any thing that has passed between us this night. No! The associations recalled to my mind by the rash humor you are generous enough to see in its true light, are of far more ancient date, and far more ineffaceable nature. I owe you something in return for your forbearance. You have still an hour to be on shore," he continued, looking at his watch. "Devote those minutes to *me*, and I will impart a lesson worth ten years' experience; a lesson of which my own life must be the text—myself the hero!"

There was no disputing with him—no begging him to be calm. I had only to listen, and impart, in the patience of my attention, such solace as the truly miserable can best appreciate.

"You are right," said Wargrave, with a bitter smile, "in saying that we do not allow ourselves to assign to wine the full measure of authority it holds among the motives of our conduct. But you were wrong in limiting that authority to the instigation of great and heroic actions. Wine is said in Scripture to 'make glad the heart of man.' Wine is said by the poets to be the balm of grief, the dew of beauty, the philter of love. What that is gracious and graceful is it not said to be? Clustering grapes entwine the brow of its divinity, and wine is held to be a libation worthy of the gods. Fools! fools! fools!—they need to have poured forth their blood and tears like me, to know that it is a fountain of eternal damnation! Do not fancy that I allude to *Drunkenness;* do not class me, in your imagination, with the sensual brute who degrades himself to the filthiness of intoxication. Against a vice so flagrant, how easy to arm one's virtue! No! the true danger lies many degrees within that fearful limit; and the Spartans, who warned their sons against wine by the exhibition of their drunken Helots, fulfilled their duty blindly. Drunkenness implies, in fact, an extinction of the very faculties of evil. The enfeebled arm can deal no mortal blow! the staggering step retards the perpetration of sin. The voice can neither modulate its tone to seduction, nor hurl the defiance of deadly hatred. The drunkard is an idiot; a thing which children mock at, and women chastise. It is the man whose temperament is excited, not overpowered, by wine, to whom the snare is fatal. Do not suppose me the apostle of a temperance society, when I assert, on my life, my soul, my honor, that after three glasses of wine, I am no longer master of my actions. Without being at the moment conscious of the change, I begin to see, and feel, and hear, and reason differently. The minor transitions between good and evil are forgotten; the lava boils in my bosom. Three more, and I become a madman."

"But this constitutes a positive physical infirmity," said I. "You must of course regard yourself as an exception?"

"No! I am convinced the case is common. Among my own acquaintance, I know fifty men who are pleasant companions in the morning, but intolerable after dinner; men who neither

like wine nor indulge in it; but who, while simply fulfilling the forms and ceremonies of society, frequently become odious to others, and a burden to themselves."

"I really believe you are right."

"I know that I am right; listen. When I became your brother's friend, at Westminster, I was on the foundation—an only son, intended for the church; and the importance which my father and mother attached to my election for college, added such a stimulus to my exertions, that, at the early age of fourteen, their wish was accomplished. I was the first boy of my year. A studentship at Christ Church crowned my highest ambition; and all that remained for me at Westminster was to preside over the farewell supper, indispensable on occasions of these triumphs. I was unaccustomed to wine, for my parents had probably taken silent note of the infirmity of my nature; and a very small proportion of the fiery tavern port, which forms the nectar of similar festivities, sufficed to elevate my spirits to madness. Heated by noise and intemperance, we all sallied forth together, prepared to riot, bully, insult. A fight ensued: a life was lost. Expulsion suspended my election. I never reached Oxford; my professional prospects were blighted; and, within a few months, my father died of the disappointment? And now, what was to be done with me? My guardians decided that in the army the influence of my past fault would prove least injurious; and, eager to escape the tacit reproach of my poor mother's pale face and gloomy weeds, I gladly acceded to their advice. At fifteen, I was gazetted in the —— Regiment of Light Dragoons. At Westminster they used to call me 'Wargrave the peacemaker.' I never had a quarrel; I never had an enemy. Yet, twelve months after joining the —th, I had acquired the opprobrium of being a quarrelsome fellow; I had fought one of my brother officers, and was on the most uncomfortable terms with four others."

"And this sudden change—"

"Was *then* attributed to the sourness arising from my disappointments in life. I have since ascribed it to a truer origin—the irritation of the doses of brandy, tinged with sloe juice, which formed the luxury of a mess-cellar. Smarting under the consciousness of unpopularity, I fancied I hated my profession, when in fact I only hated myself. I managed to get on half-pay, and returned to my mother's tranquil roof; where, instead of regretting the brilliant life I had forsaken, my peace of mind and early contentment came back to me at once. There was no one to bear me company over the bottle; I was my mother's constant companion; I seldom tasted wine; I became healthy, happy, beloved as a neighbor and fellow-citizen. But higher distinctions of affection followed. A young and very beautiful girl, of rank and fortune superior to my own, deigned to encourage the humble veneration with which I regarded her. I became emboldened to solicit her heart and hand. My mother assured her I was the best of sons. I readily promised to be the best of husbands. She believed us both; accepted me—married me; and, on welcoming home my lovely, gentle Mary, all remembrance of past sorrow seemed to be obliterated. Our position in the world, if not brilliant, was honorable. My mother's table renewed those hospitalities over which my father had loved to preside. Mary's three brothers were our constant guests; and Wargrave—the calm, sober, indolent Wargrave—once more became fractious and ill at ease. My poor mother, who could conceive no fault in *my* disposition—concluding that, as in other instances, the husband had discovered in the daily companionship of married life, faults which had been invisible to the lover—ascribed to poor Mary all the discredit of the change She took a dislike to her daughter-in-law, nay, even to Mrs. Wargrave's family, friends, and acquaintances. She saw that after they had been dining with me, I grew morose and irritable; and attributed the fault to my guests, instead of to the cursed wine their company compelled me to swallow. Fortunately, poor Mary's time was engrossed by preparations for the arrival of her first child, a pledge of domestic happiness calculated to reconcile a woman even to greater vexations than those arising from her husband's irritability. Mary palliated all my bursts of temper, by declaring her opinion that '*any* man might possess the insipid quality of good-humor; but that Wargrave, if somewhat hasty, had the best heart and principles in the world.' As soon as our little boy made his appearance, she excited the contempt of all her female acquaintances, by trusting 'that Harry would, in all respects, resemble his father.' Heaven bless her for her blindness!"

Wargrave paused for a moment; during which I took care to direct my eyes toward the frigate.

"Among those female friends, was a certain Sophy Cavendish, a cousin of Mary's; young, handsome, rich; but gifted with that intemperate vivacity which health and prosperity inspire. Sophy was a fearless creature; the only person who did not shrink from my fits of ill-temper. When I scolded, she bantered; when I appeared sullen, she piqued me into cheerfulness. We usually met in morning visits, when I was in a mood to take her railleries in good part. To this playful girl it unluckily occurred to suggest to her cousin, 'Why don't you manage Wargrave as I do? Why don't you laugh him out of his perversity?' And Mary, to whose disposition and manners all these *agaceries* were foreign, soon began to assume a most provoking sportiveness in our domestic disputes; would seize me by the hair, the sleeve, point her finger at me when I was sullen, and laugh heartily whenever I indulged in a reproof. I vow to Heaven there were moments when this innocent folly made me hate her! 'It does not become *you* to ape the monkey tricks of your cousin,' cried I, one night, when she had amused herself by filliping water at me across the dessert-table, while I was engaged in an intemperate

professional dispute with an old brother officer, 'in trying to make me look like a fool, you only make a fool of yourself!' 'Don't be intimidated by a few big words,' cried Miss Cavendish, when this ebullition was reported to her. 'Men and nettles must be bullied into tameness; they have a sting only for those who are afraid of them. Persevere!' She *did* persevere; and, on an occasion equally ill-timed, again the angry husband retorted severely upon the wife he loved. 'You must not banter him *in company*,' said Sophia. 'He is one of those men who hate being shown up before others. But when you are alone, take your revenge.'

"It was on my return from a club dinner that Mary attempted to put these mischievous precepts into practice. I was late—too late; for, against my will, I had been detained by the jovial party. Mary, who had been beguiling the time of my absence in her dressing-room with an entertaining book, by which her spirits were exhilarated, began to laugh at my excuses; to banter, to mock me. I begged her to desist. She persisted. I grew angry. I bade her be silent. She only laughed more loudly. I stamped, swore, raved. She approached me in mimicry of my violence. *I struck her!*

"I know not what followed this act of brutality," cried Wargrave, rousing himself. "I have a faint remembrance of kneeling and imploring, and offering the sacrifice of my life in atonement for such ingratitude. But I have a very strong one of the patient immobility which, from that moment, poor Mary assumed in my presence. She jested no more; she never laughed again. What worlds would I have given had she remonstrated—defended herself—resented the injury! But no! from that fatal night, like the enchanted princess in the story, she became converted into marble whenever her husband approached her. I fancied—so conscious are the guilty—that she sometimes betrayed an apprehension of leaving our child in the room alone with me. Perhaps she thought me mad! She was right. The brief insanity inspired by wine had alone caused me to raise my hand against her.

"I knew the secret had been kept from her brothers; for, if not—fine manly fellows as they were—nothing would induce them again to sit at my board. But there *was* a person whose interference between me and my wife I dreaded more than theirs—a brother of Sophy Cavendish, who had loved Mary from her childhood, and wooed her, and been dismissed shortly after her acquaintance with myself. That fellow I never could endure! Horace Cavendish was the reverse of his sister—grave, even to dejection; cold and dignified in his demeanor; sententious, taciturn, repulsive. Mary had a great opinion of him, although she had preferred the vivacity of my manner, and the impetuosity of my character. But now that these qualities had been turned against herself, might not a revulsion of feeling cause her to regret her cousin? She must have felt that Horace Cavendish would have invited an executioner to hack his arm off, rather than raise it against a woman! No provocation would have caused *him* to address her in those terms of insult in which, on more than one occasion, I had indulged. I began to hate him, for I felt *little* in his presence. I saw that he was my superior in temper and breeding; that he would have made a happier woman of my wife. Yet I had no pretext for dismissing him my house. He could not but have seen that he was odious to me; yet he had not the delicacy to withdraw from our society. Perhaps he thought his presence necessary to protect his cousin? Perhaps he thought I was not to be trusted with the deposit of her happiness?"

"But surely," said I, "after what had already occurred, you were careful to refrain from the stimulants which had betrayed you into an unworthy action?"

"Right. I *was* careful. My temperance was that of an anchorite. On the pretext of health I refrained for many months from tasting wine. I became myself again. My brothers-in-law called me milksop! I cared not what they called me. The current of my blood ran cool and free. I wanted to conquer back the confidence of my wife!"

"But perhaps this total abstinence rendered the ordeal still more critical, when you were compelled occasionally to resume your former habits?"

"Right again. I was storing a magazine against myself! There occurred a family festival from which I could not absent myself—the wedding of Sophy Cavendish. Even my wife relaxed in her habitual coldness toward me, and requested me to join the party. We met; a party of some thirty—giggling, noisy, brainless—to jest and be merry. It was settled that I must 'drink the bride's health;' and Mrs. Wargrave extended her glass toward mine, as if to make it a pledge of reconciliation. How eagerly I quaffed it! The champagne warmed my heart. Of my free will I took a second glass. The bridegroom was to be toasted; then the family into which Sophy was marrying; then the family she was quitting. At length the health of Mrs. Wargrave was proposed. Could I do otherwise than honor it in a bumper? I looked toward her for further encouragement—further kindness; but, instead of the expected smile, I saw her pale, trembling, anxious. My kindling glances and heated countenance perhaps, reminded her of the fatal night which had been the origin of our misunderstanding. Yes, she trembled; and in the midst of her agitation I saw, or fancied I saw, a look of sympathy and good understanding pass between her and Horace Cavendish. I turned fiercely toward him. He regarded me with contempt; that look at least I did not misinterpret: *but I revenged it!*"

Involuntarily I arose from the parapet, and walked a few paces toward the frigate, in order that Wargrave might recover breath and composure. He followed me; he clung to my arm: the rest of his narrative was spoken almost in a whisper.

"In the mood which had now taken possession of me, it was easy to give offense; and Cavendish appeared no less ready than myself. We quarreled. Mary's brother attempted to pacify us; but the purpose of both was settled. I saw that he looked upon me as a venomous reptile to be crushed; and I looked upon him as the lover of Mary. One of us must die to extinguish such deadly hatred. We met at sunrise. Both were sober then. I shot him through the heart! I surrendered myself to justice; took no heed of my defense. Yet surely many must have loved me; for, on the day of trial, hundreds of witnesses came forward to attest my humanity, my generosity, my mildness of nature. Many of our mutual friends attested upon oath that the deceased had been observed to *seek occasions* of giving me offense. That he had often spoken of me disparagingly, threateningly; that he had been heard to say I *deserved* to die! I was now sure that Mary had taken him into her confidence; and yet it was by my wife's unceasing exertions that this mass of evidence had been collected in my favor. I was acquitted. The court rang with acclamations; for I was 'the only son of my mother, and she was a widow;' and the name of Wargrave commanded respect and love from many, both in *her* person and that of my wife. The Cavendish family had not availed itself mercilessly against my life. I left the court 'without a blemish upon my character,' and with gratitude for the good offices of hundreds. I was not yet quite a wretch.

"But I had not yet seen Mary! On the plea of severe indisposition, she had refrained from visiting me in prison; and now that all danger was over, I rejoiced she had been spared the humiliation of such an interview. I trembled when I found myself once more on the threshold of home. To meet her again—to fall once more upon the neck of my poor mother, whose blindness and infirmities had forbidden her to visit me in durance! What a trial! The shouts of the multitude were dying away in the distance; my sole companion was a venerable servant of my father's, who sat sobbing by my side.

"'The windows are closed,' said I, looking anxiously upward, as the carriage stopped. 'Has Mrs. Wargrave—has my mother quitted town?'

"'There was no use distressing you, Master William, so long as you was in trouble,' said the old man, grasping my arm. 'My poor old mistress has been buried these six weeks; she died of a stroke of apoplexy the day after you surrendered yourself. We buried her, sir, by your father.'

"'And my wife?' said I, as soon as I could recover my utterance.

"'I don't right'y understand—I can't quite make out—I believe, sir, you will find a letter,' said my gray-headed companion, following me closely into the house.

"'From Mary?'

"'Here it is,' he replied, opening a shutter of the cold, grim, cheerless room, and pointing to the table.

"'From Mary?' I again reiterated, as I snatched it up. No! *not* from Mary; not even from any member of her family; not even from any friend—from any acquaintance. *It was a lawyer's letter*; informing me, with technical precision, that 'his client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, conceiving she had just cause and provocation to withdraw herself from my roof, had already taken up her abode with her family; that she was prepared to defend herself, by the strong aid of the law, against any opposition I might offer to her design; but trusted the affair would be amicably adjusted. His client, Mrs. Mary Wargrave, moreover, demanded no other maintenance than the trifle allowed by her marriage settlement for her separate use. Instead of accompanying me to the Continent, she proposed to reside with her brothers.'

"And it was by the hand of a lawyer's clerk I was to learn all this! The woman—the wife—*whom I had struck!*—was prepared to plead 'cruelty' against me in a court of justice.

"'Drink this, Master William,' said the poor old man, returning to my side with a salver and a bottle of the Madeira which had been forty years in his keeping. 'You want support, my dear boy; drink this.'

"'Give it me,' cried I, snatching the glass from his hands. 'Another—another!—I *do* want support; for I have still a task to perform. Stop the carriage; I am going out. Another glass! I *must* see Mrs. Wargrave. Where is she?'

"'Three miles off, sir, at Sir William's. My mistress is with her elder brother, sir. You can't see her to-night. Wait till morning; wait till you are more composed. You will lose your senses with all these cruel shocks!'

"'I *have* lost my senses!' I exclaimed, throwing myself again into the carriage—'And therefore I must see her—*must* see her before I die.'

"And these frantic words were constantly on my lips till the carriage stopped at the gate of Sir William Brabazon. I would not suffer it to enter; I traversed the court-yard on foot; I wished to give no announcement of my arrival. It was dusk: the servant did not recognize me; when, having entered the offices by a side-door, I demanded of a strange servant admittance to Mrs. Wargrave. The answer was such as I had anticipated. 'Mrs. Wargrave could see no one. She was ill; had only just risen from her bed.' Nevertheless, I urged the necessity of an immediate interview. 'I must see her on business.' Still less. 'It was impossible for Mrs. Wargrave to see any person on business, as Sir William and Mr. Brabazon had just gone into town; and she was quite alone, and much indisposed.' 'Take in this note,' said I, tearing a blank leaf from my pocket-book, and folding it to represent a letter. And following with caution the servant I dispatched on my errand, I found my way to the door of Mary's apartment. It was the beginning of spring. The invalid was sitting in a large arm-chair before the fire, with her little boy asleep in her arms. I had preceded the servant into the room, and, by the imperfect firelight, she

mistook me for the medical attendant she was expecting.

"'Good-evening, Doctor,' said she, in a voice so faint and tremulous, that I could scarcely recognize it for hers. 'You will find me better to-night; but why are you so late?'

"'You will, perhaps, find *me* too early,' said I, placing myself resolutely beside her chair, 'unless you are disposed to annul the instrument with which you have been pleased to complete the measure of your husband's miseries. Do not tremble, Madam. You have no personal injury to apprehend. I come here, a broken-hearted man, to learn my award of life or death.' And, in spite of my false courage, I staggered to the wall, and leaned against it for support.

"'My brothers are absent,' faltered Mary. 'I have no counselor at hand, to act as mediator between us.'

"'For which reason I hazard this appeal. I am here to speak with my own lips to your own ears, to your own heart. Do not decide upon the suggestions of others.'

"'I *have* decided,' murmured Mrs. Wargrave, '*irrevocably*.'

"'No, you have *not!*' said I, again approaching her; 'for you have decided without listening to the defense of your husband, to the appeal of nature. Mary, Mary! have you so soon forgotten the vows of eternal union breathed in the presence of God? Are you not still my wife?—my wife whom I adore—my wife, whom I have injured—my wife, whose patience I would requite by a whole life of homage and adoration. Mary, you have no right to cast from you the father of your child.'

"'It is for my child's sake that I seek to withdraw from his authority,' said Mrs. Wargrave, with more firmness than might have been expected. 'No! I *can not* live with you again; my confidence is gone, my respect diminished. This boy, as his faculties become developed, would see me tremble in your presence; would learn that I fear you; that—'

"'That you despise me! Speak out, Madam; speak out!'

"'That I *pity* you,' continued Mary, resolutely; 'that I pity you as one who has the reproach of blood upon his hand, and the accusation of ruffianly injury against a woman on his conscience.'

"'And such are the lessons you will teach him?'

"'It is a lesson I would scrupulously withhold from him; and, to *secure* his ignorance, it is needful that he should live an alien from his father's roof. Wargrave, our child must not grow up in observation of our estrangement.'

"'Then, by Heaven, my resolution is taken! You have appealed to the laws: by the laws let us abide. The child is mine, by right, by enforcement. Live where you will; defy me from what shelter you please; but this little creature, whom you have constituted my enemy, remains with *me!* Surrender him to me, or dread the consequences!'"

"You did not!" I incoherently gasped, seizing Wargrave by the arm, and dreading, I knew not what.

"Have I not told you," he replied, in a voice that froze the blood in my veins, "that before quitting home I had swallowed half a bottle of Madeira? My frame was heated, my brain maddened! I saw in the woman before me only the minion, the mourner of Horace Cavendish. I had no longer a wife.

"Mary prepared herself for violence at my hands," continued Wargrave, "for instinctively she attempted to rise and approach the bell; but, incumbered by the child, or by her own weakness, she fell back in her chair. 'Don't wake him!' said she, in a faint, piteous voice, as if, after all, *his* helplessness constituted her best defense.

"'Give him up, then, at once. Do you think I do not love him! Give him up to his father!'

"For a moment, as if overcome, she seemed attempting to unclasp the little hand, which, even in sleep, clung tenderly to her night-dress. For a moment she seemed to recognize the irresistibility of my claim.

"'The carriage waits,' said I, sternly. 'Where is his nurse?'

"'I am his nurse,' cried Mary, bursting into an agony of tears. 'I will go with him. To retain my child, I will consent to live with you again.'

"'With *me?* Live with *me*, whom you have dishonored with your pity, your contempt, your preference of another? Rather again stand arraigned before a criminal tribunal, than accept such a woman as my wife!'

"'As a *servant*, then; let me attend as a servant on this little creature, so dear to me, so precious to me, so feeble, so—'

"'Is it Cavendish's brat, that you plead for him so warmly?' cried I, infuriated that even my child should be preferred to *me*. And I now attempted to remove him by force from her arms.

"'Help! help! help!' faltered the feeble, half-fainting mother. But no one came, and I persisted. Did you ever attempt to hold a struggling child—a child that others were struggling to retain—a young child—a soft, frail, feeble child? And why did she resist? Should not she, woman as she was, have known that mischief would arise from such contact? She who had tended those delicate limbs, that fragile frame? The boy, wakened from his sleep, was screaming violently. He struggled, and struggled, and moaned, and gasped. But, on a sudden, his shrieks ceased. He was still, silent, breathless!"

"Dead!" cried I.

"So she imagined at the moment, when, at the summons of her fearful shrieks, the servants rushed into the room. But no, I had not again become a murderer; a new curse was in store for me. When medical aid was procured, it was found that a limb was dislocated; the spine injured; the boy a cripple for life!"

"What must have been his father's remorse?"

"His father was spared the intelligence. It

was not for fourteen months that I was removed from the private madhouse, to which, that fatal night, I was conveyed, a raving maniac. The influence of wine, passion, horror, had induced epilepsy; from which I was only roused to a state of frenzy. Careful treatment and solitude gradually restored me. Legal steps had been taken by the Brabazon family during my confinement; and my mutilated boy is placed, by the Court of Chancery, under the guardianship of his mother. For some time after my recovery, I became a wanderer on the Continent, with the intention of wasting the remnant of my blighted existence in restless obscurity. But I soon felt that the best propitiation, the best sacrifice to offer my injured wife and child, was the attempt to conquer, for their sake, an honorable position in society. I got placed on full pay in a regiment appointed to a foreign station. I made over to my boy the whole of my property. I pique myself on living on my pay—on drinking no wine—on absenting myself from all the seductions of society. I lead a life of penance, of penitence, of pain. But, some day or other, my little victim will learn the death of his father, and feel that he devoted his wretched days to the duties of an honorable profession, in order to spare him further dishonor as *the son of a suicide*."

"Thank God!" was my murmured ejaculation, when at this moment I perceived the boat of the Astræa, whose approach enabled me to cover my emotion with the bustle of parting. There was not a word of consolation—of palliation, to be offered to such a man. He had indeed afforded me a fearful commentary on my text. Never before had I duly appreciated the perils and dangers of WINE!

"And is it to such a stimulus," murmured I, as I slowly joined my companions, "that judge and juror recur for strength to inspire their decrees; to such an influence, that captain and helmsman turn for courage in the storm; to such a counselor the warrior refers his manœuvres on the day of battle; nay, that the minister, the chancellor, the sovereign himself, dedicate the frailty of their nature! That human life, that human happiness, should be subjected to so devilish an instrument! Against all other enemies we fortify ourselves with defense; to this master-fiend we open the doors of the citadel."

My meditations were soon cut short by the joyous chorus of a drinking-song, with which Lord Thomas's decoctions inspired the shattered reason of the commandants, superior and inferior, of His Majesty's ship the Astræa.

WHIMS OF GREAT MEN.

"THERE is no accounting for tastes," is a common saying; nor is there any accounting for antipathies. One man shudders at the idea of swallowing an oyster, while another regards them as the choicest of delicacies. And yet the lover of oysters would revolt at sight of a cooked frog, in which the Frenchman rejoices. A story is told of Dr. Ferguson, the historian, and Dr. Black, the discoverer of latent caloric (which led to the invention of the steam-engine by Watt), who once met to regale in the manner of the ancients. The feast was to be of snails, and a classical soup was prepared therefrom for the epicurean delight of the learned pair. They sat down to table, and began to sup. A mouthful or two satisfied both that the experiment was a failure; but both were ashamed to give in first. At last, Black, stealing a look at his friend, ventured to say, "Dinna ye think they're a leetle green?" "Confounded green," emphatically responded Ferguson, "tak' 'em awa; tak' 'em awa!"

But there are more remarkable antipathies than this. Uladislas, King of Poland, could not bear the sight of an apple. Tycho Brahe changed color, and his legs shook under him, at meeting with a hare or a fox. Some people have a remarkable antipathy for cats, and know the instant that one has entered a room. We have seen a lady thrown almost into hysterics by the appearance of a cat; and we have also seen Mr. Vandenhoff, the actor, spring up with much apparent alarm, exclaiming, "There is a cat in the room!" Marshal Saxe had an antipathy of the same kind for cats; and he who met and overthrew armies, fled at sight of poor puss! Peter the Great durst not cross a bridge; and though he tried to master the terror, failed to do so: it was with the utmost difficulty he could forbear from shrieking out!

A spider hanging from a tree made both Marshal Turenne and Gustavus Adolphus shudder. The Marshal D'Albret became sick on seeing a boar's head; and the Duc d'Epernon at sight of a leveret. The smell of fish threw Erasmus into a state of fever. Bayle fell into convulsions once on hearing the cook washing salad under the spout in the kitchen; and scarce had the cresses been placed on the table, ere Scaliger, who was present, soon became as ill as Bayle. Music was played to bring the two *savants* back to life; but so touching were the airs which were played, that lo! Lomothe-le-Vayer, who was also present, fell stark dead at the sound! There are at this day ladies who can not bear the odor of roses. Some of the Roman ladies have a peculiar idiosyncrasy in this respect; the faintest odor is apt to throw them into convulsions. So that the poet's line, to

"Die of a rose in aromatic pain,"

is founded on truth.

Madame de la Rochejaquelin related the following anecdote of her celebrated husband, who led the royalist armies during the war in Vendée. "M. de la Rochejaquelin," she says, "furnished an instance of those physical antipathies which no degree of personal courage can overcome. A little squirrel had been given me, striped with black and gray, which had been found in the chamber of a republican officer's lady. He had been informed of my little companion, and I was holding it on my knee when he entered the room. As soon as he saw the little animal, he became suddenly pale, and laughingly told me that the sight of a squirrel caused him an invincible hor-

ror. I made him pass his hand over its back; he resolved to do so; but I saw he trembled." In like manner, Charles John, King of Sweden, had an insurmountable aversion to dogs. In this case it seems to have arisen from the circumstance of a person of his acquaintance having died through the bite of a mad dog, and still more from his having seen one of his most intimate friends devoured on the field of battle by these animals. One of Louis XIV.'s brothers had a similar repugnance for horses, and durst scarcely mount one. James I., King of England, was horrified at sight of a drawn sword; he instantly grew pale, and sometimes swooned away. Louis XIV. of France, surnamed the Great, was once thrown into a state of the most appalling fright on hearing Massillon preach his dreadful sermon on the small number of the Elect. The same monarch was thrown into fits by certain odors. He could only tolerate those used by Madame de Maintenon, whose gloves were always perfumed with jasmine.

We know some men who have the strongest antipathy to a crowd, and who are utterly disconcerted by the presence of strange faces; while there are new friends, who are never so happy as in the company of others, and shun solitude as a pestilence. Some men can not help being superstitious and fearful in spite of all the courage they can muster. Many believe in dreams, though few dare to confess it. If, at a dinner-party, it be observed that thirteen have sat down to table, one or more of the party can not help shuddering inwardly. Many will not believe in the prosperity of a voyage or enterprise begun on a Friday. Dr. Johnson had a singular aversion to entering any door or passage with his left foot first. When he found himself entering with the wrong foot, he retraced his steps, and made a start forward again, measuring his paces until he entered the door with the right foot. He was also often observed to make a long circuit, rather than cross a particular alley in Leicester Fields. Johnson was subject to distressing fits of melancholy, and though he wrote admirable papers on religious philosophy, he had an unusual horror of death.

Some of the greatest warriors have been afraid of thunder. Cæsar was almost thrown into convulsions by it; but he was subject to fits of epilepsy. Thomas Aquinas also suffered greatly in thunder-storms, and always regarded their coming on with unalloyed terror. Queen Elizabeth would not allow the name of her dead rival, Mary of Scotland, to be uttered in her presence. The word "death" was full of horrors to her. Nor could Talleyrand hear the same word pronounced without changing color. His domestics scarcely dared to place before him letters sealed with black, conveying the intelligence of the decease of friends, relations, or diplomatists. Of some of them, the decease was concealed from Talleyrand for many years.

Montaigne, supposed to be a stoic, was, like Johnson, full of prejudices and antipathies. He always preferred odd numbers; though he would not sit at table one of thirteen. He began nothing on Friday. He was alarmed at a hare crossing his path. The Marquis d'Argeus, the chamberlain of Frederick the Great, when he found thirteen at table, immediately rose and escaped. Hobbes did not dare to sleep at night without a candle burning by his bedside. He did not believe in God, but he had a dreadful horror of the devil. Voltaire, whom one would have supposed to be devoid of fear—mocker as he was of all the beliefs and superstitions of men—was thrown into alarm and fear on hearing rooks crowing on his left, when in the country. Rousseau also had many weaknesses. One of these was his fear of the dark: the approach of night was always the approach of terrors for him. The late Sir Samuel Romilly had a similar fear of darkness. He confesses in his autobiography, that he was in the practice of looking under the bed to see no one was concealed there, before he lay down to rest; otherwise he could not sleep. Byron was more superstitious still. He believed in supernatural appearances, in apparitions, in presentiments, in omens, and dreams. A drawer of horoscopes had predicted that his twenty-seventh or thirty-seventh year would be fatal to him, and he could not get the prediction out of his head. Friday was always a black day in his calendar. He was struck with terror when he remembered that he had embarked for Greece, at Gênes, on a Friday; and he once dismissed a tailor at Geneva who brought him home a new habit on that day. At Pisa, he went to call upon a lady of distinction for the first time, but immediately turned away from the door when he remembered it was Friday. He would neither help any one to salt at table, nor be helped himself. To overturn the salt-cellar, or to let the bread fall, was a most alarming occurrence; and to break a mirror was a horrible event. In short, Byron succumbed before the weakest prejudices; and he afforded only another proof that even the strongest intellects have always their weak side—that strongest minds are often the slaves of the pettiest foibles. What a chimera is man! What an object of interest, yet how chaotic, and what a subject of contradictions! A judge of all things, a depositary of truths, a pile of contradictions. The history of great men, as some one has said, might be written with the title of *The History of sublime Fools;* for the greatest have had their folly or their madness. Cardinal Richelieu, one of the strongest of positive minds, often imagined himself to be a horse, and would then leap about the room, neighing and kicking. The great Malebranche was at times not only a fool, but an arch-fool. He once fancied that he carried an enormous leg of mutton at the tip of his nose! A friend would accost him thus: "How is M. Malebranche to-day?" "Very well, on the whole; but this horrid leg of mutton becomes insupportable by its weight and by its smell." "How? leg of mutton!" "What! don't you see it?" If the person said "No," then Malebranche was seriously annoyed. An ingenious

friend proposed to cure him of this folly, or disease, call it which you will; he visited him, and at once pretended to recognize the unsightly object. The good father embraced his visitor, the first believer in his appendage; but the friend started back, crying, "Ha! your leg of mutton has struck me in the face;" at which Malebranche expressed much regret. The other went on. "I am surprised that you have not endeavored to have that encumbrance removed! If you would only permit me—with a razor; it is an operation quite unattended with danger." "Ah! my friend! my friend! I owe you more than life! Yes! Yes; by all means!" In a twinkling, the friend lightly cut the tip of the philosopher's nose, and adroitly taking from under his mantle a superb leg of mutton, raised it in triumph. "Ah!" cried Malebranche, "I live, I breathe, I am saved! My nose is free, my head is free—but—but—it was raw, and that is *cooked!*" "Truly it is so; but then you have been seated near to the fire—that must be the reason!" From that time, poor Malebranche was no more troubled by his leg of mutton, and he continued to be known, far and wide, as the great author of the *Search after Truth.*

THE LONDON JOURNALS ON THACKERAY'S HENRY ESMOND.

[FROM THE SPECTATOR.]

ESMOND is an autobiograpical memoir of the first five-and-thirty years of the life of an English gentleman of family, written in his old age after his retirement to Virginia; and edited with an introduction by his daughter, for the instruction and amusement of her children and descendants, and to give them a lively portrait of the noble gentleman her father. It is historical, inasmuch as political events enter both as motives to the actors and as facts influencing their fortunes, and because historical personages are brought upon the scene: both are necessary elements in the career of a gentleman and a soldier, but neither forms the staple or the main object of the book—which concerns itself with the characters and fortunes of the noble family of Castlewood, of which Henry Esmond is a member. The period embraced is from the accession of James the Second to the death of Queen Anne, and the manners depicted are those of the English aristocracy. Archæology is not a special object with the author; though both costume, in its more limited sense, and manners, are, we believe, accurately preserved. But Wardour-street and the Royal Academy need fear no competitor in Mr. Thackeray. His business lies mainly with men and women, not with high-heeled shoes and hoops and patches, and old china and carved high-backed chairs. Nor have Mr. Macaulay's forthcoming volumes been anticipated, except in one instance, where the Chevalier St. George is brought to England, has an interview with his sister at Kensington just before her death, is absolutely present in London at the proclamation of George the First, and indeed only misses being James the Third, King of Great Britain and Ireland, by grace of his own exceeding baseness and folly. Scott, who had a reverence for the Stuarts impossible to Mr. Thackeray with his habit of looking at the actors in life from the side-scenes and in the green-room rather than from before the foot-lights, has not scrupled to take a similar liberty with his Chevalier in *Redgauntlet*, merely to arrange a striking tableau at the fall of the curtain. But these violations of received tradition with respect to such well-known historical personages, force upon the reader unnecessarily the fictitious character of the narrative, and are therefore better avoided.

There is abundance of incident in the book, but not much more plot than in one of Defoe's novels: neither is there, generally speaking, a plot in a man's life, though there may be and often is in sections of it. Unity is given not by a consecutive and self-developing story, but by the ordinary events of life blended with those peculiar to a stirring time acting on a family group, and bringing out and ripening their qualities; these again controlling the subsequent events, just as happens in life. The book has the great charm of reality. The framework is, as we have said, historical: men with well-known names, political, literary, military, pass and repass; their sayings and doings are interwoven with the sayings and doings of the fictitious characters; and all reads like a genuine memoir of the time. The rock ahead of historical novelists is the danger of reproducing too much of their raw material; making the art visible by which they construct their image of a bygone time; painting its manners and the outside of its life with the sense of contrast with which men of the present naturally view them, or looking at its parties and its politics in the light of modern questions: the rock ahead of Mr. Thackeray, in particular, was the temptation merely to dramatize his lectures: but he has triumphed over these difficulties, and Queen Anne's Colonel writes his life—and a very interesting life it is—just as such a Queen Anne's Colonel might be supposed to have written it. We shall give no epitome of the story, because the merit of the book does not lie there, and what story there is, readers like to find out for themselves.

Mr. Thackeray's humor does not mainly consist in the creation of oddities of manner, habit, or feeling; but in so representing actual men and women as to excite a sense of incongruity in the reader's mind—a feeling that the follies and vices described are deviations from an ideal of humanity always present to the writer. The real is described vividly, with that perception of individuality which constitutes the artist; but the description implies and suggests a standard higher than itself, not by any direct assertion of such a standard, but by an unmistakable irony. The moral antithesis of actual and ideal is the root from which springs the peculiar charm of Mr. Thackeray's writings; that mixture of gay-

ety and seriousness, of sarcasm and tenderness, of enjoyment and cynicism, which reflects so well the contradictory consciousness of man as a being with senses and passions and limited knowledge, yet with a conscience and a reason speaking to him of eternal laws and a moral order of the universe. It is this that makes Mr. Thackeray a profound moralist, just as Hogarth showed his knowledge of perspective by drawing a landscape throughout in violation of its rules. So, in Mr. Thackeray's picture of society as it is, society as it ought to be is implied. He could not have painted Vanity Fair as he has, unless Eden had been shining brightly in his inner eyes. The historian of "snobs" indicates in every touch his fine sense of a gentleman or a lady. No one could be simply amused with Mr. Thackeray's descriptions or his dialogues. A shame at one's own defects, at the defects of the world in which one was living, was irresistibly aroused along with the reception of the particular portraiture. But while he was dealing with his own age, his keen perceptive faculty prevailed, and the actual predominates in his pictures of modern society. His fine appreciation of high character has hitherto been chiefly shown (though with bright exceptions) by his definition of its contrary. But, getting quite out of the region of his personal experiences, he has shown his true nature without this mark of satire and irony. The ideal is no longer implied, but realized, in the two leading characters of *Esmond*. The medal is reversed, and what appeared as scorn of baseness is revealed as love of goodness and nobleness—what appeared as cynicism is presented as a heart-worship of what is pure, affectionate, and unselfish. He has selected for his hero a very noble type of the Cavalier softening into the man of the eighteenth century, and for his heroine one of the sweetest women that ever breathed from canvas or from book since Raffaelle painted Maries, and Shakspeare created a new and higher consciousness of woman in the mind of Germanic Europe. Colonel Esmond is indeed a fine gentleman—the accomplished man, the gallant soldier, the loyal heart, and the passionate lover, whose richly contrasted but harmonious character Clarendon would have delighted to describe; while Falkland and Richard Lovelace would have worn him in their hearts' core. Lucy Hutchinson's husband might have stood for his model in all but politics, and his Toryism has in it more than a smack of English freedom very much akin to that noble patriot's republicanism. Especially does he recall Colonel Hutchinson in his lofty principle, his unswerving devotion to it, a certain sweet seriousness which comes in happily to temper a penetrating intellect, and a faculty of seeing things and persons as they are, to which we owe passage after passage in the book, that it requires no effort to imagine Thackeray uttering himself in those famous lectures of his, and looking up with his kind glance to catch the delighted smile of his audience at his best points. Nor is there any thing unartistic in this reminder of the author; for this quality of clear insight into men and things united with a kindly nature and a large capacity for loving is not limited to any particular time or age, and combines with Colonel Esmond's other qualities so as to give no impression of incongruity. But besides the harmonizing effect of this sweetly serious temperament, the record of Colonel Esmond's life is throughout a record of his attachment to one woman, toward whom his childish gratitude for protection grows with his growth into a complex feeling, in which filial affection and an unconscious passion are curiously blended. So unconscious, indeed, is the passion, that, though the reader has no difficulty in interpreting it, Esmond himself is for years the avowed and persevering though hopeless lover of this very lady's daughter. The relation between Esmond and Rachel Viscountess Castlewood is of that sort that nothing short of consummate skill could have saved it from becoming ridiculous or offensive, or both. In Mr. Thackeray's hands, the difficulty has become a triumph, and has given rise to beauties which a safer ambition would have not dared to attempt. The triumph is attained by the conception of Lady Castlewood's character. She is one of those women who never grow old, because their lives are in the affections, and the suffering that comes upon such lives only brings out strength and beauty unperceived before. The graces of the girl never pass away, but maturer loveliness is added to them, and spring, summer, autumn, all bloom on their faces and in their hearts at once. A faint foreshadowing of this character we have had before in Helen Pendennis: but she had been depressed and crushed in early life, had married for a home, certainly without passion; and her nature was chilled and despondent. Lady Castlewood has the development that a happy girlhood, and a marriage with the man she devotedly loves, can give to a woman; and her high spirit has time to grow for her support when it is needed. Even the weaknesses of her character are but as dimples on a lovely face, and make us like her the better for them, because they give individuality to what might else be felt as too ideal. Nothing can be more true or touching than the way this lady demeans herself when she finds her husband's affection waning from her; and Mr. Thackeray is eminently Mr. Thackeray in his delineation of that waning love on the one side, and the strength and dignity which the neglected wife gradually draws from her own hitherto untried resources, when she ceases to lean on the arm that was withdrawn, and discovers that the heart she had worshiped was no worthy idol. But to those who would think the mother "slow" we can have no hesitation in recommending the daughter. Miss Beatrix Esmond—familiarly and correctly termed "Trix" by her friends—is one of those dangerous young ladies who fascinate every one, man or woman, that they choose to fascinate, but care for nobody but themselves; and their care for themselves simply extends to the continual

gratification of a boundless love of admiration, and the kind of power which results from it. If Miss Rebecca Sharpe had really been a Montmorency, and a matchless beauty, and a maid of honor to a Queen, she might have sublimated into a Beatrix Esmond. It is for this proud, capricious, and heartless beauty, that Henry Esmond sighs out many years of his life, and does not find out, till she is lost to him and to herself, how much he loves her "little mamma," as the saucy young lady is fond of calling Lady Castlewood. Beatrix belongs to the class of women who figure most in history, with eyes as bright and hearts as hard as diamonds, as Mary Stuart said of herself; and Mary Stuart and Miss Esmond have many points in common. Of her end we are almost disposed to say with Othello, "Oh! the pity of it, Iago, oh! the pity of it." Unlovely as she is because unloving, yet her graces are too fair to be so dragged through the dirt—that stream is too bright to end in a city sewer. But the tragedy is no less tragical for the tawdry comedy of its close. Life has no pity for the pitiless, no sentiment for those who trample on love as a weakness.

These three characters are the most prominent in the book. With one or the other of the two women Henry Esmond's thoughts are almost always engaged; and it is to win the reluctant love of the daughter that he seeks distinction as a soldier, a politician, and finally a conspirator in behalf of the son of King James. In this threefold career, he has intercourse with Addison, Steele, and the wits; serves under Marlborough at Blenheim and Ramilies; is on terms of intimacy with St. John and the Tory leaders. A succession of Viscounts Castlewood figure on the scene, all unmistakable English noblemen of the Stuart period. A dowager Viscountess is a more faithful than flattering portrait of a class of ladies of rank of that time. The Chevalier St. George appears oftener than once. The great Duke of Hamilton is about to make Beatrix his Duchess, when he is basely murdered in that doubly fatal duel with the execrable Lord Mohun, who had twelve years before slain, also in a duel, my Lord Viscount Castlewood, the father of Beatrix. The book has certainly no lack of incident; the persons come and go as on the scene of real life; and all are clearly conceived, and sketched or painted in full with no uncertain aim or faltering hand. To draw character has been the predominant object of the author; and he has so done it as to sustain a lively interest and an agreeable alternation of emotions, through a form of composition particularly difficult to manage without becoming soon tedious, or breaking the true conditions of the form. Mr. Thackeray has overcome not only this self-imposed difficulty, but one greater still, which he could not avoid—his own reputation. *Esmond* will, we think, rank higher as a work of art than either *Vanity Fair* or *Pendennis*; because the characters are of a higher type, and drawn with greater finish, and the book is more of a complete whole: not that we anticipate for it any thing like the popularity of the former of these two books, as it is altogether of a graver cast, the satire is not so pungent, the canvas is far less crowded, and the subject is distant and unfamiliar; and, may be, its excellences will not help it to a very large public.

Our first quotation is from the introduction, by Colonel Esmond's daughter, and is a description of her father's character:

"And it is since I knew him entirely, for during my mother's life he never quite opened himself to me—since I knew the value and splendor of that affection which he bestowed upon me—that I have come to understand and pardon what, I own, used to anger me in my mother's life-time, her jealousy respecting her husband's love. 'Twas a gift so precious, that no wonder she who had it was for keeping it all, and could part with none of it, even to her daughter.

"Though I never heard my father use a rough word, 'twas extraordinary with how much awe his people regarded him; and the servants on our plantation, both those assigned from England and the purchased negroes, obeyed him with an eagerness such as the most severe taskmasters round about us could never get from their people. He was never familiar though perfectly simple and natural; he was the same with the meanest man as with the greatest, and as courteous to a black slave-girl as to the governor's wife. No one ever thought of taking a liberty with him (except once a tipsy gentleman from York, and I am bound to own that my papa never forgave him): he set the humblest people at once on their ease with him, and brought down the most arrogant by a grave satiric way, which made persons exceedingly afraid of him. His courtesy was not put on like a Sunday suit, and laid by when the company went away; it was always the same, as he was always dressed the same, whether for a dinner by ourselves or for a great entertainment. They say he liked to be the first in his company; but what company was there in which he would not be first? When I went to Europe for my education, and we passed a winter at London, with my half-brother my Lord Castlewood and his second lady, I saw at her Majesty's court some of the most famous gentlemen of those days; and I thought to myself, none of these are better than my papa: and the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who came to us from Dawley, said as much, and that the men of that time were not like those of his youth: 'Were your father, Madam,' he said, 'to go into the woods, the Indians would elect him Sachem;' and his lordship was pleased to call me Pocahontas."

THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH: A TORY SKETCH.

"Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshiped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony—before a hundred thousand men drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel—before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery vomiting flame and death and strewing corpses round about him—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like Fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress and left her; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle, I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the Prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury; his eyes lighted up; he rushed hither and thither, raging; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our Duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or

deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a half-penny, with a like awful serenity, and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

"His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the chiefs whom he used and injured—(for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jeweled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings; or, when he was young, a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears; he could always order up his reserve at the proper moment to battle; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoe-black, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you, whenever he saw occasion)—But yet those of the army who knew him best and had suffered most from him admired him most of all; and as he rode along the lines to battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face and felt that his will made them irresistible."

Even these few extracts render it unnecessary to enlarge upon the charms of the style. It is manly, clear, terse, and vigorous, reflecting every mood—pathetic, grave, or sarcastic—of the writer; and the writing has these qualities because the writer knows what he means to say, and does not give the public thoughts half-worked-out, or thoughts on matters where clear thinking is impossible.

Mr. Thackeray has left this delightful book behind him to console London for his absence in America. In wishing him a prosperous enterprise and a safe return, may we not hope that his genial presence may add another to the many links which bind England to the United States, and that Americans may learn from him that our highest order of men of letters can find something in the great Transatlantic Saxondom beyond food for a flippant sneer or farcical description?

[FROM THE LEADER.]

THE opening paragraph of this history is not only characteristic of its author, but of the work:

"The actors in the old tragedies, as we read, piped their iambics to a tune, speaking from under a mask, and wearing stilts, and a great head-dress. 'Twas thought the dignity of the Tragic Muse required these appurtenances, and that she was not to move except to a measure and cadence. So Queen Medea slew her children to a slow music: and the King Agamemnon perished in a dying fall (to use Mr. Dryden's words): the Chorus standing by in a set attitude, and rhythmically and decorously bewailing the fates of those great crowned persons. The Muse of History hath encumbered herself with the ceremony as well as her Sister of the Theatre. She, too, wears the mask and the cothurnus, and speaks to measure. She, too, in our age, busies herself with the affairs only of kings; waiting on them, obsequiously and stately, as if she were but a mistress of Court ceremonies, and had nothing to do with the registering of the affairs of the common people. I have seen in his very old age and decrepitude the old French King Lewis the Fourteenth, the type and model of kinghood—who never moved but to measure, who lived and died according to the laws of his Court-Marshal, persisting in enacting through life the part of Hero; and divested of poetry, this was but a little, wrinkled old man, pock-marked and with a great periwig and red heels to make him look tall—a hero for a book if you like, or for a brass statue, or a painted ceiling, a god in a Roman shape, but what more than a man for Madame Maintenon, or the barber who shaved him, or Monsieur Fagon, his surgeon? I wonder shall History ever pull off her periwig, and cease to be court-ridden? Shall we see something of France and England besides Versailles and Windsor? I saw Queen Anne at the latter place tearing down the Park slopes after her stag-hounds, and driving her one-horse chaise—a hot, red faced woman, not in the least resembling that statue of her which turns its stone back upon Saint Paul's, and faces the coaches struggling up Ludgate Hill. She was neither better bred nor wiser than you and me, though we knelt to hand her a letter or a wash-hand basin. Why shall History go on kneeling to the end of time? I am for having her rise up off her knees, and take a natural posture: not to be for ever performing cringes and congees like a Court-chamberlain, and shuffling backwards out of doors in the presence of the Sovereign. In a word, I would have History familiar rather than heroic; and think that Mr. Hogarth and Mr. Fielding will give our children a much better idea of the manners of the present age in England, than the Court Gazette and the newspapers which we get thence."

It is to show us some reflected image of the time that this book is written; and therefore, unless duly warned, the reader may feel some disappointment when he finds that "Thackeray's new novel" is not a comic novel, scarcely a novel at all, and in no sense a satire. It is a beautiful book, not one sentence of which may be skipped; but it is as unlike *Vanity Fair* and *Pendennis* as a book written by Thackeray can be.

To those who look beyond the passing hour, and see something more in literature than the occupation of a languid leisure, *Esmond* will have many sources of interest. One of these may be the purely biographical one of representing a new phase in Thackeray's growth. Tracing the evolution of his genius from the wild and random sketches which preceded *Vanity Fair*, we perceive an advancing growth, both as a moralist and as an artist. In *Vanity Fair* the mocking Mephistophelic spirit was painfully obtrusive; to laugh at the world—to tear away its many masks—to raise the crown even from Cæsar's head, that we might note the baldness which the laurels covered—to make love and devotion themselves ridiculous, seemed his dominant purpose; and had it not been for the unmistakable kindliness, the love of generosity, and the sympathy with truth which brightened those mocking pages, all that has been ignorantly or maliciously said of Thackeray's "heartlessness" would have had its evidence.

In *Pendennis* there was a decided change. The serious and nobler element, before subordinate, there rose to supremacy; the mockery withdrew into the second place. A kinder and a juster appreciation of life gave increased charm to the work. Although, perhaps, not on the whole so amusing, because less novel, and, in some respects, a repetition of *Vanity Fair*, it was,

nevertheless, an advance in art, was written with more care, and, as before hinted, was less sarcastic and skeptical.

That vein of seriousness which ran like a small silver thread through the tapestry of *Vanity Fair*, has become the woof of *Esmond;* the mocking spirit has fled; such sarcasm as remains is of another sort—a kind of sad smile, that speaks of pity, not of scorn. Nor is this the only change. That careless disrespect, which on a former occasion we charged him with, is nowhere visible in *Esmond.* If as a work of art *Esmond* has defects, they are not the defects of carelessness. What he has set himself to do, he has done seriously, after due preparation.

Seeing, as we do, such evidences of growth, and of growth *upward*, and remembering that he is only now in his forty-second year, may we not form the highest hopes of such a mind? Considered as a landmark on his career, *Esmond* is of peculiar significance. But we have here to consider it in another light; the reader impatiently asks, "What am I to think of it?"

Little Sir, you are to think *this* of it: An autobiography, written in the autumn light of a calm and noble life, sets before you much of the private and domestic, no less than of the public and historic activity of the reigns of William and Anne. The thread which holds these together is a simple and a touching one—the history of *two* devotions. All who have *lived* will feel here the pulse of real suffering, so different from "romantic woe;" all who have loved will trace a real affection here, more touching because it has a quiet reserve in its expression; but we shall not be in the least surprised to hear even "highly intelligent persons" pronounce it "rather a falling off." But you, good Sir, who follow your *Leader*, will honestly declare that it touched and delighted you; that from the first page to the last you loved the book and its author.

Without pretending to that minute knowledge of the period which could alone justify an authorative opinion, we may say that this book has so much the air and accent of the time, it would impose on us if presented as a veritable History of Colonel Esmond; and this verisimilitude is no where obtruded; the art has concealed the art.

In structure and purpose it reminds us of Leigh Hunt's *Sir Ralph Esher*, to which justice has not been done, because it has been read for a novel. The men of those days, no less than the events, move across the scene, and we get hasty yet vivid glimpses of Addison, Steele, Swift, Bolingbroke, Marlborough, Atterbury, Lord Mohun, and the Pretender. True to that opening passage we have quoted, these historic persons have none of the "dignity of history"—they walk before us "in their habit as they lived."

The characters are numerous, but are rather "sketched in," as one would find them in memoirs, than elaborately developed, as in a fiction. Lady Castlewood and Beatrix are, indeed, full-length portraits; both charmingly drawn, from the same originals, we suspect, as those of Mrs. Pendennis and Blanche Amory. The attentive reader will note, however, that in the portrait of the coquette, Beatrix, he has thrown so much real impulsive goodnesss, that she becomes a new creation—and, let us add, a *true* one. She is not bad—she is vain; and her fascination is made very intelligible.

What novel readers will say to Lady Castlewood's love, and to Esmond's love for the woman who calls him "son," we will not prophesy; for ourselves we feel, that although *vrai*, it is not always *vraisemblable.* Novel readers will be more unanimous about the dramatic interest of the scenes at the close of the first and third volumes.

We give no hint of the story; but by way of extract will take a passage or two of the purely reflective kind. Who will gainsay this:

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

"'Twas easy for Harry to see, however much his lady persisted in obedience and admiration for her husband, that my lord tired of his quiet life, and grew weary and then testy, at those gentle bonds with which his wife would have held him. As they say the Grand Lama of Thibet is very much fatigued by his character of divinity, and yawns on his altar as his bonzes kneel and worship him, many a home-god grows heartily sick of the reverence with which his family-devotees pursue him, and sighs for freedom and for his old life, and to be off the pedestal on which his dependents would have him sit for ever, while they adore him, and ply him with flowers, and hymns, and incense, and flattery; so, after a few years of his marriage, my honest Lord Castlewood began to tire; all the high-flown raptures and devotional ceremonies with which his wife, his chief priestess, treated him, first sent him to sleep, and then drove him out of doors; for the truth must be told, that my lord was a jolly gentleman with very little of the august or divine in his nature, though his fond wife persisted in revering it: and besides, he had to pay a penalty for this love, which persons of his disposition seldom like to defray: and in a word, if he had a loving wife, had a very jealous and exacting one. Then he wearied of this jealousy: then he broke away from it; then came, no doubt, complaints and recriminations; then, perhaps, promises of amendment not fulfilled; then upbraidings, not the more pleasant, because they were silent, and only sad looks and tearful eyes conveyed them. Then, perhaps, the pair reached that other stage which is not uncommon in married life when the woman perceives that the god of the honeymoon is a god no more; only a mortal like the rest of us, and so she looks into her heart, and lo! *vacuæ sedes et inania arcana.* And now, supposing our lady to have a fine genius and a brilliant wit of her own, and the magic spell and infatuation removed from her which had led her to worship as a god a very ordinary mortal—and what follows? They live together, and they dine together, and they say 'my dear' and 'my love' as heretofore; but the man is himself, and the woman herself: that dream of love is over, as every thing else is over in life; as flowers and fury, and grief and pleasures are over."

The question of "Woman's Rights," and especially of that right Man exercises in the name of *husband*—a name which sums up in itself all domestic rights—having lately been discussed, let us hear Thackeray on

OUR SLAVES.

"Much of the quarrels and hatred which arise between married people come, in my mind, from the husband's rage and revolt at discovering that his slave and bed-fellow, who is to minister to all his wishes, and is church-sworn to honor and obey him—is his superior; and that *he*, and not she, ought to be the subordinate of the twain; and in these controversies, I think, lay the cause of my lord's

anger against his lady. When he left her, she began to think for herself, and her thoughts were not in his favor. After the illumination, when the love-lamp is put out that anon we spoke of, and by the common daylight you look at the picture, what a daub it looks! what a clumsy effigy! How many men and wives come to this knowledge, think you? And if it be painful to a woman to find herself mated for life to a boor, and ordered to love and honor a dullard; it is worse still for the man himself, perhaps, whenever in his dim comprehension the idea dawns that his slave and drudge yonder is, in truth, his superior; that the woman who does his bidding, and submits to his humor, should be his lord; that she can think a thousand things beyond the power of his muddled brains; and that in yonder head, on the pillow opposite to him, lie a thousand feelings, mysteries of thought, latent scorns and rebellions, whereof he only dimly perceives the existence as they look out furtively from her eyes: treasures of love doomed to perish without a hand to gather them; sweet fancies and images of beauty that would grow and unfold themselves into flower; bright wit that would shine like diamonds could it be brought into the sun; and the tyrant in possession crushes the outbreak of all these, drives them back like slaves into the dungeon and darkness, and chafes without that his prisoner is rebellious, and his sworn subject undutiful and refractory. So the lamp was out in Castlewood Hall, and the lord and lady there saw each other as they were. With her illness and altered beauty my lord's fire for his wife disappeared; with his selfishness and faithlessness her foolish fiction of love and reverence was rent away. Love?—who is to love what is base and unlovely? Respect?—who is to respect what is gross and sensual? Not all the marriage oaths sworn before all the parsons, cardinals, ministers, muftis, and rabbins in the world, can bind to that monstrous allegiance. This couple was living apart then: the woman happy to be allowed to love and tend her children (who were never of her own good-will away from her), and thankful to have saved such treasures as these out of the wreck in which the better part of her heart went down."

Before concluding, we must quote one of those simple passages, which, coming quietly from the depth of real experience, go straight to the heart:

"At certain periods of life we live years of emotion in a few weeks; and look back on those times as on great gaps between the old life and the new. You do not know how much you suffer in those critical maladies of the heart, until the disease is over, and you look back on it afterward. *The day passes in more or less of pain, and the night wears away somehow*"

JOURNEY OF THE FRANGI.*

THE HISTORY OF MY HORSE SALADIN.

IF there was any one thing in which I was resolved to be particular it was in the matter of horses. Our journey was to be a long one, and experience had taught me that much of the pleasure of traveling on horseback consists in the qualities of the horse. For some reason unknown to me, and which I have never been able to discover even to this day, a sort of fatality has always attended my dealings in horseflesh. I had bought, hired, and borrowed the very finest-looking animals that could be found any where, and never failed to find out before long that they were blind, spavined, foundered, or troubled with some defect which invariably caused them to stumble and throw me over their heads. Not content with the entertaining spectacle thus afforded to public eyes, the very friends of my heart turned against me in the hour of misfortune, and said it was all my own fault, that any body of common sense could have foreseen the result; that the most honest men in the world, whose word would pass in bank for any amount, could not help lying when it came to horses; that a man's own father was not to be trusted in a transaction of this kind, or even a man's own mother, without looking into the horse's mouth and examining his hoofs. On this account I was resolved to study well the points of the animal that was to bear me through Syria.

Yusef had already given me some slight idea of the kind of horse I was to have. It was an animal of the purest Arabian blood, descended in a direct line from the famous steed of the desert, Ashrik; its great granddam was the beautiful Boo-boo-la, for whose death the renowned Arab chieftain Ballala, then a boy, grieved constantly until he was eighty-nine years of age, when, no longer able to endure life under so melancholy an affliction, he got married to a woman of bad temper, and was tormented to death in his hundred and twentieth year, and the last words he uttered were, *Doghera! doghera! straight ahead!* All of Yusef Badias's horses were his own, bought with his own money, not broken down hacks like what other dragomans hired for their Howadji; though, praised be Alla, he (Yusef) was above professional jealousy. There was only one horse in Syria that could at all compare with this animal, and that was his own; a horse that must be known even in America, for it had leaped a wall twenty feet high, and was trained to walk a hundred and fifty miles a day, and kill the most desperate robbers by catching them up in his teeth and tossing them over his head. I had not heard of this horse, but thought it best, by a slight nod, to let Yusef suppose that his story was not altogether unfamiliar to me. Being determined to examine in detail all the points of the animal destined for myself, I directed Yusef to bring them both up saddled and bridled, so that we might ride out and try their respective qualities before starting on our journey. This proposition seemed to confuse him a little, but he brightened up in a moment and went off, promising to have them at the door in half an hour.

Two hours elapsed; during which time I waited with great impatience to see the famous descendant of the beautiful Boo-boo-la. I looked up toward the road, and at length saw a dust, and then saw a perfect rabble of Arabs, and then Yusef, mounted on a tall, slabsided, crooked old horse, and then—could it be?—yes!—a living animal, lean and hollow, very old, saddled with an ancient saddle, bridled with the remnants of an ancient bridle, and led by a dozen ragged Arabs. At a distance it looked a little like a horse; when it came closer it looked more like the ghost of a mule; and then, closer still, like a horse again.

"Tell me," said I, the indignant blood mounting to my cheeks, "tell me, Yusef, *is* that a horse?"

* From a forthcoming "*Crusade in the East.*" By J. Ross Browne.

"A horse!" retorted he, smiling, as I took it, at the untutored simplicity of an American; "a horse, oh, General! it is nothing else but a horse; and such an animal, too, as, I'll venture to say, the richest pasha in Beirût can't match this very moment."

"Tahib! good!" said one of the Arabs, patting him on the neck, and looking sideways at me in a confidential way.

"Tahib!" said another, and "tahib" another, and "tahib" every Arab in the crowd, as if each one of them had ridden the horse five hundred miles, and knew all his merits by personal experience.

That there were points of some kind about him was not to be disputed. His back must have been broken at different periods of his life, in at least three places; for there were three distinct pyramids on it, like miniature pyramids of Gizeh; one just in front of the saddle, where his shoulder-blade ran up to a cone; another just back of the saddle; and the third, a kind of spur of the range, over his hips, where there was a sudden breaking off from the original line of the backbone, and a precipitous descent to his tail. The joints of his hips and the joints of his legs were also prominent, especially those of his forelegs, which he seemed to be always trying to straighten out, but never could, in consequence of the sinews being too short by several inches. His skin hung upon this remarkable piece of frame-work as if it had been purposely put there to dry in the sun, so as to be ready for leather at any moment after the extinction of the vital functions within. But, to judge from the eye (there was only one), there seemed to be no prospect of a suspension of vitality, for it burned with great brilliancy, showing that a horse, like a singed cat, may be a good deal better than he looks.

"A great horse that," said Yusef, patting him on the neck kindly; "no humbug about him, General. Fifty miles a day he'll travel fast asleep. He's a genuine Syrian."

"And do you tell me," said I, "that this is the great-grandson of the beautiful Boo-boo-la? That I, an American citizen, General of the Bob-tail Militia and representative in foreign parts of the glorious City of Magnificent Distances, am to make a public exhibition of myself throughout Syria mounted upon that miserable beast?"

"Nay, as for that," replied the fellow, rather crest-fallen, "far be it from me, the faithfullest of dragomans, to palm off a bad horse on a Howadji of rank. The very best in Beirût are at my command. Only say the word, and you shall have black, white, or gray, heavy or light, tall or short; but this much I know, you'll not find such an animal as that any where in Syria. Ho, Saladin! (slapping him on the neck), who's this, old boy? Yusef, eh? Ha, ha! see how he knows me! Who killed the six Bedouins single-handed, when we were out last, eh, Saladin? Ha, ha! you know it was Yusef, you cunning rascal, only you don't like to tell. A remarkable animal, you perceive; but, as I said before, perhaps you'd better try another."

"No," said I, "no, Yusef; this horse will do very well. He's a little ugly, to be sure; a little broken-backed, and perhaps a little blind, lame, and spavined, but he *has* some extraordinary points of character. At all events, it will do no harm to try him. Come, away we go!" Saying which I undertook to vault into the saddle, but the girth being loose, it turned over and let me down on the other side. This little mishap was soon remedied, and we went off in a smart walk up the lane leading from Demetries toward the sand-hills. In a short time we were well out of the labyrinth of hedges formed by the prickly-pears, and were going along very quietly and pleasantly, when all of a sudden, without the slightest warning, Yusef, who had a heavy stick in his hand, held it up in the air like a lance, and darted off furiously, shouting as he went, "Badra, Badra!" Had an entire nest of hornets simultaneously lit upon my horse, Saladin, and stung him to the quick, he could not have shown more decided symptoms of sudden and violent insanity. His tail stood straight up, each particular hair of his mane started into life, his very ears seemed to be torturing themselves out of his head, while he snorted and pawed the earth as if perfectly convulsed with fury. The next instant he made a bound, which brought my weight upon the bridle; and this brought Saladin upon his hind-legs, and upon his hind-legs he began to dance about in a circle; and then plunged forward again in the most extraordinary manner. The whole proceeding was so very unexpected that I would willingly have been sitting a short distance off, a mere spectator; it would have been so funny to see somebody else mounted upon Saladin! Both my feet came out of the stirrups in spite of every effort to keep them there; and the bit, being contrived in some ingenious manner, tortured the horse's mouth to such a degree every time I pulled the bridle that he became perfectly frantic, and I had to let go at last and seize hold of his mane with both hands. This seemed to afford him immediate relief, for he bounded off at an amazing rate. My hat flew off at the same time, and the wind fairly whistled through my hair. I was so busy trying to hold on that I had no time to think how extraordinary the whole thing was; if there was any thought at all it was only as to the probable issue of the adventure. Away we dashed, through chapperals of prickly pear, over ditches and dikes, out upon the rolling sand plain! I looked, and beheld a cloud of dust approaching. Next moment a voice shouted "Badra, Badra!" the battle-cry of our dragoman, and then Yusef himself, whirling his stick over his head, passed like a shot. "Badra, Badra!" sounded again in the distance. Saladin wheeled and darted madly after him; while I, clutching the saddle with one hand, just saved my balance in time. "Badra, Badra!" shrieked Yusef, whirling again and perfectly blinded by the fury of the battle. "Come on, come on! A thousand of you at a time! Die, villains! die!" Again he dashed furiously by, covered in a cloud of dust, and

again he returned to the charge; and again, driven to the last extremity by the terrific manner in which Saladin wheeled around and followed every charge, I seized hold of the bridle and tried all my might to stop him, but this time he not only danced about on his hind-legs, but made broadside charges to the left for a hundred yards on a stretch, and then turned to the right and made broadside charges again for another hundred yards, and then reared up and attempted to turn a back somerset. All this time there was not the slightest doubt in my mind that, sooner or later, I should be thrown violently on the ground, and have my neck and several of my limbs broken. In vain I called to Yusef; in vain I threatened to discharge him on the spot; sometimes he was half a mile off, and sometimes he passed in a cloud of dust like a whirlwind; but I might just as well have shouted to the great King of Day to stand still as to Badra, the conquerer. By this time, finding it impossible to hold Saladin by the bridle, I let go again, and away he darted faster than ever. "Badra, Badra!" screamed a voice behind; it was Yusef in full chase! Away we flew, up hill and down hill, over banks of sand, down into fearful hollows, and up again on the other side; and still the battle-cry of Yusef resounded behind, "Badra, Badra forever!"

On we dashed till the pine grove loomed up ahead; on, and still on, till we were close up, and the grove stood like a wall of trees before us. "Thank Heaven," said I, we'll stop now! Hold, Yusef, hold!" "Badra, Badra!" cried the frantic horseman, dashing by and plunging in among the trees: "Badra, forever!" Saladin plunged after him, flying around the trees and through narrow passes in such a manner that, if I feared before that my neck would be broken, I felt an absolute certainty now that my brains would be knocked out and both eyes run through by some projecting limb. In the horror of the thought, I yelled to Yusef, for God's sake, to stop; that it was perfect folly for us to be running about like a pair of madmen; but by this time he had scoured out on the plain again, and was now engaged in going through the exercise of the Djereed with a party of country Arabs, scattering their horses hither and thither, and flourishing his stick at their heads every time he came within reach. They seemed to regard it as an excellent joke, and took it in very good part; but for me there was no joke about the business, and I resolved as soon as a chance occurred to discharge Yusef on the spot. Saladin, becoming now a little tamed by his frolic, slackened his pace, so that I got my feet back into the stirrups, and obtained some control over him. There was a Syrian café and smoke-house not far off, and thither I directed my course. A dozen boys ran out from the grove, and seized him by the bridle, and at the same time Yusef coming up, both horses were resigned to their charge, and we dismounted. "Hallo, sir!" said I, "come this way!" For the fact is, I was exceedingly enraged, and meant to discharge him on the spot.

"Bless me! what's become of your hat?" cried Yusef, greatly surprised; "I thought your excellency had put it in your pocket to keep it from blowing away!"

"The devil you did! Send after it, if you please; it must be a mile back on that sand-hill."

A boy was immediately dispatched in search of the hat. Meantime, while I was preparing words sufficiently strong to express my displeasure, Yusef declared that he had never seen an American ride better than I did, only the horse was not used to being managed in the American fashion.

"Eh! Perhaps you allude to the way I let go the reins, and seized him by the mane?"

"To that most certainly I do refer," replied Yusef; "he doesn't understand it; none of the horses in Syria understand it."

"No," said I, "very few horses do. None but the best riders in America dare to undertake such a thing as that. Did you see how I let my feet come out of the stirrups, and rode without depending at all upon the saddle?"

"Most truly I did; and exceedingly marvelous it was to me that you were not thrown. Any but a very practiced rider would have been flung upon the ground in an instant. But wherefore, oh, General, do you ride in that dangerous way?"

"Because it lifts the horse from the ground, and makes him go faster. Besides, when you don't pull the bridle, of course you don't hurt his mouth, or stop his headway."

Yusef assented to this, with many exclamations of surprise at the various customs that prevail in different parts of the world; maintaining, however, that the Syrian horses not being used to it, perhaps it would be better for me, in view of our journey, to learn the Syrian way of guiding and controlling horses; which I agreed to do forthwith. We then sat down, and had some coffee and chibouks; and while I smoked, Yusef enlightened me on all the points of Syrian horsemanship; how I was to raise my arms when I wanted the horse to go on, and hold them up when I wanted him to run, and let them down when I wanted him to stop; how I was to lean a little to the right or the left, and, by the slightest motion of the bridle, guide him either way; how I was to lean back or forward in certain cases, and never to trot at all, as that was a most unnatural and barbarous gait, unbecoming both to horse and rider. Upon these and a great many other points he descanted learnedly, till the boy arrived with my hat; when, paying all actual expenses for coffee and chibouks, we distributed a small amount of backshish among the boys who had attended our horses, and mounted once more. This time, under the instructions of Yusef, I soon learned how to manage Saladin, and the ride back to Beirût was both pleasant and entertaining.

ZIP COON AT BAALBEK.

While we were looking at the ruins, Yusef came back from the village, which is a little way

off on the slope of the hill, with news that he had found a lodging-place for us at the house of his niece. By this time we began to have a suspicion of Yusef's nieces, he had so many all over Syria. At Batroun he had nieces, at Tripoli and Aheden he had nieces, and now here was another at Baalbek, and the strangest part of it was that they were all very pretty. However, as we had no prejudice against beauty, we followed our dragoman up into the village, where we found his niece and her husband living in a stone hut, rather a more decent sort of hovel than most of those in the neighborhood. It was, in truth, a very respectable little stone-box, covered over with mud, with a place for fire in one corner, and a great many little pockets in the walls all round, where there were stowed onions, tobacco, and sundry small notions for pleasure and sustenance. The host was an Arab of the country, a very good sort of fellow, who seemed to have but two objects in life to accomplish—one to see that his wife kept her face covered, and the other to keep the roof of his house from leaking; I hardly know which troubled him the most. The wife was a pretty, buxom young woman, with fine black eyes and a beautiful mouth, which she took every opportunity to display, in spite of the vigilance of our host, who was constantly on the watch, when he was not on the top of the house. He kept a round stone—a piece of an old pillar found among the ruins—which he was almost continually rolling over the top of the house; sometimes he would roll it for an hour, and then come down and look after his wife, and smoke his chibouk; but the presentiment was evidently uppermost in his mind that it would rain some time or other, and to work he would go again, hopping all over the roof with one foot while he kept the stone in motion with the other. The poor fellow was actually a victim to conjugal felicity.

In traveling through Syria, as in other parts of the world, I always carried my flute with me to relieve the lonely hours at night and excite a social feeling among the natives. I had fluted my way, after the fashion of Goldsmith, through many a difficulty; and now I was resolved to see what the magic of music would do in removing the prejudices of the Arabs. As soon as it was dark we had a good fire lit in the corner, and, pulling off our shoes, as custom required, we spread our mats close by, and sat down cosily to enjoy the cheerful blaze, my friends (the Southerner and the English Captain) smoking their chibouks, while I brought forth my knapsack and commenced putting the pieces of my flute together. The Arabs, who had begun to crowd in, were greatly interested in the strange instrument that I was getting under way; and Yusef, who was rather proud of his superior civilization, sat by enjoying their remarks and giving us a running interpretation. Some thought it was a sort of pistol, with a large touch-hole; but this notion was ridiculed by the more knowing ones, who said it was plain enough to see that it was a new-fashioned pipe, and that they would soon see me put the bowl to it, and begin to smoke.

At last I got all the pieces properly adjusted, and, commanding silence by a mysterious motion of the hand, commenced playing that classical air of "*Old Zip Coon*," which I dare say never was heard before among the ruins of Baalbek. There was the most breathless attention on all sides, interrupted only by suppressed exclamations of *Tahib! Tahib!* (good! good!) whenever I blew a very shrill or false note; and soon the women and children from the neighboring houses began to crowd in, and there was gradually a large circle formed around the room, the audience squatting down in rows, till there was scarcely space enough left to breathe. I blew away with all my might, for not only was I excited by the success of my experiment, but rather inspired by the music I was making, which, I assure you, was not bad. The familiar airs of home made me sentimental, and I merged into the doleful air of "Give me back my heart again; oh! give it back again!" which was a miserable failure; not a damsel seemed disposed to listen to it. They commenced, in the very middle of the most pathetic strain, to call for the first tune; so I had to return to "Old Zip Coon." When I had concluded, there was no end to the *tahibs:* Mr. Coon was a decided hit. In order to vary the entertainment, silence was commanded again, and Yusef was desired to explain that there would be a song; that it was a song of an old black gentleman who lived in America, who was a Pasha among the blacks; that he was called Uncle Ned because he was so venerable, and, being very old, the hair all fell out of his head, and there was no hair at all in the place where the hair ought to grow; that he hadn't any eyes to see with, and, consequently, was as blind as a post, or a stone-wall, or any thing else that is supposed to be deficient in eyes; that neither had he teeth to eat bread with, and he had to let the bread alone and eat something else; that his fingers were as long as canes in the brake, which was about an average of sixteen feet; and, eventually, that one day when he was out in the field, a horrible monster called Grim Death came along and caught him by the heel and carried him away, and he was never heard of any more except in this song, which was written in commemoration of all these facts. Thereupon, having excited the most profound interest in the history of Uncle Ned, I launched forth into the song, keeping as near the tune as possible, and going through all the motions descriptive of the baldness of his head, the absence of his teeth, and the length of his fingers. At length, when I arrived at the final catastrophe, where Grim Death seizes the old gentleman by the heel, I made a sudden motion at the heel of our worthy host, who was sitting near by, completely upsetting him with fright, and causing a laugh from the audience that seemed as if it would never come to an end. It was the best hit of the evening, and completely removed all constraint.

DANCE OF THE RAAS.

The women had gradually uncovered their faces, and the men were in such a good-humor that they paid no attention to it; and we were all as jovial as possible—showing that people all over the world are pretty much the same by nature, and that there are few races so barbarous as not to be moved by music and a spirit of sociability. I never found it to fail any where; and never knew an instance of any advance being made in a hearty off-hand way, where it was not returned even more cordially—from the fact perhaps that it is so rarely done by travelers. But my triumph was of short duration. Yusef became inspired by the bright eyes of the Arab damsels, and soon carried away all my laurels. Standing forth in the centre of the room he addressed the audience in the most impressive manner—stating that with their permission he would perform the celebrated dance of his country, called the *Raas*, for which it was necessary that he should have a space cleared in the middle of the floor. This proposition was greeted by a general murmur of approbation. A space was soon cleared, the audience crowding back on top of each other against the walls, but all in the most perfect good-humor. Yusef now began to unwind himself. He was in his choicest Arab costume, and fairly dazzled with armor. His sash was almost interminable. Francisco, the boy, pulled for five minutes, unwinding him all the time, as a spool of cotton on end might be unwound; and when the armor was all taken off and the sash at an end, Yusef called for his sword, and stood forth ready for the dance. Never was there such a sensation among the damsels of Baalbek. He was the very cut of an Arab beau, whose attractions and accomplishments were not to be resisted by vain and foolish women. Poising his sword in the air, he called for music, and the music struck up—your humble servant being the musician. Whiz! went the sword through the air, cutting and slashing in all directions; up cuts and down thrusts within an inch of the retreating noses of the audience, who were now tumbled over in regular heaps. The women could scarce suppress their screams; the men cried *Tahib! Tahib!* and Yusef cut away in a perfect frenzy, till the first part of the performance, commencing with the sword exercise, was concluded. He then began in good earnest the dance of the Raas; gradually at first, with a tremulous motion of one side and a convulsive quivering of the other that seemed quite miraculous. I really began to think the fellow would go to pieces. His right leg kept running all round in a circle, while his right shoulder and arm danced a jig; the whole of his left side kept rising and falling convulsively, and his back worked as if every joint had a distinct and independent movement. *Tahib! Tahib!* shouted the audience, and round and round ran the independent leg faster than ever; and the left side worked, and the right side danced, and the back wriggled into the most convulsive motions, and Yusef looked just as much like one of the figures in a show, worked by wires, as any thing I ever saw, only a good deal more wiry. Some of the motions in this part of the dance were so ludicrous that the music had to stop suddenly for want of breath; but the dance went on to the clapping of hands kept up by the Arabs. The concluding part of the performance consisted of dancing, fighting, and love-making all together. The *jeered* is thrown, the sword whirled over the head, hundred of foes slain, skulls split open, and terrible wounds received in the heroic attempt to carry away the daughter of a Grand Sultan, who seems to be surrounded by difficulties. At last Yusef is mortally wounded, and he begins to die by throwing his head back and getting very weak in the knees. Every bit of his body is convulsed with dying tortures; shoulders, breast, elbows, legs and all are writhing horribly; by degrees he drops on one knee, and then on the other; and his arms fall loosely, and his head tumbles over on his breast, and he is about to roll over perfectly dead, when he catches a glimpse of his lady-love. With a wild yell he springs to his feet again, seizes his sword, and lays about him so desperately that the audience begins to think it is no joke at all. It really seemed as if Yusef had entirely lost his senses; the perspiration streamed down his face; he snorted like a horse, and his eyes had something horribly wild and insane about them. I expected each moment to see him cut somebody through the skull—knowing it to be a common piece of entertainment in these outlandish countries. But it was only a dying effort, this fit of desperation; down he fell on his knees before his lady-love; gasped out the madness of his love with his last breath, and died like a true lover with his head in her lap. The sensation was tremendous. Hands were clapped, *tahibs* shouted from all quarters, and the clatter of astonishment, admiration, and sympathy from the Arab damsels was perfectly overwhelming. Never did I feel so cut down in all my life; old Zip Coon was completely forgotten in the torrent of admiration drawn forth by the performance of Yusef. I quietly put the flute in my knapsack, and came to the conclusion that all triumphs are fleeting, and that the *Raas* dance is the greatest dance that ever was invented.

THE LEPERS IN JERUSALEM.

In my rambles about Jerusalem I passed on several occasions through the quarter of the Lepers. Apart from the interest attached to this unfortunate class of beings (arising from the frequent allusion made to them in the Scriptures), there is much in their appearance and mode of life to attract attention and enlist the sympathy of the stranger. Dirt and disease go revoltingly together here; gaunt famine stalks through the streets; a constant moan of suffering swells upon the air, and sin broods darkly over the ruin it has wrought in that gloomy and ill-fated spot. Wasted forms sit in the doorways; faces covered with white scales and sightless eyes are turned upward; skeleton arms, distorted and

fetid with the ravages of leprosy, are outstretched from the foul, moving mass; and a low howl is heard, the howl of the stricken for alms: Alms, oh, stranger, for the love of God! alms to feed the inexorable destroyer! alms to prolong this dreary and hopeless misery? Look upon it, stranger, you who walk forth in all your pride and strength and breathe the fresh air of heaven; you who have never known what it is to be shunned by your fellow-man as a thing unclean and accursed; you who deem yourself unblest, with all the blessings that God has given you upon earth; look upon it and learn that there is a misery beyond all that you have conceived in your gloomiest hours—a misery that can still be endured; learn that even the Leper, with death gnawing at his vitals and unceasing tortures in his blood, cast out from the society of his fellow-man, forbidden to touch in friendship or affection the hand of the untainted, still struggles for life, and deems each hour precious that keeps him from the grave.

The quarter of the Lepers is a sad and impressive place. By the laws of the land, which have existed from scriptural times, they are isolated from all actual contact with their fellowmen, yet there seems to be no prohibition to their going out beyond the walls of Jerusalem, and begging by the road-side. Near the gate of Zion, on the way to Bethlehem, I saw many of them sitting on the rocks, their hideous faces uncovered, thrusting forth their scaly hands for alms. Their huts are rudely constructed of earth and stones, seldom with more than one apartment, and this so filthy and loathsome that it seemed unfit to be occupied by swine. Here they live and propagate, whole families together, without distinction of sex; and their dreadful malady is perpetuated from generation to generation, and the groans of the aged and the dying are mingled with the feeble wail of the young that are brought forth branded for a life of misery. Strange and mournful thoughts arise, in the contemplation of the sad condition and probable destiny of these ill-fated beings. Among so many, there must be some in whose breasts the power of true love is implanted; love for woman in its purest sense, for offspring, for all the endearments of domestic life which the untainted are capable of feeling; yet doomed never to exercise the affections without perpetuating the curse; some too in whom there are hidden powers of mind, unknown save to themselves; ambition that corrodes with unavailing aspirations; a thirst for action that burns within unceasingly, yet never can be assuaged; all the ruling passions that are implanted in man for great and noble purposes, never, never to give one moment's pleasure unmixed with the perpetual gloom of that curse which dwells in their blood.

As I plodded my way for the last time through this den of sickening sights, a vision of human misery was impressed upon my mind that time can not efface. I passed when the rays of the sun were cold and the light was dim: and there came out from the reeking hovels leprous men, gaunt with famine, and they bared their hideous bodies, and howled like beasts; and women held out their loathsome and accursed babes, and tore away the rags that covered them, and pointing to the shapeless mass, shrieked for alms. All was disease and sin and sorrow wherever I went; and as I passed on, unable to relieve a thousandth part of the misery, moans of despair and howling curses followed me, and the Lepers crawled back into their hovels to rot in their filth and die when God willed.

THE LAST OF THE MAGICIANS.

IN early summer, when the leaves were in all their delicious freshness, Laurentius, after the toils of the day, quitted the city of Haerlem, and wandered forth into the neighboring fields. As he sauntered on, the sounds of the distant populace grew fainter on his ears, and the beauty of nature beneath the setting sun awakened a train of thoughts connected with the passing glories of the scene before him, and the instability and changes that seem combined with the very nature of all that is fair and beautiful.

There came over him saddening reflections, recalling the languor of his own little Lotchen, and he thought how gradually her smile, like the light of a twilight sky grew fainter and fainter. Much he feared all would be dark soon—dark to him; that his child herself would be a shadow; her voice but a fairy song, an echo fleeting farther off in his memory, till it mingled, and was lost for ever, in the murmurs of the infinite Past.

He had striven to minister to her comforts and amusements, yet toys, and even flowers, were neglected now, or yielded but a momentary pleasure; and so the gloom deepened upon him—upon all; for this was not his only grief; ever as the child drooped more and more, there came anguish over the countenance of another, whom he loved dearer than life itself.

Laurentius had begun to instruct his Lotchen in the rudiments of reading. She had learned with avidity, at least in days of health and vigor, and even that morning reminding him of some manuscript which he had shown her, with its illuminations and large initial letters; she had besought him to design for her some of its words, that she might keep them by her, and look at them, and learn them—when she was well again.

In his walk, he heard a bird singing in a wood close by: it was a merry strain, but it made him sadder, if possible, for it reminded him of a time, not long ago, on that very spot, when with a fair companion on his arm, he momentarily led her aside, and pointed out to her in living letters her own gentle name, carved on the bark of a young tree.

Now, thinking also to gratify his child, stepping out of the path, he engraved some letters on the rind of a beech-tree.

He would have carved her name too—"Lotchen"—but his hand slipped at the second letter,

so he made it another word. Then, cutting a square of bark from the tree, he folded it in a piece of paper, and returned home.

Pleased was the little girl when she heard her father's step, and she stretched out her hand to take his present. But, even as he told her of the carved letters, her eyes became dim, and she said she was "a-weary;" and then, as she saw her mother turn away, and her father look strangely at her, she put out her hand feebly for the letters, and, placing them beneath her pillow said "she would look at them by-and-by:" and no doubt she did so, for she had become during her illness an angel in truth and gentleness: but it must have been in heaven that she read them, for she died that night!

Laurentius bowed down with grief; but, after a time, he arose, and went to his usual occupation; and, one day, casting his eyes upon the cover, in which he had wrapped the beech-rind, he perceived that the cut edges of the letters had stained the outlines of a word upon the paper. That word was "Light"—the talisman that led to a mighty discovery—the "Open sesame" of an infinite store-room of Thought and of Intelligence.

Thus, ran the tale—for it is an old one, and in telling it we have indulged in a few particulars—*thus* was printing invented.

But not to Haerlem only, but to Mentz and to Strasburg has been assigned the honor of this discovery. Very earnest at one time was the controversy, and each locality had certain pretensions to enforce.

Laurentius, sometimes called "Coster," from his office in the cathedral at Haerlem, has the prior claim. From the rude hints he had now obtained, he perfected a sort of press, or rather wooden stamp, on which he cut his letters. He impressed one side of his sheets only, pasting the unlettered surfaces together, to render their appearance more sightly. The earliest of his essays was long considered to be a work entitled, *Speculum Nostræ Salutis*, subsequently, however, a book was discovered, supposed to be the first specimen of printing. It was an Horarium, impressed on parchment, of eight pages only, containing the Alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, the Apostle's Creed, and three other prayers. It was the rudest thing in the world—such as the first specimen in a new discovery might indicate—as primitive almost as the first steam-engine. It had no numbers to the leaves—no distinctive marks or points: the lines were uneven, and of various lengths; nay the very shape of the pages differed, some being rhombodial, some square, some angular. This might be about A.D. 1430.

Previous to this era, wood engraving, a sister art, had been invented. In connection with it, a curious circumstance has lately come to light.

The earliest supposed specimen, bearing date A.D. 1423, was a representation of St. Christopher, carrying the infant Jesus. However, about seven years since, an ancient print was discovered at Malines, on the lid of an old chest, of a religious subject, dated A.D. 1418. It was purchased for twenty pounds, by the conservator of the Royal Library, in Brussels, and is a far more curious and better-finished specimen than that of St. Christopher, which is, we believe, in the possession of Earl Spenser.

Playing cards are said to be of an earlier date—first painted, they were supposed to be printed toward the end of the fourteenth century. Hence sprang the engraving of the images of saints on wood.

Haerlem was not long permitted to boast the undisputed possession of so valuable an art as printing. The invention, in spite of all attempts to conceal its nature, was pirated. It is generally supposed that a workman of Laurentius fled to Strasburg. At all events, Geinsfleich, alleged to be the elder brother of Guttenberg, set up a printing machine in connection with the latter, in this town. This undertaking, however, appears to have been fruitless—nay, utterly failed—for there is no proof of any book being printed at Strasburg till after A.D. 1462, the date of the general dispersion of the printers.

Guttenburg shortly afterward made his appearance at Mentz. This city was undoubtedly the scene of that improvement in the art which amounted to a second invention, and endued it with a vitality which may be said to have rendered it immortal. It was the application of movable metal types, instead of the old, fixed wooden ones—an improvement still further enhanced by the use of cast, instead of cut letters; and here for the first time appears on the scene John Fust, or Faust.

Faust, or Faustus, is a name memorable alike in truth or fable. Marlow and Goethe, in undying verse, have immortalized their hero; but the Faust of history is no less famous, and stands forth, in connection with the superstition and fears of an age that saw in his perfection of a wonderful art, something ominous of an alliance with the Enemy of Mankind.

With John Guttenburg, did Faust, an eminent and enterprising citizen of Mentz, associate himself as partner in the first printing press; while his own energies and pecuniary resources, combined with the skill and practical knowledge of his coadjutor, soon gave that significancy to the discovery that immediately rendered it famous throughout the world. Wonderful as was the power of Thought, it might be said to have now acquired an omnipresent and all-pervading vitality. Hitherto, the discoveries of science, and the experience of the profoundest minds, were but indented upon sand, which every deluge of barbarism was certain to efface; *now*, a security was given to man—a sort of ark—which should securely float down the tide of Time to the remotest ages; not only preserving within it all that was most precious in intellectual acquisition, but containing a talisman which should stay or at least divide, the stormiest waters, so that the good and the true should henceforth pass dry-shod and unharmed among them!

John Faust, citizen of Mentz, having amassed

considerable wealth, by commercial pursuits, became stimulated by a nobler ambition than that of mere acquisition, and was desirous of devoting his fortune and his energies to some system which, though it might benefit him in a pecuniary view, should also conduce to the intellectual and physical advantages of his fellow-men. Long, however, did he muse in his search for an efficient mode of carrying his project into effect.

One evening as the shades of twilight were descending, and he sat alone, deeply absorbed in thought, upon looking up, he beheld a tall, dark form before him. There was an ominous light in the eyes, and a wild intelligence on the dusky brow of the stranger, but on his sunken cheeks were Care, and unrequited Toil, and Famine.

With scarcely a word of apology for his intrusion; with some muttered exclamation, "that he had at length found the man he had long been in quest of," Guttenburg—for he it was—unfolded a small packet, and spread upon the table some pieces of metal. Faust looked, rather than asked, for an explanation. The stranger placed the dies in a kind of stamp, painted the surfaces of the letters—for such they were, with a dark fluid, produced a piece of vellum, and impressed upon it a short sentence. He repeated the operation several times, on each occasion comparing the results. He then displayed a printed page—nay, several printed pages—identical in form, words, and points, such as no scribe could imitate or repeat—such as only could be perfected by some new and wonderful art, or by magic. When Faust had sufficiently admired the production, he exclaimed, "That such a beautiful invention must bring its own reward, and that its authors must speedily become independent of the wealthy and of the great." The stranger made no reply. He took a small lamp from his vest, of a construction that seemed to combine the excellences of all the latest improvements; he touched the wick with a match, it lighted up, streaming through the apartment, now darkened by the shades of evening, then instantly went out.

"It wants oil—it has none," said Faust.

"Behold the lamp!" replied Guttenberg, again spreading the metal types before Faust. "It wants oil—will you supply it?"

"I will."

That night the bargain was struck—the compact signed—the *lamp was lighted!*

That lamp had the power of infinite multiplication. From a little star, it became to the world a sun; it pierced through the thickest clouds of moral and mental darkness; it was soon reflected by other lamps, of more or less intensity, throughout all the cities of the civilized world.

For some years Faust and Guttenberg labored together. Though not the inventors, they stamped this art with a utility that rendered it universal. It was in many senses a fearful innovation; it swept away whole centuries of conventional rights and monopolies. Soon, however, it directed itself to mightier and to loftier objects.

These were the magicians! and at one time it appeared they would have experienced the fate of all supposed confederates with the powers of darkness.

Our Faust did not shut himself up with Wagner, to discourse of "dry philosophy;" nor roam the world at large with Mephistopheles, to indulge in luxury, or share the witches' banquet; but he had leagued himself with the unknown, mysterious Guttenberg, and that was nearly as bad. He wielded a power which shook the conventional world to its foundations.

When the first productions of the two printers came out, we are told they created a vast sensation. Men could not sufficiently admire and wonder at the new art; the most accurate scribes, and the best judges of chirography, were astonished at the exact similitude of each copy of an impression; they had no idea of the means—at least, the greater portion of them—by which this identity of character was produced, for the operations of the printing-press were guarded and watched over with jealous and mysterious solicitude.

If Faust eschewed magic, we can not deny but that he loved mystery. Thus, in a most splendid edition of *Tully's Offices*, which issued from his establishment, he declared, in an appendix, "That the book was not executed by means of ink, nor a quill, nor a brazen pen, but by a wonderfully beautiful art!"

Books, and editions of books, were now published from the press at Mentz, comprising hundreds of volumes, identical in every respect—nay, even to the slightest error, or smallest typographical mark. Gradually, the admiration of the public yielded to a sort of superstitious wonder; then, to fear—to hate. Many, too, were personally interested in denouncing the new art. Fanaticism and ignorance set earnestly to work; the passions of an uneducated populace were speedily aroused; neither witches nor wizards had ceased to be believed in, nor persecuted; and there was in the legends of the people many a wild tale of supernatural agency.

It had been the custom of the scribes to illuminate and embellish some of the ancient manuscripts. Faust, to enhance the value of his impressions, had in some degree followed their example; he had introduced colored inks; in many of his books the red hue predominated.

This was conclusive; little further proof was required by his enemies; for *here* was displayed the very signs by which he had contracted his compact with the Evil One. The populace of Mentz rose in tumult. In vain he addressed the municipality; his house was invaded, his presses were destroyed, his business suspended—nay, it is even said he was obliged for a time to shelter himself in concealment from the fury of the rioters.

But Truth prevailed again; the violence of the populace subsided as quickly as it had risen, and the printing-press resumed with increased vigor its operations. But Faust and Gutten-

berg had quarreled; they were no longer to be associates. The man of genius and the man of enterprise separated; each betook himself to his own path; the mighty secret was divulged, and the press, the deadliest enemy of monopoly, whether scientific or political, became patent to all mankind.

Faust, in union with other partners, issued many works from his establishment. There is a love story, too, connected with this art, with his daughter, the gentle Christina; but we will not tell it *now*, lest we be accused of romancing.

Faust lived to witness many of the mighty effects of the science which he had so materially promoted. He was undoubtedly a man of energy—a master-spirit in his time—one of, if not the last of, the magicians; for the night clouds were breaking up, and the mighty revelations of new truths, as they rose, shone with the clear light of stars, and startled not with the same fears and superstitions as they did of old!

DO WE EVER FORGET?

(FROM THE GERMAN OF SEYGUERN, BY A. J.)

ONE of the most startling and mysterious phenomena of our nature is the sudden revival of the recollection of scenes, events, and thoughts which had apparently been long forgotten. In many instances we can explain this by the law of association; but not unfrequently the recollection flashes without warning upon the mind. It is as though we had been gazing out into the blank darkness, which, lighted up all at once by a sudden flash, should become a theatre upon which the minutest events of our past life are re-enacted.

Phenomena of this kind, more or less distinctly marked, occur in the experience of every individual, in his ordinary and normal states. But here, as in so many other cases, great light is thrown upon the latent capabilities of the mind by its action when physical disease has induced changes in the conditions which regulate its manifestation. The bodily organs, in their healthy state, seem to act as checks and limitations upon the operations of the mind, somewhat as the balance-wheel of a watch checks and regulates the uncoiling of the spring. We do not know how rapidly the wheels may be impelled, until this check is taken off. The balance-wheel makes the watch move in time; and it may be the limitations of the bodily organs only which compel the mind to act in reference to time. A disembodied spirit may have as little to do with time as with space. To all spirits, in their degree, as well as to the Supreme Spirit, one day may, in the most literal acceptation of the words, be as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day; so that in the future life we may continually live over again every portion of our past existence, not piecemeal, and fragmentarily, but as an undivided whole; just as the eye takes in at a single glance the whole prospect before it, no matter though it be bounded only by the remotest distance from which the farthest ray of light has come, which has been coasting earthward since creation.

Something of this sort has been remarked by those few who have so nearly overpassed the boundaries between the present and the future life, that they have won a glimpse into that "undiscovered country from whose bourne," the great Dramatist assumes, falsely perhaps, "no traveler returns." De Quincy, the "English Opium Eater," relates an incident of this kind of a friend who was once at the point of death by drowning. At the moment when she was on the verge of death she saw her whole life, down to its most minute and apparently most trivial incident, arrayed before her, as in a mirror; and at the same time she felt within herself the sudden development of a faculty for comprehending the whole and every part. And he intimates that the possibility of this mighty development is confirmed by experiences of his own during that abnormal relation between his spiritual and physical nature, which had been induced by the use of opium. Abercrombie relates the case of a boy who at the age of four years was rendered insensible by some violence, which fractured the skull. In this state he underwent the operation of trepanning. After his recovery he retained no recollection of the operation or of the accident which occasioned it. More than ten years after, he was seized with a violent fever, during which he became delirious. And now the faint traces made so long ago upon his consciousness—traces so faint that there was no reason to suspect their existence—were brought out under the fierce alchemy of disease with the utmost distinctness, and he related the whole occurrence with the utmost minuteness.

One of the most common phenomena in respect to old age is the re-awakening of the dormant recollections of childhood. Many cases are on record of emigrants who have left our German Fatherland, and have sought a new home in America, at so early an age as to have forgotten their native language; but when, often in the extremest age, they lay upon the bed of death, those long-forgotten words came back to their recollection, and their latest prayers were breathed in that language in which their cradle-hymns were sung. One of the most affecting and truthful delineations in modern fiction is that in the beautiful English novel "Mary Barton," where the aged peasant woman, when just passing the boundaries of the better land, lives over again the days of her childhood.

Carsten Niebuhr, the Oriental traveler, father of our beloved historian and statesman, furnishes a striking example of the revived recollection of scenes and events long past. When old and blind, and so feeble that he had barely strength to be borne from his bed to his chair, the dim remembrances of his early adventures thronged before his memory with such vividness, that they painted themselves as pictures upon his sightless eyeballs. As he lay upon his bed, pictures of the gorgeous Orient flashed upon his darkness as distinctly as though he had just closed his

eyes to shut them out for an instant. The cloudless blue of the Eastern heavens bending by day over the broad deserts, and studded by night with southern constellations, shone as vividly before him, after the lapse of half a century, as they did upon the first Chaldean shepherds whom they won to the worship of the hosts of heaven; and he discoursed with strange and thrilling eloquence upon those scenes which thus in the hours of stillness and darkness were reflected upon his inmost soul.

The case of Tennent, a well-known American clergyman of the last century, opens up many interesting trains of thought; but none more worthy of consideration than this of the sudden revival of recollection. He was attacked by a dangerous illness, occasioned, apparently, by severe and protracted study. One morning, after his life had been despaired of, while conversing in Latin with his brother, he suddenly became insensible, and, to all appearance, dead. His funeral was appointed, after the usual interval. But his physician, who was an intimate friend, refused to believe that he could be dead; which conviction was somewhat supported by the averment of one of the persons who assisted in laying out the body, that he thought he had perceived a slight warmth in the region of the heart. So earnest was the physician that the funeral was postponed; the time was again appointed, and again and again the friend pleaded for a little delay—first an hour, then half an hour, then a quarter—but still no signs of life appeared, and it was determined that the ceremony should proceed. But just at the supreme moment the sunken eyelids were raised for an instant, and a deep groan sounded from the livid lips, and the body became once more an apparent corpse. An hour passed away, and another groan was heard, and again the body sunk into apparent death. Another hour, and there was another groan, followed now by slight tokens of returning life. The feeble spark was carefully tended, and the patient was slowly restored to health. But it was soon apparent that his memory was a complete blank. The past was as entirely forgotten as though he had drank of the waters of Lethe. One day, seeing his sister reading, he asked her what it was that she held in her hand. On being answered that it was the Bible, he rejoined, "What is the Bible? I do not know what you mean." In every respect, as far as acquired knowledge was concerned, he was a child again. Slowly and laboriously he recommenced his education, beginning at the simplest rudiments. He was one day reading an elementary Latin book, with the brother with whom he was speaking in that language at the time of his apparent decease, when all at once he stopped as though he had received a sudden shock, and declared that the book seemed familiar to him. In a very short time the vail was wholly lifted, and his past acquirements and experience became once more portions of his conscious being. During all this time, as he uniformly asserted, he had the most intense and vivid recollection of all that transpired during those days of apparent, or, as he firmly believed, of real death. He dared not, he said, relate fully what he had witnessed in that spirit-land; but an account of it would be found among his papers after his decease. That event, however, took place during the disturbances of the war of the American Revolution, and these papers, by a series of singular accidents, were lost before falling into the hands of his executor, and so were never examined. But if his own testimony—the testimony of a man of unimpeached veracity, who for more than half a century thereafter maintained a character of remarkable soberness and circumspection—is to be relied upon, his soul passed from the body and entered the world of spirits, where he stood in the full presence of that ineffable glory upon which no man may look and live. Did he, in fact, pass those viewless portals which, we are told, deny all return? Was his recall to life a new birth from the dead? Who knows?

Whatever may be the bearings of this case of Tennent upon the subject of dreams and trances, or apparent death, it is certain that a forgetfulness apparently as absolute as can be conceived, was in fact only apparent; that the light from his past existence was invisible only because obscured by the brighter light from the spirit-land; just as the faint stars are invisible when concealed by the obscuring daylight, and wait to be revealed when that shall be withdrawn. It is one of those numerous instances which go far toward warranting the belief that there is no such thing as absolute forgetfulness; that every impression made upon the mind is ineffaceable, every inscription incapable of obliteration. A vail may be drawn between the after-consciousness and the inscription, the characters may be filled up; but this vail is ready at any moment to be withdrawn, the filling up to fall away, when the characters will become as legible as when first traced

There is another well-authenticated case, in some respects still more striking, showing as it does how slight may be the impressions made upon the mind, which shall yet prove to be ineffaceable. A poor servant-girl in a German town, was attacked by a violent fever. She was unable to read or write, but during the paroxysms of her disease she became possessed—so the priests said—by a very polyglot devil. She would keep spouting forth in a loud and monotonous voice unconnected sentences of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. Sheet after sheet of these ravings was taken down; but those who attempted to find the elucidation of some deep mysteries in this Babel of unknown tongues, got their labor for their pains. At length her physician determined to trace out her antecedents. He succeeded in ascertaining that, many years before, while a mere child, she had been employed as a servant by a learned ecclesiastic, whose habit it was to pace up and down a passage in his house, communicating with the kitchen, and read aloud his favorite books. These scattered and unconnected

phrases, caught in the intervals of her labor, were now reproduced by her, after an interval of many years. Passage after passage of the notes taken down from her feverish lips was identified among the old priest's favorite authors; so that not the least doubt remained as to the origin of the girl's "possession."

Coleridge, in speaking of this case, adds to it one of the weightiest comments ever uttered. This instance, he says, "contributes to make it even probable that all thoughts are in themselves imperishable; and that if the intelligent faculty should be rendered more comprehensive"—(and that this is probable, the instance cited above from the Opium Eater shows conclusively)—"it would require only a different and apportioned organization—the body celestial instead of the body terrestrial—to bring before every human soul the collective experience of his whole past existence. *And this—this, perchance, is the dread Book of Judgment* in whose mysterious hieroglyphics every idle word is recorded. Yea, in the very nature of a living spirit it may be more possible that heaven and earth should pass away, than that a single act, a single thought, should be loosened or lost from that living chain of causes, to all whose links, conscious or unconscious, the free will, our only absolute self, is co-extensive and co-present."

It is no idle question—"Do we ever forget?"

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXX.—Esther's Narrative.

RICHARD had been gone away some time, when a visitor came to pass a few days with us. It was an elderly lady. It was Mrs. Woodcourt, who, having come from Wales to stay with Mrs. Bayham Badger, and having written to my Guardian, "by her son Allan's desire," to report that she had heard from him, and that he was well, "and sent his kind remembrances to all of us," had been invited by my Guardian to make a visit to Bleak House. She staid with us nearly three weeks. She took very kindly to me, and was extremely confidential: so much so that sometimes she almost made me uncomfortable. I had no right, I knew very well, to be uncomfortable because she confided in me, and I felt it was unreasonable; still, with all I could do, I could not quite help it.

She was such a sharp little lady, and used to sit with her hands folded in each other, looking so very watchful while she talked to me, that perhaps I found that rather irksome. Or perhaps it was her being so upright and trim; though I don't think it was that, because I thought that quaintly pleasant. Nor can it have been the general expression of her face, which was very sparkling and pretty for an old lady. I don't know what it was. Or at least if I do, now, I thought I did not then. Or at least—but it don't matter.

Of a night when I was going up-stairs to bed, she would invite me into her room, where she sat before the fire in a great chair; and, dear me, she would tell me about Morgan ap Kerrig until I was quite low-spirited! Sometimes she recited a few verses from Crumlinwallinwer and the Mewlinwillinwodd (if those are the right names, which I dare say they are not), and would become quite fiery with the sentiments they expressed. Though I never knew what they were (being in Welsh) further than that they were highly eulogistic of the lineage of Morgan ap Kerrig.

"So, Miss Summerson," she would say to me, with stately triumph, "this, you see, is the fortune inherited by my son. Wherever my son goes, he can claim kindred with Ap Kerrig. He may not have money, but he always has what is much better—family, my dear."

I had my doubts of their caring so very much for Morgan ap Kerrig, in India and China; but of course I never expressed them. I used to say it was a great thing to be so highly connected.

"It *is*, my dear, a great thing," Mrs. Woodcourt would reply. "It has its disadvantages; my son's choice of a wife, for instance, is limited by it; but the matrimonial choice of the Royal family is limited, in much the same manner."

Then she would pat me on the arm and smooth my dress, as much as to assure me that she had a good opinion of me, the distance between us notwithstanding.

"Poor Mr. Woodcourt, my dear," she would say, and always with some emotion, for with her lofty pedigree she had a very affectionate heart, "was descended from a great Highland family, the Mac Coorts of Mac Coort. He served his king and country as an officer in the Royal Highlanders, and he died on the field. My son is one of the last representatives of two old families. With the blessing of Heaven he will set them up again, and unite them with another old family."

It was in vain for me to try to change the subject, as I used to try—only for the sake of novelty—or perhaps because—but I need not be so particular. Mrs. Woodcourt never would let me change it.

"My dear," she said, one night, "you have so much sense, and you look at the world in a quiet manner so superior to your time of life, that it is a comfort to me to talk to you about these family matters of mine. You don't know much of my son, my dear; but you know enough of him. I dare say, to recollect him?"

"Yes, ma'am. I recollect him."

"Yes, my dear. Now, my dear, I think you are a judge of character, and I should like to have your opinion of him?"

"O, Mrs. Woodcourt!" said I, "that is so difficult."

"Why is it so difficult, my dear?" she returned. "I don't see it myself."

"To give an opinion—"

"On so slight an acquaintance, my dear. *That's* true."

I didn't mean that; because Mr. Woodcourt

* Continued from the December Number.

had been at our house a good deal altogether, and had become quite intimate with my Guardian. I said so, and added that he seemed to be very clever in his profession—we thought—and that his kindness and gentleness to Miss Flite were above all praise.

"You do him justice!" said Mrs. Woodcourt, pressing my hand. You define him exactly. Allan is a dear fellow, and in his profession faultless. I say it, though I am his mother. Still, I must confess, he is not without faults, love."

"None of us are," said I.

"Ah! But his really are faults that he might correct, and ought to correct," returned the sharp old lady, sharply shaking her head. "I am so much attached to you, that I may confide in you, my dear, as a third party wholly disinterested, that he is fickleness itself."

I said I should have thought it hardly possible that he could have been otherwise than constant to his profession, and zealous in the pursuit of it, judging from the reputation he had earned.

"You are right again, my dear," the old lady retorted; "but I don't refer to his profession, look you."

"O!" said I.

"No," said she. "I refer, my dear, to his social conduct. He is always paying trivial attentions to young ladies, and always has been, ever since he was eighteen. Now, my dear, he has never really cared for any one of them, and has never meant in doing this, to do any harm, or to express any thing but politeness and good-nature. Still, it's not right, you know; is it?"

"No," said I, as she seemed to wait for me.

"And it might lead to mistaken notions, you see, my dear."

I supposed it might.

"Therefore I have told him, many times, that he really should be more careful, both in justice to himself and in justice to others. And he has always said, 'Mother, I will be; but you know me better than any body else does, and you know I mean no harm—in short, mean nothing.' All of which is very true, my dear, but is no justification. However, as he is now gone so far away, and for an indefinite time, and as he will have good opportunities and introductions, we may consider this past and gone. And you, my dear," said the old lady, who was now all nods and smiles; "regarding your dear self, my love?"

"Me, Mrs. Woodcourt?"

"Not to be always selfish, talking of my son, who has gone to seek his fortune, and to find a wife—when do you mean to seek *your* fortune and to find a husband, Miss Summerson? Hey, look you! Now you blush!"

I don't think I did blush—at all events, it was not important if I did—and I said, my present fortune perfectly contented me, and I had no wish to change it.

"Shall I tell you what I always think of you, and the fortune yet to come for you, my love?" said Mrs. Woodcourt.

"If you believe you are a good prophet," said I.

"Why, then, it is that you will marry some one, very rich and very worthy, much older—five-and-twenty years, perhaps—than yourself. And you will be an excellent wife, and much beloved, and very happy."

"That is a good fortune," said I. "But, why is it to be mine?"

"My dear," she returned, "there's suitability in it—you are so busy, and so neat, and so peculiarly situated altogether, that there's suitability in it, and it will come to pass. And nobody, my love, will congratulate you more sincerely on such a marriage than I shall."

It was curious that this should make me uncomfortable, but I think it did. I know it did. It made me for some part of that night quite uncomfortable. I was so ashamed of my folly, that I did not like to confess it even to Ada; and that made me more uncomfortable still. I would have given any thing not to have been so much in the bright old lady's confidence, if I could have possibly declined it. It gave me the most inconsistent opinions of her. At one time I thought she was a story-teller, and at another time that she was the pink of truth. Now, I suspected that she was very cunning; next moment, I believed her honest Welsh heart to be perfectly innocent and simple. And, after all, what did it matter to me, and why did it matter to me? Why could not I, going up to bed with my basket of keys, stop to sit down by her fire, and accommodate myself for a little while to her, at least as well as to any body else; and not trouble myself about the harmless things she said to me? Impelled toward her, as I certainly was, for I was very anxious that she should like me, and was very glad indeed that she did, why should I harp afterward, with actual distress and pain, on every word she said, and weigh it over and over again in twenty scales? Why was it so worrying to me to have her in our house, and confidential to me every night, when I yet felt that it was better and safer, somehow, that she should be there than any where else? These were perplexities and contradictions that I could not account for. At least, if I could—but I shall come to all that by-and-by, and it is mere idleness to go on about it now.

So, when Mrs. Woodcourt went away, I was sorry to lose her, but was relieved too. And then Caddy Jellyby came down; and Caddy brought such a packet of domestic news, that it gave us abundant occupation.

First, Caddy declared (and would at first declare nothing else) that I was the best adviser that ever was known. This, my pet said, was no news at all; and this, *I* said, of course, was nonsense. Then Caddy told us that she was going to be married in a month; and that if Ada and I would be her bridesmaids, she was the happiest girl in the world. To be sure, this was news indeed; and I thought we never should have done talking about it, we had so much to

say to Caddy, and Caddy had so much to say to us.

It seemed that Caddy's unfortunate papa had got over his bankruptcy—"gone through the Gazette," was the expression Caddy used, as if it were a tunnel—with the general clemency and commiseration of his creditors; and had got rid of his affairs in some blessed manner, without succeeding in understanding them; and had given up every thing he possessed (which was not worth much, I should think, to judge from the state of the furniture), and had satisfied every one concerned that he could do no more, poor man. So, he had been honorably dismissed to "the office," to begin the world again. What he did at the office, I never knew: Caddy said he was a "Custom-House and General Agent," and the only thing I ever understood about that business was, that when he wanted money more than usual he went to the Docks to look for it, and hardly ever found it.

As soon as her papa had tranquilized his mind by becoming this shorn lamb, and they had removed to a furnished lodging in Hatton Garden (where I found the children, when I afterward went there, cutting the horsehair out of the seats of the chairs, and choking themselves with it), Caddy had brought about a meeting between him and old Mr. Turveydrop; and poor Mr. Jellyby, being very humble and meek, had deferred to Mr. Turveydrop's Deportment so submissively, that they had become excellent friends. By degrees, old Mr. Turveydrop, thus familiarized with the idea of his son's marriage, had worked up his parental feelings to the height of contemplating that event as being near at hand; and had given his gracious consent to the young couple commencing housekeeping, at the Academy in Newman Street, when they would.

"And your papa, Caddy. What did he say?"

"O! poor Pa," said Caddy, "only cried, and said he hoped we might get on better than he and Ma had got on. He didn't say so before Prince; he only said so to me. And he said, 'My poor girl, you have not been very well taught how to make a home for your husband; but unless you mean with all your heart to strive to do it, you had better murder him than marry him—if you really love him.'"

"And how did you reassure him, Caddy?"

"Why, it was very distressing, you know, to see poor Pa so low, and hear him say such terrible things, and I couldn't help crying myself. But I told him that I *did* mean it, with all my heart; and that I hoped our house would be a place for him to come and find some comfort in, of an evening; and that I hoped and thought I could be a better daughter to him there, than at home. Then I mentioned Peepy's coming to stay with me; and then Pa began to cry again, and said the children were Indians."

"Indians, Caddy?"

"Yes," said Caddy, "Wild Indians. And Pa said"—(here she began to sob, poor girl, not at all like the happiest girl in the world)—"that he was sensible the best thing that could happen to them was, their being all tomahawked together."

Ada suggested that it was comfortable to know that Mr. Jellyby did not mean these destructive sentiments.

"No, of course I know Pa wouldn't like his family to be weltering in their blood," said Caddy; "but he means that they are very unfortunate in being Ma's children, and that he is very unfortunate in being Ma's husband; and I am sure that's true, though it seems unnatural to say so."

I asked Caddy if Mrs. Jellyby knew that her wedding-day was fixed.

"O! you know what Ma is, Esther," she returned. "It's impossible to say whether she knows it or not. She has been told it often enough; and when she *is* told it, she only gives me a placid look, as if I was I don't know what—a steeple in the distance," said Caddy, with a sudden idea; "and then she shakes her head, and says 'O Caddy, Caddy, what a tease you are!' and goes on with the Borrioboola letters."

"And about your wardrobe, Caddy?" said I. For she was under no restraint with us.

"Well, my dear Esther," she returned, drying her eyes, "I must do the best I can, and trust to my dear Prince never to have an unkind remembrance of my coming so shabbily to him. If the question concerned an outfit for Borrioboola, Ma would know all about it, and would be quite excited. Being what it is, she neither knows nor cares."

Caddy was not at all deficient in natural affection for her mother, but mentioned this with tears, as an undeniable fact: which I am afraid it was. We were so sorry for the poor dear girl, and found so much to admire in the good disposition which had survived under such discouragement, that we both at once (I mean Ada and I) proposed a little scheme, that made her perfectly joyful. This was, her staying with us for three weeks; my staying with her for one; and our all three contriving and cutting out, and repairing, and sewing, and saving, and doing the very best we could think of, to make the most of her stock. My Guardian being as pleased with the idea as Caddy was, we took her home next day to arrange the matter; and brought her out again in triumph with her boxes, and all the purchases that could be squeezed out of a ten-pound note, which Mr. Jellyby had found in the Docks I suppose, but which he at all events gave her. What my Guardian would not have given her, if we had encouraged him, it would be difficult to say; but we thought it right to compound for no more than her wedding-dress and bonnet. He agreed to this compromise; and if Caddy had ever been happy in her life, she was happy when we sat down to work.

She was clumsy enough with her needle, poor girl, and pricked her fingers as much as she had been used to ink them. She could not help reddening a little, now and then: partly with the smart, and partly with vexation at being able to

do no better: but she soon got over that, and began to improve rapidly. So, day after day, she and my darling, and my little maid Charley, and a milliner out of the town, and I, sat hard at work, as pleasantly as possible.

Over and above this, Caddy was very anxious "to learn housekeeping," as she said. Now, Mercy upon us! the idea of her learning housekeeping of a person of my vast experience was such a joke, that I laughed, and colored up, and fell into a comical confusion when she proposed it. However, I said, "Caddy, I am sure you are very welcome to learn any thing that you can learn of *me*, my dear;" and I showed her all my books and methods, and all my fidgety ways. You would have supposed that I was showing her some wonderful inventions, by her study of them; and if you had seen her, whenever I jingled my housekeeping keys, get up and attend me, certainly you might have thought that there never was a greater impostor than I, with a blinder follower than Caddy Jellyby.

So, what with working and housekeeping, and lessons to Charley, and backgammon in the evening with my Guardian, and duets with Ada, the three weeks slipped fast away. Then I went home with Caddy, to see what could be done there; and Ada and Charley remained behind, to take care of my Guardian.

When I say I went home with Caddy, I mean to the furnished lodging in Hatton Garden. We went to Newman Street two or three times, where preparations were in progress too; a good many, I observed, for enhancing the comforts of old Mr. Turveydrop, and a few for putting the newly-married couple away cheaply at the top of the house; but our great point was to make the furnished lodging decent for the wedding breakfast, and to imbue Mrs. Jellyby beforehand with some faint sense of the occasion.

The latter was the more difficult thing of the two, because Mrs. Jellyby and an unwholesome boy occupied the front sitting-room (the back one was a mere closet), and it was littered down with waste paper and Borrioboolan documents, as an untidy stable might be littered with straw. Mrs. Jellyby sat there all day, drinking strong coffee, dictating, and holding Borrioboolan interviews by appointment. The unwholesome boy, who seemed to me to be going into a decline, took his meals out of the house. When Mr. Jellyby came home, he usually groaned and went down into the kitchen. There he got something to eat, if the servant would give him any thing; and then, feeling that he was in the way, went out and walked about Hatton Garden in the wet. The poor children scrambled up and tumbled down the house, as they had always been accustomed to do.

The production of these devoted little sacrifices, in any presentable condition, being quite out of the question at a week's notice, I proposed to Caddy that we should make them as happy as we could on her marriage morning, in the attic where they all slept; and should confine our greatest efforts to her mamma and her mamma's room, and a clean breakfast. In truth Mrs. Jellyby required a good deal of attention, the lattice-work up her back having widened considerably since I first knew her, and her hair looking like the mane of a dustman's horse.

Thinking that the display of Caddy's wardrobe would be the best means of approaching the subject, I invited Mrs. Jellyby to come and look at it spread out on Caddy's bed, in the evening after the unwholesome boy was gone.

"My dear Miss Summerson," said she, rising from her desk, with her usual sweetness of temper, "these are really ridiculous preparations, though your assisting them is a proof of your kindness. There is something so inexpressibly absurd to me, in the idea of Caddy being married! O Caddy, you silly, silly, silly puss!"

She came up-stairs with us, notwithstanding, and looked at the clothes in her customary far-off manner. They suggested one distinct idea to her; for she said, with her placid smile, and shaking her head, "My good Miss Summerson, at half the cost, this weak child might have been equipped for Africa!"

On our going down-stairs again, Mrs. Jellyby asked me whether this troublesome business was really to take place next Wednesday? And on my replying yes, she said, "Will my room be required, my dear Miss Summerson? For it's quite impossible that I can put my papers away."

I took the liberty of saying that the room would certainly be wanted, and that I thought we must put the papers away somewhere. "Well, my dear Miss Summerson," said Mrs. Jellyby, "you know best, I dare say. But by obliging me to employ a boy, Caddy has embarrassed me to that extent, overwhelmed as I am with public business, that I don't know which way to turn. We have a Ramification meeting, too, on Wednesday afternoon, and the inconvenience is very serious."

"It is not likely to occur again," said I, smiling. "Caddy will be married but once, probably."

"That's true," Mrs. Jellyby replied, "that's true, my dear. I suppose we must make the best of it!"

The next question was, how Mrs. Jellyby should be dressed on the occasion. I thought it very curious to see her looking on serenely from her writing-table, while Caddy and I discussed it, occasionally shaking her head at us with a half-reproachful smile, like a superior spirit who could just bear with our trifling.

The state in which her dresses were, and the extraordinary confusion in which she kept them, added not a little to our difficulty; but at length we devised something not very unlike what a common-place mother might wear on such an occasion. The abstracted manner in which Mrs Jellyby would deliver herself up to having this attire tried on by the dress-maker, and the sweetness with which she would then observe to me how sorry she was that I had not turned my thoughts to Africa, were consistent with the rest of her behavior.

The lodging was rather confined as to space, but I fancied that if Mrs. Jellyby's household had been the only lodgers in Saint Paul's or Saint Peter's, the sole advantage they would have found in the size of the building would have been its affording a great deal of room to be dirty in. I believe that nothing belonging to the family, which it had been possible to break, was unbroken at the time of those preparations for Caddy's marriage; that nothing which it had been possible to spoil in any way was unspoilt; and that no domestic object which was capable of collecting dirt, from a dear child's knee to the door-plate, was without as much dirt as could well accumulate upon it.

Poor Mr. Jellyby, who very seldom spoke, and almost always sat when he was at home with his head against the wall, became interested when he saw that Caddy and I were attempting to establish some order among all this waste and ruin, and took off his coat to help. But such wonderful things came tumbling out of the closets when they were opened—bits of mouldy pie, sour bottles, Mrs. Jellyby's caps, letters, tea, forks, odd boots and shoes of children, firewood, wafers, saucepan-lids, damp sugar in odds and ends of paper bags, footstools, black-lead brushes, bread, Mrs. Jellyby's bonnets, books with butter sticking to the binding, guttered candle-ends put out by being turned upside down in broken candle-sticks, nutshells, heads and tails of shrimps, dinner-mats, gloves, coffee-grounds, umbrellas—that he looked frightened, and left off again. But he came in regularly every evening, and sat without his coat, with his head against the wall; as though he would have helped us, if he had known how.

"Poor Pa!" said Caddy to me, on the night before the great day, when we really had got things a little to rights. "It seems unkind to leave him, Esther. But what could I do, if I staid! Since I first knew you, I have tidied and tidied over and over again; but it's useless. Ma and Africa, together, upset the whole house directly. We never have a servant who don't drink. Ma's ruinous to every thing."

Mr. Jellyby could not hear what she said, but he seemed very low indeed, and shed tears, I thought.

"My heart aches for him; that it does!" sobbed Caddy. "I can't help thinking, to-night, Esther, how dearly I hope to be happy with Prince, and how dearly Pa hoped, I dare say, to be happy with Ma. What a disappointed life!"

"My dear Caddy!" said Mr. Jellyby, looking slowly round from the wall. It was the first time, I think, I ever heard him say three words together.

"Yes, Pa!" cried Caddy, going to him and embracing him affectionately.

"My dear Caddy," said Mr. Jellyby. "Never have—"

"Not Prince, Pa?" faltered Caddy. "Not have Prince?"

"Yes, my dear," said Mr. Jellyby. "Have him, certainly. But, never have—"

I mentioned, in my account of our first visit in Thavies' Inn, that Richard described Mr. Jellyby as frequently opening his mouth after dinner without saying any thing. It was a habit of his. He opened his mouth now, a great many times, and shook his head in a melancholy manner.

"What do you wish me not to have? Don't have what, dear Pa?" asked Caddy, coaxing him, with her arms round his neck.

"Never have a Mission, my dear child."

Mr. Jellyby groaned, and laid his head against the wall again; and this was the only time I ever heard him make any approach to expressing his sentiments on the Borrioboolan question. I suppose he had been more talkative and lively, once; but he seemed to have been completely exhausted long before I knew him.

I thought Mrs. Jellyby never would have left off serenely looking over her papers, and drinking coffee, that night. It was twelve o'clock before we could obtain possession of the room; and the clearance it required then, was so discouraging, that Caddy, who was almost tired out, sat down in the middle of the dust, and cried. But she soon cheered up, and we did wonders with it before we went to bed.

In the morning it looked, by the aid of a few flowers and a quantity of soap and water, and a little arrangement, quite gay. The plain breakfast made a cheerful show, and Caddy was perfectly charming. But when my darling came, I thought—and I think now—that I never had seen such a dear face as my beautiful pet's.

We made a little feast for the children upstairs, and we put Peepy at the head of the table, and we showed them Caddy in her bridal dress, and they clapped their hands and hurrahed, and Caddy cried to think that she was going away from them, and hugged them over and over again, until we brought Prince up to fetch her away—when, I am sorry to say, Peepy bit him. Then there was old Mr. Turveydrop downstairs, in a state of Deportment not to be expressed, benignly blessing Caddy, and giving my Guardian to understand, that his son's happiness was his own parental work, and that he sacrificed personal considerations to insure it. "My dear sir," said Mr. Turveydrop, "these young people will live with me; my house is large enough for their accommodation, and they shall not want the shelter of my roof. I could have wished—you will understand the allusion, Mr. Jarndyce, for you remember my illustrious patron the Prince Regent—I could have wished that my son had married into a family where there was more Deportment; but the will of Heaven be done!"

Mr. and Mrs. Pardiggle were of the party—Mr. Pardiggle, an obstinate-looking man, with a large waistcoat and stubbly hair, who was always talking in a loud bass voice about his mite, or Mrs. Pardiggle's mite, or their five boys' mites. Mr. Gusher, with his hair brushed back as usual, and his knobs of temples shining very much, was also there; not in the character of a disappointed

lover, but as the Accepted of a young—at least, an unmarried—lady, a Miss Wisk, who was also there. Miss Wisk's mission, my Guardian said, was to show the world that woman's mission was man's mission; and that the only genuine mission of both man and woman, was to be always moving declaratory resolutions about things in general at public meetings. The guests were few; but were, as one might expect, at Mrs. Jellyby's, all devoted to public objects only. Besides those I have mentioned, there was an extremely dirty lady, with her bonnet all awry, and the ticketed price of her dress still sticking on it, whose neglected home, Caddy told me, was like a filthy wilderness, but whose church was like a fancy fair. A very contentious gentleman, who said it was his mission to be every body's brother, but who appeared to be on terms of coolness with the whole of his large family, completed the party.

A party, having less in common with such an occasion, could hardly have been got together by any ingenuity. Such a mean mission as the domestic mission, was the very last thing to be endured among them; indeed, Miss Wisk informed us, with great indignation, before we sat down to breakfast, that the idea of woman's mission lying chiefly in the narrow sphere of Home, was an outrageous slander on the part of her Tyrant, Man. One other singularity was, that nobody with a mission—except Mr. Gusher, whose mission, as I think I have formerly said, was to be in ecstasies with every body's mission—cared at all for any body's mission. Mrs. Pardiggle being as clear that the only one infallible course was her course of pouncing upon the poor, and applying benevolence to them like a strait-waistcoat; as Miss Wisk was that the only practical thing for the world, was the emancipation of Woman from the thralldom of her Tyrant, Man. Mrs. Jellyby, all the while, sat smiling at the limited vision that could see any thing but Borrioboola-Gha.

But I am anticipating now the purport of our conversation on the ride home, instead of first marrying Caddy. We all went to church, and Mr. Jellyby gave her away. Of the air with which old Mr. Turveydrop, with his hat under his left arm (the inside presented at the clergyman like a cannon), and his eyes creasing themselves up into his wig, stood, stiff and high-shouldered, behind us bridesmaids during the ceremony, and afterward saluted us, I could never say enough to do it justice. Miss Wisk, whom I can not report as prepossessing in appearance, and whose manner was grim, listened to the proceedings, as part of Woman's wrongs, with a disdainful face. Mrs. Jellyby, with her calm smile and her bright eyes, looked the least concerned of all the company.

We duly came back to breakfast, and Mrs. Jellyby sat at the head of the table, and Mr. Jellyby at the foot. Caddy had previously stolen upstairs, to hug the children again, and tell them that her name was Turveydrop. But this piece of information, instead of being an agreeable surprise to Peepy, threw him on his back in such transports of kicking grief, that I could do nothing on being sent for, but accede to the proposal that he should be admitted to the breakfast-table. So he came down, and sat in my lap; and Mrs. Jellyby, after saying, in reference to the state of his pinafore, "O, you naughty Peepy, what a shocking little pig you are!" was not at all discomposed. He was very good, except that he brought down Noah with him (out of an ark I had given him before we went to church), and *would* dip him head first into the wine-glasses, and then put him in his mouth.

My Guardian, with his sweet temper, and his quick perception, and his amiable face, made something agreeable even out of the ungenial company. None of them seemed able to talk about any thing but his, or her own one subject, and none of them seemed able to talk about even that, as part of a world in which there was any thing else; but my Guardian turned it all to the merry encouragement of Caddy, and the honor of the occasion, and brought us through the breakfast nobly. What we should have done without him, I am afraid to think; for, all the company despising the bride and bridegroom, and old Mr. Turveydrop—and old Mr. Turveydrop, in virtue of his Deportment, considering himself vastly superior to all the company—it was a very unpromising case.

At last the time came when poor Caddy was to go, and when all her property was packed on the hired coach and pair that was to take her and her husband to Gravesend. It affected us to see Caddy clinging, then, to her deplorable home, and hanging on her mother's neck with the greatest tenderness.

"I am very sorry I couldn't go on writing from dictation, Ma," sobbed Caddy. "I hope you forgive me, now?"

"O, Caddy, Caddy!" said Mrs. Jellyby, "I have told you over and over again that I have engaged a boy, and there's an end of it."

"You are sure you are not in the least angry with me, Ma? Say you are sure, before I go away, Ma?"

"You foolish Caddy," returned Mrs. Jellyby, "do I look angry, or have I inclination to be angry, or time to be angry? How *can* you?"

"Take a little care of Pa while I am gone, mamma!"

Mrs. Jellyby positively laughed at the fancy. "You romantic child," said she, lightly patting Caddy's back. "Go along. I am excellent friends with you. Now, good-by, Caddy, and be very happy!"

Then Caddy hung upon her father, and nursed his cheek against hers, as if he were some poor, dull child in pain. All this took place in the hall. Her father released her, took out his pocket-handkerchief, and sat down on the stairs with his head against the wall. I hope he found some consolation in walls. I almost think he did.

And then Prince took her arm in his, and

turned with great emotion and respect to his father, whose Deportment at that moment was overwhelming.

"Thank you, over and over again, father!" said Prince, kissing his hand. "I am very grateful for all your kindness and consideration regarding our marriage, and so, I can assure you, is Caddy."

"Very," sobbed Caddy. "Ve-ry!"

"My dear son," said Mr. Turveydrop, "and dear daughter, I have done my duty. If the spirit of a sainted Wooman hovers above us, and looks down on the occasion, that, and your constant affection, will be my recompense. You will not fail in *your* duty, my son and daughter, I believe?"

"Dear father, never!" cried Prince.

"Never, never, dear Mr. Turveydrop!" said Caddy.

"This," returned Mr. Turveydrop, "is as it should be. My children, my home is yours, my heart is yours, my all is yours. I will never leave you; nothing but Death shall part us. My dear son, you contemplate an absence of a week, I think?"

"A week, dear father. We shall return home this day week."

"My dear child," said Mr. Turveydrop, "let me, even under the present exceptional circumstances, recommend strict punctuality. It is highly important to keep the connection together; and schools, if at all neglected, are apt to take offense."

"This day week, father, we shall be sure to be home to dinner."

"Good!" said Mr. Turveydrop. "You will find fires, my dear Caroline, in your own room, and dinner prepared in my apartment. Yes, yes, Prince!" anticipating some self-denying objection on his son's part, with a great air. "You and our Caroline will be strange in the upper part of the premises, and will, therefore, dine that day in my apartment. Now, bless ye!"

They drove away; and whether I wondered most at Mrs. Jellyby, or at Mr. Turveydrop, I did not know. Ada and my Guardian were in the same condition when we came to talk it over. But, before we drove away, too, I received a most unexpected and eloquent compliment from Mr. Jellyby. He came up to me in the hall, took both my hands, pressed them earnestly, and opened his mouth twice. I was so sure of his meaning that I said, quite flurried, "You are very welcome, sir. Pray, don't mention it!"

"I hope this marriage is for the best, Guardian?" said I, when we three were on our road home.

"I hope it is, little woman. Patience. We shall see."

"Is the wind in the East to-day?" I ventured to ask him.

He laughed heartily, and answered "No."

"But it must have been this morning, I think," said I.

He answerd "No," again; and this time my dear girl confidently answered "No," too, and shook the lovely head which, with its blooming flowers against the golden hair, was like the very Spring. "Much *you* know of East winds, my ugly darling," said I, kissing her in my admiration—I couldn't help it.

Well, it was only their love for me, I know very well, and it is a long time ago. I must write it, even if I rub it out again, because it gives me so much pleasure. They said there could be no East wind where Somebody was; they said that wherever Dame Durden went there was sunshine and summer air.

CHAPTER XXXI.—Esther's Narrative Continued.

I had not been at home again many days, when one evening I went up-stairs into my own room to take a peep over Charley's shoulder, and see how she was getting on with her copy-book. Writing was a trying business to Charley, who seemed to have no natural power over a pen, but in whose hand every pen appeared to become perversely animated, and to go wrong and crooked, and to stop, and splash, and sidle into corners, like a saddle-donkey. It was very odd to see what old letters Charley's young hand made; they, so wrinkled, and shriveled, and tottering; it, so plump and round. Yet, Charley was uncommonly expert at other things, and had as nimble little fingers as I ever watched.

"Well, Charley," said I, looking over a copy of the letter O in which it was represented as square, triangular, pear-shaped, and collapsed in all kinds of ways, "we are improving. If we only get to make it round, we shall be perfect, Charley."

Then I made one, and Charley made one, and the pen wouldn't join Charley's neatly, but twisted it up into a knot.

"Never mind, Charley, we shall do it in time."

Charley laid down her pen, the copy being finished; opened and shut her cramped little hand; looked gravely at the page, half in pride and half in doubt; and got up, and dropped me a courtesy.

"Thank you, miss. If you please, miss, did you know a poor person of the name of Jenny?"

"A brickmaker's wife, Charley? Yes."

"She came and spoke to me when I was out a little while ago, and said you knew her, miss. She asked me if I wasn't the young lady's little maid—meaning you for the young lady, miss—and I said yes, miss."

"I thought she had left this neighborhood altogether, Charley."

"So she had, miss, but she's come back again to where she used to live—she and Liz. Did you know another poor person of the name of Liz, miss."

"I think I do, Charley, though not by name."

"That's what she said!" returned Charley. "They have both come back, miss, and have been tramping high and low."

"Tramping high and low, have they, Charley?"

"Yes, miss." If Charley could only have made the letters in her copy as round as the eyes with which she looked into my face, they would have

been excellent. "And this poor person came about the house three or four days, hoping to get a glimpse of you, miss—all she wanted, she said—but you were away. That was when she saw me. She saw me a-going about, miss," said Charley, with a short laugh of the greatest delight and pride, "and she thought I looked like your maid!"

"Did she though, really, Charley?"

"Yes, miss!" said Charley, "really and truly." And Charley, with another short laugh of the purest glee, made her eyes very round again, and looked as serious as became my maid. I was never tired of seeing Charley in the full enjoyment of that great dignity, standing before me with her youthful face and figure, and her steady manner, and her childish exultation breaking through it now and then in the pleasantest way.

"And where did you see her, Charley?" said I.

My little maid's countenance fell, as she replied, "By the doctor's shop, miss." For Charley wore her black frock yet.

I asked if the brickmaker's wife were ill, but Charley said No. It was some one else. Some one in her cottage who had tramped down to Saint Albans, and was tramping he didn't know where. A poor boy, Charley said. No father, no mother, no any one. "Like as Tom might have been, miss, if Emma and me had died after father," said Charley, her round eyes filling with tears.

"And she was getting medicine for him, Charley?"

"She said, miss," returned Charley, "how that he had once done as much for her."

My little maid's face was so eager, and her quiet hands were folded so closely in one another as she stood looking at me, that I had no great difficulty in reading her thoughts. "Well, Charley," said I, "it appears to me that you and I can do no better than go round to Jenny's, and see what's the matter."

The alacrity with which Charley brought my bonnet and vail, and, having dressed me, quaintly pinned herself into her warm shawl and made herself look like a little old woman, sufficiently expressed her readiness. So Charley and I, without saying any thing to any one, went out.

It was a cold, wild night, and the trees shuddered in the wind. The rain had been thick and heavy all day, and with little intermission for many days. None was falling just then, however. The sky had partly cleared, but was very gloomy—even above us, where a few stars were shining. In the north and northwest, where the sun had set three hours before, there was a pale dead light both beautiful and awful; and into it long sullen lines of cloud waved up, like a sea stricken immovable as it was heaving. Toward London, a lurid glare overhung the whole dark waste; and the contrast between these two lights, and the fancy which the redder light engendered of an unearthly fire, gleaming on all the unseen buildings of the city, and on all the faces of its many thousands of wondering inhabitants, was as solemn as might be.

I had no thought, that night—none, I am quite sure—of what was soon to happen to me. But I have always remembered since, that when we had stopped at the garden gate to look up at the sky, and when we went upon our way, I had for a moment an undefinable impression of myself as being something different from what I then was. I know it was then, and there, that I had it. I have ever since connected the feeling with that spot and time, and with every thing associated with that spot and time, to the distant voices in the town, the barking of a dog, and the sound of wheels coming down the miry hill.

It was Saturday night; and most of the people belonging to the place where we were going, were drinking elsewhere. We found it quieter than I had previously seen it, though quite as miserable. The kilns were burning, and a stifling vapor set toward u with a pale blue glare.

We came to the cottage, where there was a feeble candle in the patched window. We tapped at the door, and went in. The mother of the little child who had died, was sitting in a chair on one side of the poor fire by the bed; and opposite to her, a wretched boy, supported by the chimney-piece, was cowering on the floor. He held under his arm, like a little bundle, a fragment of a fur cap; and as he tried to warm himself, he shook until the crazy door and window shook. The place was closer than before, and had an unhealthy, and a very peculiar smell.

I had not lifted my vail when I first spoke to the woman, which was at the moment of our going in. The boy staggered up instantly, and stared at me with a remarkable expression of surprise and terror.

His action was so quick, and my being the cause of it was so evident, that I stood still, instead of advancing nearer.

"I won't go no more to the berryin ground," muttered the boy; "I ain't a-going there, so I tell you!"

I lifted my vail and spoke to the woman. She said to me in a low voice, "Don't mind him, ma'am. He'll soon come back to his head:" and said to him, "Jo, Jo, what's the matter?"

"I know wot she's come for!" cried the boy.

"Who?"

"The lady there. She's come to get me to go along with her to the berryin ground. I won't go to the berryin ground. I don't like the name on it. She might go a-berryin *me*." His shivering came on again, and as he leaned against the wall, he shook the hovel.

"He has been talking off and on about such like, all day, ma'am," said Jenny, softly. "Why, how you stare! This is *my* lady, Jo."

"Is it?" returned the boy doubtfully, and surveying me with his arm held out above his burning eyes. "She looks to me the t'other one. It ain't the bonnet, nor yet it ain't the gownd, but she looks to me the t'other one."

My little Charley, with her premature experience of illness and trouble, had pulled off her

bonnet and shawl, and now went quietly up to him with a chair and sat him down in it, like an old sick nurse. Except that no such attendant could have shown him Charley's youthful face, which seemed to engage his confidence.

"I say!" said the boy. "*You* tell me. Ain't the lady the t'other lady?"

Charley shook her head, as she methodically drew his rags about him and made him as warm as she could.

"O!" the boy muttered. "Then I 'spose she ain't."

"I came to see if I could do you any good," said I. "What is the matter with you?

"I'm a-being froze," returned the boy hoarsely, with his haggard gaze wandering about me, "and then burnt up, and then froze, and then burnt up, ever so many times in a hour. And my head's all sleepy, and all a-going mad-like—and I'm so dry—and my bones isn't half so much bones as pain."

"When did he come here?" I asked the woman.

"This morning, ma'am, I found him at the corner of the town. I had known him up in London yonder. Hadn't I, Jo?"

"Tom-all-Alone's," the boy replied.

Whenever he fixed his attention or his eyes, it was only for a very little while. He soon began to droop his head again, and roll it heavily, and speak as if he were half awake.

"When did he come from London?" I asked.

"I come from London yes'day," said the boy himself, now flushed and hot," "I'm a-going somewheres."

"Where is he going?" I asked.

"Somewheres," repeated the boy, in a louder tone. "I have been moved on, and moved on, more nor ever I was afore, since the t'other one giv' me the sov'ring. Mrs. Snagsby, she's always a-watching, and a-driving of me—what have I done to her?"—and they're all a-watching and a-driving of me. Every one of em's doing of it, from the time when I don't get up, to the time when I don't go to bed. And I'm a-going somewheres. That's where I'm a-going. She told me, down in Tom-all-Alone's, as she come from Stolbuns, and so I took the Stolbuns Road. It's as good as another."

He always concluded by addressing Charley.

"What is to be done with him?" said I, taking the woman aside. "He could not travel in this state, even if he had a purpose, and knew where he was going!"

"I know no more, ma'am, than the dead," she replied, glancing compassionately at him. "Perhaps the dead know better, if they could only tell us. I've kept him here all day for pity's sake, and I've given him broth and physic, and Liz has gone to try if any one will take him in (here's my pretty in the bed—her child, but I call it mine); but I can't keep him long, for if my husband was to come home and find him here, he'd be rough in putting him out, and might do him a hurt. Hark! Here comes Liz back!"

The other woman came hurriedly in as she spoke, and the boy got up with a half obscured sense that he was expected to be going. When the little child awoke, and when and how Charley got at it, took it out of bed, and began to walk about hushing it, I don't know. There she was, doing all this, in a quiet, motherly manner, as if she were living in Mrs. Blinder's attic with Tom and Emma again.

The friend had been here and there, and had been played about from hand to hand, and had come back as she went. At first it was too early for the boy to be received into the proper refuge, and at last it was too late. One official sent her to another, and the other sent her back again to the first, and so backward and forward; until it appeared to me as if both must have been appointed for their skill in evading their duties, instead of performing them. And now, after all, she said, breathing quickly, for she had been running, and was frightened too, "Jenny, your master's on the road home, and mine's not far behind, and the Lord help the boy, for we can do no more for him!" They put a few halfpence together and hurried them into his hand, and so, in an oblivious, half-thankful, half-insensible way, he shuffled out of the house.

"Give me the child, my dear!" said its mother to Charley, "and thank you kindly too! Jenny, woman dear, good-night! Young lady, if my master don't fall out with me, I'll look down by the kiln by-and-by, where the boy will be most like, and again in the morning!" She hurried off; and presently we passed her hushing and singing to her child at her own door, and looking anxiously along the road for her drunken husband.

I was afraid of staying then, to speak to either woman, lest I should bring her into trouble. But I said to Charley that we must not leave the boy to die. Charley, who knew what to do much better than I did, and whose quickness equaled her presence of mind, glided on before me, and presently we came up with Jo, just short of the brick-kiln.

I think he must have begun his journey with some small bundle under his arm, and must have had it stolen, or lost it. For he still carried his wretched fragment of fur cap like a bundle, though he went bare-headed through the rain, which now fell fast. He stopped when we called to him, and again showed a dread of me when I came up; standing with his lustrous eyes fixed upon me, and even arrested in his shivering fit.

I asked him to come with us, and we would take care that he had some shelter for the night.

"I don't want no shelter," he said: "I can lay among the warm bricks."

"But don't you know that people die there?" returned Charley.

"They dies every where," said the boy. "They dies in their lodgings—she knows where; I showed her—and they dies down in Tom-all-Alone's in heaps. They dies more than they lives, according to what *I* see." Then he hoarsely whis-

pered Charley. "If she ain't the t'other one she aint the forrenner. Is there *three* of 'em then."

Charley looked at me a little frightened. I felt half frightened at myself when the boy glared on me so.

But he turned and followed, when I beckoned to him; and finding that he acknowledged that influence, in me, I led the way straight home. It was not far; only at the summit of the hill. We passed but one man. I doubted if we should have got home without assistance; his steps were so uncertain and tremulous. He made no complaint, however, and was strangely unconcerned about himself, if I may say so strange a thing.

Leaving him in the hall for a moment, shrunk into a corner of the window-seat, and staring with an indifference that could scarcely be called wonder, at the comfort and brightness about him, I went into the drawing-room to speak to my Guardian. There I found Mr. Skimpole, who had come down by the coach, as he frequently did without notice, and never bringing any clothes with him, but always borrowing every thing he wanted.

They came out with me directly, to look at the boy. The servants had gathered in the hall, too; and he shivered in the window-seat with Charley standing by him, like some wounded animal that had been found in a ditch.

"This is a sorrowful case," said my Guardian, after asking him a question or two, and touching him, and examining his eyes. "What do you say, Leonard?"

"You had better turn him out," said Mr. Skimpole.

"What do you mean?" inquired my Guardian, almost sternly.

"My dear Jarndyce," said Mr. Skimpole, "you know what I am: I am a child. Be cross to me, if I deserve it. But I have a constitutional objection to this sort of thing. I always had, when I was a medical man. He's not safe, you know. There's a very bad sort of fever about him."

Mr. Skimpole had retreated from the hall to the drawing-room again, and said this in his airy way, seated on the music-stool as we stood by.

"You'll say it's childish," observed Mr. Skimpole, looking gayly at us. "Well, I dare say it may be; but I *am* a child, and I never pretend to be any thing else. If you put him out in the road, you only put him where he was before. He will be no worse off than he was, you know. Even make him better off, if you like. Give him sixpence, or five shillings, or five pound ten—you are arithmeticians, and I am not—and get rid of him!"

"And what is he to do then?" asked my Guardian.

"Upon my life," said Mr. Skimpole, shrugging his shoulders with his engaging smile, "I have not the least idea what he is to do then. But I have no doubt he'll do it."

"Now, is it not a horrible reflection," said my Guardian, to whom I had hastily explained the unavailing efforts of the two women, "is it not a horrible reflection," walking up and down, and rumpling his hair, "that if this wretched creature were a convicted prisoner, his hospital would be wide open to him, and he would be as well taken care of as any sick boy in the kingdom?"

"My dear Jarndyce," returned Mr. Skimpole, "you'll pardon the simplicity of the question, coming as it does from a creature who is perfectly simple in worldly matters—"but, why *isn't* he a prisoner, then?"

My Guardian stopped and looked at him with a whimsical mixture of amusement and indignation in his face.

"Our young friend is not to be suspected of any delicacy, I should imagine," said Mr. Skimpole, unabashed and candid. "It seems to me that it would be wiser, as well as in a certain kind of way more respectable, if he showed some misdirected energy that got him into prison. There would be more of an adventurous spirit in it, and consequently more of a certain sort of poetry."

"I believe," returned my Guardian, resuming his uneasy walk, "that there is not such another child on earth as yourself."

"Do you really?" said Mr. Skimpole; "I daresay! But, I confess I don't see why our young friend, in his degree, should not seek to invest himself with such poetry as is open to him. He is, no doubt, born with an appetite—probably, when he is in a safer state of health, he has an excellent appetite. Very well. At our young friend's natural dinner-hour, most likely about noon, our young friend says, in effect, to society, 'I am hungry; will you have the goodness to produce your spoon, and feed me?' Society, which has taken upon itself the general arrangement of the whole system of spoons, and professes to have a spoon for our young friend, does *not* produce that spoon; and our young friend, therefore, says, 'You really must excuse me if I seize it.' Now, this appears to me a case of misdirected energy, which has a certain amount of reason in it, and a certain amount of romance; and I don't know but what I should be more interested in our young friend, as an illustration of such a case, than merely as a poor vagabond—which any one can be."

"In the mean time," I ventured to observe, "he is getting worse."

"In the mean time," said Mr. Skimpole, cheerfully, "as Miss Summerson, with her practical good sense, observes, he is getting worse. Therefore I recommend your turning him out before he gets still worse."

The amiable face with which he said it, I think I shall never forget.

"Of course, little woman," observed my Guardian, turning to me, "I can insure his admission into the proper place by merely going there to enforce it, though it's a bad state of things when, in his condition, that is necessary. But it's grow-

ing late, and is a very bad night, and the boy is worn out already. There is a bed in the wholesome loft-room by the stable; we had better keep him there till morning, when he can be wrapped up and removed. We'll do that."

"O!" said Skimpole, with his hands upon the keys of the piano, as we moved away. "Are you going back to our young friend?"

"Yes," said my Guardian.

"How I envy you your constitution, Jarndyce!" returned Mr. Skimpole, with playful admiration, "You don't mind these things, neither does Miss Summerson. You are ready at all times to go any where, and do any thing. Such is Will! I have no Will at all—and no Won't—simply Can't."

"You can't recommend any thing for the boy, I suppose?" said my Guardian, looking back over his shoulder, half angrily; only half angrily, for he never seemed to consider Mr. Skimpole an accountable being.

"My dear Jarndyce, I observed a bottle of cooling medicine in his pocket, and it's impossible for him to do better than take it. You can tell them to sprinkle a little vinegar about the place where he sleeps, and to keep it moderately cool, and him moderately warm. But it is mere impertinence in me to offer any recommendation. Miss Summerson has such a knowledge of detail, and such a capacity for the administration of detail, that she knows all about it."

We went back into the hall, and explained to Jo what we proposed to do, which Charley explained to him again, and which he received with the languid unconcern I had already noticed, wearily looking on at what was done, as if it were for somebody else. The servants compassionating his miserable state, and being very anxious to help, we soon get the loft-room ready; and some of the men about the house carried him across the wet yard, well wrapped up. It was pleasant to observe how kind they were to him, and how there appeared to be a general impression among them that frequently calling him "Old Chap" was likely to revive his spirits. Charley directed the operations, and went to and fro between the loft-room and the house with such little stimulants and comforts as we thought it safe to give him. My Guardian himself saw him before he was left for the night, and reported to me, when he returned to the Growlery to write a letter on the boy's behalf, which a messenger was charged to deliver at daylight in the morning, that he seemed easier, and inclined to sleep. They had fastened his door on the outside, he said, in case of his being delirious; but had so arranged that he could not make any noise without being heard.

Ada being in our room with a cold, Mr. Skimpole was left alone all this time, and entertained himself by playing snatches of pathetic airs, and sometimes singing to them (as we heard at a distance) with great expression and feeling. When we rejoined him in the drawing-room he said he would give us a little ballad, which had come into his head, "apropos of our young friend;" and he sang one about a Peasant Boy,

"Thrown on the wide world, doom'd to wander and roam,
Bereft of his parents, bereft of a home."

—quite exquisitely. It was a song that always made him cry, he told us.

He was extremely gay all the rest of the evening: "for he absolutely chirped," those were his delighted words; "when he thought by what a happy talent for business he was surrounded." He gave us, in his glass of negus, "Better health to our young friend!" and supposed, and gayly pursued, the case of his being reserved like Whittington to become Lord Mayor of London. In that event, no doubt, he would establish the Jarndyce Institution and the Summerson Almshouses, and a little annual Corporation Pilgrimage to St. Albans. He had no doubt, he said, that our young friend was an excellent boy in his way, but his way was not the Harold Skimpole way; what Harold Skimpole was, Harold Skimpole had found himself, to his considerable surprise, when he first made his own acquaintance; he had accepted himself with all his failings, and had thought it sound philosophy to make the best of the bargain; and he hoped we would do the same.

Charley's last report was, that the boy was quiet. I could see, from my window, the lantern they had left him burning quietly; and I went to bed very happy to think that he was sheltered.

There was more movement and more talking than usual a little before day-break, and it awoke me. As I was dressing, I looked out of my window, and asked one of our men who had been among the active sympathizers last night, whether there was any thing wrong about the house. The lantern was still burning in the loft-window.

"It's the boy, miss," said he.

"Is he worse?" I inquired.

"Gone, miss."

"Dead!"

"Dead, miss? No. Gone clean off."

At what time of the night he had gone, or how or why, it seemed hopeless ever to divine. The door remaining as it had been left, and the lantern standing in the window, it could only be supposed that he had got out by a trap in the floor which communicated with an empty cart-house below. But he had shut it down again, if that were so; and it looked as if it had not been raised. Nothing of any kind was missing. On this fact being clearly ascertained, we all yielded to the painful belief that delirium had come upon him in the night, and that, allured by some imaginary object, or pursued by some imaginary horror, he had strayed away in that worse than helpless state;—all of us, that is to say, but Mr. Skimpole, who repeatedly suggested, in his usual easy light style, that it had occurred to our young friend that he was not a safe inmate, having a bad kind of fever upon him; and that he had, with great natural politeness, taken himself off.

Every possible inquiry was made, and every place was searched. The brick-kilns were ex-

amined, the cottages were visited, the two women were particularly questioned, but they knew nothing of him, and nobody could doubt that their wonder was genuine. The weather had for some time been too wet, and the night itself had been too wet, to admit of any tracing by footsteps. Hedge and ditch, and wall, and rick and stack, were examined by our men for a long distance round, lest the boy should be lying in such a place insensible or dead; but nothing was seen to indicate that he had ever been near. From the time when he was left in the loft-room, he vanished.

The search continued for five days. I do not mean that it ceased, even then; but that my attention was then diverted into a current very memorable to me.

As Charley was at her writing again in my room in the evening, and as I sat opposite to her at work, I felt the table tremble. Looking up, I saw my little maid shivering from head to foot.

"Charley," said I, "are you so cold?"

"I think I am, miss," she replied. "I don't know what it is. I can't hold myself still. I felt so, yesterday; at about this same time, miss. Don't be uneasy, I think I'm ill."

I heard Ada's voice outside, and I hurried to the door of communication between my room and our pretty sitting-room, and locked it. Just in time, for she tapped at it while my hand was yet upon the key.

Ada called to me to let her in; but I said, "Not now, my dearest. Go away. There's nothing the matter; I will come to you presently," Ah! it was a long, long time, before my darling girl and I were companions again.

Charley fell ill. In twelve hours she was very ill. I moved her to my room, and laid her in my bed, and sat down quietly to nurse her. I told my Guardian all about it, and why I felt it was necessary that I should seclude myself, and my



NURSE AND PATIENT.

reason for not seeing my darling, above all. At first she came very often to the door, and called to me, and even reproached me with sobs and tears; but I wrote her a long letter, saying that she made me anxious and unhappy, and imploring her, as she loved me, and wished my mind to be at peace, to come no nearer than the garden. After that, she came beneath the window, even oftener than she had come to the door; and, if I had learnt to love her dear sweet voice before when we were hardly ever apart, how did I learn to love it then, when I stood behind the window-curtain listening and replying, but not so much as looking out! How did I learn to love it afterward, when the harder time came!

They put a bed for me in our sitting-room; and by keeping the door wide open, I turned the two rooms into one, now that Ada had vacated that part of the house, and kept them always fresh and airy. There was not a servant, in or about the house, but was so good that they would all most gladly have come to me at any hour of the day or night, without the least fear or unwillingness; but I thought it best to choose one worthy woman who was never to see Ada, and whom I could trust to come and go with all precaution. Through her means, I got out to take the air with my Guardian, when there was no fear of meeting Ada; and wanted for nothing in the way of attendance, any more than in any other respect.

And thus poor Charley sickened, and grew worse, and fell into heavy danger of death, and lay severely ill for many a long round of day and night. So patient she was, so uncomplaining, and inspired by such a gentle fortitude, that very often as I sat by Charley, holding her head in my arms —repose would come to her, so, when it would come to her in no other attitude—I silently prayed to our Father in heaven that I might not forget the lesson which this little sister taught me.

I was very sorrowful to think that Charley's pretty looks would change and be disfigured, even if she recovered—she was such a child, with her dimpled face—but that thought was, for the greater part, lost in her greater peril. When she was at the worst, and her mind rambled again to the cares of her father's sick bed, and the little children, she still knew me so far as that she would be quiet in my arms when she could lie quiet nowhere else, and murmur out the wanderings of her mind less restlessly. At those times I used to think, how should I ever tell the two remaining babies that the baby who had learned of her faithful heart to be a mother to them in their need, was dead!

There were other times when Charley knew me well, and talked to me; telling me that she sent her love to Tom and Emma, and that she was sure Tom would grow up to be a good man. At those times, Charley would speak to me of what she had read to her father as well as she could, to comfort him; of that young man carried out to be buried, who was the only son of his mother and she was a widow; of the ruler's daughter raised up by the gracious hand upon her bed of death. And Charley told me that when her father died, she had kneeled down and prayed in her first sorrow that he likewise might be raised up, and given back to his poor children; and that if she should never get better, and should die too, she thought it likely that it might come into Tom's mind to offer the same prayer for her. Then would I show Tom how those people of old days had been brought back to life on earth, only that we might know our hope to be restored in Heaven!

But of all the various times there were in Charley's illness, there was not one when she lost the gentle qualities I have spoken of. And there were many, many, when I thought in the night of the last high belief in the watching Angel, and the last higher trust in God, on the part of her poor despised father.

And Charley did not die. She flutteringly and slowly turned the dangerous point, after long lingering there, and then began to mend. The hope that never had been given, from the first, of Charley being in outward appearance Charley any more, soon began to be encouraged; and even that prospered, and I saw her growing into her old childish likeness again.

It was a great morning, when I could tell Ada all this as she stood out in the garden; and it was a great evening, when Charley and I at last took tea together in the next room. But, on that same evening, I felt that I was stricken cold.

Happily for both of us, it was not until Charley was safe in bed again and placidly asleep, that I began to think the contagion of her illness was upon me. I had been able easily to hide what I had felt at tea-time, but I was past that already now, and I knew that I was rapidly following in Charley's steps.

I was well enough, however, to be up early in the morning, and to return my darling's cheerful blessing from the garden, and to talk with her as long as usual. But I was not free from an impression that I had been walking about the two rooms in the night, a little beside myself, though knowing where I was; and I felt confused at times —with a curious sense of fullness, as if I were becoming too large altogether.

In the evening I was so much worse, that I resolved to prepare Charley; with which view, I said, "You're getting quite strong, Charley, are you not?"

"O quite!" said Charley.

"Strong enough to be told a secret, I think, Charley?"

"Quite strong enough for that, miss!" cried Charley. But Charley's face fell in the height of her delight, for she saw the secret in *my* face; and she came out of the great chair, and fell upon my bosom, and said "O miss, it's my doing! It's my doing!" and a great deal more, out of the fullness of her grateful heart.

"Now Charley," said I, after letting her go on for a little while, "if I am to be ill, my great trust, humanly speaking, is in you. And unless you are as quiet and composed for me, as you always were for yourself, you can never fulfill it, Charley."

"If you'll let me cry a little longer, miss," said Charley. "O my dear, my dear! if you'll only let me cry a little longer, O my dear!"—how affectionately and devotedly she poured this out, as she clung to my neck, I never can remember without tears—"I'll be good."

So I let Charley cry a little longer, and it did us both good.

"Trust in me, now, if you please, miss," said Charley, quietly, "I am listening to every thing you say."

"It is very little at present, Charley. I shall tell your doctor to-night that I don't think I am well, and that you are going to nurse me."

For that, the poor child thanked me with her whole heart.

"And in the morning, when you hear Miss Ada in the garden, if I should not be quite able to go to the window-curtain as usual, do you go, Charley, and say I am asleep—that I have rather tired myself, and am asleep. At all times keep the room as I have kept it, Charley, and let no one come."

Charley promised, and I lay down, for I was very heavy. I saw the doctor that night, and asked the favor of him that I wished to ask, relative to his saying nothing of my illness in the house as yet. I have a very indistinct remembrance of that night melting into day, and of day melting into night again; but I was just able, on the first morning, to get to the window, and speak to my darling.

On the second morning I heard her dear voice —O how dear now!—outside; and I asked Charley, with some difficulty (speech being painful to me), to go and say I was asleep. I heard her answer softly, "Don't disturb her, Charley, for the world!"

"How does my own Pride, look, Charley?" I inquired.

"Disappointed, miss," said Charley, peeping through the curtain.

"But I know she is very beautiful this morning."

"She is indeed, miss," answered Charley, peeping. "Still looking up at the window."

With her blue clear eyes, God bless them, always loveliest when raised like that!

I called Charley to me, and gave her her last charge.

"Now, Charley, when she knows I am ill, she will try to make her way into the room. Keep her out, Charley, if you love me truly, to the last! Charley, if you let her in but once, only to look upon me for one moment as I lie here, I shall die."

"I never will! I never will!" she promised me.

"I believe it, my dear Charley. And now come and sit beside me for a little while, and speak to me. For I can not see you, Charley; I am blind."

CHAPTER XXXII.—The Appointed Time.

It is night in Lincoln's Inn—perplexed and troublous valley of the shadow of the law, where suitors generally find but little day—and fat candles are snuffed out in offices, and clerks have rattled down the crazy wooden stairs, and dispersed. The bell that rings at nine o'clock, has ceased its doleful clangor about nothing; the gates are shut; and the night-porter, a solemn warder with a mighty power of sleep, keeps guard in his lodge. From tiers of staircase windows, clogged lamps like the eyes of Equity, bleared Argus with a fathomless pocket for every eye and an eye upon it, dimly blink at the stars. In dirty upper casements, here and there, hazy little patches of candle-light reveal where some wise draughtsman and conveyancer yet toils for the entanglement of real estate in meshes of sheepskin, in the average ratio of about a dozen of sheep to an acre of land. Over which bee-like industry, these benefactors of their species linger yet, though office-hours be past: that they may give, for every day, some good account at last.

In the neighboring court, where the Lord Chancellor of the Rag and Bottle shop dwells, there is a general tendency toward beer and supper. Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Perkins, whose respective sons, engaged with a circle of acquaintance in the game of hide and seek, have been lying in ambush about the by-ways of Chancery Lane for some hours, and scouring the plain of the same thoroughfare to the confusion of passengers—Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Perkins have but now exchanged congratulations on the children being a-bed; and they still linger on a door-step over a few parting words. Mr. Krook and his lodger, and the fact of Mr. Krook's being "continual in liquor," and the testamentary prospects of the young man are, as usual, the staple of their conversation. But they have something to say, likewise, of the Harmonic Meeting at the Sol's Arms; where the sound of the piano through the partly opened windows jingles out into the court, and where little Swills, after keeping the lovers of harmony in a roar like a very Yorick, may now be heard taking the gruff line in a concerted piece, and sentimentally adjuring his friends and patrons to Listen, listen, listen, Tew the wa-ter-Fall! Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Piper compare opinions on the subject of the young lady of professional celebrity who assists at the Harmonic Meetings, and who has space to herself in the manuscript announcement in the window; Mrs. Perkins possessing information that she has been married a year and a half, though announced as Miss M. Melvilleson, the noted siren, and that her baby is clandestinely conveyed to the Sol's Arms every night to receive its natural nourishment during the entertainments. "Sooner than which, myself," says Mrs. Perkins, "I would get my living by selling lucifers." Mrs. Piper, as in duty bound, is of the same opinion; holding that a private station is better than public applause, and thanking Heaven for her own (and, by implication, Mrs. Perkins's) respectability. By this time, the pot-boy of the Sol's Arms appearing with her supper-pint well frothed, Mrs Piper accepts

that tankard and retires in-doors, first giving a fair good-night to Mrs. Perkins, who has had her own pint in her hand ever since it was fetched from the same hostelry by young Perkins before he was sent to bed. Now, there is a sound of putting up shop-shutters in the court, and a smell as of the smoking of pipes; and shooting stars are seen in upper windows, further indicating retirement to rest. Now, too, the policeman begins to push at doors; to try fastenings; to be suspicious of bundles; and to administer his beat, on the hypothesis that every one is either robbing or being robbed.

It is a close night, though the damp cold is searching too; and there is a laggard mist a little way up in the air. It is a fine steaming night to turn the slaughter-houses, the unwholesome trades, the sewerage, bad water, and burial grounds to account, and give the Registrar of Deaths some extra business. It may be something in the air—there is plenty in it—or it may be something in himself, that is in fault; but Mr. Weevle, otherwise Jobling, is very ill at ease. He comes and goes, between his own room and the open street door, twenty times an hour. He has been doing so, ever since it fell dark. Since the Chancellor shut up his shop, which he did very early to-night, Mr. Weevle has been down and up, and down and up (with a cheap, tight velvet skull-cap on his head, making his whiskers look out of all proportion), oftener than before.

It is no phenomenon that Mr. Snagsby should be ill at ease too; for he always is so, more or less, under the oppressive influence of the secret that is upon him. Impelled by the mystery, of which he is a partaker, and yet in which he is not a sharer, Mr. Snagsby haunts what seems to be its fountain-head—the rag and bottle shop in the court. It has an irresistible attraction for him. Even now, coming round by the Sol's Arms with the intention of passing down the court, and out at the Chancery Lane end, and so terminating his unpremeditated after-supper stroll of ten minutes long from his own door and back again, Mr. Snagsby approaches.

"What, Mr. Weevle?" says the stationer, stopping to speak. "Are *you* there?"

"Ay!" says Weevle. "Here I am, Mr. Snagsby."

"Airing yourself, as I am doing, before you go to bed?" the stationer inquires.

"Why, there's not much air to be got here; and what there is, is not very freshening," Weevle answers, glancing up and down the court.

"Very true, sir. Don't you observe," says Mr. Snagsby, pausing to sniff and taste the air a little; "don't you observe, Mr. Weevle, that you're—not to put too fine a point upon it—that you're rather greasy here, sir?"

"Why, I have noticed myself that there is a queer kind of flavor in the place to-night," Mr. Weevle rejoins. "I suppose it's chops at the Sol's Arms."

"Chops, do you think? Oh!—Chops, eh?" Mr. Snagsby sniffs and tastes again. "Well, sir, I suppose it is. But I should say their cook at the Sol wanted a little looking after. She has been burning 'em sir! And I don't think;" Mr. Snagsby sniffs and tastes again, and then spits and wipes his mouth; "I don't think—not to put too fine a point upon it—that they were quite fresh when they were shown the gridiron."

"That's very likely. It's a tainting sort of weather."

"It *is* a tainting sort of weather," says Mr. Snagsby; "and I find it sinking to the spirits."

"By George! *I* find it gives me the horrors," returns Mr. Weevle.

Then, you see, you live in a lonesome way, and in a lonesome room, with a black circumstance hanging over it," says Mr. Snagsby, looking in past the other's shoulder along the dark passage, and then falling back a step to look up at the house. "*I* couldn't live in that room alone, as you do, sir. I should get so fidgety and worried of an evening, sometimes, that I should be driven to come to the door, and stand here, sooner than sit there. But then it's very true that you didn't see, in your room, what *I* saw there. That makes a difference."

"I know quite enough about it," returns Tony.

"It's not agreeable, is it?" pursues Mr. Snagsby, coughing his cough of mild persuasion behind his hand. "Mr. Krook ought to consider it in the rent. I hope he does, I am sure."

"I hope he does," says Tony. "But I doubt it!"

"You find the rent high, do you, sir?" returns the stationer. "Rents *are* high about here. I don't know how it is exactly, but the law seems to put things up in price. Not," adds Mr. Snagsby, with his apologetic cough, "that I mean to say a word against the profession I get my living by."

Mr. Weevle again glances up and down the court, and then looks at the stationer. Mr. Snagsby, blankly catching his eye, looks upward for a star or so, and coughs a cough expressive of not exactly seeing his way out of this conversation.

"It's a curious fact, sir," he observes, slowly rubbing his hands, "that he should have been—"

"Who's he?" interrupts Mr. Weevle.

"The deceased, you know," says Mr. Snagsby, twitching his head and right eyebrow toward the staircase, and tapping his acquaintance on the button.

"Ah, to be sure!" returns the other, as if he were not over fond of the subject. "I thought we had done with him."

"I was only going to say, it's a curious fact sir, that he should have come and lived here, and been one of my writers, and then that you should come and live here, and be one of my writers too. Which there is nothing derogatory, but far from it in the appellation," says Mr. Snagsby, breaking off with a mistrust that he may have unpolitely asserted a kind of proprietorship in Mr. Weevle,

"because I have known writers that have gone into Brewers' houses and done really very repectable indeed. Eminently respectable, sir," adds Mr. Snagsby, with a misgiving that he has not improved the matter.

"It's a curious coincidence, as you say," answers Weevle, once more glancing up and down the court.

"Seems a Fate in it, don't there?" suggests the stationer.

"There does."

"Just so," observes the stationer, with his confirmatory cough. "Quite a Fate in it. Quite a Fate. Well, Mr. Weevle, I am afraid I must bid you good-night;" Mr. Snagsby speaks as if it made him desolate to go, though he has been casting about for any means of escape ever since he stopped to speak; "my little woman will be looking for me, else. Good-night, sir!"

If Mr. Snagsby hastens home to save his little woman the trouble of looking for him, he might set his mind at rest on that score. His little woman has had her eye upon him round the Sol's Arms all this time, and now glides after him with a pocket handkerchief wrapped over her head; honoring Mr. Weevle and his doorway with a very searching glance as she goes past.

"You'll know me again, ma'am, at all events," says Mr. Weevle to himself; "and I can't compliment you on your appearance, whoever you are, with your head tied up in a bundle. Is this fellow *never* coming?"

This fellow approaches as he speaks. Mr. Weevle softly holds up his finger, and draws him into the passage, and closes the street door. Then, they go up stairs; Mr. Weevle heavily, and Mr. Guppy (for it is he) very lightly indeed. When they are shut into the back room they speak low.

"I thought you had gone to Jericho at least, instead of coming here," says Tony.

"Why, I said about ten."

"You said about ten," Tony repeats. "Yes, so you did say about ten." But, according to my count, it's ten times ten—it's a hundred o'clock. I never had such a night in my life!"

"What has been the matter?"

"That's it!" says Tony. "Nothing has been the matter. But, here have I been stewing and fuming in this jolly old crib, till I have had the horrors falling on me as thick as hail. *There's* a blessed-looking candle!" says Tony, pointing to the heavily-burning taper on his table with a great cabbage head and a long winding sheet.

"That's easily improved," Mr. Guppy observes, as he takes the snuffers in hand.

"*Is* it?" returns his friend. "Not so easily as you think. It has been smouldering like that, ever since it was lighted."

"Why, what's the matter with you, Tony?" inquires Mr. Guppy, looking at him, snuffers in hand, as he sits down with his elbow on the table.

"William Guppy," replies the other, "I am in the Downs. It's this unbearably dull, suicidal room—an old Boguey down stairs, I suppose." Mr. Weevle moodily pushes the snuffer-tray from him with his elbow, leans his head on his hand, puts his feet on the fender, and looks at the fire. Mr. Guppy, observing him, slightly tosses his head and sits down on the other side of the table in an easy attitude.

"Wasn't that Snagsby talking to you, Tony?"

"Yes, and be —— yes, it was Snagsby," says Mr. Weevle, altering the construction of his sentence.

"On business?"

"No. No business. He was only sauntering by, and stopped to prose."

"I thought it was Snagsby," says Mr. Guppy, "and thought it as well that he shouldn't see me; so I waited till he was gone."

"There we go again, William G.!" cries Tony, looking up for an instant. "So mysterious and secret! By George, if we were going to commit a murder, we couldn't have more mystery about it!"

Mr. Guppy affects to smile; and with the view of changing the conversation, looks with an admiration, real or pretended, round the room at the Galaxy gallery of British beauty; terminating his survey with the portrait of Lady Dedlock over the mantle-shelf, in which she is represented on a terrace, with a pedestal upon the terrace, and a vase upon the pedestal, and her shawl upon the vase, and a prodigious piece of fur upon the shawl, and her arm on the prodigious piece of fur, and a bracelet on her arm.

"That's very like Lady Dedlock," says Mr. Guppy. "It's a speaking likeness."

"I wish it was," growls Tony, without changing his position. "I should have some fashionable conversation here, then."

Finding by this time, that his friend is not to be wheedled into a more sociable humor, Mr. Guppy puts about upon the ill-used tack, and remonstrates with him.

"Tony," says he, "I can make allowances for lowness of spirits, for no man knows what it is when it does come upon a man, better than I do; and no man perhaps has a better right to know it than a man who has an unrequited image imprinted on his art. But there are bounds to these things when an unoffending party is in question, and I will acknowledge to you, Tony, that I don't think your manner on the present occasion is hospitable or quite gentlemanly."

"This is strong language, William Guppy," returns Mr. Weevle.

"Sir, it may be," retorts Mr. William Guppy, "but I feel strongly when I use it."

Mr. Weevle admits that he has been wrong, and begs Mr. William Guppy to think no more about it. Mr. William Guppy, however, having got the advantage, can not quite release it without a little more injured remonstrance.

"No! Dash it, Tony," says that gentleman, "you really ought to be careful how you wound the feelings of a man, who has an unrequited image imprinted on his art, and who is *not* alto-

gether happy in those chords which vibrate to the tenderest emotions. You, Tony, possess in yourself all that is calculated to charm the eye and allure the taste. It is not—happily for you perhaps, and I may wish that I could say the same—it is not your character to hover around one flower. The ole garden, is open to you, and your airy pinions carry you through it. Still, Tony, far be it from me, I am sure, to wound even your feelings without a cause!"

Tony again entreats that the subject may be no longer pursued, saying emphatically, "William Guppy, drop it!" Mr. Guppy acquiesces, with the reply, "I never should have taken it up, Tony, of my own accord."

"And now," says Tony, stirring the fire, "touching this same bundle of letters. Isn't it an extraordinary thing of Krook to have appointed twelve o'clock to-night to hand 'em over to me?"

"Very. What did he do it for?"

"What does he do any thing for? *He* don't know. Said, to-day was his birth-day, and he'd hand 'em over to-night at twelve o'clock. He'll have drunk himself blind by that time. He has been at it all day."

"He hasn't forgotten the appointment, I hope?"

"Forgotten? Trust him for that. He never forgets any thing. I saw him to-night, about eight—helped him to shut up his shop—and he had got the letters then in his hairy cap. He pulled it off, and showed 'em me. When the shop was closed, he took them out of his cap, hung his cap on the chair back, and stood turning them over before the fire. I heard him a little while afterward through the floor here, humming, like the wind, the only song he knows—about Bibo, and old Charon, and Bibo being drunk when he died, or something or other. He has been as quiet, since, as an old rat asleep in his hole."

"And you are to go down at twelve?"

"At twelve. And, as I tell you, when you came it seemed to me a hundred."

"Tony," says Mr. Guppy, after considering a little with his legs crossed. "he can't read yet, can he?"

"Read! He'll never read. He can make all the letters separately, and he knows most of them separately when he sees them; he has got on that much, under me; but he can't put them together. He's too old to acquire the knack of it now—and too drunk."

"Tony," says Mr. Guppy, uncrossing and recrossing his legs; "how do you suppose he spelt out that name of Hawdon?"

"He never spelt it out. You know what a curious power of eye he has, and how he has been used to employ himself in copying things by eye alone. He imitated it—evidently from the direction of a letter; and asked me what it meant."

"Tony," says Mr. Guppy, uncrossing and recrossing his legs again; "should you say that the original was a man's writing or a woman's?"

"A woman's. Fifty to one a lady's—slopes a good deal, and the end of the letter '*n*,' long and hasty."

Mr. Guppy has been biting his thumb-nail during this dialogue, generally changing the thumb when he has changed the crossed leg. As he is going to do so again, he happens to look at his coat-sleeve. It takes his attention. He stares at it, aghast.

"Why, Tony, what on earth is going on in this house to-night? Is there a chimney on fire?"

"Chimney on fire!"

"Ah!" returns Mr. Guppy. "See how the soot's falling. See here, on my arm! See again, on the table here! Confound the stuff, it won't blow off—smears, like black fat!"

They look at one another, and Tony goes listening to the door, and a little way up-stairs, and a little way down-stairs. Comes back, and says it's all right, and all quiet; and quotes the remark he lately made to Mr. Snagsby, about their cooking chops at the Sol's Arms.

"And it was then," resumes Mr. Guppy, still glancing with remarkable aversion at his coat-sleeve, as they pursue their conversation before the fire, leaning on opposite sides of the table with their heads very near together, "that he told you of his having taken the bundle of letters from his lodger's portmanteau?"

"That was the time, sir," answers Tony, faintly adjusting his whiskers. "Whereupon, I wrote a line to my dear boy, the Honorable William Guppy, informing him of the appointment for to night, and advising him not to call before; Boguey being a Slyboots."

The light vivacious tone of fashionable life which is usually assumed by Mr. Weevle, sits so ill upon him to-night, that he abandons that and his whiskers together; and, after looking over his shoulder, appears to yield himself up, a prey to the horrors again.

"You are to bring the letters to your room to read and compare, and to get yourself into a position to tell him all about them. That's the arrangement, isn't it, Tony?" asks Mr. Guppy, anxiously biting his thumb-nail.

"You can't speak too low. Yes. That's what he and I agreed."

"I tell you what, Tony—"

"You can't speak too low," says Tony, once more. Mr. Guppy nods his sagacious head, advances it yet closer, and drops into a whisper.

"I tell you what. The first thing to be done is, to make another packet like the real one; so that, if he should ask to see the real one while it's in my possession, you can show him the dummy."

"And suppose he detects the dummy as soon as he sees it—which, with his biting screw of an eye, is about five hundred times more likely than not," suggests Tony.

"Then we'll face it out. They don't belong to him, and they never did. You found that; and you placed them in my hands—a legal friend

of yours—for security. If he forces us to it, they'll be produceable, won't they?"

"Ye-es," is Mr. Weevle's reluctant admission.

"Why, Tony," remonstrates his friend, "how you look! You don't doubt William Guppy? You don't suspect any harm?"

"I don't suspect any thing more than I know, William," returns the other, gravely.

"And what do you know?" urges Mr. Guppy, raising his voice a little; but on his friend's once more warning him, "I tell you, you can't speak too low," he repeats his question without any sound at all; forming with his lips only the words, "What do you know?"

"I know three things. First, I know that here we are whispering in secrecy; a pair of conspirators."

"Well!" says Mr. Guppy, "and we had better be that, than a pair of noodles, which we should be, if we were doing any thing else; for it's the only way of doing what we want to do. Secondly?"

"Secondly, it's not made out to me how it's likely to be profitable, after all."

Mr. Guppy casts up his eyes at the portrait of Lady Dedlock over the mantle-shelf, and replies, "Tony, you are asked to leave that to the honor of your friend. Besides its being calculated, to serve that friend, in those chords of the human mind which—which need not be called into agonizing vibration on the present occasion—your friend is no fool. What's that?"

"It's eleven o'clock striking by the bell of St. Paul's. Listen, and you'll hear all the bells in the city jangling."

Both sit silent, listening to the metal voices, near and distant, resounding from towers of various heights, in tones more various than their situations. When these at length cease, all seems more mysterious and quiet than before. One disagreeable result of whispering is, that it seems to evoke an atmosphere of silence, haunted by the ghosts of sound—strange cracks and tickings, the rustling of garments that have no substance in them, and the tread of dreadful feet, that would leave no mark on the sea-sand or the winter snow. So sensitive the two friends happen to be, that the air is full of these phantoms; and the two look over their shoulders by one consent, to see that the door is shut.

"Yes, Tony!" says Mr. Guppy, drawing nearer to the fire, and biting his unsteady thumb-nail. "You were going to say, thirdly?"

"It's far from a pleasant thing to be plotting about a dead man in the room where he died, especially when you happen to live in it."

"But we are plotting nothing against him, Tony."

"May be not, still I don't like it. Live here by yourself, and see how *you* like it."

"As to dead men, Tony," proceeds Mr. Guppy, evading this proposal, "there have been dead men in most rooms."

"I know there have; but in most rooms you let them alone, and—and they let you alone," Tony answers.

The two look at each other again. Mr. Guppy makes a hurried remark to the effect that they may be doing the deceased a service; that he hopes so. There is an oppressive blank, until Mr. Weevle, by stirring the fire suddenly, makes Mr. Guppy start as if his heart had been stirred instead.

"Pah! Here's more of this hateful soot hanging about," says he. "Let us open the window a bit, and get a mouthful of air. It's too close."

He raises the sash, and they both rest on the window-sill, half in and half out of the room. The neighboring houses are too near to admit of their seeing any sky without craning their necks and looking up; but lights in frowsy windows here and there, and the rolling of distant carriages, and the new expression that there is of the stir of men, they find to be comfortable. Mr. Guppy noiselessly tapping on the window-sill, resumes his whispering in quite a light-comedy tone.

"By-the-by, Tony, don't forget old Smallweed;" meaning the Younger of that name. "I have not let him into this, you know. That grandfather of his is too keen by half. It runs in the family."

"I remember," says Tony. "I am up to all that."

"And as to Krook," resumes Mr. Guppy. "Now, do you suppose he really has got hold of any other papers of importance, as he has boasted to you, since you have been such allies?"

Tony shakes his head. "I don't know. Can't imagine. If we get through this business without rousing his suspicions, I shall be better informed no doubt. How can I know, without seeing them, when he don't know himself? He is always spelling out words from them, and chalking them over the table and the shop-wall, and asking what this is, and what that is; but his whole stock, from beginning to end, may easily be the waste paper he bought it as, for any thing I can say. It's a monomania with him, to think he is possessed of documents. He has been going to learn to read them this last quarter of a century, I should judge, from what he tells me."

"How did he first come by that idea, though? that's the question," Mr. Guppy suggests, with one eye shut, after a little forensic meditation. "He may have found papers in something he bought, where papers were not supposed to be; and may have got it into his shrewd head, from the manner and place of their concealment, that they are worth something."

"Or he may have been taken in, in some pretended bargain. Or he may have been muddled altogether, by long staring at whatever he *has* got, and by drink, and by hanging about the Lord Chancellor's court, and hearing of documents for ever," returns Mr. Weevle.

Mr. Guppy sitting on the window-sill, nodding his head and balancing all these possibilities in his mind, continues thoughtfully to tap it, and clasp it, and measure it with his hand, until he hastily draws his hand away.

"What, in the Devil's name," he says, "is this! Look at my fingers!"

A thick, yellow liquor defiles them, which is offensive to the touch and sight, and more offensive to the smell. A stagnant, sickening oil, with some natural repulsion in it that makes them both shudder.

"What have you been doing here? What have you been pouring out of window?"

"I pouring out of window! Nothing, I swear! Never, since I have been here!" cries the lodger.

And yet look here—and look here! When he brings the candle, here, from the corner of the window-sill, it slowly drips and creeps away down the bricks; here, lies in a little thick nauseous pool.

"This is a horrible house," says Mr. Guppy, shutting down the window. "Give me some water, or I shall cut my hand off."

He so washes, and rubs, and scrubs, and smells, and washes, that he has not long restored himself with a glass of brandy, and stood silently before the fire, when Saint Paul's bell strikes twelve, and all those other bells strike twelve from their towers of various heights in the dark air, and in their many tones. When all is quiet again, the lodger says:

"It's the appointed time at last. Shall I go?"

Mr. Guppy nods, and gives him a "lucky touch" on the back; but not with the washed hand, though it is his right hand.

He goes down stairs; and Mr. Guppy tries to compose himself, before the fire, for waiting a long time. But in no more than a minute or two the stairs creak, and Tony comes swiftly back.

"Have you got them?"

"Got them! No. The old man's not there."

He has been so horribly frightened in the short interval, that his terror seizes the other, who makes a rush at him, and asks loudly, "What's the matter?"

"I couldn't make him hear, and I softly opened the door and looked in. And the burning smell is there—and the soot is there, and the oil is



THE APPOINTED TIME.

there—and he is not there!"—Tony ends this with a groan.

Mr. Guppy takes the light. They go down, more dead than alive, and holding one another, push open the door of the back shop. The cat has retreated close to it, and stands snarling—not at them; at something on the ground, before the fire. There is very little fire left in the grate, but there is a smouldering suffocating vapor in the room, and a dark greasy coating on the walls and ceiling. The chairs and table, and the bottle so rarely absent from the table, all stand as usual. On one chair-back, hang the old man's hairy cap and coat.

"Look!" whispers the lodger, pointing his friend's attention to these objects with a trembling finger. "I told you so. When I saw him last, he took his cap off, took out the little bundle of old letters, hung his cap on the back of the chair—his coat was there already, for he had pulled that off, before he went to put the shutters up—and I left him turning the letters over in his hand, standing just where that crumbled black thing is upon the floor."

Is he hanging somewhere? They look up. No.

"See!" whispers Tony. "At the foot of the same chair, there lies a dirty bit of thin red cord that they tie up pens with. That went round the letters. He undid it slowly, leering and laughing at me, before he began to turn them over, and threw it there. I saw it fall."

"What's the matter with the cat?" says Mr. Guppy. "Look at her!"

"Mad, I think. And no wonder, in this evil place."

They advance slowly, looking at all these things. The cat remains where they found her, still snarling at the something on the ground, before the fire and between the two chairs. What is it? Hold up the light?

Here is a small burnt patch of flooring; here is the tinder from a little bundle of burnt paper, but not so light as usual, seeming to be steeped in something; and here is—is it the cinder of a small charred and broken log of wood sprinkled with white ashes, or is it coal? O Horror, he *is* here! and this, from which we run away, striking out the light and overturning one another into the street, is all that represents him.

Help, help, help! come into this house for Heaven's sake!

Plenty will come in, but none can help. The Lord Chancellor of that Court, true to his title in his last act, has died the death of all Lord Chancellors in all Courts, and of all authorities in all places under all names soever, where false pretenses are made, and where injustice is done. Call the death by any name Your Highness will, attribute it to whom you will, or say it might have been prevented how you will, it is the same death eternally—inborn, inbred, engendered in the corrupted humors of the vicious body itself, and that only—Spontaneous combustion, and none other of all the deaths that can be died.

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE chiefs of the Blue party went in state from Lansmere Park; the two candidates in open carriages, each attended with his proposer and seconder. Other carriages were devoted to Harley and Levy, and the principal members of the committee. Riccabocca was seized with a fit of melancholy or cynicism, and declined to join the procession. But just before they started, as all were assembling without the front door, the postman arrived with his welcome bag. There were letters for Harley, some for Levy, many for Egerton, one for Randal Leslie.

Levy, soon hurrying over his own correspondence, looked, in the familiar freedom wherewith he usually treated his particular friends, over Randal's shoulder.

"From the Squire?" said he, "Ah, he has written at last! What made him delay so long? Hope he relieves your mind?"

"Yes," cried Randal, giving way to a joy that rarely lighted up his close and secret countenance—"yes, he does not write from Hazeldean—not there when my letter arrived—in London—could not rest at the Hall—the place reminded him too much of Frank—went again to town, on the receipt of my first letter concerning the rupture of the marriage, to see after his son, and take up some money to pay off his post-obit. Read what he says."—"So while I was about a mortgage—(never did I guess that I should be the man to encumber the Hazeldean estate)—I thought I might as well add £20,000 as £10,000 to the total. Why should you be indebted at all to that Baron Levy? Don't have dealings with money-lenders. Your grandmother was a Hazeldean; and from a Hazeldean you shall have the whole sum required in advance for those Rood lands—good light soil some of them. As to repayment, we'll talk of that later. If Frank and I come together again, as we did of old, why, my estates will be his some day; and he'll not grudge the mortgage, so fond as he always was of you; and if we don't come together, what do I care for hundreds or thousands, either more or less? So I shall be down at Lansmere the day after to-morrow, just in the thick of your polling. Beat the manufacturer, my boy, and stick up for the land. Tell Levy to have all ready. I shall bring the money down in good bank-notes, and a brace of pistols in my coat pocket to take care of them, in case robbers get scent of the notes, and attack me on the road, as they once did my grandfather. A Lansmere election puts one in mind of pistols. I once fought a duel with an officer in his Majesty's service, R.N., and had a ball lodged in my right shoulder, on account of an election at Lansmere; but I have forgiven Audley his share in that transaction. Remember me to him kindly. Don't get into a duel yourself; but I suppose manufacturers don't fight; not that I blame them for that—far from it."

* Continued from the December Number.

The letter then ran on to express surprise, and hazard conjecture, as to the wealthy marriage which Randal had announced as a pleasing surprise to the Squire. "It could not be Miss Sticktorights!"

"Well," said Levy, returning the letter, "you *must* have written as cleverly as you talk, or the Squire is a booby indeed."

Randal smiled, pocketed his letter, and responding to the impatient call of his proposer, sprang lightly into the carriage.

Harley, too, seemed pleased with the letters delivered to himself, and now joined Levy, as the candidates drove slowly on.

"Has not Mr. Leslie received from the Squire an answer to that letter of which you informed me?"

"Yes, my lord; the Squire will be here to-morrow."

"To-morrow! Thank you for apprising me; his rooms shall be prepared."

"I suppose he will only stay to see Leslie and myself, and pay the money."

"Aha! Pay the money. Is it so, then?"

"Twice the sum, and, it seems, as a gift, which Leslie only asked as a loan. Really, my lord, Mr. Leslie is a very clever man; and though I am at your commands, I should not like to injure him, with such matrimonial prospects. He could be a very powerful enemy; and, if he succeed in Parliament, still more so."

"Baron, these gentlemen are waiting for you. I will follow by myself."

CHAPTER XXV.

In the centre of the raised platform in the Town-hall sat the Mayor. On either hand of that dignitary now appeared the candidates of the respective parties. To his right, Audley Egerton and Leslie; to his left, Dick Avenel and Leonard. The place was as full as it could hold. Rows of grimy faces peeped in, even from the upper windows outside the building. The contest was one that created intense interest, not only from public principles, but local passions. Dick Avenel, the son of a small tradesman, standing against the Right Honorable Audley Egerton, the choice of the powerful Lansmere aristocratic party—standing, too, with his nephew by his side—taking, as he himself was wont to say, "the tarnation Blue Bull by both its oligarchical horns!" There was a pluck and gallantry in the very impudence of the attempt to convert the important borough—for one member of which a great Earl had hitherto striven, "with labor dire and weary woe"—into two family seats for the house of Avenel and the triumph of the Capelocracy.

This alone would have excited all the spare passions of a country borough; but, beside this, there was the curiosity that attached to the long-deferred public appearance of a candidate so renowned as the ex-minister—a man whose career had commenced with his success at Lansmere, and who now, amidst the popular tempest that scattered his colleagues, sought to refit his vessel in the same harbor from which it had first put forth. New generations had grown up since the name of Audley Egerton had first fluttered the dovecotes in *that* Corioli. The questions that had then seemed so important, were, for the most part, settled and at rest. But those present who remembered Egerton in the former day, were struck to see how the same characteristics of bearing and aspect which had distinguished his early youth, revived their interest in the mature and celebrated man. As he stood up for a few moments, before he took his seat beside the Mayor, glancing over the assembly, with its uproar of cheers and hisses, there was the same stately erectness of form and steadfastness of look—the same indefinable and mysterious dignity of externals, that imposed respect, confirmed esteem, or stilled dislike. The hisses involuntarily ceased.

The preliminary proceedings over, the proposers and seconders commenced their office.

Audley was proposed, of course, by the crack man of the party—a gentleman who lived on his means in a white house in the High Street—had received a University education, and was a cadet of a "County Family." This gentleman spoke much about the Constitution, something about Greece and Rome—compared Egerton with William Pitt, also with Aristides; and sat down, after an oration esteemed classical by the few, and pronounced prosy by the many. Audley's seconder, a burly and important maltster, struck a bolder key. He dwelt largely upon the necessity of being represented by gentlemen of wealth and rank, and not by "upstarts and adventurers. (Cheers and groans.) Looking at the candidates on the other side, it was an insult to the respectability of Lansmere to suppose its constituents could elect a man who had no pretensions whatever to their notice, except that he had once been a little boy in the town in which his father kept a shop—and a very noisy, turbulent, dirty little boy he was!" Dick smoothed his spotless shirt-front, and looked daggers, while the Blues laughed heartily, and the Yellows cried "Shame!" "As for the other candidate on the same side, he (the maltster) had nothing to say against him. He was, no doubt, seduced into presumption by his uncle and his own inexperience. It was said that that candidate, Mr. Fairfield, was an author and a poet; if so, he was unknown to fame, for no bookseller in the town had ever even heard of Mr. Fairfield's works. Then it was replied, Mr. Fairfield had written under another name. What would that prove? Either that he was ashamed of his name, or that the works did him no credit. For his part, he (the maltster) was an Englishman; he did not like anonymous scribblers; there was something not right in whatever was concealed. A man should never be afraid to put his name to what he wrote. But, grant that Mr. Fairfield was a great author and a great poet, what the borough of Lansmere wanted was, not a member who would pass his time in writing sonnets to Peggy or Moggy, but a practical man of business—a statesman—such a man as Mr. Audley Egerton

—a gentleman of ancient birth, high standing, and princely fortune. The member for such a place as Lansmere should have a proper degree of wealth." ("Hear, hear," from the hundred and fifty hesitators, who all stood in a row at the bottom of the hall; and "Gammon!" "Stuff!" from some revolutionary, but incorruptible Yellows.) Still the allusion to Egerton's private fortune had considerable effect with the bulk of the audience, and the maltster was much cheered on concluding. Mr. Avenel's proposer and seconder—the one a large grocer, the other a proprietor of a new shop for ticketed prints, shawls, blankets, and counterpanes (a man who, as he boasted, dealt with the People for ready money, and no mistake—at least none that *he* ever rectified)—next followed. Both said much the same thing. Mr. Avenel had made his fortune by honest industry—was a fellow townsman—must know the interests of the town better than strangers—upright public principles—never fawn on governments—would see that the people had their rights, and cut down army, navy, and all other jobs of a corrupt aristocracy, &c., &c., &c. Randal Leslie's proposer, a captain on half-pay, undertook a long defense of army and navy, from the unpatriotic aspersions of the preceding speakers; which defense diverted him from the due praise of Randal, until cries of "Cut it short," recalled him to that subject; and then the topics he selected for eulogium were "amiability of character, so conspicuous in the urbane manners of his young friend;"—"coincidence in the opinions of that illustrious statesman with whom he was conjoined;"—"early tuition in the best principles—only fault, youth—and that was a fault which would diminish every day." Randal's seconder was a bluff yeoman, an out-voter of weight with the agricultural electors. He was too straight-forward by half—adverted to Audley Egerton's early desertion of questions espoused by the landed interest—hoped he had had enough of the large towns; and he (the yeoman) was ready to forgive and forget, but trusted that there would be no chance of burning their member again in effigy. As to the young gentleman, whose nomination he had the pleasure to second—did not know much about him; but the Leslies were an old family in the neighboring county, and Mr. Leslie said he was nearly related to Squire Hazeldean—as good a man as ever stood upon shoe leather. He (the yeoman) liked a good breed in sheep and bullocks; and a good breed in men he supposed was the same thing. He (the yeoman) was not for abuses—he was for King and Constitution. He should have no objection, for instance, to have tithes lowered, and the malt-tax repealed—not the least objection. Mr. Leslie seemed to him a likely young chap, and uncommon well-spoken; and, on the whole for aught he (the yeoman) could see, would do quite as well in Parliament as nine-tenths of the gentlemen sent there. The yeoman sat down, little cheered by the Blues—much by the Yellows—and with a dim consciousness that somehow or other he had rather damaged than not the cause of the party he had been chosen to advocate. Leonard was not particularly fortunate in his proposer—a youngish gentleman—who, having tried various callings, with signal unsuccess, had come into a small independence, and set up for a literary character. This gentleman undertook the defense of poets, as the half-pay captain had undertaken that of the army and navy; and after a dozen sentences spoken through the nose, about the "moonlight of existence," and "the oasis in the desert," suddenly broke down, to the satisfaction of his impatient listeners. This failure was, however, redeemed by Leonard's seconder—a master tailor—a practiced speaker, and an earnest, thinking man—sincerely liking, and warmly admiring, Leonard Fairfield. His opinions were delivered with brief simplicity, and accompanied by expressions of trust in Leonard's talents and honesty, that were effective, because expressed with feeling.

These preparatory orations over, a dead silence succeeded, and Audley Egerton arose.

At the first few sentences, all felt they were in the presence of one accustomed to command attention, and to give to opinions the weight of recognized authority. The slowness of the measured accents, the composure of the manly aspect, the decorum of the simple gestures—all bespoke and all became the Minister of a great empire, who had less agitated assemblies by impassioned eloquence, than compelled their silent respect to the views of sagacity and experience. But what might have been formal and didactic in another, was relieved in Egerton by that air, tone, bearing of *gentleman*, which have a charm for the most plebeian audience. He had eminently these attributes in private life; but they became far more conspicuous whenever he had to appear in public. The "*senatorius decor*" seemed a phrase coined for him.

Audley commenced with notice of his adversaries in that language of high courtesy which is so becoming to superior station, and which augurs better for victory than the most pointed diatribes of hostile declamation. Inclining his head toward Avenel, he expressed regret that he should be opposed by a gentleman whose birth naturally endeared him to the town, of which he was a distinguished native, and whose honorable ambition was in itself a proof of the admirable nature of that Constitution, which admitted the lowliest to rise to its distinctions, while it compelled the loftiest to labor and compete for those which were the most coveted, because they were derived from the trust of their countrymen, and dignified by the duties which the sense of responsibility entailed. He paid a passing but generous compliment to the reputed abilities of Leonard Fairfield; and, alluding with appropriate grace to the interest he had ever taken in the success of youth striving for place in the van of the new generation that marched on to replace the old, he implied that he did not consider Leonard as opposed to himself, but rather as an emulous competitor for a worthy prize with his "own

young and valued friend, Mr. Randal Leslie." "They are happy at their years!" said the statesman, with a certain pathos. "In the future they see nothing to fear, in the past they have nothing to defend. It is not so with me." And then, passing on to the vague insinuations or bolder charges against himself and his policy proffered by the preceding speakers, Audley gathered himself up, and paused; for his eye here rested on the Reporters seated round the table just below him; and he recognized faces not unfamilar to his recollection when metropolitan assemblies had hung on the words which fell from lips then privileged to advise their King. And involuntarily it occurred to the ex-minister to escape altogether from this contracted audience—this election, with all its associations of pain—and address himself wholly to that vast and invisible Public, to which those reporters would transmit his ideas. At this thought his whole manner gradually changed. His eye became fixed on the farthest verge of the crowd; his tones grew more solemn in their deep and sonorous swell. He began to review and to vindicate his whole political life. He spoke of the measures he had aided to pass—of his part in the laws which now ruled the land. He touched lightly, but with pride, on the services he had rendered to the opinions he had represented. He alluded to his neglect of his own private fortunes; but in what detail, however minute, in the public business committed to his charge, could even an enemy accuse him of neglect? The allusion was no doubt intended to prepare the public for the news, that the wealth of Audley Egerton was gone. Finally, he came to the questions that then agitated the day; and made a general but masterly exposition of the policy which, under the changes he foresaw, he should recommend his party to adopt.

Spoken to the motley assembly in that town-hall, Audley's speech extended to a circle of interests too wide for their sympathy. But that assembly he heeded not—he forgot it. The reporters understood him, as their flying pens followed words which they presumed neither to correct nor to abridge. Audley's speech was addressed to the nation; the speech of a man in whom the nation yet recognized a chief—desiring to clear all misrepresentation from his past career—calculating, if life were spared to him, on destinies higher than he had yet fulfilled—issuing a manifesto of principles to be carried later into power, and planting a banner round which the divided sections of a broken host might yet rally for battle and for conquest. Or perhaps, in the deeps of his heart (not even comprehended by reporters, nor to be divined by the public), the uncertainty of life was more felt than the hope of ambition; and the statesman desired to leave behind him one full vindication of that *public* integrity and honor, on which, at least, his conscience acknowledged not a stain. "For more than twenty years," said Audley, in conclusion, "I have known no day in which I have not lived for my country. I may at times have opposed the wish of the People—I may oppose it now—but, so far as I can form a judgment, only because I prefer their welfare to their wish. And if—as I believe—there have been occasions on which, as one among men more renowned, I have amended the laws of England—confirmed her safety—extended her commerce, upheld her honor—I leave the rest to the censure of my enemies, and (his voice trembled) to the charity of my friends."

Before the cheers that greeted the close of this speech were over, Richard Avenel arose. What is called "the more respectable part" of an audience—viz., the better educated and better clad, even on the Yellow side of the question—winced a little for the credit of their native borough, when they contemplated the candidate pitted against the Great Commoner, whose lofty presence still filled the eye, and whose majestic tones yet sounded in the ear. But the vast majority on both sides, Blue and Yellow, hailed the rise of Dick Avenel as a relief to what, while it had awed their attention, had rather strained their faculties. The Yellows cheered and the Blues groaned; there was a tumultuous din of voices, and a reel to and fro of the whole excited mass of unwashed faces and brawny shoulders. But Dick had as much pluck as Audley himself; and by degrees his pluck and his handsome features, and the curiosity to hear what he had to say, obtained him a hearing; and that hearing, Dick having once got, he contrived to keep. His self-confidence was backed by a grudge against Egerton that mounted to the elevation of malignity. He had armed himself for this occasion with an arsenal of quotations from Audley's speeches, taken out of Hansard's Debates; and, garbling these texts in the unfairest and most ingenious manner, he contrived to split consistency into such fragments of inconsistency—to cut so many harmless sentences into such unpopular, arbitrary, tyrannical segments of doctrine—that he made a very pretty case against the enlightened and incorruptible Egerton, as shuffler and trimmer, defender of jobs, and eulogist of Manchester massacres, &c., &c. And all told the more because it seemed courted and provoked by the ex-minister's elaborate vindication of himself. Having thus, as he declared, "triumphantly convicted the Right Honorable Gentleman out of his own mouth," Dick considered himself at liberty to diverge into what he termed the just indignation of a freeborn Britain; in other words, into every variety of abuse which bad taste could supply to acrimonious feeling. But he did it so roundly and dauntlessly, in such true hustings style, that for the moment, at least, he carried the bulk of the crowd along with him sufficiently to bear down all the resentful murmurs of the Blue Committee men, and the abashed shakes of the head with which the more aristocratic and well-bred among the Yellows signified to each other that they were heartily ashamed of their candidate. Dick concluded with an emphatic declaration that the Right Honorable Gentlemen's day was gone by; that the people had been pillaged and

plundered enough by pompous red-tapists, who only thought of their salaries, and never went to their offices except to waste the pen, ink, and paper which they did not pay for; that the Right Honorable Gentleman had boasted he had served his country for twenty years—served his country! He should have said served her *out!* (Much laughter.) Pretty mess his country was in now. In short, for twenty years the Right Honorable Gentleman had put his hands into his country's pockets. "And I ask you," bawled Dick, "whether any of you are a bit the better for all that he has taken out of them!" The hundred and fifty hesitators shook their heads. "Noa, that we bea'n't!" cried the hundred and fifty, dolorously. "*You* hear THE PEOPLE!" said Dick, turning majestically to Egerton, who, with his arms folded on his breast, and his upper lip slightly curved, sat like "Atlas unremoved"—"You hear THE PEOPLE! They condemn you and the whole set of you. I repeat here what I once vowed on a less public occasion—'As sure as my name is Richard Avenel, you shall smart for' (Dick hesitated) 'smart for your contempt of the just rights, honest claims, and enlightened aspirations of your indignant countrymen. The schoolmaster is abroad, and the British Lion is aroused!"

Dick sat down. The curve of contempt had passed from Egerton's lip; at the name of Avenel, thus harshly spoken, he had suddenly shaded his face with his hand.

But Randal Leslie next arose, and Audley slowly raised his eyes, and looked toward his *protégé* with an expression of kindly interest. What better *débût* could there be for a young man warmly attached to an eminent patron, who had been coarsely assailed—for a political aspirant, vindicating the principles which that patron represented? The Blues, palpitating with indignant excitement, all prepared to cheer every sentence that could embody their sense of outrage—even the meanest among the Yellows, now that Dick had concluded, were dimly aware that their orator had laid himself terribly open, and richly deserved (more especially from the friend and kinsman of Audley Egerton) whatever punishing retort could vibrate from the heart of a man to the tongue of an orator. A better opportunity for an honest young *débûtant* could not exist;—a more disagreeable, annoying, perplexing, unmanageable opportunity, for Randal Leslie, the malice of the Fates could not have contrived. How could *he* attack Dick Avenel!—he who counted upon Dick Avenel to win his election? How could he exasperate the Yellows, when Dick's solemn injunction had been: "Say nothing to make the Yellows not vote for you!" How could he identify himself with Egerton's policy, when it was his own policy to make his opponents believe him an unprejudiced, sensible youth, who would come all right and all Yellow one of these days! Demosthenes himself would have had a sore throat, worse than when he swallowed the golden cup of Harpalus, had Demosthenes been placed in so cursed a fix. Therefore Randal Leslie may well be excused if he stammered and boggled—if he was appalled by a cheer when he said a word in vindication of Egerton—and looked cringing and pitiful when he sneaked out a counter civility to Dick. The Blues were sadly disappointed—damped; the Yellows smirked and took heart. Audley Egerton's brows darkened. Harley, who was on the platform, half seen behind the front row, a quiet listener, bent over, and whispered drily to Audley, "You should have given a lesson beforehand to your clever young friend. His affection for you overpowers him!"

Audley made no rejoinder, but tore a leaf out of his pocket-book, and wrote in pencil these words: "Say that you may well feel embarrassed how to reply to Mr. Avenel, because I had especially requested you not to be provoked to one angry expression against a gentleman whose father and brother-in-law gave the majority of two by which I gained my first seat in Parliament;—then plunge at once into general politics." He placed this paper in Randal's hand, just as that unhappy young man was on the point of a thorough break-down. Randal paused, took breath, read the words attentively, and, amidst a general titter, his presence of mind returned to him—he saw a way out of the scrape—collected himself—suddenly raised his head—and in tones unexpectedly firm and fluent, enlarged on the text afforded to him—enlarged so well that he took the audience by surprise—pleased the Blues by an evidence of Audley's generosity—and touched the Yellows by so affectionate a deference to the family of their two candidates. Then the speaker was enabled to come at once to the topics on which he had elaborately prepared himself, and delivered a set harangue—very artfully put together—temporizing, it is true, and trimming, but full of what would have been called admirable tact and discretion in an old stager who did not want to commit himself to any body or to any thing. On the whole, the display became creditable, at least as an evidence of thoughtful reserve, rare in a man so young—too refining and scholastic for oratory, but a very good essay—upon both sides of the question. Randal wiped his pale forehead and sat down, cheered, especially by the lawyers present, and self-contented. It was now Leonard's turn to speak. Keenly nervous, as men of the literary temperament are—constitutionally shy, his voice trembled as he began. But he trusted, unconsciously, less to his intellect than his warm heart and noble temper—and the warm heart prompted his words, and the noble temper gradually dignified his manner. He took advantage of the sentences which Audley had put into Randal's mouth, in order to efface the impression made by his uncle's rude assault. "Would that the right honorable gentleman had himself made that generous and affecting allusion to the services which he had deigned to remember, for, in that case, he (Leonard) was confident that Mr. Avenel would have lost all the bitterness which political contest was

apt to engender in proportion to the earnestness with which political opinions were entertained. Happy it was when some such milder sentiments as that which Mr. Egerton had instructed Mr. Leslie to convey, preceded the sharp encounter, and reminded antagonists, as Mr. Leslie had so emphatically done, that every shield had two sides, and that it was possible to maintain the one side to be golden, without denying the truth of the champion who asserted the other side to be silver." Then, without appearing to throw over his uncle, the young speaker contrived to insinuate an apology on his uncle's behalf, with such exquisite grace and good feeling, that he was loudly cheered by both parties; and even Dick did not venture to utter the dissent which struggled to his lips.

But if Leonard dealt thus respectfully with Egerton, he had no such inducements to spare Randal Leslie. With the intuitive penetration of minds accustomed to analyze character and investigate human nature, he detected the varnished insincerity of Randal's artful address. His color rose—his voice swelled—his fancy began to play, and his wit to sparkle—when he came to take to pieces his younger antagonist's rhetorical mosaic. He exposed the falsehood of its affected moderation—he tore into shreds the vail of words, with their motley woof of yellow and blue—and showed that not a single conviction could be discovered behind it. "Mr. Leslie's speech," said he, "puts me in mind of a ferry-boat; it seems made for no purpose but to go from one side to the other." The simile hit the truth so exactly, that it was received with a roar of laughter: even Egerton smiled. "For myself," concluded Leonard, as he summed up his unsparing analysis, "I am new to party warfare; yet if I were not opposing Mr. Leslie as a candidate for your suffrages, if I were but one of the electors—belonging as I do to the people by my condition and my labors—I should feel that he is one of those politicians in whom the welfare, the honor, the moral elevation of the people, find no fitting representative."

Leonard sate down amidst great applause, and after a speech that raised the Yellows in their own estimation, and materially damaged Randal Leslie in the eyes of the Blues. Randal felt this, with a writhing of the heart, though a sneer on the lips. He glanced furtively toward Dick Avenel, on whom, after all, his election, in spite of the Blues, might depend. Dick answered the furtive glance by an encouraging wink. Randal turned to Egerton, and whispered to him, "How I wish I had had more practice in speaking, so that I could have done you more justice!"

"Thank you, Leslie; Mr. Fairfield has supplied any omission of yours, so far as I am concerned. And you should excuse him for his attack on yourself, because it may serve to convince you where your fault as a speaker lies."

"Where?" asked Leslie, with jealous sullenness.

"In not believing a single word that you say," answered Egerton, very dryly; and then, turning away, he said aloud to his proposer, and with a slight sigh, "Mr. Avenel may be proud of his nephew! I wish that young man were on our side; I could train him into a great debater."

And now the proceedings were about to terminate with a show of hands, when a tall brawny elector in the middle of the hall suddenly arose, and said he had some questions to put. A thrill ran through the assembly, for this elector was the demagogue of the Yellows—a fellow whom it was impossible to put down—a capital speaker, with lungs of brass. "I shall be very short," said the demagogue. And therewith, under the shape of questions to the two Blue candidates, he commenced a most furious onslaught on the Earl of Lansmere, and the Earl's son, Lord L'Estrange, accusing the last of the grossest intimidation and corruption, and citing instances thereof in the presence of various electors in Fish Lane and the Back Slums, who had been turned from Yellow promises by the base arts of Blue aristocracy, represented in the person of the noble lord, whom he now dared to reply. The orator paused, and Harley suddenly passed into the front of the platform, in token that he accepted the ungracious invitation. Great as had been the curiosity to hear Audley Egerton, yet greater, if possible, was the curiosity to hear Lord L'Estrange. Absent from the place for so many years—heir to such immense possessions—with a vague reputation for talents that he had never proved—strange, indeed, if Blue and Yellow had not strained their ears and hushed their breaths to listen.

It is said that the poet is born, and the orator made—a saying only partially true. Some men have been made poets, and some men have been born orators. Most probably Harley L'Estrange had hitherto never spoken in public, and he had not now spoken five minutes before all the passions and humors of the assembly were as much under his command as the keys of the instrument are under the hand of the musician. He had taken from Nature a voice capable of infinite variety of modulation, a countenance of the most flexile play of expression; and he was keenly alive (as profound humorists are) equally to the ludicrous and the graver side of every thing presented to his vigorous understanding. Leonard had the eloquence of a poet—Audley Egerton that of a parliamentary debater. But Harley had the rarer gift of eloquence in itself, apart from the matter it conveys or adorns—that gift which Demosthenes meant by his triple requisite of an orator, which has been improperly translated "action," but means in reality "the *acting*"—"the stage-play." Both Leonard and Audley spoke well, from the good sense which their speeches contained; but Harley could have talked nonsense, and made it more effective than sense—even as a Kemble or Macready could produce effects from the trash talked by "The Stranger," which your merely accomplished performer would fail to extract from the beauties of Hamlet. The art of oratory, indeed, is allied more closely to that of the drama than to any other; and throughout

Harley's whole nature there ran, as the reader may have noted (though quite unconsciously to Harley himself), a tendency toward that concentration of thought, action, and circumstance, on a single purpose, which makes the world form itself into a stage, and gathers various and scattered agencies into the symmetry and compactness of a drama. This tendency, though it often produces effects that appear artificially theatrical, is not uncommon with persons the most genuine and single-minded. It is, indeed, the natural inclination of quick energies springing from warm emotions. Hence the very history of nations in their fresh, vigorous, half-civilized youth, always shapes itself into dramatic forms, while, as the exercise of sober reason expands with civilization to the injury of the livelier faculties and more intuitive impulses, people look to the dramatic form of expression, whether in thought or in action, as if it were the antidote to truth, instead of being its abstract and essence.

But to return from this long and somewhat metaphysical digression, whatever might be the cause why Harley L'Estrange spoke so wonderfully well, there could be no doubt that wonderfully well he did speak. He turned the demagogue and his attack into the most felicitous ridicule, and yet with the most genial good-humor; described that virtuous gentleman's adventures in search of corruption through the pure regions of Fish Lane and the Back Slums; and then summed up the evidences on which the demagogue had founded his charge, with a humor so caustic and original that the audience were convulsed with laughter. From laughter Harley hurried his audience almost to the pathos of tears—for he spoke of the insinuations against his father, so that every son and every father in the assembly felt moved as at the voice of Nature.

A turn in a sentence, and a new emotion seized the assembly. Harley was identifying himself with the Lansmere electors. He spoke of his pride in being a Lansmere man, and all the Lansmere electors suddenly felt proud of him. He talked with familiar kindness of old friends remembered in his schoolboy holidays, rejoicing to find so many alive and prospering. He had a felicitous word to each.

"Dear old Lansmere!" said he, and the simple exclamation won him the hearts of all. In fine, when he paused, as if to retire, it was amid a storm of acclamation. Audley grasped his hand, and whispered—"I am the only one here not surprised, Harley. Now you have discovered your powers, never again let them slumber. What a life may be yours if you no longer waste it!" Harley extricated his hand, and his eye glittered. He made a sign that he had more to say, and the applause was hushed. "My right honorable friend chides me for the years that I have wasted. True; my years have been wasted, no matter how nor wherefore! But *his!*—how have they been spent: in such devotion to the public that they who know him not as I do, have said that he had not one feeling left to spare to the obscurer duties and more limited affections, by which men of ordinary talents and humble minds rivet the links of that social order which it is the august destiny of statesmen—like him who now sits beside me—to cherish and defend. But, for my part, I think that there is no being so dangerous as the solemn hypocrite, who, because he drills his cold nature into serving mechanically some conventional abstraction—whether he calls it 'the Constitution' or 'the Public'—holds himself dispensed from whatever, in the warm blood of private life, wins attachment to goodness, and confidence to truth. Let others, then, praise my right honorable friend as the incorruptible politician. Pardon me, if I draw his likeness as the loyal, sincere man, who might say, with the honest priest, 'that he could not tell a lie to gain Heaven by it!'—and with so fine a sense of honor, that he would hold it a lie merely to conceal the truth." Harley then drew a brilliant picture of the type of chivalrous honesty—of the ideal which the English attach to the phrase of "a perfect gentleman," applying each sentence to his right honorable friend with an emphasis that seemed to burst from his heart. To all of the audience, save two, it was a eulogium which the fervent sincerity of the eulogist alone saved from hyperbole. But Levy rubbed his hands, and chuckled inly; and Egerton hung his head, and moved restlessly on his seat. Every word that Harley uttered lodged an arrow in Audley's breast. Amidst the cheers that followed this admirable sketch of "the loyal man," Harley recognized Leonard's enthusiastic voice. He turned sharply toward the young man: "Mr. Fairfield cheers this description of integrity, and its application; let him imitate the model set before him, and he may live to hear praise as genuine as mine from a friend who has tested his worth as I have tested Mr. Egerton's. Mr. Fairfield is a poet: his claim to that title was disputed by one of the speakers who preceded me!—unjustly disputed! Mr. Fairfield is every inch a poet. But, it has been asked, 'Are poets fit for the business of senates? Will they not be writing sonnets to Peggy and Moggy, when you want them to concentrate their divine imagination on the details of a beer bill!' Do not let Mr. Fairfield's friends be alarmed. At the risk of injury to the two candidates whose cause I espouse, truth compels me to say, that poets, when they stoop to action, are not less prosaic than the dullest among us: they are swayed by the self-same interests—they are moved by the same petty passions. It is a mistake to suppose that any detail in common life, whether in public or private, can be too mean to seduce the exquisite pliances of their fancy. Nay, in public life, we may trust them better than other men, for vanity is a kind of second conscience, and, as a poet has himself said:

> 'Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
> And, free from conscience, is a slave to shame.'

In private life alone we do well to be on our guard against these children of fancy, for they so devote to the Muse all their treasury of sentiment,

that we can no more expect them to waste a thought on the plain duties of men, than we can expect the spendthrift, who dazzles the town, 'to fritter away his money in paying his debts.' But all the world are agreed to be indulgent to the infirmities of those who are their own deceivers and their own chastisers. Poets have more enthusiasm, more affection, more heart, than others; but only for fictions of their own creating. It is in vain for us to attach them to ourselves by vulgar merit, by common-place obligations—strive and sacrifice as we may. They are ungrateful to us, only because gratitude is so very unpoetical a subject. We lose them them the moment we attempt to bind. Their love,

> Light as air, at sight of human ties,
> Spreads its light wings, and in a moment flies.'

They follow their own caprices—adore their own delusions—and, deeming the forms of humanity too material for their fantastic affections, conjure up a ghost, and are chilled to death by its embrace!"

Then, suddenly aware that he was passing beyond the comprehension of his audience, and touching upon the bounds of his bitter secret (for here he was thinking not of Leonard, but of Nora), Harley gave a new and more homely direction to his terrible irony—turned into telling ridicule the most elevated sentiments Leonard's speech had conveyed—hastened on to a rapid view of political questions in general—defended Leslie with the same apparent earnestness and latent satire with which he had eulogized Audley—and concluded a speech which, for popular effect, had never been equaled in that hall, amidst a diapason of cheers that threatened to bring down the rafters.

In a few minutes more the proceedings were closed—a show of hands taken. The show was declared by the Mayor, who was a thorough Blue, in favor of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton and Randal Leslie, Esquire. Cries of "No," "Shame," "Partial," &c.—a poll demanded on behalf of the other two candidates:—And the crowd began to pour out of the hall.

Harley was the first who vanished, retreating by the private entrance. Egerton followed:—Randal lingering, Avenel came up and shook hands with him openly, but whispered privately—"Meet me to-night in Lansmere Park, in the oak copse, about three hundred yards from the turnstile at the town end of the park. We must see how to make all right. What a confounded humbug this has been!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

If the vigor of Harley's address had taken by surprise both friend and foe, not one in that assembly—not even the conscience-stricken Egerton—felt its effect so deeply as the assailed and startled Leonard. He was at first perfectly stunned by sarcasms which he so ill deserved; nor was it till after the assembly had broken up, that Leonard could even conjecture the cause which had provoked the taunt and barbed its dart. Evidently Harley had learned (but learned only in order to misconceive and to wrong) Leonard's confession of love to Helen Digby. And now those implied accusations of disregard to the duties of common life not only galled the young man's heart, but outraged his honor. He felt the generous indignation of manhood. He must see Lord L'Estrange at once, and vindicate himself—vindicate Helen; for thus to accuse one, was tacitly to asperse the other.

Extricating himself from his own enthusiastic partisans, Leonard went straight on foot toward Lansmere House. The park palings touched close upon the town, with a small turnstile for foot-passengers. And as Leonard, availing himself of this entrance, had advanced some hundred yards or so through the park, suddenly, in the midst of that very copse in which Avenel had appointed to meet Leslie, he found himself face to face with Helen Digby herself.

Helen started, with a faint cry. But Leonard, absorbed in his own desire to justify both, hailed her sight, and did not pause to account for his appearance, nor to soothe her agitation.

"Miss Digby!" he exclaimed, throwing into his voice and manner that respect which often so cruelly divides the past familiarity from the present alienation—"Miss Digby, I rejoice to see you—rejoice to ask your permission to relieve myself from a charge, that in truth wounds even you, while leveled but at me. Lord L'Estrange has just implied, in public, that I—I—who owe him so much—who have honored him so truly, that even the just resentment I now feel, half seems to me the ingratitude with which he charges me—has implied that—Ah, Miss Digby, I can scarcely command words to say what it so humiliates me to have heard. But you know how false is all accusation that either of us could deceive our common benefactor. Suffer me to repeat to your guardian, what I presumed to say to you when we last met—what you answered—and state how I left your presence."

"Oh, Leonard! yes; clear yourself in his eyes. Go! Unjust that he is, ungenerous Lord L'Estrange!"

"Helen Digby!" cried a voice close at hand. "Of whom do you speak thus?"

At the sound of that voice, Helen and Leonard both turned, and beheld Violante standing before them; her young beauty rendered almost sublime by the noble anger that lit her eyes, glowed in her cheeks, animated her stately form.

"Is it you who thus speak of Lord L'Estrange? You—Helen Digby—*you!*"

From behind Violante now emerged Mr. Dale. "Softly, children," he said; and placing one hand on Violante's shoulder, he extended the other to Leonard. "What is this? Come hither to me, Leonard, and explain."

Leonard walked aside with the Parson, and in a few sentences gave vent to his swelling heart.

The Parson shared in Leonard's resentment; and having soon drawn from him all that had passed in his memorable interview with Helen, exclaimed—

"Enough! Do not yet seek Lord L'Estrange yourself; I am going to see him—I am here at his request. His summons, indeed, was for to-morrow; but the Squire having written me a hurried line, requesting me to meet him at Lansmere to-morrow, and proceed with him afterward in search of poor Frank, I thought I might have little time for communications with Lord L'Estrange, unless I forestalled his invitation and came to-day. Well that I did so. I only arrived an hour since—found he was gone to the Town Hall—and joined the young ladies in the Park. Miss Digby, thinking it natural that I might wish to say something in private to my old young friend Violante, walked a few paces in advance. Thus fortunately I chanced to be here, to receive your account, and I trust to remove misunderstanding. Lord L'Estrange must now be returned. I will go back to the house. You, meanwhile, return to the town, I beseech you. I will come to you afterward at your inn. Your very appearance in these grounds—even the brief words that have passed between Helen and you—might only widen the breach between yourself and your —your—benefactor. I can not bear to anticipate this. Go back, I entreat you. I will explain all, and Lord L'Estrange shall right you! That *is*—that must be his intention!"

"*Is*—*must* be his intention—when he has just so wronged me!"

"Yes, yes," faltered the poor Parson, mindful of his promise to L'Estrange, not to reveal his own interview with that nobleman, and yet not knowing otherwise how to explain or to soothe. But, still believing Leonard to be Harley's son, and remembering all that Harley had so pointedly said of atonement, in apparent remorse for crime, Mr. Dale was wholly at a loss himself to understand why Harley should have thus prefaced atonement by an insult. Anxious, however, to prevent a meeting between Harley and Leonard while both were under such feelings toward each other, he made an effort over himself, and so well argued in favor of his own diplomacy, that Leonard reluctantly consented to wait for Mr. Dale's report.

"As to reparation or excuse," said he proudly, "it must rest with Lord L'Estrange. I ask it not. Tell him only this—that if, the instant I heard that she whom I loved and held sacred for so many years was affianced to him, I resigned even the very wish to call her mine—if that were desertion of man's duties, I am guilty. If to have prayed night and day that she who would have blest my lonely and toilsome life, may give some charm to his, not bestowed by his wealth and his greatness—if that were ingratitude, I am ungrateful; let him still condemn me. I pass out of his sphere—a thing that has crossed it a moment, and is gone. But Helen he must not blame—suspect—even by a thought. One word more. In this election—this strife for objects wholly foreign to all my habits, unsuited to my poverty, at war with aspirations so long devoted to fairer goals, though by obscurer paths—I obeyed but his will or whim; at a moment, too, when my whole soul sickened for repose and solitude. I had forced myself at last to take interest in what I had before loathed. But in every hope for the future—every stimulant to ambition—Lord L'Estrange's esteem still stood before me. Now, what do I here longer? All of his conduct, save his contempt for myself, is an enigma. And unless he repeat a wish, which I would fain still regard as a law to my gratitude, I retire from the contest he has embittered—I renounce the ambition he has poisoned; and, mindful of those humble duties which he implies that I disdain, I return to my own home."

The Parson nodded assent to each of these sentences, and Leonard, passing by Violante and Helen, with a salutation equally distant to both, retraced his steps toward the town.

Meanwhile Violante and Helen had also been in close conference, and that conference had suddenly endeared each to the other; for Helen, taken by surprise, agitated, overpowered, had revealed to Violante that confession of another attachment, which she had made to Lord L'Estrange —the rupture of her engagement to the latter. Violante saw that Harley was free. Harley, too, had promised to free herself. By a sudden flash of conviction, recalling his words, looks, she felt that she was beloved—deemed that honor alone (while either was yet shackled) had forbidden him to own that love. Violante stood a being transformed, "blushing celestial rosy red"—Heaven at her heart, joy in her eyes:—she loved so well, and she trusted so implicitly. Then from out the overflow of her own hope and bliss she poured forth such sweet comfort to Helen, that Helen's arm stole around her—cheek touched cheek—they were as sisters.

At another moment Mr. Dale might have felt some amazement at the sudden affection which had sprung up between these young persons; for in his previous conversation with Violante, he had, as he thought, very artfully, and in a pleasant vein, sounded the young Italian as to her opinion of her fair friend's various good qualities—and Violante had rather shrunk from the title of "friend;" and though she had the magnanimity to speak with great praise of Helen, the praise did not sound cordial. But the good man was at this moment occupied in preparing his thoughts for his interview with Harley—he joined the two girls in silence, and, linking an arm of each within his own, walked slowly toward the house. As he approached the terrace, he observed Riccabocca and Randal pacing the gravel walk side by side.

Violante, pressing his arm, whispered, "Let us go round the other way; I would speak with you a few minutes undisturbed."

Mr. Dale, supposing that Violante wished to dispense with the presence of Helen, said to the latter, "My dear young lady, perhaps you will excuse me to Dr. Riccabocca—who is beckoning to me, and no doubt very much surprised to see me here—while I finish what I was saying to Violante when we were interrupted."

Helen left them, and Violante led the Parson round through the shrubbery, toward a side door in another wing of the house.

"What have you to say to me?" asked Mr. Dale, surprised that she remained silent.

"You will see Lord L'Estrange. Be sure that you convince him of Leonard's honor. A doubt of treachery so grieves his noble heart, that perhaps it may disturb his judgment."

"You seem to think very highly of the heart of this Lord L'Estrange, child!" said the Parson in some surprise.

Violante blushed, but went on firmly, and with serious earnestness. "Some words which he—that is, Lord L'Estrange—said to me very lately, make me so glad that you are here—that you will see him; for I know how good you are, and how wise—dear, dear Mr. Dale. He spoke as one who had received some grievous wrong, which had abruptly soured all his views of life. He spoke of retirement—solitude; he on whom his country has so many claims. I know not what he can mean—unless it be that his—his marriage with Helen Digby is broken off."

"Broken off! Is that so?"

"I have it from herself. You may well be astonished that she could even think of another after having known him!"

The Parson fixed his eyes very gravely on the young enthusiast. But though her cheek glowed, there was in her expression of face so much artless, open innocence, that Mr. Dale contented himself with a slight shake of the head, and a dry remark: "I think it quite natural that Helen Digby should prefer Leonard Fairfield. A good girl, not misled by vanity and ambition; temptations of which it behoves us all to beware—nor least, perhaps, young ladies suddenly brought in contact with wealth and rank. As to this nobleman's merits, I know not yet whether to allow or to deny them; I reserve my judgment till after our interview. This is all you have to say to me?"

Violante paused a moment. "I can not think," she said, half smiling—"I can not think that the change that has occurred in him—for changed he is—that his obscure hints as to injury received, and justice to be done, are caused merely by this disappointment with regard to Helen. But you can learn that;—learn if he be so very much disappointed. Nay, I think not!"

She slipped her slight hand from the Parson's arm, and darted away through the evergreens. Half concealed amidst the laurels, she turned back, and Mr. Dale caught her eye—half arch—half melancholy; its light came soft through a tear.

"I don't half like this," muttered the Parson; "I shall give Dr. Riccabocca a caution." So muttering, he pushed open the side door, and finding a servant, begged admittance to Lord L'Estrange.

Harley at that moment was closeted with Levy, and his countenance was composed and fearfully stern. "So, so, by this time to-morrow," said he, "Mr. Egerton will be tricked out of his election by Mr. Randal Leslie—good! By this time to-morrow his ambition will be blasted by the treachery of his friends—good! By this time to-morrow the bailiffs will seize his person—ruined, beggared, pauper, and captive—all because he has trusted and been deceived—good! And if he blame you, prudent Baron Levy—if he accuse smooth Mr. Randal Leslie—forget not to say, 'We were both but the blind agents of your friend Harley L'Estrange. Ask *him* why you are so miserable a dupe.'"

"And might I now ask your lordship for one word of explanation?"

"No, sir!—it is enough that I have spared *you*. But you were never my friend; I have no revenge against a man whose hand I never even touched."

The Baron scowled, but there was a power about his tyrant that cowed him into actual terror. He resumed, after a pause—

"And though Mr. Leslie is to be member for Lansmere—thanks to you—you still desire that I should—"

"Do exactly as I have said. My plans now never vary a hair's-breadth."

The groom of the chambers entered.

"My lord, the Reverend Mr. Dale wishes to know if you can receive him."

"Mr. Dale!—he should have come to-morrow. Say that I did not expect him to-day; that I am unfortunately engaged till dinner, which will be earlier than usual. Show him into his room; he will have but little time to change his dress. By the way, Mr. Egerton dines in his own apartment."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The leading members of the Blue Committee were invited to dine at the Park, and the hour for the entertainment was indeed early, as there might be much need yet of active exertion at the eve of a poll in a contest expected to be so close, and in which the inflexible hundred and fifty "waiters upon Providence" still reserved their very valuable votes.

The party was gay and animated, despite the absence of Audley Egerton, who, on the plea of increased indisposition, had shut himself in his rooms the instant that he had returned from the Town Hall, and sent word to Harley that he was too unwell to join the party at dinner.

Randal was really in high spirits, despite the very equivocal success of his speech. What did it signify if a speech failed, provided the election was secure? He was longing for the appointment with Dick Avenel, which was to make "all right!" The Squire was to bring the money for the purchase of the coveted lands the next morning. Riccabocca had assured him, again and again, of Violante's hand. If ever Randal Leslie could be called a happy man, it was as he sate at that dinner taking wine with Mr. Mayor and Mr. Alderman, and looking, across the gleaming silver *plateau*, down the long vista into wealth and power.

The dinner was scarcely over, when Lord L'Estrange, in a brief speech, reminded his guests of the work still before them; and after a toast to the health of the future members for Lansmere, dismissed the Committe to their labors.

Levy made a sign to Randal, who followed the Baron to his own room.

"Leslie, your election is in some jeopardy. I find, from the conversation of those near me at dinner, that Egerton has made such way among the Blues by his speech, and they are so afraid of losing a man who does them so much credit, that the Committee men not only talk of withholding from you their second votes and of plumping Egerton, but of subscribing privately among themselves to win over that coy body of a hundred and fifty, upon whom I know that Avenel counts in whatever votes he may be able to transfer to you."

"It would be very unhandsome in the Committee, which pretends to act for both of us, to plump Egerton," said Randal, with consistent anger. "But I don't think they can get those hundred and fifty without the most open and exorbitant bribery—an expense which Egerton will not pay, and which it would be very discreditable to Lord L'Estrange or his father to countenance."

"I told them flatly," returned Levy, "that, as Mr. Egerton's agent, I would allow no proceedings that might vitiate the election; but that I would undertake the management of these men myself; and I am going into the town in order to do so. I have also persuaded the leading Committee men to reconsider their determinatien to plump Egerton; they have decided to do as L'Estrange directs; and I know what he will say. You may rely on me," continued the Baron, who spoke with a dogged seriousness, unusual to his cynical temper, "to obtain for you the preference over Audley, if it be in my power to do so. Meanwhile, you should really see Avenel this very night."

"I have an appointment with him at ten o'clock; and, judging by his speech against Egerton, I can not not doubt on his aid to me, if convinced by his poll books that he is not able to return both himself and his impertinent nephew. My speech, however sarcastically treated by Mr. Fairfield, must at least have disposed the Yellow party to vote rather for me than for a determined opponent like Egerton."

"I hope so; for your speech and Fairfield's answer have damaged you terribly with the Blues. However, your main hope rests on my power to keep these hundred and fifty rascals from splitting their votes on Egerton, and to induce them, by all means short of bringing myself before a Committee of the House of Commons for positive bribery—which would hurt most seriously my present social position—to give one vote to you. I shall tell them, as I have told the Committee, that Egerton is safe, and will pay nothing; but that you want the votes, and that I—in short, if they can be bought *upon tick*, I will buy them. Avenel, however, can serve you best here; for as they are all Yellows at heart, they make no scruple of hinting that they want twice as much for voting Blue as they will take for voting Yellow. And Avenel being a townsman, and knowing their ways, could contrive to gain them, and yet not bribe.

RANDAL (shaking his head incredulously).—"Not bribe!"

LEVY.—"Pooh! Not bribe—so as to be found out."

There was a knock at the door. A servant entered and presented Mr. Egerton's compliments to Baron Levy, with a request that the Baron would immediately come to his rooms for a few minutes.

"Well," said Levy, when the servant had withdrawn, "I must go to Egerton, and the instant I leave him I shall repair to the town. Perhaps I may pass the night there." So saying, he left Randal, and took his way to Audley's apartment.

"Levy," said the statesman abruptly, upon the entrance of the Baron, "have you betrayed my secret—my first marriage—to Lord L'Estrange?"

"No, Egerton; on my honor, I have not betrayed it."

"You heard his speech! Did you not detect a fearful irony under his praises?—or is it but—but—my conscience?" added the proud man, through his set teeth.

"Really," said Levy, "Lord L'Estrange seemed to me to select for his praise precisely those points in your character which any other of your friends would select for panegyric."

"Ay, any other of my friends! What friends?" muttered Egerton gloomily. Then, rousing himself, he added, in a voice that had none of its accustomed clear firmness of tone—"Your presence here in this house, Levy, surprised me, as I told you at the first: I could not conceive its necessity. Harley urged you to come?—he with whom you are no favorite! You and he both said that your acquaintance with Richard Avenel would enable you to conciliate his opposition. I can not congratulate you on your success—"

"My success remains to be proved. The vehemence of his attack to-day may be but a feint to cover his alliance to-morrow."

Audley went on without notice of the interruption. "There is a change in Harley—to me and to all; a change perhaps not perceptible to others—but I have known him from a boy."

"He is occupied for the first time with the practical business of life. That would account for a much greater change than you remark."

"Do you see him familiarly?—converse with him often?"

"No, and only on matters connected with the election. Occasionally, indeed, he consults me as to Randal Leslie, in whom, as your special *protégé*, he takes considerable interest."

"That, too, surprises me. Well, I am weary of perplexing myself. This place is hateful; after to-morrow I shall leave it, and breathe in peace. You have seen the reports of the can-

vass: I have had no heart to inspect them. Is the election as safe as they say?"

"If Avenel withdraws his nephew, and the votes thus released split off to you, you are secure."

"And you think his nephew will be withdrawn? Poor young man!—defeat at his age, and with such talents, is hard to bear." Audley sighed.

"I *must* leave you now, if you have nothing important to say," said the Baron, rising. "I have much to do, as the election is yet to be won, and—to you the loss of it would be—"

"Ruin, I know. Well, Levy, it is, on the whole, to your advantage that I should not lose. There may be more to get from me yet. And, judging by the letters I received this morning, my position is rendered so safe by the absolute necessity of my party to keep me up, that the news of my pecuniary difficulties will not affect me so much as I once feared. Never was my career so free from obstacle—so clear toward the highest summit of ambition—never, in my day of ostentatious magnificence, as it is now, when I am prepared to shrink into a lodging, with a single servant."

"I am glad to hear it, and I am the more anxious to secure your election, upon which this career must depend, because—nay, I hardly like to tell you—"

"Speak on."

"I have been obliged, by a sudden rush on all my resources, to consign some of your bills and promissory notes to another, who, if your person should not be protected from arrest by parliamentary privilege, might be harsh, and—"

"Traitor!" interrupted Egerton fiercely, all the composed contempt with which he usually treated the usurer giving way, "say no more. How could I ever expect otherwise! You have foreseen my defeat, and have planned my destruction. Presume no reply. Sir, begone from my presence!"

"You will find that yon have worse friends than myself," said the Baron, moving to the door; "and if you are defeated—if your prespects for life are destroyed—I am the last man you will think of blaming. But I forgive your anger, and trust that to-morrow you will receive those explanations of my conduct which you are now in no temper to bear. I go to take care of the election."

Left alone, Audley's sudden passion seemed to forsake him. He gathered together, in that prompt and logical precision which the habit of transacting public business bestows, all his thoughts, and sounded all his fears; and most vivid of every thought, and most intolerable of every fear, was the belief that the Baron had betrayed him to L'Estrange.

"I can not bear this suspense," he cried aloud, and abruptly. "I will see Harley myself. Open as he is, the very sound of his voice will tell me at once if I am a bankrupt, even of human friendship. If *that* friendship be secure—if Harley yet clasp my hand with the same cordial warmth—all other loss shall not wring from my fortitude one feeble complaint." He rang the bell; his valet, who was waiting in the ante-room, appeared.

"Go and see if Lord L'Estrange is engaged; I would speak with him."

The servant came back in less than two minutes.

"I find that my lord is now particularly engaged, since he has given strict orders that he is not to be disturbed."

"Engaged!—on what?—whom with?"

"He is in his own room, sir, with a clergyman, who arrived, and dined here, to-day. I am told that he was formerly curate of Lansmere."

'Lansmere—curate! His name—his name? Not Dale?"

"Yes, sir, that is the name—the Reverend Mr. Dale."

"Leave me," said Audley, in a faint voice.

"Dale! the man who suspected Harley, who called on me in London, spoke of a child—my child—and sent me to find but another grave! He closeted with Harley—he!"

Audley sank back on his chair, and literally gasped for breath. Few men in the world had a more established reputation for the courage that dignifies manhood, whether the physical courage or the moral. But at that moment it was not grief, not remorse, that paralyzed Audley—it was fear. The brave man saw before him, as a thing visible and menacing, the aspect of his own treachery—that crime of a coward; and into cowardice he was stricken. What had he to dread? Nothing save the accusing face of an injured friend—nothing but that. And what more terrible? The only being, amid all his pomp of partisans, who survived to love him—the only being for whom the cold statesman felt the happy, living, human tenderness of private affection, lost to him forever. He covered his face with both hands, and sate in suspense of something awful, as a child sits in the dark—the drops on his brow, and his frame trembling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MY FORTUNE.

A GREAT many years ago—two-and-twenty years to-night—I well remember what a cold, wet night it was, with a thick sleet driving against the windows, and a melancholy, moaning wind creeping through the leafless branches. It had been quite a sad winter time to us at home—the only sad one I had ever known, for it was just two or three weeks after the accident had happened that first laid me on my couch, and only a few days before, my father had told me that I should never be able to rise from it any more. It had been a heavy blow to us all.

We sat together in the drawing-room all the long evening, my father, and my mother, and I—my sister Kate had gone the day before to some friends in the country. One gets so soon used to misfortunes and disappointments when just a little time has passed; but, at the first, they are often so hard to bear, and I think that never, at any time, did I feel such sorrow at the thought that I must be an invalid my whole life

as I did that night. I was only a girl—not fifteen yet; and, at that age we are so full of bright dreams about the future, looking forward with such clear, joyous hopefulness to the world that is just beginning to open before us, stretching out our hands so eagerly to the golden light that we think we see in the far distance. It was so hard to have the bright view shut out forever, to have the bright dreams fade away, to have all the hopes that to me had made the thought of life so beautiful, torn from me forever in one moment.

I had borne the knowledge of it all quite calmly at first; it was only now that I thought I really felt and knew all that I was losing. But, thank God, my life has not been what in my faithlessness I thought, that night, it would be; thank God, that the whole bitterness of those few hours' thought had never come to me, as it did then, again.

Early in the evening, my father had been reading to us aloud; but since he ceased, no word had been spoken in the room. He had been writing for the last two hours; my mother, sitting by the fire, was reading. The whole house was silent; and from without, the only sounds that came to us were the wind howling through the trees, and the cold rain dashing on the windows—both cheerless sounds enough to hear. It was indeed a night for melancholy thoughts; and to one ill and weak as I was then, perhaps it was to be forgiven that, thinking of the future and the past, looking back upon the happy days that were gone, and forward to where the sunless clouds hung so heavily, I should scarcely be able to press back the tears that tried to blind me.

For when we are very young we shrink so from feeling prison-bound; we pray so earnestly, that if sorrow must come to us, it may rather burst in sudden storm upon us, and, passing away, leave the blue sky clear again, than that our whole life should be wrapped up in a cold gray shroud, through which no deep sorrow can ever pierce into our hearts—no deep joy ever come to gladden us.

And in that gray shroud I thought that my life was to lie hidden and withered; and now, while, as yet, it was only closing over me—while, with passionate resistance, I would still have struggled to tear it back, I felt that my hands were bound.

A little thing will sometimes serve to divert our thoughts, even when they very much engross us; and so it was that night that I was suddenly startled out of the midst of my reverie by two loud, sharp knocks upon the street-door—a sound certainly by no means uncommon. And perhaps, if nothing more had followed, I might have fallen again into my former thoughts; but, as I lay for a few moments listening, the door was opened, and then there followed such strange, hurried exclamations—half of surprise, half of alarm—mingled with such apparently irresistible bursts of laughter, that my first dull interest began rapidly to change into a far more active feeling.

"My love, what's that?" asked my father, without looking up.

"I can't imagine!" my mother answered, in a puzzled tone, laying down her book.

Just at this moment we heard a quick step running up the stairs, and all our eyes with one accord turned to the door, which in two or three minutes was burst open, and to our extreme amazement, in rushed our servant Ann, with a little half-naked child in her arms. Yes, that little creature standing on the step, was the only thing to be seen when she had opened the door.

"Upon my word, this is going too far," my father exclaimed, angrily, when we had heard Ann's story. "It isn't two months since the same trick was played in town. Ann, call Tom to get a lantern immediately, and follow me. We must make a search; though, indeed, it's hopeless to think of catching any one on such a night as this. Whoever has done it is out of reach by this time. My dear," he turned round as he was hurrying from the room, "don't do any thing with the child until I come back; I'm afraid she's ill," and he closed the door.

I shall never forget what a poor little object it was. It had scarcely an atom of clothing on it—just a torn old frock that would hardly hang together, and its poor little white shoulders and arms were all bare, and wet with the heavy rain. Her pretty fair hair was wet too; but her face was what attracted and astonished me most; for, in spite of the bitter coldness of the night, it was glowing like fire, with a spot of the brightest scarlet on each cheek, and her large blue eyes so unnaturally bright that it was quite painful to look at them. Yet such a sweet face it was!

My mother made her kneel beside me on my couch, and we talked to her, and kissed her, and taking off the old wet frock, wrapped my mother's shawl around her; but all the time, and though she was certainly more than two years old, she remained as perfectly unmoved as though she had been a little statue, only those great bright eyes were fixed upon my face, until I began to get absolutely frightened at her.

In about twenty minutes my father returned from his useless search.

"We can do nothing more to-night," he said, in a tone of considerable vexation, as he joined us again. "Poor child, she's very feverish indeed; why, exposure on such a night is enough to kill her. My love, you must put her to bed; there's no help for it, and I'll see what I can do for her. But, really, it's a little too much to expect that all the sick children of the neighborhood are not only to be cured for nothing, but to be housed too, by the physician." And my father left the room to change his wet garments, in no very contented state of mind.

My mother put out her hands to lift the child from my side, and then, for the first time, a moaning sound broke from her, and leaning forward she caught my dress with her little hands, and held it tight, half-crying, as if she feared to go away. I pressed her to me, and clasped my arms around her. I couldn't help it—and she

let me do it, and laid down her head upon my bosom, the dear child! with that plaintive moaning sound again. I was almost weeping myself—half with pity, half with love—for I loved her so much already, as we love all things that cling to us, all things that—weaker than ourselves—appeal to us for protection. And so, for I could not bear that against her will she should be made to leave me, still keeping her in my arms, I had the couch wheeled into my bed-room; and there, in Kate's bed we laid her, poor, little, weary, suffering thing.

It would be too long to tell you all about her illness, for she was ill for many weeks; how patient she was; how anxious we all were for her; how, in spite of a few cross words at first, my kind father tended her with as much care as ever he bestowed upon his wealthiest patient; how my dear mother sat up night after night with her, as though she had been her own child; how the little thing crept so into all our hearts, that when, at last, one evening my father pronounced her out of danger, even his voice was broken with emotion, and we were fairly crying—both my mother and I.

Nor will I trouble you with an account of all the fruitless search that was made to discover who she was, or where she came from; but one thing I must mention, because it perplexed us very much, and added to our difficulty in deciding how to dispose of her. It was this: that we began to suspect—what at first had never entered our heads—that she had been stolen, and was not a poor woman's child. It was her own dim recollections of past things that gave rise to this supposition; but the fever had so confused all things in her poor little head that we never could reach any certainty upon the subject.

Well, the end of it all was, that we could not part from her, for we had all grown to love her so well already, and we knew that if we sent her away from us, the only place that would receive her was the workhouse. So it was quite settled at last that she should stay with us; and because she had taken to me so much from the first, they pronounced, laughing, that she should be my child; and I was so happy.

I called her Fortune—Fortune Wildred we baptized her—that, should she never find her own surname, she might, at least, have some proper claim to ours. Of course she must have had a Christian name before; indeed, she said she remembered it, and declared that it was Willie; but, Willie seemed so odd a name to give a little girl, that we agreed it would not do, and then I chose Fortune.

My little Fortune—she was so dear to me, and she loved me, too, so well! Young as I was, our relation to each other became in many things like that of mother and child. It was strange that, of her own accord, from the first, she called me Aunt Dinah. And I so soon grew accustomed to the title, and so soon, too, fell quite naturally into calling her my child; for, though yet but a girl in years, I was becoming a woman very quickly, as I should think must often be the case with those who have their destiny in life fixed as early as mine was, for I had no other outward change to look forward to as most girls have, and all my business was to settle down and be content.

My life, I often think, might have been lonely and sad without my child, but with her I was very happy. It was as if I lived again in her, for all the hopes and wishes that my illness had crushed came into life again, but not for myself now. It was for her that I dreamed, and hoped, and thought—for the little bright-eyed child who loved to lie beside me, with her white arms round my neck, and her soft cheek pressed on mine; who loved—Heaven bless her—to be with me always; who never was so happy as when, even for hours, we two would be left alone together, and, with the perfect confidence that only children have, she would talk to me of all things that came in her mind, gladdening my very heart with the loving things she said. They all loved her, but none as I did, for she loved none of them so well. They used to say that I should spoil her, but I never did; she was not made to be spoiled, my little Fortune, my sunny, bright-haired child!

She was my pupil for the first few years, and such dear lessons they were that we used to have together—dear to both of us, though most to me. She was so good and gentle, so sorry if she ever grieved me, so eager to be good and be forgiven again—as though my heart did not forgive her always, even before she asked it—so loving always. She never wearied of being with me—the kind child—not even when, as happened sometimes, I was too ill to bear her childish merriment, and she would have to sit quietly in my room, and lower her sweet clear voice when she spoke to me, for she would hang upon my neck then too, and whisper to me how she loved me. Ah, I never shall forget it all—I never shall forget how good my little Fortune was to me.

I may as well mention here, that soon after it was settled she should stay with us, we had a little miniature portrait of her taken, which I have worn ever since as a locket round my neck. We did this on the chance that it might possibly serve on some future day as a means of identifying her. Here is the little picture now; it is so like her, as I have seen her a thousand times, with her sunny vail of curls around her.

The years went on, and brought some changes with them—one change which was very sad—my mother's death. It came upon us suddenly, at a time when we were least thinking of sorrow, for when her short illness began we were preparing for my sister Kate's marriage. It was long before the gloom and grief that her loss threw upon our little household passed away, for she was dearly loved among us, and had been a most noble and true-hearted woman.

When Kate had been married about a year, my father withdrew from practice, and, to be near her, we removed to Derbyshire, and he, and I, and Fortune, kept house there, in a quiet

cheerful way together. And so the years went on until my child was about seventeen.

In this new part of the country we had not many neighbors with whom we were intimate, but there was one family, who, since our first coming, had shown us much kindness. Their name was Beresford, and they consisted of a father and mother, and one son, who was at college. They were wealthy people, with a good deal of property in the county. When we first knew them I had not been without a suspicion—I almost think it was a hope—that Arthur Beresford and my Fortune might one day fall in love with one another; but it was not to be, for as they grew up, I saw that there was no thought of more than a common friendly love between them; and, indeed, boys of one-and-twenty are generally occupied with other things than falling in love, and girls of seventeen, I think, generally suppose that one-and-twenty is too young for them to have any thing to do with, as no doubt it very often is. So they remained good friends, and nothing more.

I remember well Arthur Beresford's return from college two or three months before he came of age, and how, on the day after—a bright June morning it was—he burst into our drawing-room, with the gay exclamation, "Here I am, Aunt Dinah, and free for the next four months!" and coming up to me, took both my hands in his, and looked so gay, and so happy, and so handsome, that it did me good only to look at him. He was in very high spirits indeed, for not only had he gained his freedom, as he called it, but he had succeeded in bringing back with him his cousin, Nevill Erlington, a fellow and tutor at Oxford, who had done him, so he said, such services during his career there, that had it not been for him he should never have been the happy fellow he was there, which, whether it was as true as he thought it or not, I liked the boy for saying and thinking.

And one or two days afterward, Nevill Erlington came with Mr. Beresford and Arthur to call on us. He was six or seven years older than Arthur, and neither so lively nor so handsome, but he had a firm, broad, thoughtful brow and deep lustrous eyes, and a voice so deep, and rich, and soft, that it was like the sound of music to hear him speak. I liked him from the first—we all did—and it was not long before he became an almost daily visitor at our house, coming sometimes alone, on the excuse—I knew it was but an excuse—of bringing us books, or news, or some such thing, but more often with one or other of the Beresfords. Indeed, after a little time, I know that I, for one, fell quite into a habit of missing him if ever a day passed without his coming, for his quiet, gentle presence had in it a great charm to me, and he had fallen so kindly and naturally into my ways, that I had felt, almost from the first day, that he was not a stranger but a friend.

Nor was I the only one who watched for his daily visits, or felt lonely when he did not come. My dear child seldom spoke much of him when he was away; even when he was with us she was often very quiet, but I knew soon that in both their hearts a deep, true love was growing up, and that my darling would one day be Nevill's wife. And he deserved her, and she him. Timid as she was now, I knew that it would not be always so; I knew that, presently, when all was understood between them, her present reserve would pass away, and my Fortune, as she really was, with her bright, sunny gaiety, with her graceful, hoping woman's nature, with her deeply-loving, faithful heart, would stand beside him, to illumine and to brighten his whole life. Such happy days those were while these two young hearts were drawing to each other—happy to them and me, though over my joy there was still one little cloud.

Mr. and Mrs. Beresford were the only persons among our new friends to whom I had told my Fortune's story. I did not feel that it was a thing I needed to tell to every one; but now I was anxious that Nevill should know it, and felt uneasy as day after day passed, and kept him still in ignorance. But indeed I was perplexed what to do, for he and I were almost never alone, and in the state in which matters were yet between him and Fortune, it would have been premature and even indelicate to ask Mrs. Beresford to interfere. There was only one opportunity I had for speaking to him, and that I lost. I remember that day well. My father and Fortune had gone after dinner to my sister Kate's, expecting to be back in an hour, and when the hour had nearly elapsed Nevill came in alone, bringing a request that they would return with him to spend the evening at the Beresfords. I thought they would soon be in, so he willingly agreed to wait; and sitting beside me at the open window he presently began—it was the first time he had ever done so—to talk of Fortune. It was strange; without a word of preparation or introduction, he spoke of her as only one who loved her could speak. For a moment I was startled; then I fell into his tone, and I too talked of my child as I could have done to few but him. There was no explanation between us, but each read the other's heart fully and perfectly. And yet, not even then did I tell him Fortune's story. I longed to do it—it was on my lips again and again—but I was expecting her return with my father every moment, and I feared to be interrupted when I had once begun. So the time went past, and I was vexed with myself when it was gone, that my tale was still untold.

Though it was after sunset when they came in, Nevill persuaded them still to accompany him back. I remember well his warm though silent farewell to me that night. I remember, too, when they were all away, how long I lay and thought in the summer twilight. I ought to have been glad, and I *was* glad, but yet some low, sad voice, that I thought I had hushed to silence years ago forever, would awake in my heart again, making me break the beauty of that summer evening with my rebellious tears. It was only for a little time, for I, who had been so happy, what right had I to weep because some hopes had died? I pressed my tears back, pray

ing to be forgiven, and soon the soft stillness of the night calmed me, and I thought again of my dear child, and eagerly and hopefully as ever I had done when I was young. I dreamed bright dreams for her future life. When I was young! I was but nine-and-twenty now, yet how far back my youth seemed! Strange; there was scarcely two years between me and Nevill, yet how every one—how he, how I myself—looked on me as old compared with him.

It was late when they came home that night, and I thought my darling looked sad—I had thought so once or twice of late. She slept in a room opening from mine; and always came the last thing to say good-night to me. To-night, when she came, I was grieved, for she looked as if she had been weeping. She stood beside my couch—the light from behind that streamed through the opened door falling on her bright, unbound hair, and also herself looking so pure and beautiful—my own Fortune! I kept her a few minutes by me, for I longed to cheer her; but she did not seem to care much to talk. I said something about Nevill, and she asked if he had been long here before they came.

"About an hour," I said.

"Ah! I am glad," she answered. "I was afraid my poor Aunty had been alone the whole night. It was kind of him."

"Yes, he is always kind, dear," I said.

Which she did not answer, but smiled gently to herself, and stood in silence, with my hand in hers; then suddenly she frightened me, for, quickly stooping down, she laid her head upon my shoulder, and I felt her sobbing. At first she would not tell me why she wept, but whispered through her tears that it would grieve me; that I should think she was ungrateful—I, who had been so good to her, and loved her so well always. But when I pressed her earnestly, it came at last. It was because through the wide world she knew not where to seek for a father or a mother; because to the very name she bore she had no claim; because to all but us, she said, her life had ever been a deceit, and was so still; because she felt so humbled before those she loved, knowing that she had no right they should be true to her whose first step had been a falsehood to them.

She told me this, pouring it out rapidly—passionately; and I understand it all, and far more than she told me. Alas! I might have guessed it all before.

I comforted her as I could. I told her that her first grief she must bear still—hopefully, if she could; that for the rest she should not sorrow any longer, for all whose love she cared for should know what her history was. I told her to have courage, and I thanked her earnestly, and truly, for how she had spoken to me then; and presently, weeping still, but happier and full of love, my darling left me—left me to weep, because a grief I should have known would come had fallen on me.

I said that the Beresfords were landed proprietors, and Arthur was their only son; so his coming of age was to be a great day. Of course, I very seldom moved from home; but it had long been a promise that on this occasion we were to spend a week with them, and the time was now close at hand; indeed it was on the second day, I think, after I had had this talk with my child, that our visit was to begin. So, early on that day we went.

I have not mentioned that, for the last fortnight, besides Nevill, the Beresfords had had other visitors with them—a brother of Mrs. Beresford's—a Colonel Haughton, with his wife and their two children, a little boy and girl. They had just returned from India, where, indeed, Mrs. Haughton had lived many years. She was in delicate health, and did not go out much, so that she was as yet almost a stranger to me; but the little I had seen of her, and all that Fortune had told me about her, pleased me so much that I was not at all sorry for this opportunity of knowing more of her. There was something graceful and winning in her manner, indeed, that prepossessed most people in her favor, and there was much, both of beauty and refinement, in her face.

It was the day after we came, and a kind of preliminary excitement was through the house, for the next morning was to usher in Arthur's birthday; and to-day Mrs. Beresford was giving a large children's party, expressly in honor of little Agnes and Henry Haughton. I think we had every child for six or seven miles round assembled together; and there had been music and dancing, and a ceaseless peal of merry voices all through the long summer evening, and every body looked gay and happy, and all went well, for not a few of the elder ones had turned themselves into children too for the time to aid them in their games.

It was growing late, and even the lightest feet began to long for a little rest, when from one large group that had gathered together, there came a loud call to play at forfeits; and, in two or three moments, all were busy gathering pretty things together to pour into Fortune's lap; and then they merrily began the game, and laughed and clapped their hands with delight as each holder of a forfeit was proclaimed.

The most uproarious laughter had just been excited by Nevill's performance of some penalty allotted to him; and then I recollect well how he came, looking very happy, to kneel at Fortune's feet and deliver the next sentence. She held up a little ring; and, when she asked the usual question, what the possessor of it was to do, he answered gayly,

"To give us his autobiography."

There was a pause for a moment, while they waited for Fortune to declare whose the forfeit was, but she did not speak, for the ring was hers. Nevill had risen from his knees, and seeing it, he exclaimed laughing, for he knew it.

"What, Miss Wildred, has this fallen to your lot?"

She looked up hurriedly from him to me, and said, "Aunt Dinah," quickly, as if to ask me to speak. But, before I had opened my lips Mrs Beresford came forward, and said kindly,

"Nevill, I think it will be hardly fair to press this forfeit. We can't expect young ladies to be willing to declare their autobiographies in public, you know."

I interrupted Nevill and answered,

"But if you will take my account of Fortune's life instead of calling on her for her own, I think I can answer for her willingness to let you hear it. Shall it be so, Mr. Erlington?"

But he was eager that it should be passed over, was even vexed that any word had been said about it at all. I understood his delicacy well, and thanked him for it in my heart, but I knew what my child's wish was, so I would not do what he asked me, but promised that when the children were away the story should be told; and then the game went on.

It was past ten o'clock when they gathered round me to hear my child's history. There was no one there but the Beresfords, and the Haughtons, and Nevill, and ourselves. I saw that my poor child was agitated, but I would not have her either know that I guessed she was so, or that I shared her agitation, so I took out my knitting, and began working away very quietly as I talked, just glancing up now and then into one or other of my hearers' faces—into Nevill's oftenest, because there was that in the earnest look he fixed on me which seemed to ask it more than the rest.

There was not really very much to tell, and I had gone on without interruption nearly to the end, and was just telling him how I called her Fortune because we thought the name she said she had so strange, when, as I said the word "Willie," a sudden cry rang through the room.

It fell upon my heart with a strange terror, and in an instant every eye was turned to whence it came.

Pale as death, her figure eagerly bent forward, her hand grasping Fortune's shoulder, Mrs. Haughton sat. From my child's cheek too all color had fled; motionless, like two marble figures, they fronted one another; their eyes fixed on each other's faces, with a wild hope, a wild doubt in each: it lasted but a moment, then both, as by one impulse, rose. Mrs. Haughton stretched out her hands. "Mother!" burst from Fortune's lips. There was a passionate sob, and they were wrapped in one another's arms.

I saw like one in a dream—not feeling, not understanding, not believing. A giddiness came over me; a sudden dimness before my eyes; a feeling of deadly sickness, as we feel when we are fainting. There began to be a buzz of voices, but I could distinguish nothing clearly until I heard my own name spoken.

"Dinah," my father was saying hurriedly, "you have that little portrait—give it to me."

I roused myself by a great effort, and taking the locket from my bosom, put it in his hand. Another moment, and there was a second cry; but this time it was a cry only of joy.

"Yes, yes!" I heard Mrs. Haughton passionately saying, in a voice all broken with emotion, "I knew it, I knew it! It is my child—my Willie—my little Willie!" and she pressed the portrait to her lips, and looked on it as even *I* had scarcely ever done.

Ah! I needed no other proofs. I needed nothing more than that one look to tell me I had lost my child.

Mrs. Haughton had sunk upon her seat again, and my darling was kneeling at her feet, clasping her hand, and weeping. They spoke no more; they, nor any one: then, when a minute or two had passed, Colonel Haughton raised my child kindly from the ground, and placing her mother's hand again in hers, led them silently together from the room.

I closed my eyes and turned away, but still the tears would force their way through the closed lids upon my cheek. And, as I wept, feeling—that night I could not help it—so lonely and so sad, a warm, firm clasp came gently and closed upon my hand. It was Nevill who was standing by my side, and as I felt that friendly pressure, and met the look that was bent upon me, I knew that there was one at least who, rejoicing in my Fortune's joy, could yet feel sympathy for me.

It was not long before Colonel Haughton came back, and from him we learnt all that there was to tell. Mrs. Haughton, when very young, had married a Captain Moreton and accompanied him to India, where my child was born, and called after her mother Wilhelmina. But she was delicate, and the doctors said that the Indian climate would kill her; so, before she was two years old, they were forced to send her home to England, to relations in the north. An English servant was sent in charge of her, and both were committed to the care of an intimate friend of theirs who was returning to England in the same vessel; but the lady died during the passage, and neither of child nor nurse were there ever more any tidings heard, except the solitary fact—which the captain proved—that they did arrive in England. It was fifteen years ago. The woman had money with her belonging to Mrs. Haughton, as well as the whole of the child's wardrobe; quite enough to tempt her to dishonesty.

And such was the history of my Fortune's birth.

I went away as soon as I could to my room, and lay there waiting for my child; for I knew that she would come. The moonlight streamed in brightly and softly, and the shadow of the trees without the window came and waved upon my couch, rocking gently to and fro, with a low music, like a song of rest. It stilled my heart, that quiet sound; and lying there alone, I prayed that I might have strength to rejoice, and not to mourn at all, and then after a long time I grew quite calm, and waited quietly.

My darling came at last, but not alone. Her mother entered the room with her, and they came together, hand in hand, up to my couch, and stood beside me, with the moonlight falling on them and shining on my child's white dress, as if it was a robe of silver. We spoke little, but from Mrs. Haughton's lips there fell a few most gentle, earnest, loving words, which sank

into my heart, and gladdened me; and then she left me with my child, alone.

My darling clung around my neck and wept, and, calmer now myself, I poured out all my love upon her, and soothed her as I could, and then we talked together, and she told me all her joy. And there were some words that she said that night that I have never since forgotten, nor ever will forget—words that have cheered me often since—that live in my heart now, beautiful, distinct, and clear as when she spoke them first. God bless her—my own child!

Brightly as ever the sun rose upon an August morning, did his first rays beam through our windows to welcome Arthur's birthday. There was nothing but joy throughout the house, and happy faces welcoming each other, and gay voices and merry laughter, making the roof ring. There are a few days in our lives which stand out from all others we have ever known; days on which it seems to us as if the flood of sunlight round us is gilded with so bright a glory, that even the commonest things on which it falls glow with a beauty we never felt before; days on which the fresh breeze passing over us, and sweeping through the green leaves overhead, whispers ever to us to cast all sorrow from our hearts, for that in the great world around us there is infinite joy and happiness and love. Such a day was this; and bright and beautiful, with the blue, clear sky, with the golden sunbeams, with the light, laughing wind, it rises in my memory now—a day never to be forgotten.

I was not very strong, and in the afternoon I had my couch moved into one of the quiet rooms, and lay there resting, with only the distant sound of gay voices reaching me now and then, and every thing else quite still. I had not seen much of my child during the morning, but I knew that she was happy, so I was quite content. And indeed I too, myself, was very happy, for the sunlight seemed to have pierced into my heart, and I felt so grateful, and so willing that all should be as it was.

I had lain there alone about half an hour, when I heard steps upon the garden walk without. The head of my couch was turned from the window, so I could not easily see who it was, but in a few moments they came near, and Fortune and Nevill entered the room by the low, open window.

"I was longing to see my child," I said softly, and with a few loving words she bent her head down over me, kissing me quickly many times.

Nevill stood by her side, and smiling, asked:

"Will you not give me a welcome too?"

I said warmly, for I am sure I felt it,

"You know that you are always welcome."

He pressed my hand; and after a moment's pause, half seriously and half gayly, he went on—

"Aunt Dinah, I have come to ask a boon—the greatest boon I ever asked of any one. Will you grant it, dou yo think?"

I looked at him earnestly, wondering, hoping, doubting; but I could not speak, nor did he wait long for an answer; but bending his head low.

"Will you give me," he said—and the exquisite tenderness of his rich voice is with me still—"will you give me your Fortune to be evermore *my* Fortune, and my wife!"

I glanced from him to her. I saw his beaming smile as he stood by her, and her glowing cheek and downcast eyes, and then I *knew* that it was true, and tried to speak. But they were broken, weeping, most imperfect words, saying—I well know so faintly and so ill—the deep joy that was in my heart; and yet they understood me, and, whispering "God bless you!" Nevill stooped and kissed my brow, and my darling pressed me in her arms, and gazing in my face with her bright tearful eyes, I saw in their blue depths a whole new world of happiness.

A few more words will tell you all the rest. My child was very young, and Nevill had little beside his fellowship to depend upon, and that of course his marriage would deprive him of. So it was settled that they should wait a year or two before they married; and at the close of the autumn they parted, Nevill—who had been some time ordained—to go to a curacy near London, and Fortune, with her mother, to relations further north.

It was to me a very sad winter, for I was lonely without my child, but I looked forward hopefully, and every one was very kind. And in the spring an unexpected happiness befell us, for a living near us in Mr. Beresford's gift became vacant suddenly, and before it was quite summer again, Nevill was established as the new rector there. And then my darling and he were married.

There is a little child with dark-blue eyes and golden hair, who often makes a sunshine in my room; whose merry laughter thrills my heart, whose low, sweet songs I love to hear, as nestled by my side she sings to me. They call her Dinah, and I know she is my darling's little girl; but when I look upon her face I can forget that twenty years have passed away, and still believe she is my little Fortune, come back to be a child again.

A SLIGHT COLD.

CONSIDER "a slight cold" to be in the nature of a chill, caught by a sudden contact with your grave; or as occasioned by the damp finger of death laid upon you, as it were, to mark you for HIS, in passing to the more immediate object of his commission. Let this be called croaking, and laughed at as such, by those who are "aweared of the painful round of life," and are on the look-out for their dismissal from it; but be learned off by heart, and remembered as having the force and truth of gospel, by all those who would "measure out their span upon the earth," and are conscious of any constitutional flaw or feebleness, who are distinguished by any such tendency deathward, as long necks, narrow, chicken chests, very fair complexions, exquisite sympathy with atmospheric variations, or, in short, exhibit any symptoms of an asthmatic character—if they choose to NEGLECT A SLIGHT COLD. Let not these complain of being bitten by a reptile, which they have cherished to maturity in their very bosoms, when they might have crushed it in the egg! Now, if we call "a slight cold" the egg, and pleurisy—inflammation of the

lungs—asthma—CONSUMPTION, the enormous reptile, the matter will be no more than correctly figured. There are many ways in which this egg may be deposited and hatched. Going suddenly, slightly clad, from a heated into a cold atmosphere, especially if you can contrive to be in a state of perspiration, sitting or standing in a *draught*, however slight—it is the breath of death, reader, and laden with the vapors of the grave! Lying in damp beds (for there his cold arms shall embrace you), continuing in wet clothing, and neglecting wet feet—these, and a hundred others, are some of the ways in which you may slowly, imperceptibly, but surely cherish the creature that shall at last creep inextricably inward, and lie coiled about your very vitals. Once more, again—again—again—I would say, ATTEND to this, all ye who think it a small matter to NEGLECT A SLIGHT COLD.—*Warren's Diary of a Late Physician.*

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

CONGRESS met on Monday, the 6th of December, and, as both Houses were fully organized, the President's Message was sent in on the same day. It is a brief, well-written, and highly interesting document—setting forth clearly the condition of the country, and expressing, in temperate but explicit language, the views of the President upon the principal topics of public concern. Commencing with a reference to the result of the recent Presidential canvass, a recognition of the Divine favor which the nation has enjoyed during the past year, and an allusion to the lamented decease of Mr. Webster, the Message proceeds to say that considerable anxiety was occasioned during the past summer, by an official intimation from the Government of Great Britain that orders had been issued for the prevention of encroachments by American vessels upon the fishing-grounds on the coasts of the British North American Colonies. The brief notice that was given of this action, and the season of the year, made it a question of urgent importance. Satisfactory explanations of the intentions of the British Government were subsequently given, but the interpretation of the first article of the Convention of 1818 is still an unadjusted question, to which some degree of importance is attached. The President reviews the questions of privilege which have grown out of this controversy, and deems the present moment favorable for a reconsideration of the entire subject of the Fisheries on the coast of the British Provinces, with the view of producing a more liberal scale of Reciprocity. It is judged expedient, also, that the negotiations which may occur should take place in two separate Conventions—one, to consider the question of the interpretation of the first article of the treaty of 1818, and the other, to regulate the terms of Reciprocity. Arrangements for this purpose were partially made before the decease of the late Secretary of State, and the project is again on foot.—The affairs of Cuba remain in an uneasy condition, and a feeling of alarm exists on the part of the Cuban authorities which has led to some acts of which we have a right to complain. But the Captain-General of Cuba has no right to treat with foreign governments, nor is he in any degree under the control or direction of the Spanish Minister at Washington. In the mean time, the President says, "the refusal of the Captain-General to allow passengers and the mail to be landed in certain cases, for a reason which does not furnish, in the opinion of this Government, even a good presumptive ground for such a prohibition, has been made the subject of a serious remonstrance at Madrid." Early in the present year, notes were received from the representatives of England and France, inviting the United States to become party to a tripartite Convention, in virtue of which the three powers should severally and collectively disclaim, now and for the future, all intention to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba, and should bind themselves to discountenance all attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individual whatever. This invitation was declined, because compliance with it seemed to the President of doubtful constitutionality, impolitic, and unavailing. But the President took occasion to inform both these powers that the United States entertained no designs against Cuba, and that he should regard its incorporation into the Union at the present time as fraught with serious danger. "Were this island," he says, "comparatively destitute of inhabitants, or occupied by a kindred race, I should regard it, if voluntarily ceded by Spain, as a most desirable acquisition. But, under existing circumstances, I should look upon its incorporation into our Union as a very hazardous measure. It would bring into the Confederacy a population of a different national stock, speaking a different language, and not likely to harmonize with the other members. It would probably affect in a prejudicial manner the industrial interests of the South; and it might revive those conflicts of opinion between the different sections of the country, which lately shook the Union to its centre, and which have been so happily compromised."—Passing to other foreign topics of interest, the Message says that the rejection by the Mexican Congress of the Convention concluded with the United States for opening a route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, has thrown serious obstacles in the way of that desirable work; it is hoped, however, that the differences between the two governments on that subject may still be amicably adjusted. A satisfactory result is also hoped for, to the negotiations with Nicaragua. The Executive Government of Venezuela has acknowledged some claims of citizens of the United States which have been pressed for several years; it is hoped that provision will be made for their payment. Our representatives in Buenos Ayres and the Confederated States have been authorized to negotiate for the free access of our commerce to the extensive countries watered by the tributaries of the La Plata: and a treaty of commerce has been concluded with Uruguay. Further investigation has shown that our Government was wrong in the ground originally taken in regard to the Lobos Islands, and that they are rightfully the property of Peru: and a full acknowledgment to that effect has been made, and met by the Government of that country in the most friendly and satisfactory manner. Our settlements on the Pacific coast have led to greatly increased intercourse with Eastern Asia, and to the general

extension of our commerce in that quarter. The waters of the North Pacific have been more frequented by our whalemen. The very general application of steam to navigation demands new coaling-stations, and it is essential to provide protection for mariners who may be shipwrecked on the Eastern Seas. Hence the President has considered it expedient to order an appropriate naval force to Japan, to endeavor to obtain from that Government some relaxation of the inhospitable policy which has characterized its action during the past two centuries. The commander of the expedition has been instructed to make a serious remonstrance against the cruel treatment to which our shipwrecked mariners have frequently been subjected, and to demand that they be treated with more leniency, at the same time giving the most abundant assurances that the United States have no other designs than those professed, and that the expedition is friendly and peaceful. The President hopes that the effort will be crowned with success, and says that its advantages will be equally enjoyed by all the maritime powers. —Passing from our foreign relations to questions of domestic interest, the Message adverts to the overburdened condition of the Department of State. That Department was relieved of a small portion of its responsibilities by the establishment of the Department of the Interior; but the labors of this branch of the Government are increasing rapidly, and it is recommended that the residue of the domestic business be transferred to the Interior. The condition of the Treasury for the fiscal year, ending on the 30th of June, was as follows: Receipts, exclusive of Trust Funds, $49,728,386 89. Expenditures, $46,007,896 30; of which amount, $9,455,815 83 was on account of the Public Debt, including the last installment of the indemnity to Mexico, under the Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo. Balance in the Treasury, $14,632,135 37; of which $2,456,547 49 have been since applied for further purchases of the principal of the Public Debt. The value of Foreign Merchandise imported during the last fiscal year, was $207,240,101. The aggregate Exports were $167,065,937, besides $42,507,285 in specie. Within the year, 9,522,953 acres of the Public Lands have been surveyed, and 8,032,463 acres brought into market. The amount sold was 13,115,175 acres, being an increase of 569,220 acres over the previous year. Upon the subject of the Tariff, the Message recommends such an imposition of duties upon foreign goods as shall enable the domestic manufacturer fairly to compete with the foreign producer in our own markets. The subject of frauds upon the revenue is referred to as an additional reason for the adoption of specific duties. The attention of Congress is directed to the necessity of adopting suitable treaty stipulations with the Indian tribes. A general emigration of the Seminoles from Florida is confidently expected. The Mexican Boundary Commission has been required to suspend its labors, on account of an informality in the Act authorizing the work. The prompt attention of Congress is earnestly invited to this subject. Efforts have been made to protect our own and the Mexican frontiers from the ravages of the Indians. Of an army of 10,000 men, detailed for this service, some 8000 are actively employed. The operations of the troops have been successful in arresting most of the evils of which complaint was made. It is recommended that the subject of appropriations for Fortifications be made an early topic of inquiry. River and Harbor Improvements are also still further commended to the attention of Congress. The Navy Department is in a prosperous condition, and has taken measures for the fitting out of expeditions to the China Seas, the North Pacific, Behring's Straits, the African Coast and the La Plata, in addition to that destined for Japan. The exploration of the country watered by the Amazon has been completed, and the results will soon be made public. In connection with naval topics, the President commends the project of the re-organization of the Naval Academy, as worthy of encouragement and support by Congress. A number of minor subjects are recommended for examination. In conclusion, the President pays a compliment to the several Executive Departments of the Government for the efficiency and integrity with which they are conducted; calls attention to the defective laws respecting the bribery of official personages; and makes a lengthened comment upon the policy of this Government toward foreign nations. We have abstained from all interference in the domestic affairs of other countries, and while others have been plunged into discord and anarchy, we have pursued the even tenor of our way. The policy of non-interference is therefore commended very highly. The President warns the public against the seductive and dangerous appeals of those who advocate a different line of conduct in our relations with the countries of Europe, and appeals to the history of the past in evidence of the superior wisdom of adhering closely to our own affairs. It is not strange, however—adds the Message—that an exuberance of enterprise should cause some individuals to mistake change for progress, and the invasion of the rights of others for national prowess and glory. The President closes his Message with congratulations on the prosperous condition of the country. Abroad, its relations with all foreign powers are friendly; its rights are respected, and its high place in the family of nations cheerfully recognized. At home, we enjoy an amount of happiness, public and private, which has probably never fallen to the lot of any other people. Besides affording to our own citizens a degree of prosperity, of which on so large a scale no other instance is known, our country is annually affording a refuge and a home to multitudes, altogether without example, from the Old World. In closing his term of office, he claims only to have discharged its duties to the best of an humble ability, and with a single eye to the public good.

Reports from several of the Executive Departments accompanied the Message. The Postmaster General states that on the 1st of November there were 21,191 post offices in the United States; there were in operation 6711 mail routes, their aggregate length being 214,284 miles, and employing 5206 contractors. The annual transportation of the mails on these routes was 58,985,728 miles, at an annual cost of $3,939,971, being about 6 7-10 cents per mile; of these 58,985,728 miles of annual transportation, 11,082,768 miles were required to be performed upon railroads, at a cost of $1,275,520, being about 11½ cents per mile; 6,353,409 miles in steamboats, at a cost of $505,815, being about 8 cents per mile; 20,698,930 miles in coaches, at a cost of $1,128,986, being about 5½ cents per mile: and 20,850,621 miles in modes not specified, at a cost of $1,029,650, being about 4 9-10 cents per mile. The inland service shows an increase of 17,994 miles in the length of mail routes—of 5,713,476 in miles, and $518,217 in the cost of transportation. On the 30th of June there were six foreign mail routes, 18,319 miles in length, the number of miles of annual transportation thereon being 652,406. On three of these routes the service is under contract with the Post Office Department, the transportation being 200,592 miles, at a cost of

$400,000: on the other three routes the contract for service is with the Navy Department, the annual transportation being 458,934 miles, at a cost of $1,496,250, including the additional compensation voted to the Collins line. The cost of the ocean steamer service for the year has been $1,896,250. The gross receipts of the Department for the year were $6,925,971, of which $4,226,792 was from letter postage, and $789,246 from postage on newspapers and periodicals. The receipts for postages, American and foreign, were less by $1,388,334 than for the preceding year, being a decrease of about 22 per cent. This diminution is attributed to the reduction in the rates of postage made by the Act of March 3, 1851: it has been greater than was anticipated, but the Postmaster General questions the expediency of restoring the higher rates, as he thinks the increase of written correspondence will eventually increase the receipts. The expenditures of the Department for the year amount to $7,108,459, of which $4,225,311 is for transportation of the mails, and $1,296,705 compensation to postmasters. The expenditures for the next fiscal year are estimated at $8,745,777; the estimated resources are $7,417,790—leaving a deficit of $1,327,986 to be provided for by direct appropriations from the Treasury. The amount received for postages by the Collins line of steamers between New York and Liverpool was $228,867; by the New York and Bremen line $77,219; by the New York and Havre line $80,804. Details are given of the provisions made for extending and improving the mail service between various domestic points. The Department urges additional appropriations to the lines of ocean steamers running between New York and Bremen and Havre. A new postal convention has been established with Prussia, and negotiations are in progress for similar arrangements with France and Belgium. The whole number of letters which have passed through the post-offices of the United States during the year was 95,790,524, of which 32,672,765 were unpaid. The number of newspapers and other packages of printed matter chargeable with postage was 87,710,498: letters conveyed by the several lines of European steamers 4,421,543; the amount of postage collected from the Collins and Cunard lines was $791,440, of which $463,615 was collected in the United States, and $325,824 in Great Britain.

The Report of the Secretary of the Navy states the various services upon which the several vessels composing the United States Navy are employed. The whole is divided into six squadrons, each under a separate commander, and assigned respectively to the East Indies, the Pacific, the African Coast, the Brazilian Coast, the Mediterranean, and the Coast of the United States. It is suggested that, in consequence of the diminution of the slave trade, the maintenance of a squadron on the Coast of Africa may be discontinued. Details are given of the preparations made for the Expedition to Japan, and of the Surveying Expedition to the North Pacific. Another expedition has been fitted out to explore that portion of the continent of Africa lying eastward of Liberia: and still another to explore the country lying on the tributaries of the La Plata in South America. The Secretary thinks that the abolition of corporal punishment in the Navy has not been attended by satisfactory results, and submits a plan of registration, in which the meritorious are to receive higher pay, to be exempt from corporal punishment, to enjoy a furlough after three years' service, and to be eligible to the petty offices on shipboard, as the best method of government on board ship.——A very interesting document has been submitted to Congress by the Superintendent of the Census, giving statistics concerning the population, productions, &c. of the United States at different periods of their history. It appears from this paper that during the last sixty years the increase of population has averaged three and a half per cent. per annum, while that of Great Britain has been only one and thirty-seven hundredths per cent. Of the whole population eleven per cent. are of foreign birth. The valuation of real and personal estate is over seven thousand millions of dollars. The average quantity of improved land is about seven and a half acres to each inhabitant: and the average value of all the land in the United States, amounting to over three hundred millions of acres, is ten dollars and seventy-nine cents per acre. The comparative annual agricultural productions of the country, as determined by the census of 1850 and that of 1840, are set forth in the following table:

		1840.	1850.
Wheat	bush.	84,823,272	100,503,899
Rye	"	18,645,567	14,188,637
Indian Corn	"	377,531,875	592,326,612
Oats	"	123,071,341	146,678,879
Rice	pounds	80,841,422	215,312,710
Tobacco	"	219,163,319	199,752,646
Cotton	"	790,479,275	977,449,600
Buckwheat	bush.	7,291,743	8,956,916
Barley	"	4,161,504	5,167,016
Sugar	pounds	247,581,000	281,830,886

Hon. WALTER FORWARD died at Pittsburgh, Pa., on the 1st of December, in the 65th year of his age. He had been prominent as a politician for many years, having been Member of Congress, Secretary of the Treasury under President Tyler, more recently U. S. Minister to Denmark, and at the time of his death a Judge of the District Court of Philadelphia.——John L. STEPHENS, the well known author, died at his residence in New York on the 12th of October, of fever caught on the Isthmus of Panama, while engaged in the prosecution of the railroad enterprise, to which he had been for some years devoted. He was born in 1805, educated at Columbia College, studied law at Litchfield, and engaged in its practice at New York. Ill health, however, obliged him to abandon it, and to travel. In 1837 he published his work of travels in Arabia Petræa, which had a remarkable degree of popularity, and was followed by others equally successful. In 1839 he was appointed Chargé to the Central America, and on his return from that country published a book of travels, followed in 1842 by a similar work on Yucatan. He was among the most popular of American writers, and his various works of travel still enjoy a wide circulation. He was a man of ability, energy, and enterprise.——Hon. JOHN SERGEANT, one of the most eminent members of the Philadelphia bar, died in that city, November 30, in the 73d year of his age.——George S. Hillard, Esq., delivered the eulogy on Mr. Webster at the celebration of his obsequies on the 30th of November, in Boston. On the 17th, G. P. R. James, Esq., delivered an oration in the same city on the Duke of Wellington.

The Legislature of South Carolina met early in November. The Governor's Message recommends the re-charter of all private banks, under proper restrictions—suggests further attention to the school system; advises the appointment of a committee to revise the criminal law; and congratulates the State on the present political calm. He predicts that the North will speedily renew its acts of hostility against slavery, and expresses an earnest hope that, in such an event, the Southern States will either unite to

force their rights to be respected, or else take their place as a Southern Confederacy among the nations of the earth.——Hon. Charles G. Atherton, Democrat, has been chosen Senator of the United States by the Legislature of New Hampshire, in place of Mr. Hale. The Governor's Message congratulates the people on the social, educational, and political condition of the State; recommends economy and equality of taxes; suggests action for preserving the public lands; virtually recommends the abolition of the statute of limitations in relation to the collection of debts, and suggests some additional legislation to prevent accidents on railroads and in manufactories. ——The Legislature of Vermont has passed a law prohibiting the sale of intoxicating drinks within the State:—the law is to be submitted to the people in March, but if they decide against it, it is to take effect nevertheless in December.

From CALIFORNIA our dates are to the 16th of November. Nearly three-fourths of the city of Sacramento was destroyed by fire on the night of the 2d. About forty blocks of buildings were burned, nearly half the inhabitants of the city were deprived of shelter, and the aggregate loss is stated at over five millions of dollars. Several lives were lost during the conflagration. A fire at San Francisco on the night of the 14th, also destroyed property to the value of over $100,000—and at Marysville more than half as much was lost at about the same time. ——It is stated that the Chinamen are beginning to return in great numbers to their own country: about five hundred had left San Francisco in a single ship. ——Accounts from the mining districts continue to be favorable, and their prospects for the winter were highly encouraging.——The United States troops sent north, under Major Fitzgerald, against the Indians, had reached Scott's Valley, where they were awaiting supplies: they had accomplished nothing toward the object of the expedition. In the southern districts of the State the Indian troubles seemed to be at an end. Further difficulties had sprung up between the miners and the Chinese immigrants, but they were local, and it was hoped would be only temporary. On the Gila, peace has been concluded with the Yumas, who have agreed to retire to their fields, and leave the Americans unmolested. The Land Commission had entered upon the discharge of its duties, but had thus far made but little progress. The settlement of Mormons in the southern section of the State was remarkably flourishing; their agricultural and manufacturing interests were doing remarkably well.

From OREGON we have intelligence to the 7th of November, but it has no special interest. The emigration for the year is estimated at ten thousand.

We have news from the SANDWICH ISLANDS to the 14th of October. A large number of whaling vessels had reached Honolulu, having generally met with good success. The approaching meeting of the Legislature gave rise to sundry discussions, upon free trade, the annexation of the Islands to the United States, and other topics.

From CUBA we learn that the difficulties in regard to the admission of U. S. steamers into the port of Havana have been adjusted. Mr. William Smith, purser on board the Crescent City, against whom the interdict was leveled, has made an affidavit denying that he had ever written or published any thing injurious to the interests of Cuba; and this denial has been accepted as satisfactory by the Cuban authorities. Letters from the island represent the slave trade between it and the coast of Africa as being still carried on with great activity: it is estimated that nearly ten thousand slaves have been landed on that island during the present year.

MEXICO.

At the date of our last Record we had news of the meeting of Congress in special session: we have since received more complete reports of its proceedings. The Message of the President was sent in on the 16th of October. It sets forth in very strong light the embarrassments and difficulties by which Government is surrounded. No sooner had the country, through the efforts of the Government, begun to escape from its troubles, than new conflicts arose. A rebellion broke out in Vera Cruz, which had proved more than a match for the forces sent against it, and which still subsists and threatens serious consequences. The Congress of Vera Cruz had taken into its own hands the executive power of the State, and refused either to obey the commands of the Federal Government or to listen to the demands and complaints of the people. The Government had finally offered to leave to Vera Cruz the task of pacifying its citizens with its own means; and this had been accepted. But after a short trial it found itself unable to repress its own disorders, and again had recourse to the Federal Government. Under these circumstances, the Government had once more taken the subject in hand, and troops had been ordered to Vera Cruz which, it was hoped, would be sufficient for its pacification. Similar causes had led to similar outbreaks in Mazatlan and Jalisco—both of which places were fortified; and an insurrection occurring also in Sinalva, and another in Guadalajara, at the same time, the powers of the Government were paralyzed, and the authorities in those places were overthrown. Under these circumstances the Government called upon the neighboring States for aid, which was afforded, but not to the extent required. Political conspiracies were at the same time set on foot, and every effort was made to excite public hatred against the head of the Government. All the troops that could be commanded had been ordered to the scene of disturbance, and every thing in the power of the Government had been done to restore and maintain order. The Governors of the respective States had identified themselves with the Executive, and the army had followed the cause of the Government. The germs and elements of this revolution, although weakened, were sufficiently powerful to burst forth into life, and produce a general conflagration if not opportunely plucked up by the roots. Unfortunately in opposing them the Government had exhausted its resources; and it was now impossible to repay the sums already borrowed. The difficulties had now become so great that recourse must be had to the power of Congress. The condition of the States of the interior, desolated by the incursions of the barbarians, also demanded attention. The benefits which would accrue to Mexico and the world from the construction of a route across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec are referred to, and it is claimed that the Government has done every thing in its power toward its consummation, without an absolute sacrifice of the interests of the country. A commission was engaged in examining and surveying the route, and in drawing up a contract. Complaint is made of the action of the Senate of the United States upon the subject. Special attention is invoked to the financial difficulties of the Republic as the key to all its embarrassments. The Government had done every thing in its power to diminish the deficiency by reducing salaries and other means, but these steps accomplished but little toward the gen

eral result. The excessive liberty of the press is complained of as in the highest degree shameful and dangerous, and the action of the Government in repressing it is vindicated under the plea of necessity. ——Congress, at the opening of its special session, evinced much less eagerness to relieve the Government than had been desired. An accusation was presented against the Minister of Justice for having sanctioned the decree against the press, and after several days' discussion the Chamber sustained it by a vote of 64 to 18. Another accusation was then brought forward against the late Minister of Finance for having allowed the exportation of two and a half millions of dollars belonging to English bondholders, free of duty; upon this no decision had been reached. Two formal charges had also been presented against the late Minister of Relations, and one against the Minister of War. Several propositions had been introduced into the Chamber, having reference to the internal necessities of the country. Señor Yanez, who was again made Minister of Foreign Affairs, on the 25th made a speech earnestly urging the Chamber to lay aside all partisan feeling and unite with the Government in measures intended to restore tranquillity to the Republic. He introduced a proposition proposing; 1. To negotiate a loan of three millions, without admitting paper of any kind, at an interest not to exceed one per cent. per month. 2d. The direct contributions of all the States to be doubled. 3d. This loan to be applied to the indispensable expenses attendant upon the re-establishment of order. 4th. The employées who may give orders against these measures, as also the Minister who shall do the same, shall incur the penalty of from two to ten years on the public works. 5th. An exact account of the expenditure of these funds shall be given monthly under the most strict responsibility. The Minister of Finance has presented in the Chamber of Deputies a statement relative to the English debt. He says that in consequence of the succession of troubles which have prevailed for some time past, the Government has not been able to fulfill its engagements with the English creditors, and now needs $1,300,000 to do so. The Minister then urged the Chamber to provide that sum, which he said ought to be immediately appropriated to the English debt: no action had been taken upon the subject.——Meantime the revolutionary proceedings in the various departments were becoming more menacing and serious. In Guadalajara a new plan had been proclaimed, one of the articles of which invites General Uraga to take command of the army; no decisive engagement had taken place between the revolutionary forces and the government troops, though one was daily expected.——The details of the movements in the various departments have too little permanent interest, except in connection with the general result, to warrant their insertion here.——By the last arrival we have a rumor that Santa Anna, who has been residing near Acupulco for some time past, has succeeded in stimulating a revolution in that part of the country, and that he was about to leave for the capital, intending again to put himself at the head of affairs.——In the department of Sonora, a collision has taken place between the Mexican authorities and the French colony established there under the direction of Count Boulbon, numbering about 500 persons. The Count had waged war against the Apache Indians, and had succeeded in driving them off a tract some fifty leagues in circumference, when he was called upon by the Governor, General Blanco, to give an account of his proceedings. Instead of complying with this demand, he turned his arms against him, defeated his troops, and proclaimed the annexation of the department to France. The importance to which this proceeding is entitled, can not be fully estimated until its details are more completely known.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Buenos Ayres* we have news of a fresh revolution—successful and bloodless. The ascendency of Urquiza had never been quite satisfactory to the Buenos Ayres people, and his project of an Argentine Confederation was disliked, as tending to reduce them to a subordinate position. On the 11th of September, therefore, while he was absent in attendance upon the Congress he had summoned, the adhesion of the army having been meantime secured, the Assembly voted its independence, appointed a governor, and disavowed the authority of Urquiza. On hearing of what had been done he at once acquiesced, confirming the independence of Buenos Ayres so far as her domestic affairs were concerned, and reserving to himself, as head of the Confederacy, only the conduct of foreign relations.——From *Brazil* we learn that the Commission appointed to adjust the boundary question between Brazil and Uruguay had set out from Rio. The protest of the Brazilian Minister against the Treaty recently concluded between the Argentine Confederation and the Republic of Paraguay, had been published. The Minister insists that the rights of Brazil are not involved in the Convention. The commercial classes at Rio evince much interest in the agreement entered into by the large importing houses for the regulation of transactions between importers and jobbers. The subject was regarded as of great importance, involving the extent and prosperity of commercial intercourse. A protest had been entered by the British Consul against the action of the merchants.——In *Ecuador* important political changes have taken place. The Convention called on the 6th of March last, by General Urbina, as Supreme Chief of the provisional government, met at Guayaquil on the 17th of July, the delegates having been chosen under a thoroughly republican system. Peter Montcayo was chosen President, and a Constitution was framed, republican in its provisions and establishing the Catholic religion to the exclusion of all others. On the 28th of September the Assembly adopted the Constitution with great unanimity, and elected General Urbina President of the Republic. He is a man of high character and ability, and his election seems to have given general satisfaction.——From *Peru* we have intelligence to the middle of October. The American Chargé, Mr. J. R. Clay, had published a notification to all American vessels that might have gone to the Lobos Islands for the purpose of loading with guano, that the United States recognized the sovereignty of Peru over these islands, and would not sustain any attempt on the part of such vessels to defend themselves by force against Peru. It was further stated that the Peruvian government had offered to charter a such vessels on its own account. Political affairs in Peru wore a menacing aspect: a revolution was daily expected. Lieutenant Gillis, who had been at Lima for three years superintending an astronomical observatory—the instruments of which were provided by the United States Government—has returned home, bringing many valuable observations as the result of his labors.——In *Guatemala* the elections passed off quietly, and resulted in the success of the Conservative party. The public revenues have increased, and the general condition of affairs is prosperous.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Parliament met on the 6th of November: the Queen's speech was made by Her Majesty in person on the 11th. It expresses deep sorrow that the deliberations of the House of Lords are no longer to be aided by the counsels of "that illustrious man whose great achievements have exalted the name of England, and in whose loyalty and patriotism the interests of the throne and people ever found an unfailing support." The readiness with which the people have come forward to join the ranks of the militia is acknowledged. Complaints, frequent and well-founded, on the part of the British North American colonies, of infractions by citizens of the United States of the Fishery Convention of 1818, led to the dispatch of a class of vessels for the protection of their interests, better than those previously employed: this had led to renewed discussions with the Government of the United States upon the subject; and the friendly spirit in which the question had been treated induced the hope that the ultimate result might be a mutually beneficial extension and improvement of the commercial intercourse of the two countries. The special mission sent, in concert with the Prince President of France, to the Argentine Confederation, had resulted in opening to the commerce of the world the great rivers, hitherto closed, which afford an access to the interior of the vast continent of South America. The zealous efforts of the Government of Brazil for the suppression of the slave-trade, have enabled the English to suspend the stringent measures hitherto adopted on that coast for that purpose. A comprehensive scheme for the promotion of the fine arts and of practical science is soon to be laid before the Commons. Parliament is congratulated on the generally improved condition of the country, and especially of the industrious classes. "If you should be of opinion," says the speech, "that recent legislation, contributing, with other causes, to this happy result, has at the same time inflicted unavoidable injury on certain important interests, I recommend you dispassionately to consider how far it may be practicable equitably to mitigate that injury, and to enable the industry of the country to meet successfully that unrestricted competition to which Parliament, in its wisdom has decided that it should be subjected." The hope is expressed that general improvement, notwithstanding many obstacles, has extended to Ireland; and the adoption of such a policy is recommended as may encourage and assist her to rally from the depression in which she has been sunk by the suffering of late years. The subjects of ecclesiastical discipline, religious education, university management, secondary punishments, and legal reform are commended to the attention of Parliament. ——In the House of Lords, in the debate upon the address in reply to the Speech, the Marquis of Lansdowne avowed his conviction of the perfect success of the present commercial system, and Lord Derby, said in the course of a long speech, that he found a large majority of the constituencies against a tax on food, and he had no idea of attempting to restore it. In the House of Commons Lord Lovaine moved, and Mr. Egerton seconded, an address:—the first declared himself a protectionist, the latter was averse to a tax upon corn. Mr. Villiers gave notice that he should on the 22d place a distinct motion before the House, in order to draw from Ministers a decided and unequivocal declaration of their policy; their present language, he said, was vague and defective. Mr. Villiers was supported by Lord John Russell, Mr. Cobden, Mr. Gladstone, Lord Palmerston, and Mr. Hume, who all condemned the wavering policy and the vague declarations of Ministers. Mr. Walpole endeavored to show in one way, and Mr. Disraeli in another, that Ministers had said all they ought to say. The latter urged the propriety of Mr. Villiers deferring his motion until the 26th instant, when he intended to bring forward his financial plans, in which the subject of taxation—the income tax included—had been considered. Mr. Villiers, however, persisted in his purpose, and submitted his motion, to which Mr. Disraeli offered an amendment, implying that the Government would leave the present policy of the country untouched, but avoiding any expression of opinion upon its merits. In the House of Lords, on the 22d, Lord Derby stated, in reply to an inquiry, that the express object of calling a session of the House before Christmas, had been to close forever the controversy between Protection and Free Trade. The result of the late election had convinced him that, though a large number of constituencies were well disposed to support the Government, they were determined not to assent to an alteration in the recently adopted commercial policy, and that any such attempt would be instantly negatived by a large majority. Under these circumstances, he had felt it his duty to advise her Majesty to declare that the principle of unrestricted competition ought to be adopted. In the Commons, Mr. Villiers's motion was debated at length, until the 25th, when an amendment was offered by Lord Palmerston, in the following words: "It is the opinion of this House that the improved condition of the country, and especially of the industrious classes, is mainly the result of the recent legislation, which has established the principle of unrestricted competition, and has abolished the taxes imposed for the purpose of protection. That it is the opinion of this House that this policy followed, maintained, and prudently extended, will best enable the industry of the country to bear its burdens, and thereby assuredly promote the welfare and contentment of the people. That this House is ready to take into consideration any measure consistent with these principles, which, in pursuance of her Majesty's speech made before them may be offered by her Majesty's Ministers. This amendment was adopted by a vote of 468 to 53—which may be regarded as finally settling the Free Trade controversy. ——The death of the Duke of Wellington was made the occasion of eulogistic speeches in both houses of Parliament. The funeral on the 18th was one of the most imposing ceremonials ever witnessed in England. The body, while lying in state, was viewed by over 65,000 persons.

FRANCE.

Our last month's record, comprising a summary of the sayings and doings of Louis Napoleon during his political tour through the south of France, left little room to doubt that a very few weeks would witness an attempt to transform the French republic into an empire. The attempt has been made and attended with complete success. The Senate met on the 4th of November, in accordance with the decree of convocation, dated Oct. 19. Prince Jerome Bonaparte presided, and opened the session by briefly stating its object. The empire, he said, was, for the French people, the reminiscence of an immortal glory; the assurance of preserving intact the fundamental conquests of the revolution of '89: order at home and dignity abroad; a guarantee given to all interests; the protection and development of the great discoveries of our time, applied to public works undertaken by the State, and to private in-

dustry in all its branches; and, in fine, a buckler against the return of the ancient regime and against the enterprises of the enemies of order. The popular acclamations every where called for the Napoleonian dynasty, because its accession would be the pledge of a stable and prosperous future. Every loyal man who accepts a part in the government must break forever with its enemies. It was for the Senate to give a formal consecration to the national will, and to prescribe the terms of a senatus consultum which should establish the basis of the new empire. After the session had been thus opened, M. Achille Fould, the Minister of State, was introduced, and in the name of the Prince President, read a brief message, announcing that the nation had loudly manifested its will to re-establish the empire, and that he had called them together to deliberate upon that grave question. Should they adopt it, they would doubtless think as he did, that the Constitution of 1852 should be maintained. The people would find a guarantee for its interests, and a satisfaction of its just pride, in the re-establishment of the empire. He did not shut his eyes to the danger of wearing the crown of Napoleon, but his apprehensions were lessened by the thought that the nation, in elevating him to the throne, would be crowning itself. A proposition for the modification of the Constitution, signed by ten senators, was immediately placed in the hands of the President of the Senate; and it was immediately voted by the Bureaux that it should be taken into consideration. A committee of ten was appointed, which chose M. Troplong as its reporter, and the sitting adjourned. On the 6th, the Senate again met, and M. Troplong read a long report, arguing elaborately in favor of re-establishing the empire, and closing with the draft of a senatus consultum; declaring, 1. The empire is re-established, and Louis Napoleon Bonaparte is Emperor, under the name of Napoleon III.; 2. The imperial dignity is hereditary in his direct and legitimate male descendants, by order of primogeniture; 3. If he has no male descendants, he may adopt the legitimate children and descendants in the male line of the brothers of Napoleon I.; 4. Adoption is interdicted to his descendants; 5. He is to regulate by an organic decree the order of succession, in case he should leave no direct, legitimate or adopted heir; 6. The members of the family of Louis Napoleon who can eventually be called to the succession and their descendants constitute the Imperial Family, whose position is regulated by a senatus consultum, and none of whom can marry without the Emperor's sanction; 7. The Constitution of January 15, 1852, is maintained in all of its provisions not contrary to the present senatus consultum, and no modification of it can be effected except in the manner and by the means which it has prescribed; 8. The proposition that the empire be re-established upon this basis and on these conditions is to be submitted to the people for their acceptance. On the 7th, each of these propositions was discussed, and the whole were adopted by a vote of 86 out of 87 senators. The senators in grand costume and the cardinals in scarlet robes, preceded by an escort of cavalry, immediately repaired to St. Cloud where they were met by the Prince President. M. Mesnard, vice-president of the Senate, placed in his hands a copy of the senatus consultum, and made him a brief address, saying that the Senate was justified in its action by the immense services he had rendered, by the name which he bore, and by the guarantees given to the future by the greatness of his character and the wisdom and firmness of his mind. The Prince replied by thanking the Senate for the alacrity with which it had responded to the wishes of the country in deliberating upon the re-establishment of the empire, and in preparing the senatus consultum which is to be submitted to the people for its acceptance. "When, forty-eight years ago," said he, "in this same palace, in this very hall, and under circumstances analogous to the present, the Senate came to offer the crown to the chief of my family, the Emperor replied in these memorable words: '*My spirit will depart from my posterity the day that posterity shall cease to deserve the love and the confidence of the grande nation.*' And upon this occasion what most touches my heart is the thought that the spirit of the Emperor is with me, that his mind is guiding me, that his shade protects me, since, by a solemn proceeding, you come in the name of the French people to prove to me that I have merited the confidence of the country. I have no need to tell you that my constant care shall be to labor with you to promote the grandeur and the prosperity of France." Two decrees were immediately issued, the one convoking the French people, in its primary assemblies, for the 21st and 22d of November, to accept or reject the empire; and the second convoking the Legislature on the 25th November for the purpose of verifying the regularity of the votes, of counting them out and declaring the result. On the 21st and 22d of November, the vote was taken: at the date of our last advices full returns had not been received, but it was believed that over seven million votes had been cast in favor of the Empire, and about two hundred and fifty thousand against it. It was supposed that the result would be declared on the 1st of December, and the Empire officially proclaimed on the 2d.——The Count of Chambord, Henry V., has published a protest against the re-establishment of the empire. He says that the French people have indicated their desire for the monarchy, and entreats them not to suppose that the new empire which is proposed to them can restore the blessings they expect. The traditional monarchy, resting upon hereditary right and consecrated by time, can alone secure them. He maintains, therefore, his right to the throne, and declares to France and the world that he will preserve religiously to his latest breath the deposit of the hereditary monarchy of which Providence has made him guardian, and which is the only port of safety, where, after so many tempests, France can recover her lost happiness and repose.——Beyond these proceedings in regard to the empire, the intelligence from France has little interest. A meeting of American citizens in Paris was held, on receiving intelligence of Mr. Webster's death, at which the American Minister, Mr. Rives, made an eloquent speech embodying his estimate of Mr. Webster's character and public services, and a series of resolutions was adopted expressing the grief felt at the intelligence of his death.

From the other portions of the Continent there is no intelligence of interest or importance. The Ex-Emperor of Austria is dead. Disaffection prevails in Hungary and Croatia. The Customs' Companies opened on the 30th ult., when Count Buol Schauenstein distinctly announced that if the existing Zollverein should be dissolved, a new one, including a population of 48,000,000, will be formed.——The election of the Second Chamber of Prussia took place on the 3d ult. throughout the kingdom.——From Russia, we have intelligence of the death of Prince Leuchtenberg, son-in-law to the Emperor Nicholas.

Editor's Table.

FILIBUSTERING is a term lately imported from the Spanish, yet destined, it would seem, to occupy an important place in our vocabulary. In its etymological import it is nearly synonymous with piracy. It is commonly employed, however, to denote an idea peculiar to the modern progress, and which may be defined as the right and practice of private war, or the claim of individuals to engage in foreign hostilities aside from, and even in opposition to the government with which they are in political membership. To a superficial observer, filibustering and ultra abolitionism would seem the very antipodes of each other, and yet there is one, and that a most peculiar feature in which they present the closest resemblance. Both are fond of appealing to what they regard as a "higher law" than the law of the land, or even the written revelation of God. Both have, in this way, their artificial conscience. Both indulge in the same species of cant. Both employ the same dialect of philanthropy, rights of man, cosmopolitanism, and universal freedom. Both, too, in their contempt for positive enactments, may be regarded as among the sources of that enormous increase of crime to which we sought to call attention in a previous number of our Editor's Table.

The very essence of that new crime which now goes under the strange name of filibustering, may be said to consist in a right claimed for the individual members of a nation to do that which would be wrong or unlawful for the nation itself. In other words, the seed of the whole evil is in the false and most mischievous notion, that public treaties do not bind private men in their private capacity.

In analyzing, therefore, this new dogma, it becomes necessary to discuss, among other things, the true nature of treaty obligation. And here we can not help adverting to another remarkable resemblance between the two apparent extremes to which we have alluded. Both, when they have defied the law to the utmost, have the impudence to claim its protection. Nothing can be clearer than that in this respect *denunciation* and *renunciation* should go together. Those who *denounce* the civil authority—those who claim the right deliberately, and with treasonable or law-breaking purpose, to violate one of its least commandments and teach men so, are bound, if they would be consistent martyrs, to *renounce* not only every political franchise, but also every personal privilege and every title to property they hold, or may have held, by virtue of such contemned allegiance. But how utterly the reverse of all this is the actual course? Ultra abolitionists will boldly preach disunion, oppose the execution of the most express enactments, revile, execrate, and spit upon, the very constitution of government under which we live, and then, when their foul vituperations have brought about their ears a mob as noisy and as lawless as themselves, away to the Mayor run these consistent men, and demand the protection of the very laws they have been so ruthlessly assaulting. The same beautiful consistency is manifested by their filibustering antipodes. They get up a pirate war in contempt of the national sovereignty; they denounce all legal attempts to restrain them as interfering with the "higher law" of their impressible sympathies. The moment, however, they begin to experience personally some of the evils of their rash procedures, forthwith we hear them talking very learnedly and disinterestedly about the law of nations. They become the greatest sticklers for treaty rights and treaty obligations; they demand, forsooth, that the nation shall vindicate its honor; they claim with all insolence the protecting ægis of that very constitution whose allegiance they had cast off, and on which they had brought dishonor by their lawless and piratical acts.

To the law, then, and the testimony. If they will appeal to Cæsar, to Cæsar let them go. The language of all our treaties is, in this respect, remarkably uniform. The one we have with Spain may be taken as a good sample of all the rest—"There shall be *firm faith, peace, and amity* between her Catholic Majesty and the government of the United States, and between the *subjects and people* of her Catholic Majesty and *the citizens and people of the United States* respectively." We might argue from the very nature of things and ideas, that obligations binding on the nation bind the individuals of that nation. But here we are not left to abstract reasoning. As far as the national sovereignty can command, it has commanded, in the most express terms, and every man owes it obedience in the letter and in the spirit. Every man is bound by it in *foro conscientiæ*, whether there be any express penalty attached to it or not. He is bound not only to keep the peace personally, but to refrain most carefully from saying, doing, writing, or printing any thing which may have the least tendency, directly or indirectly, to impair such firm "*faith and amity*," or to encourage others in impairing it. Whoever acts in a manner opposed to this breaks not only a wise, and just, and benevolent human law, but in so doing sins against the great Head and Source of all law and order in the universe.

On lower political grounds, too, might we say that the contrary doctrine would make us an outcast among nations—in other words, a nation with whom no treaty could be made, because no treaty could have any practical binding force. What is solemnly ratified one day by the national representatives, might be as solemnly repudiated the next by the mass or masses whom they represented.

"*There shall be firm faith, peace, and amity*," &c. But still it might be held, perhaps, that this has only the force of a recommendation. We take, therefore, another step in our argument. Whatever may be the case with the inhabitants of other nations existing under a despotic government to which they never gave their assent, we have expressly precluded ourselves from the benefit of any such distinction. Should Austrians, or Prusians, or Russians, engage in filibustering expeditions for the purpose of creating insurrection in South Carolina, and breaking the fetters of the "down trodden masses," as they might style the objects of their philanthropy, they might have some show of reason in their disregard of treaty enactments they had no share in making. But we—it can not be too often repeated—we have precluded ourselves from the benefit of any such distinction between government and citizens. We boastingly say to the world—our legislators are our servants; our embassadors are our commissioned messengers; of course, whoever treats with us, treats not with separate courts, or male or female Majesties, but with the Sovereign People. The national faith is given with as clear

and express a sanction as though it had been individually pledged by every voter in the land, and given under each citizen's own sign manual.

In proof of this we quote from the Constitution which has been solemnly ratified by the several States, and the people of the respective States—"This Constitution and the laws and *treaties* which shall be made in pursuance thereof shall be the supreme law of the land," and all persons shall be bound thereby. So said our fathers, and so have we said, over and over again, every year of our national existence. We have said it in every legislative act; we have repeated it in every decision of our courts; we have affirmed it and reaffirmed it in every popular election.

But may not the individual judge for himself whether a particular law or treaty is in accordance with the Constitution? Here again we are estopped by our most express act. We have acknowledged the two essential parts of every legislative organism. We need the restraint of law, and we have bound ourselves to submit to such restraint. We know, too, that laws and constitutions will necessarily present difficulties in respect to their meaning, and for this also we have carefully provided. We have taken away the right of private judgment, and decreed—with all reverence be it said—that none of our political scripture shall be of any private interpretation. It was intended that there should be nothing left in any part of the system by which the motion of the whole machinery might at any time be in danger of being blocked. To this end we—"we the people of these United States"—have established and keep established a Supreme Court of judicature as much representative of the national totality as the legislative or executive powers. Of this Supreme Court we have solemnly said—our fathers have said, and we have said, and still say, and we have put it in writing, and keep it in writing—that it shall have "jurisdiction of all questions that shall arise under this Constitution, and the laws and *treaties* made in pursuance thereof." It is idle to say that this court may decide wrong; for be it what it may, it is the decision of the nation acting, not spasmodically but organically, through its only legitimate *organ* of judicial thought and speech. In this sense—we may maintain it with all reverence for truth and reason—it can not decide wrong. By the solemn committal to it of the whole matter, its interpretation is made, in disputed cases, a condition precedent. On the happening of such contingency, therefore, it becomes *ipso facto* as much a part of the Constitution as though it had been contained in the original instrument—and this, not by virtue of any supposed infallibility in itself considered, but because it is the organ of the true corporate will through which the organic nationality has solemnly determined to interpret the fundamental law of its own being. In this view it can not decide unconstitutionally. What might otherwise be called its errors cease to be such, because we have endorsed them. We have said that they shall bind us until changed or amended by some still more ultimate action of the national will, expressed in a prescribed conventional form. Such is the fact by virtue of our most express compact, and such, too, it might on other grounds be shown, is the only possible condition and tenure of constitutional government. It is the only possible *via media* between a crystallized immovable despotism, on the one hand, and a condition of never ceasing revolution, on the other.

The doctrine urged in favor of Filibustering expeditions and Lone Star Associations is also at war with some of our most popular professions. It cuts directly across the famous Kossuthian principle of non-intervention. If we may interfere to excite insurrection, or to support insurrection, in the name of *liberty*, then do we concede the same right to others to practice a similar intervention in the name of *order*. The law of nations can only have respect to what is common to all states aside from their internal polity. It can not, therefore, favor the one plea any more than the other. It can no more acknowledge a crusade of Americans against what we may truly or falsely call oppression, than a "Holy Alliance" of Austrians and Russians to put down what they may profess to regard as a mischievous and contagious anarchy.

This very plea, too, of Cuban independence is as inconsistent as it is insincere. If we had never had before our eyes the example of Mexico and the South American States, there might have been some show of honest plausibility in the pretext. But who knows not that the course of Mexico, since her independence of Spain has been one of almost perpendicular descent to the lowest depths of national degeneracy. If the very essence of tyranny consists in the utter insecurity of law, then was this miserable country never half so much oppressed as at this moment. Never were personal rights more precarious; never was property less secure, or commerce and industry less flourishing; never was the feeling of national or individual independence reduced to a lower pitch of hopeless degradation. We take the liberty of quoting from one of our most respectable journals, the *New York Courier and Enquirer*, of Nov. 13th. "Mexico has been declining ever since she became a republic. She is the oldest, and was once the wealthiest and strongest power on the continent of America. Now she is positively the weakest. Her great agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing advantages have been becoming more and more neglected. The spirit of her people has become less proud and their character more depraved. In all modern history there is hardly a case of such rapid national ruin. The spectacle of seven millions of men in such a helpless condition as this is the most melancholy the sun ever shown upon."

The Creole Cubans are a poorer branch of the same mixed race; and if this picture of Mexico be correct, what hope from their independence? There is inserted in the present Number of our Monthly an article entitled "Three Weeks in Cuba," and which we trust our readers will find as instructive as it is striking and delightful. They will doubtless be interested in its graphic delineations of human life, and its charming pictures of natural scenery. We can also sympathize with the writer in his warm wishes for an elevating Cuban independence. But we must say that the very view he presents would lead us to a directly opposite conclusion. We strongly suspect that what he assigns as the *effect* is in fact the *cause* of despotism. The Creole Cuban, as well as the Creole Mexican, the Creole Peruvian, the Creole inhabitant of Central America, is incapable of self government. Release them from one despotism, and they will create another equally wretched and far more humiliating. Whether the cause of this is in the climate, the amalgamation of races, or the religion, we will not now inquire. Of the fact there can be no doubt. Thirty years of history have left a record which no theory of human rights can contradict.

This, however, we will venture to affirm—that there *are* races whom no oppression could ever have so debased. It was not so, and it never could have

been so, with the Covenanters of Scotland, or the Puritan Fathers of New England. No exercise of arbitrary power could have ever reduced them to the condition of the Mexican or Cuban Creole. No circumstances known in the political history of our world could have brought them to sit for the picture our most graphic writer has drawn of this feeble and deteriorated, yet still interesting race—"His wants are few and his ambition easily satisfied. Possessed of gold shirt buttons and silver buckles for his pantaloons, he is considered a favored child of fortune, and is ready to assume the grave responsibilities of married life. He is as happy as a lord, beneath his shelter of dried palm leaves laid over rafters of bamboo, which scarcely protects his family from the heat of the tropical sun. The chief ornaments of his house are a few wretched pictures of the Virgin and Saints in every form of expression. Ignorant and indolent, he labors only in response to the call of physical necessities. Game cocks are more numerous than hens in his brood, for they while away many tedious hours of each day of his listless life," &c., &c. Our admirable painter of Cuban life will permit us to repeat the opinion, that his generous sympathy has led him to put the effect for the cause. They are not such because subjects of a despotism, but they are subjects of a despotism, because, with such a character and such a temperament, they could not be free citizens under any other form of government. Let the reader turn to page 165, and look at him as he sits under his bamboo house. What would *he* do in council, or in the battle field, or in the onward march of a hardy civilization, by the side of the sons of the Puritan, or the descendant of the English Cavalier? Will paper constitutions make any change in him; or is there any magic to that effect in republican forms or Declarations of Independence? It is as impossible to make a true republican of such a character, as to make a slave of an Anglo-Saxon or a Scot.

Away then with the pretense of Cuban independence. The annexation of the island to this country presents another and a political question of which this is not the place to treat. There are involved in it grave issues of foreign war and domestic discord which might well make the boldest politician pause. But whatever may be the policy of such a measure, we have a right to assume that no true statesman, of either party, would wish to have it brought about in any other than in an open and honorable manner. Undisguised war for such an object would be far more to our credit than any encouragement of Filibustering or Lone Star expeditions. It is, however, to the *moral* effects of such enterprises that we would chiefly confine ourselves. The injury they inflict on Spain is not to be compared to the wounds they give to our own institutions. There is the contempt into which they bring our government from the acknowledged impotency of enforcing the most solemn treaty stipulations—the ignominy that will be cast upon us as a nation with whom, in fact, no treaty can be safely made, on account of this mischievous and irrational distinction between the government and the people. These may be thought to be purely political evils, but they inseparably blend themselves with those that affect our jurisprudence and our more domestic morality. By producing a contempt for our own law and our own judiciary, all sense of obligation is weakened; the entire social life receives a wound; all property is less secure, all personal rights are less sacred; the public wrong becomes a private evil running down through the lowest social and domestic relations.

An unjust national war must ever be the cause of a frightful increase of crime; but in war, even when unjust, there is something of a redeeming morality. It has the sanction of law, so far as the nation that declares it is concerned, although it may be in violation of a wider code. War, too, is a *regulated* procedure. *Silent leges inter arma* is doubtless, to a great extent, the true maxim, and yet war has its own laws, producing, amid all its excesses, a habit of obedience to authority, and a regard for certain well understood rights and relations. It has thus about it the prestige of a *lawful* state of things—lawful as respects the particular national act by which it is declared—lawful as coming under external regulations which are called the laws of nations—and thus, although much impaired, the respect for legal and judicial right is not wholly lost. Even revolutions have a tendency to create for themselves certain rules, and thus to bring themselves under law. But Filibustering is pure lawlessness, and must remain pure lawlessness, because its very origin is in a contempt for all political authority. It begins by taking the right of deciding on peace and war out of the hands of those legitimate powers that represent the national totality. It makes that pernicious distinction between the individual and the government which annihilates the very idea of organic law, and, by its hypocritical plea of obedience to a higher code of philanthropy, absolves its partisans from all lower restraints which their conscience, so named, or their irrepressible feelings, or their unreasoning conceit may denounce as at war with its commands.

Filibustering, then, is in its very essence, lawless, and is, therefore, of necessity, ever forced on to a wider and wider lawlessness springing continually from the very germ in which it has its birth. In summing up, however, its bearing upon the increase of crime, we may view it under a twofold aspect—first, as creating a nursery of desperadoes; and secondly, as relaxing by its principles the general morality of the nation, and producing that common contempt for all law on which we have so much insisted. The effect here is not confined to those who are actually engaged. All who favor, all who give it indirect encouragement, by act, or speech, or writing—all who are indifferent to it, receive an injury to their moral sense, and a deterioration of their moral nature. The sight of a great public wrong, passing with impunity, blunts the moral sensibilities even of the most upright and conscientious. Where human law is treated with contempt, positive divine law is ever less honored. The moral disease invades, more or less, all classes, and every where both the public and private conscience becomes more accessible to temptation and more prepared for crime. The effect may not be perceived immediately; but sooner or later every such lawless undertaking must be followed by a very perceptible increase in the statistics of our criminal jurisprudence.

Another evil on which we might dwell is that loss of true nationality that must ever attend enterprises of this kind. It results directly from individuals taking upon themselves with impunity what can only belong to the whole nation in its political or organic capacity. Such an assumption of the right of private war must inevitably loosen, in time, all civic unity. It must tend to take away that *inward* organic strength and dignity in which all that is true and valuable in nationality does really consist.

and for which mere *outward* extension of territory is so poor a compensation. What a contemptible thing does government become when its highest functions are thus usurped at pleasure by any, and it may be, the worst of its citizens!

Are we becoming blind to the most inevitable consequences? An expedition in defiance of the most express laws and treaties is fitted out in two of our largest cities. Its preparation and departure are under the direct observation of thousands of witnesses; the perpetrators return and walk about in open day; and yet the whole power of our judicial machinery fails in producing a single conviction. Can any thing bring us into greater or more merited contempt in the eyes of foreign nations? Can any thing do more to destroy among ourselves all respect for our own political institutions?

The strangest thing of all is that such enterprises should receive the least countenance in the southern section of our union. The *conservative South* it has been called; and certainly in no part of our land is a true conservatism more demanded by considerations of domestic safety as well as of national dignity. Nothing can be farther from our intentions than to represent in any invidious light that species of property, or that authority in persons, which characterizes their peculiar institutions. The State governments have established this authority in persons, and the Federal Constitution gives it its sanction and protection. But certainly our Southern brethren, of all others, should never forget that their title is *by the law*; and, therefore, they are the last men who should feel indifferent when law in any of its departments is brought into contempt, or courts become objects of scorn for their insufficiency. They are the last men who should think lightly of treaty obligations; for some of their ablest statesmen have maintained that such is the very ground and sanction of our national alliance, or, in other words, that our Union itself is a treaty confederation. In a general view, government is the ground of all rights to property, but in a most especial sense, may it be said, *their title is by the law*. The time, too, may come when they shall need all the protection which law, and courts, and Constitution, may throw around it. And if they may thus need them in some hour of peril, then of all other men should they be most opposed to every thing that may weaken their power by destroying that reverence in which it will be found mainly to consist. Every Filibustering expedition from Mississippi or New Orleans is a justification of an abolition rescue at Boston or Syracuse.

Closely allied to this is another consideration possessing an ethnological as well as a moral and political interest. We have no disposition to deny to those who are in favor of the honorable annexation of Cuba, honesty of motive, or the possession of a patriotism which may be not only pure but wise. Every candid man, however—every thinking man, to whatever political party he may belong—must admit that there is at least another side to the picture. If there is a prospect of advantage there is certainly too a prospect of peril. The most ardent annexationist must concede that the attempt to introduce Cuba into our confederacy *may* result in the dissolution of our much loved national Union. The memory of our great departed Statesman calls vividly to mind the past danger we have just escaped from a less threatening cause. In view, therefore, of the mere possibility of such a deplorable event, it becomes a question of most serious import to our Southern confederates—*Where will they go*; or what will be their future ethnological relations? Heretofore the mutual influence of North and South has been productive of the best effects on each. Especially happy has this result been upon the physical and mental temperament of the Southern character. While union with the North has kept the Anglo-Saxon element from that degenerating tendency to which it is liable in a southern clime, other influences from the South have given to this common element a dignity and a refinement which it is found to possess in no other part of the world. We have again the popular *βασιλεῖς*, or the land holding kings of the Homeric period. The master and the gentleman are found in harmony with the freeman; while aristocratic elegance and republican simplicity united have produced that rare combination of character to which, without reproach or sarcasm, we may well apply the epithet "chivalrous."

But what becomes of this in the event of a possible and probable dissolution of the Union? When Carolina and Alabama part company with New England, it can only be to connect their future social and political destiny with races whom nothing has ever tended to elevate, nothing has prevented from sinking into the lowest depths of national decay. If there is ever to be a Southern Confederacy co-extensive in territory with the North, it must be built of Cuban, and Mexican, and San Domingan, and South American materials. It must, to a large extent, be composed, not of the noble old Castilian and French races, which, when preserved pure, hold up their heads side by side with the Saxon or the German, but of that mixed and many-colored, and many-featured people who have sprung from amalgamation with the more degraded aborigines of the Southern Continent. Such are the Cuban, the Mexican, the South American races. Such would be the political and social companions of the descendants of the Pinckneys, the Hamiltons, the Prestons, the McDuffies, and the Calhouns. Should this most melancholy separation ever take place, how would the delegates to such a congress as might assemble at the new seat of government in Mexico or Havana be haunted by the recollection of the high connection their ancestors once held with the great statesmen of the North; when Calhoun, and Hayne, and Clay, and Benton, and the mighty Webster, though differing earnestly in many things yet contended so ably, and honorably, and fraternally, on the same broad arena of statesmanship and patriotism.

We cheerfully grant that the extension of our national territory, and the expected diffusion of our free institutions, may be motives of a pure and high-minded ambition, but the bare possibility of the result to which we have alluded, should suggest to the most ardent progressionist that such an advantage may perhaps be purchased at too dear a price.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE clergymen and the essayists—standing as we do upon the threshold of a new year—think it worth their while to throw an improving glance of retrospection over the events and history of the year that is gone. And why may not we too, in virtue of our periodic employ, and as monitors of what interests our world of readers to know, look quietly back from the cushion of our January Chair, and designate, in our quiet way, with the feather-end of our quill, an event, or a progress of the year

gone by, which may tell upon the holiday times that now hem us in?

There is a charm, a profit, in looking over, in just our "easy" way, the weightier things of the time; which your clergyman will brew into a timely sermon, and your sedate and severe-faced essayist will elaborate into Johnsonian periods. As for ourselves, we wish our manner to come nearer to that talking humor which hangs upon a social tongue; and to give the color of ink and paper to those floating thoughts which grow out of our table and office topics.

"There was Clay," says your stout man, at the head of his New Year's breakfast-table; "old Harry, bluff, and ugly (to look at), and white-haired, who ought to have been President—he is gone! And the like of him will not grow in Kentucky, or any other State, for many a year to come. A kind old gentleman, a little given in his early days to such wild pranks, as your full-blooded Kentuckian is prone to; but turning his hot spirit, as he grew, into stump-speaking, and into strong pleas before Western juries; and, finally into such fierce debate, so strong and fresh, and so big with his whole-souled humanity, as kindled not only the Senate, but the whole Union, into applause. And he died pleasantly: what the old divines would call *Euthanasia;* he grew thin, and feeble—making his way laboriously with his cane, as a sort of prelude to the 'shuffling off' altogether—making good, in his way, the old Sphinx enigma of the animal that hobbled upon three legs; and yet, very placid under it all; not irritable, or vexed with life, or with approaching death; saying sound things, and manly things to friends around him—among the rest, to Kossuth. And his clergyman was with him from time to time, luring him easily into grateful talk of Providence, and the vanities of the world; and furnishing his great spirit with the sentiments of Scripture, and the promises of Christianity; breaking the sacramental bread with him, and tasting the wine that signifies atoning blood—through which, and which only, the old man hoped that the coming death would be only a dark gateway, opening at once upon the streets and towers of the Celestial City."

And so he died, the brave old man, in this past year of 1852, and went to his reward!

The Duke of Wellington, too, belongs to the year; and his name will be one of those which will carry down the date we now leave behind us, for a century to come. The stories of his battles will not be all that will keep his memory green. He will be spoken of, a long time hence, as one of the great Englishmen—a very type, indeed, of the English character. He was blunt, to a fault; he said nothing unnecessarily; he paid no compliments; he was not imaginative; he pitied those who were; no vagueness of any kind belonged to him.

We happened to have seen him once, as he alighted from his carriage, at the door of the House of Lords. It was not so splendid a carriage as many a lady drives upon Broadway; but a most serviceable-looking kind of four-wheeled gig, plashed over with fresh mud, but otherwise as neat and orderly as a guard-room. The driver himself was a plain-dressed, matter-of-fact driver; with a single cockade of black upon his hat, who looked as if he were there to drive the single stout cob—after which the Duke was riding—and for nothing else whatever.

And the Duke himself, in black cloak, and hat; and with thin face, and decided step; and quick eye, and most military salutation, seemed the very same stern, unflinching, unfrightened, determined man that he was. A beggar would not address him twice; nor a friend ask a favor twice. And we chanced to see him afterward in his seat, within the House of Lords. He wore his hat pulled far down over his eyes; now and then lifting his head to extend a very English salutation to a brother peer, and giving close attention all the while to the business of the night. If he spoke—and we chanced to hear him speak—he uttered only a few short, sharp, crisp sentences, that cut straight down into the very pith of the matter.

But his talking is ended now; and he dropped off in his gloomy home at Walmar, in the same stern, severe, matter-of-fact fashion in which he had lived; not saying much either of the past or of the future; making light of suffering; closing up his business as he would close up a campaign; and so wrapping martially his grave-clothes round him, the great Duke died, in the year '52.

Webster makes the other limb of the great funereal tripod; whose heart-incense is smoking still, and coloring with its dusky fumes our whole firmament. He, too, had his own way of dying, as he had his own great way of living. By the sea-shore, where he loved to wander and muse; upon his great farm, where he loved to stalk about, teaching the shrewdest, and learning from the humblest; within the old mansion, which he had extended into almost baronial proportions; out of hearing of the vexed world, of which he had been so large a part; speaking cordial adieu to family and to family-servants, with an unshaken voice; listening pleasantly to an old poem, of the "knelling curfew" and the "parting day;" quickened to his innermost soul with the sound of some great promise of Scripture; with his deep, dark eye peering earnestly upon the mysterious vail, so soon to lift, his firm gaze did not falter, and Death found him the same EARNEST MAN, which he was always in life.

But, after all, the old year is not so much a bugbear to be mourned over, with canting, melancholy tones, as it is a ripe old fellow, who has bolstered up our years with an added unit, multiplied our children ranks, and pushed us a twelvemonth, with helping hand, on the way to fortune, or fame, or family. If there have been bad slips, there have been a great many forward slips. If tears have fallen over fresh graves, so have smiles lighted up a vast many faces, that gazed on some new blessing of a babe; if the bell has tolled to your ear solemnly and sadly, it has rung carols, perhaps, at a wedding. If Kossuth, with all his promise of hope blasting in him, is deep sunk in despair, Louis Napoleon has kicked away the shackles of his Republican responsibility, and is delighting himself in the ermine robes of an Emperor.

If Lord John Russell has lost the seals of office, and has shrunk to Opposition debater in the Commons, the eloquent Derby has profited by the change, and is guiding, with what dexterity he can, the new-called Parliament of Great Britain. Macaulay has thrust his literary papers into a pigeon-hole, and is to try himself again in such debates as will be lighted up with all the brilliancies of that mad-cap Disraeli.

Poor Thiers has shivered away from the capital of his country, and has found leisure to push his history of the old Napoleon Empire up to the very threshold of the new one: whether or not he will abate his praises of the great man who paved the way for the nephew, remains to be seen. Lamartine, sending out from time to time, in the year past, a song of political lamentations, has retired to his

old country-place at Maçon; and is furbishing up (they say) a new story of his new travels in the East.

General Scott retiring from his unenviable position at the head of a political campaign, is free now from all the slanders and glories of partisanship, and wearing in dignified age the healthier honors of his well-won renown. And Pierce, who, a year ago, was known only to such friends as had served with him in the Mexican campaign, or to such neighbors at home as had listened to his eloquent jury harangues, is now living on the top-wave of talk, and is to draw with him over the threshold of the coming year, a host of new men and names.

Within the twelvemonth past, a new nation has sprung to life in Australia; and the emigrés of the mother isle are rivaling with their gold-pits, and city lots, and Lynch-law the elder-born nationality of California. Steamers and clippers, and lightning-wires are binding more and more the world together; and our office-chair, with its detachments of Parisian, and Australian, and Californian newspapers, is such a kingly post of observation as, ten years gone, the proudest monarch in the world might have envied. And ten years hence, if our Easy Chair is not broken down with the weight of our years, we will look complacently upon what they were doing at San Francisco yesterday, and in England—the day before. Money, perhaps, in that day (very far off it is) will be so plenty, that we can coin all our words into gold, cover our office-chair with brocade, dignify our editorial wife with diamonds, and illustrate our editorial children with portraits, and fresco our editorial sanctum with angelic hosts and printers' devils!

We leave, reluctantly, these agreeable anticipations, for our monthly reckoning of the humors of the time.

And first, about Mr. Thackeray—known years ago to the readers of "Punch," and to the buyers of small yellow-covered books, as Michael Angelo Titmarsh. At the date of our writing, he is beguiling two evenings a week very pleasantly, for a very large crowd of listeners, in most crisp and pointed talk about the Humorists of a century ago in England. It is not so much that our New Yorkers have been eager to learn somewhat about Swift or Sterne, that they follow so earnestly the words of our lecturer, as because they are curious to observe how a man will act with his tongue and his hands, who has acted so well with his pen and his pencil. And yet, the publishers tell us, that the subject of Mr. Thackeray's talk has given start to a Swift, and Congreve, and Addison furor; the booksellers are driving a thrifty trade in forgotten volumes of "old English Essayists:" the Spectator has found its way again upon parlor-tables; old Sir Roger is waked up from his long sleep, and is dancing down our streets in a minuet, or a De Coverley. Tristam Shandy even is almost forgiven his lewdness; and the Ass of Melun, and poor Le Fevre are studied wistfully, and sandwiched on the library-table with Gulliver and the Rake's Progress. Girls are working Maria's pet lamb upon their samplers; and hundreds of Lilliput literary ladies are twitching the mammoth Gulliver's whiskers.

We like these periodic literary fevers, to work off the town miasma; they always leave the general health better; and serve, at worst, only as so many boils to relieve a disordered intellectual system.

As for the man himself who has inoculated us, he is (if, in common with the papers, we may be pardoned the personality), a stout, healthful, broad-shouldered, specimen of a man—with cropped grayish hair, and keenish gray eyes, peering very sharply through a pair of spectacles that have a very satiric focus. He seems to stand strongly on his own feet, as if he would not be easily blown about, or upset—either by praise or pugilists; a man of good digestion, who takes the world easy, and scents all shams and humors (straightening them between his thumb and forefinger), as he would a pinch of snuff.

His satire seems more native than his eulogy is genial; and his spirit runs into his expression more swiftly and heartily, when he paints the ineffable Mr. Congreve, than when he patronizes Addison. In short, he is apter to convince, than to win; and is far happier at smiting, than at smiling.

We are happy to record, in view of this visit of so eminent a man from London, that the New York world has shown a ripe degree of hospitality and regard—without bestializing its kindness by such absurdities of welcome and applause as have belonged to the visits of other magnates we might name. This propriety of reception will give to Mr. Thackeray an opportunity for quiet and truthful observation, which he will know how to value; and which, we may be very sure, will develop itself in some future pictures from his pen.

We do not mean by this that Mr. Thackeray has any purpose in view of "booking" us or our institutions; but we do mean, that it is utterly impossible for any writer of quick and thoughtful observation, to regard the habits and actions of a new people, without accumulating a stock of hints, which will one time or another inevitably give a color to his expression, or suggest a skeleton for his story.

Among other notable things, which make large eddies in the town current, we must note—music. To say nothing of the series of first-class and second-class concerts which have belonged to the autumn; we have the standard and overflowing opera of Mr. Christy, the marvelous boy Jullien, the whole array of songlets from "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and most significant of all, the great scheme of Mr. Fry in teaching the elegancies of music to the million. To this last, which will have reached its proof before our writing comes to the eyes of readers, we wish all success: first, because its details have been arranged on such a magnificent and liberal scale; and next, because it seems the most rational thing in the world, that a city which is running mad for concerts and operas should learn something definite about the essentials and the history of music.

Indeed, what with private family singing (our wife is taking lessons), and the multiplication of pianos (our daughter is practicing), and the rabies for all instrumental melodies, (our son Tom has bought an accordeon), we do not know what is to become of such private gentlemen as possess retiring habits, and who can neither sing second to Old Hundred, or play the fiddle.

For ourselves, we have tried the flageolet in vain; and if our household persist in their present musical exercises up to half-past eleven (and our evening is our only relaxation), we shall contract in despair with our drummer (Harper Guards), for three lessons a week—at the house.

Just as we write this, our eye falls upon a foreign paragraph, which represents that a new feature has crept into English social habitude; to wit—the as-

sociation of the members of two or three families, on the successive evenings of the week, for musical practice and pastime. We ask again, with feeling intensity, in view of such an event, what is to become of a quiet man?

We have not heard that Mr. Thackeray's lectures have been set to music; but we make no doubt of seeing in the shop windows of William Hall and Son, within the month, that exquisite new melody, "Vanessa and Stella," or "The Clapping of the Trunk-maker!"

Speaking of lectures, reminds us that they too, like the music, have grown upon us. We do not speak of curtain lectures; though Heaven knows (as well as Mrs. H.), we have our share! Mrs. Oakes Smith, with pleasant voice, and with eloquent language, is beguiling very many into her notions about womanhood; and while she is lighting up with spirit all the vexed questions of the sexes, she is kindling the doubts of the most distrustful of her sister ladies, by the fullness and fire of her own Hope (Chapel).

"One great tub," as Jenny Lind was pleased to call our Tabernacle, is showing from week to week various sized companies, listening to various sized lectures, upon most various colored subjects. We have had fun (in Dr. Holmes), interchanged with science (in Dr. Agassiz); and there are few subjects indeed within the compass of human knowledge, about which "our town" will not placard a lecture before the winter is over. Even Poles, and Frenchmen, and Germans, and we know not how many other "old countrymen," can listen to lectures in their own tongue, advertised at some forgotten number of the Bowery.

That respectable, antique institution, the New York Historical Society, has stirred up from its Rip Van Winkle slumbers, and has positively nerved itself to a half column advertisement in the morning papers. She too—the venerable old lady—has caught the mania for talking; and has resolutely determined that the eloquence heretofore limited to the alcoves of her dusty chamber, and the tinkling of her ancient family chocolate cups, shall be transferred to the brilliant arena of Metropolitan Hall; and the accumulating funds be applied to the erection of a fire-proof building.

It remains to be seen how the enfeebled eyes of the old lady, so long given to musty parchments and mouldy book-covers, will bear the garish splendor of the great musical hall.

Nor have we now enumerated more than half of the lecture proposals which overrun our metropolis; indeed we should not, in view of the tendency of the times, be greatly surprised to find that Mr. Monnot of the New York Hotel proposed presently a series of lectures, by the most eminent men of the time, for the construction of a magnificent caravansary (or hotel), upon the site of Corporal Thompson's Cottage.

We like, sitting easily in our chair, to have our quiet laugh at these bits of extravagance which sometimes overtake the town; and which, to tell truth, carry us away with their current, as fully as the foolishest of the town-folk. We had set our head resolutely against our Broadway railway; and thought that nothing could stir us from the dogged position. But alas, for our expectancies and our conscience, we have yielded to the push; we have been offered a small interest in the contract at twenty dollars a car; we have accepted; and we think the project is not only inevitable, but absolutely advisable. The more we think of it, the more persuaded we are, that New York needs a railway and quite a number of cars—several hundreds, to say the least; and a large reserve for stormy weather. It pleases us to think how comfortably thousands of people will glide up and down town; it pleases us to think of the rapidity with which they will ascend and descend; and what a magnificent sight it will be, to watch the continuous procession of cars on any day of festival, chasing each other—tinkling with delightful sleigh-bells, ornamented with heads of females, and with ventilators in the roof!

We hear with dismay, however, that it is proposed to partition the car seats into places of average size; we regard the suggestion as barbarous, and as emanating from the envious mind of some small person. We have ourselves the fortune to be large; we like room; our easy chair is large; we have no idea of being cramped either in our expressions or in our person.

To be sure, we may occupy somewhat more of the stage seat than our puny friends, at the same price. It must be remembered, however, that we pay a larger tax than they to the community for food and clothing; and as our boys are growing up with the same "build," we foresee a sad entailment of the tax. As we do not complain of this, we see no reason why persons wearing small pantaloons should complain of small seats.

We had intended to have a pleasant talk, this month, with our readers, about the new population which is flooding, the present winter, our good City of Washington; anxious, all of them, to bid a tender good-by to the departing worthies who now hold the desks and the quarter-dues; and ready, all of them, to assist the incoming President and his Cabinet with the most heartfelt and freely tendered services.

We shall take the liberty of recording their number and habits in some chit-chat of the winter.

As for France and Paris, they are under the Empire; what we ventured to talk of in our last, as dwelling in people's thoughts, now dwells in the Paris streets; and the sham Republic, which had its sad beginning in the year 1848, has now found as ruthless an end as the old Parliament of Paris, at the hands of Mirabeau.

Yet we can not pass by a month without opening to our readers at least some small glimpse of that strange society, which revolves year after year, and week after week, in a most splendid pirouette, whether we look at it artistically or politically.

The theatres—to begin with—are reported in the very best condition; overcrowded with spectators and rich in new dramas and comedies. George Sand and Scribe are named among the authors of the latest pieces. In evidence of the prolific pen of this last mentioned individual, it is stated that his dramas can be played every night in the year without a single repetition. What is Lope de Vega, who wrote only his three hundred plays, to the gallant Scribe?

But, in explanation of this extraordinary fecundity of Paris play-wrights, it may be worth while to mention a small deceptive practice of the craft, which enables the eminent among them to levy literary tribute upon their humbler associates. M. Jacques, for instance, who is a poor fellow strug-

gling in a garret of the Latin Quarter, and who has much more of genius than of friends or money, writes a clever play, and takes it to the manager of some one of the principal theatres. But the manager does not know M. Jacques; and even if known to him, he is utterly unknown to the thousands who are in the habit of being amused only by such men as Dumas or Scribe.

In his despair, the poor author goes with a hungry stomach, and a mouth full of entreaty, to the door of M. Dumas, and begs him to recommend his production. The great man glances over the play, at first sourly, but soon grows interested, and ends with thinking (to himself), that it is a very clever play; not, indeed, short enough, and lacking many scenic effects, which may be thrown in by a dash of a pen. He says nothing of this, however, to the hungry applicant, he has no idea either of diminishing his own interest by commending a contestant of his honors.

He says, simply, that the play contains a few good hints; that it is crude; that it must be cut in pieces; that something, perhaps, might be made of it. He proposes to adopt it, if the poor starveling chooses, as his own, and thinks that, under judicious treatment, he may place it on the stage.

M. Jacques, with hunger pinching him, and with the prospective vanity of listening to his own couplets under the name of Dumas, closes the bargain, and leaves his manuscript.

Months pass by, until a day of leisure comes to the over-worked Dumas, when he re-reads the piece, dashes out one scene, transposes another, makes three acts instead of five, changes the name, and in a week a new play is announced, in staring capitals, by that favorite author, Alexandre Dumas. The author makes no doubt of its merit—nor the people who listen; and the poor Jacques, with but few ears to listen to his pretensions, finds all the honor and the money borne off by the prestige of a name.

This will serve to account to our readers, in some degree, for the prolific and various accomplishments of the Paris *feuilletonists*. And it will be borne in mind, modestly, we hope, by those great newspapers and personages generally who steal their stories from our poor Editor's Drawer, or their morals from our poor Editor's Table, and leave us in our humility to suck our quills, and to elaborate new matter for their cormorant digestion.

Speaking of plays, reminds us of a couple of late French piquancies of adventure, which have crept into their papers as *Drames du Jour;* and which would serve as capital basis for any ambitious M. Jacques.

A young baron—no matter who—finding his fortune slipping away very fast, and his wants not diminishing in proportion, began to reflect how he could repair his losses, and escape from the grasp of his creditors. For professional or mercantile employment, he had neither the education, or disposition: he had neither the shrewdness, the courage, the quickness, or the ready capital to retrieve his fortune (as some lucky fellows have done), by speculations upon 'Change.

He had, however. an agreeable person, not burdened with more than five-and-twenty years, and manners that gave to his person a very effective action. His creditors agreed with him, that marriage with an heiress was the only feasible method (a method not unusual even in American cities for accomplishing the same purpose). A matronly spinster of thirty-five or forty was designated; and the unfortunate young baron managed so successfully, as to secure compliance with his matrimonial designs, after a very simple negotiation.

But the lady, although falling easily into the proposition to marry a fine-looking young fellow of five-and-twenty, had yet a keen eye for business; and insisted upon such a contract as should secure to her such property as she brought with her; consenting, however, to advance such sum as might be necessary to clear off the baron's debts, he giving his note, with a lien for the payment of the same upon an inheritance expected at some future day from his uncle.

The conditions seemed to imply a more straitened disposition on the part of the coming bride, than was altogether agreeable to the young baron; but with destitution or a prison looking at him very sharply, he signed the compact; arranging, however, for his own security, the following little ruse:

He proposed to quadruple the amount of his indebtedness in his report to the *fiancée*, and reserve some three hundred thousand francs (his debts amounting to a hundred thousand) for future, and pleasant private use.

The lady was greatly scandalized by the amount; but yet in view of such an engaging husband, handed him certificates of stock for the amount (at the ruling price), and took his receipt for four hundred thousand francs. She left to pass the summer at the baths of the Pyrenees, urging him to immediate payment of his debts, and counting upon a happy union in the approaching autumn.

The baron witnessed her departure without serious grief. Indeed, serious reflections came over him at thought of the injudicious match he was meditating; and he delayed from day to day the sale of stocks, which would involve him, finally, in the dismal toils of marriage. Only to avoid incessant solicitation, he wrote to his future bride that the sale was effected, and his debts paid.

Months, however, went by, and still he deliberated; hardly determined to tie himself to the old lady of the Pyrenees, and not quite willing to give up his chance for comparative independence. At length, the week came for the bridal return: there was no time to be lost; and the poor young baron, overcome with disquietude, but yet determined at last to be rid of his debts, even with the mortifying accompaniment of such a marriage, found his way to the Bourse.

It was his first visit to that great market of moneys. With a disconsolate air, he exhibited the scrip to a heavy broker, and asked its value. The broker ran his eye over the papers, and assured him that they were worth, at present prices, seven hundred thousand francs!

Our baron was amazed. During the three months of his delay they had risen in value three hundred thousand francs! Had they retrograded, he would have been ruined.

The change threw a new light upon his marital engagements. He wrote immediately to his expectant bride, that having fairly questioned his heart, he could not in honor deem himself a fit husband for the confiding creature who had so generously offered to make him happy!

The disconsolate woman hurried to Paris, and upbraided him with his duplicity: she even accused him of bad faith, in obtaining from her the loan, which he was unable to repay.

"Madam," said the baron, "the four hundred thousand francs, with interest to this date, are in the hands of your attorney."

It is needless to say, that the young baron, with

the additional three hundred thousand francs, not only paid his debts, but was speedily coquetting in French fashion, with a very much younger lady than his late creditor of the Pyrenean baths.

The moral of a play founded on such a tale would be: "Learn to wait." Punch would say, it might be applied to most marriage intentions.

EVERY one who has been there, knows what a sweet quietude belongs to the country-houses that are scattered with their white walls and extinguisher towers among the hills that look down on the Seine and the Loire. And whoever has been in them, in the flush of the French autumn-tide, when the vine-yard-workers are bearing home, with wreaths of flowers and boughs of evergreen, the last of the purple vintage, knows the hospitality and the gayety which belongs to them all, and which affords refreshing contrast to the stifling atmosphere of the city.

Well, it is in one of these country-chateaux, not twenty leagues from Paris, that GUINOT, the French *feuilletonist*, lays the scene of as pretty a bit of French comedy as we have seen for a whole summer; and the matter turns, strange as it may seem, upon a bit of English court-plaster! We might safely defy the most ingenious reader to say how this could be; but we spare them, and tell the story as it was told to us.

At the chateau spoken of, a fairy-spot, with old geometric walks, and hollies clipped into peacocks, and long shady alleys, and graveled terraces, and most sociable *déjeûners* at twelve, there was staying during the autumn gone, a widow—young, pretty, and rich. Such widows do not escape notice or attention in the shadiest of walks, or in the mouldiest of chateaux. Madame V—— was the life of the place; and not one of the longing hangers-on had reached, up to late autumn, the conquest of the widow's heart.

But there came one day a certain Laurence D——, young, witty, and holding fair place in the army of France. He may possibly have heard of all the guests at the chateau; it is certain that he had heard of one; and it is certain, moreover, that he presently showed her such proofs of his admiration as utterly eclipsed all the wooers who had gone before. If they rode, he was her cavalier; if they strolled upon the parterre that skirted the chateau, he was the most eager listener to her prattle, and paid the swiftest tribute to her charms.

In short, he won upon her heart to such degree, that she listened kindly to the tenderest of his speaking, and made such hesitating promise of returning tenderness, as if she were yet a virgin, and not a widow. On one point, however, she insisted: she was to enjoy undisturbed, and subject to no rumors or engagement, the coming winter in the capital. She was determined to experience at least one full winter of Paris widowhood.

Laurence D—— urged his suit more vigorously; but to no avail. She promised faithfully to be his at the end of the season, provided he guarded his attentions in the interval, and made no mention of their compact. It may as well be observed here, that a French lady *fiancée*, especially if she be rich, finds her "engaged" state a very poor provocative of attentions; the same, indeed, may be very safely said of most "engaged" ladies in other parts of the world.

Laurence D——, with the fervor of his French passion in him, and with a better knowledge of the sad and bewildering gayeties of the capital than belonged to the charming Madame V——, was naturally anxious in regard to the issue of such a scheme.

Howbeit, for some days, the secret was well guarded. The company at the chateau were fairly in the dark; the widow was looking forward to a brilliant winter; and Laurence D—— was chewing the cud of somewhat perplexed reflections. Weeks slipped on, when one morning, the company remarked upon the lip of the lieutenant a small strip of court-plaster, which was the more striking from the fact of his wearing no mustache. In an old chateau of the French country, the smallest event becomes matter of talk; and the company bantered our hero upon his decorated lip.

The lieutenant very indifferently replied, that he had unfortunately cut his lip in shaving.

At this, the pretty widow rallied him upon his awkwardness.

It was awkward, certainly; the truth is, he was distracted;—he was in a kind of poetic frenzy; he had the hardihood to think of making verses, while shaving.

"A poem!" exclaimed the company.

"Not a poem, but a couplet," returned the lieutenant, gayly, "the rhyme failed me; indeed I was puzzling over the couplet, when the razor slipped, and—*me voici, coupé.*"

The story seemed fair enough, and the lieutenant wore his mark through the day. The evening was a bright autumnal one, and disposed the company to a stroll after dinner, through the graceful alleys which we have described as belonging to the old chateau. Nothing can be more delightful; there is such a mellowing of the evening air under the autumn leaves; and such retired arbors where one can chat with a charming friend; the very place, one would say, for the safe indulgence of such a contract as lay between the widow and the lieutenant.

One by one, however, as the evening advanced, the parties strolled back to the salon. Laurence D—— appeared with his lip bare, and scarce a trace of the morning wound.

Presently appeared the charming Madame V——, entering with something more than her usual dignity; very brilliant and beautiful as usual—save only, that a small black spot was observable upon her left cheek, very near the lip.

The company were naturally very curious; and a glance at the face of the lieutenant, free now from its decoration of the morning, seemed to throw light upon the matter. A second and close look confirmed it; there could be no doubt, that the court-plaster, which in the morning had clung to the lieutenant's lip, was now adhering to the pretty cheek of Madame V——.

But how?

It was easy for a French lady to guess: and it will be easy for any lady. Naturally enough, there followed a series of whispers and stifled laughs that greatly intrigued the pretty widow, who was still wholly unconscious of the part she was playing. The joke, indeed, became too urgent for her temper, and she insisted very passionately upon knowing the secret of their amusement. The question was embarrassing; but the brave lieutenant, seeing at a glance how matters stood, made a bold venture in behalf of the disconcerted *belle*.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he, "I have the honor of announcing to you my approaching marriage with Madame V——."

"What are you saying?" exclaimed the pretty widow. "You have no authority for such a statement."

"But why keep the secret any longer? Let me announce my great happiness; and say further that

you have only just now accorded me a kiss in pledge of our betrothal."

"How dare you, sir?" exclaimed the provoked lady.

The lieutenant, taking the hand of Madame V——, led her before the mirror, and whispered in her ear —"You see."

She looked; there was no escape: engagement or no engagement, a kiss in the gardens would mar her winter's coquetries; the safest way was the easiest; the betrothal was acknowledged, and the lieutenant in charming humor.

"Ah ha," said an old lady dowager in his ear, "Monsieur the lieutenant has found a rhyme for his couplet, *n'est-ce pas?*"

A penetrating old lady!

Editor's Drawer.

WE are glad, as Americans, to know that the lines, "*Evening, by a Tailor*," quoted in our November "Drawer," are by one of our own poets; and if we had been called upon, in the event of our *knowing* that they were from the pen of *any* American writer, we should not have hesitated long in singling out HOLMES as the author; so characteristic are they of his sparkling wit and easy rhythm. By-the-by, Mr. Holmes has recently been lecturing in our city to entire public acceptance. His audience, says a contemporary, not so familiar with the lecturer's form and face as with his name and writings, were surprised at the youthfulness of his appearance. He looks scarcely thirty, although he is some forty-three years of age. He is slight in form, compact and elegant, with a ruddy and agreeable face, a high forehead, and a voice well adapted to win and move those who hear it. His lecture was *upon* "Lectures," and was fanciful, poetical, humorous, and witty, by turns. Dr. Holmes is the bane of reporters. Catch the sparkling foam of the sea and bottle it, and it is mere salt water; and we have not the heart to tap our memory for a single drop.

THAT eccentric creature, DAVID CROCKETT, used to mention an odd affair which happened at "Natchez-under-the-Hill," a sort of "Five-Points" in the "lower regions" of that flourishing town. A steamboat stopped at the landing, and one of the hands went ashore under the hill to purchase provisions, and the thieves and "experts" in that "Scoundrel's Retreat" managed to rob him of every cent of his money. The captain of the boat, a most determined man, and full of the wild courage of the Southwest, went ashore and tried to persuade the thieves to return the money they had stolen from a poor hard-working laboring man. But he might as well have talked to the winds.

But he "fetched them at last," said Crockett's informant; "for, assisted by his crew and some three or four hundred passengers, he made fast an immense cable to the frame tenement where the theft had been perpetrated, and then sung out:

"'I allow you just fifteen minutes to have that money forthcoming! If at the end of that time it isn't handed over, I'll put steam to the boat and drag your house into the river!'"

"The money was 'handed over' quicker than you could say "Jack Robinson." They *knew* the captain, and that he would *do* what he *said* he would do."

"ONE of our subscribers," in a neighboring town, in allusion to a paragraph in the "Drawer" of our October Number, writes us as follows:

"You remark, that there is probably not another word in the English language that can be more 'twisted' than the word '*write*.' Allow me to suggest that the word 'twist' itself can be 'twisted' a 'consumedly sight' more than the word 'write,' or any *other* word in the English language. If you can get the following lines around your editorial tongue without doubling it into a few knots, and if you think them worth a corner in your 'Drawer' set them a-going. They have occupied a corner in my 'Commonplace-book' many a year, but I know not from whence they came:

'THE TWINE-TWISTER.

'When the twister a-twisting will twist him a twine,
For the twisting his twist he three times doth entwist;
But, if one of the twines of the twist doth untwine,
The twine that untwisteth, untwisteth the twine
Untwisting the twine that untwisteth between,
He twists with his twister the two in a twine;
Then twice having twisted the twines of the twine,
He twisteth the twine he hath twined in twain:
The twain, that in twisting before on the twine
As twines were untwisted, he now doth untwine.
'Twixt the twain intertwisting a twine more between,
He, twirling his twister, makes a twist of the twine.'"

THERE are, perhaps, many city readers of the "Drawer" who will remember the eloquent, the lamented SUMMERFIELD; his slender form, the tender, persuasive tones of his voice, the watery blue of his melting eyes—his pale, thin, attenuate hands; and, more than all, the deep fervor of his devotional appeals to the hearts of his hearers. Such readers can not fail to be deeply interested in the following original "*Reminiscences of the Rev. John Summerfield*," which are furnished to the "Drawer" by a friend. The first speech made by Summerfield was at the Fifth Anniversary of the American Bible Society, in the hall of the City Hotel, which was densely crowded.

The speaker who preceded him, with an eloquent appeal closed by saying,

"I will occupy no more of the time, as I know the audience are impatient to hear the voice of our beloved brother from across the water, and I congratulate them in having the good wine at the last."

Mr. Summerfield rose, and expressed his regret that his health was so feeble as to prevent him from saying all that his feelings would dictate on the occasion, and it might, perhaps, render the few words which he should utter inaudible to those who were not seated near him; but that he rejoiced in the privilege of bearing even his *feeble* testimony to the importance and advancing triumph of this great cause; and while he bespoke the indulgence of the audience, in his best endeavors to be heard by them all, *he hoped the Master of the feast would condescend to turn the water into wine.*

The other reference is to his address at the first meeting of the American Tract Society in 1825, in which, among other infidels, he alluded to Thomas Paine, as follows:

"A boasting infidel once said, in closing a scurrilous assault upon the Old Testament Scriptures, 'I have gone through the Bible, as a man would go through the woods, felling trees; here they lie, and the priests, if they can, may replant them. They may stick them in the ground, but they'll never grow.'

"Sir," said Summerfield, "the priests are not such fools as to suppose that sticking the dissever-

ed limbs of a tree into the ground will make them grow; although we have inspired authority for saying, 'There is hope of a tree, even if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender branches thereof shall not cease.' But, sir, did he cut down *all* the trees? No, sir. There was *one* tree which he never touched; and I would to GOD that he *had* touched it, for it would have given a new and nobler impulse to all his efforts. I mean the *Tree of Life*, which is in the midst of the garden."

In fervor of language, in appositeness and beauty of simile, the foregoing is scarcely surpassed, even by the happiest efforts of the great and eloquent WHITFIELD himself.

OUR readers may have heard of the "inquiring mind" of a man in "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," who asked of a butcher, one morning, as he was getting his marketing:

"Look o' here—what's the matter with your veal?"

"Well—nothin', in partick'lar."

"*Partick'lar!* what do you mean by that? What makes it look so *blue?* Didn't *die* did it?"

"No," answered the butcher, thus "penned into a corner;" "it didn't *die*—it kind o' gin' out!"

That sad specimen of a deceased sheep should have been taken to the "*Mutton Mill*," an "institution" which exists "down East," based upon a queer mechanical principle.

A gentleman traveling in that section of the country, overtook a farmer dragging a lean, wretched-looking horned sheep along the road.

"Where are you going with that miserable animal?" asked the traveler.

"I am taking him to the mutton-mill, to have him ground over," said the farmer.

"The *mutton-mill!* I never heard of such a thing; I will go with you and witness the process."

They arrived at the mill: the sheep was thrown alive into the hopper, and almost immediately disappeared. They then descended to a lower apartment and in a few moments, there was ejected from a spout in the ceiling, four quarters of excellent mutton, two sides of morocco leather, a wool hat of the first quality, a sheep's head (handsomely dressed), and two elegantly carved powder-horns.

Were it not for the fact that the above is "in the papers," we should feel disposed to dispute it!

VERY opportunely comes to the receptacle of pleasant things in our "Drawer," this lively "Song for the Season" of "New Year;" when old friendships are renewed, old enmities healed, old indifferences forgotten. SANTA CLAUS, the beloved of the young, has "sung a good song" in the following, which will commend itself to the fancy of the young, and the reminiscences of the old:

WHAT SANTA CLAUS SUNG,

Or a change that he rung,
On his voluble tongue,
As he sat and swung,
Last night about one,
On a pot-hook that hung
In my fire-place!

"I ONCE was a child—
I ween merry and mild,
As the Springtime of life has e'er seen;
I chased pleasure all day,
And my heart was as gay,
As the flowers that followed the stream.

"Then youth bore me on,
With its hurrying throng,
Full of hopes that were bold and high;
All the world seemed bright
As it lay in the light
Of the sun of my Summer's sky.

"I soon was a man—
Full of care and of plan,
For the riches which last but a day;
I garnered my sheaves,
But alas! how like leaves
In the Autumn time, friends drop away!

"When the chill winds blew,
And my whitened head knew,
That the Winter of life had come;
Said I, 'Tell me, I pray,'
To my heart one day,
'What *good* in this world have we done?'

"My heart was dumb—
And then like a drum,
Beat time to the strain of an elf;
Who seemed marching me on.
To my grave, to the song,
'Your thoughts have all been of yourself.'

"I answered, 'No! no!
This can not be so,
My thoughts have *not* all been of self;'
But by day and by night,
My heart with its might,
Kept time to the song of the elf.

"In my ear still ringing
Was this elfin's singing,
My life growing weary and sad,
When one day he sung,
'True pleasure will come,
As we try to make *other* hearts glad.'

"How thankful I've been,
For the lesson taught then,
For it led mid the poor and distressed,
Where my wakening heart
First learned to impart
Hope and joy to the sorrowing breast.

"Oh! then such delight
Filled my breast, that one night
In my prayers, I asked ever to stay;
Where the sorry and sad,
I could love and make glad,
Till their grief should be driven away

"'No! come now with us,'
The elfin spoke thus,
'But twice in the year you may go,
To make faces brighter,
And heavy hearts lighter,
Of the good people dwelling below.

"So twice in a sun,
Down the chimney I come,
With my treasures, and heart full of cheer;
You laugh as I call
'*Merry Christmas*,' to all,
And you shout at my 'HAPPY NEW YEAR.'"

UTICA, *Christmas Day*, 1852.

THE following inscription on CÆSAR, a negro slave, is preserved in a small churchyard in Massachusetts:

"HERE lies the best of slaves,
Now turning into dust;
CÆSAR, the Ethiopian, craves
A place among the just.

"His faithful soul has fled
To realms of heavenly light,
And by the blood that JESUS shed
Is changed from Black to White.

"January 15 he quitted the stage
In the 77th year of his age.
1780."

THERE is but *one* "true and bona-fide Mrs. PARTINGTON," among all the imitators of that modern

"Mrs. Malaprop" and "Mrs. Ramsbottom," and she it is who discourses as follows:

"'Oh, what trials a poor widow has to go through,' sighed Mrs. Partington, rocking herself in a melancholy way, and holding untasted the morsel of macaboy between her thumb and finger—'terrible trials, and oh! what a hardship to be executioner to an estate, where enviable people are trying every way to overcome the widow's might—where it's probe it, probe it, probe it all the time, and the more you probe it the worse it seems; the poor widow never gets justice, for if she gets all she don't get half enough. I had one trial of it, and if I marry again, if it should so please Providence to order it, I'll make my pretended husband fabricate his will before he orders the wedding cake—I'll take time by the foretop, as Solomon says.'"

"When I have seen," says a modern author, "a poor broken-hearted wife, teased and tormented by half-a-dozen children, or ill-treated by a cross and unfeeling husband, I have been tempted to think, that, after all, to be '*An Old Maid*' is not the worst ill that can befall a woman."

That this is true, let us endeavor to substantiate by this beautiful "*Tribute to an Old Maid*" that found its way into the "Drawer," from which we transfer our excerpts, some twenty years ago:

"Is sorrow an inmate of your friend's dwelling, you visit it, and by your sympathy and tender condolence and assistance rob it of its bitterness; does death snatch away from some fond mother her only and idolized child, your paradise receives her, for your heart tells you that her agonies will be kept alive if she remain on the spot which had been blessed by her little cherub, and though even here she may indulge her anguish, for a mother's grief

> 'Fills the room up of her absent child,
> Lies in his bed, walks up and down with her,
> Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
> Remembers her of all his gracious parts,
> Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form.
> Thus has she reason to be fond of grief!"

Yet your kind care and quiet consolations come like balm upon her wounded spirit; and when she leaves your beautiful home, gratitude to her benefactress soothingly breaks up the current of her woe, and she mingles again in the common affairs of life—sorrowing indeed, but the first keen sting removed. Is any sweet girl pining in thoughtfulness, or brooding over the love-spring in her young heart, and robbing her of her fresh beauty, who but the kind and gentle 'old maid' can be selected for a confidante? and thus you restore peace and joy to the anxious maiden. If a parent is obdurate, or a lover perverse—who but the 'old maid' is the agent of reconciliation? and thus you are become a 'ministering angel' to all within your sphere, diffusing happiness around you, and presenting an example to all your sisterhood, while many of them are ever representing their 'beauty and their bliss' as a shadow of the past."

The personal example of a drunken man, especially if he be a young man, has oftentimes the effect—or more than the effect—of the best discourse from the most eloquent temperance-reformer. Such an example the writer saw to-day, in Ferry-street, not far from the office of this Magazine. A young man of perhaps nineteen, stood swaying back and forth beside a post. He had fallen in the dirty street, and was covered from head to foot with mud. He presented a 'lesson' that surely was not lost upon any observer:

> Alas! poor rat!
> He had no cravat;
> A seedy coat, and a hole in that:
> No sole to his shoe, no brim to his hat;
> Not a change of linen, except his skin:
> No gloves, no vest,
> Either second or best;
> And what was worse than all the rest,
> No light heart, though his breeches were thin

"What is Life?" so far as this our fleeting earthly existence is concerned, is a question beautifully answered by the author of "Euthanasy," a work full of sweet thoughts and forceful moral reflections:

"The present life is sleeping and waking; it is 'good-night' on going to bed, and 'good-morning' on getting up; it is to wonder what the day will bring; it is sunshine and gloominess; it is rain on the window, as one sits by the fire; it is to walk in the garden and see the flowers open and hear the birds sing; it is to have the postman bring letters; it is to have news from east, west, north, and south; it is to read old books and new books; it is to see pictures and hear music; it is to sit in the twilight and meditate; it is to be well and sometimes to be ill; it is to have business to do, and do it; it is to belong to a town, and to have neighbors, and to be one in a circle of acquaintances; it is to have friends to love one; it is to have a sight at dear faces; and, with some men, to be kissed daily by the same loving lips for fifty years; and it is to know themselves thought of many times a day, in many places, by children and grand-children and many friends."

When you are passing through the Park, some pleasant day, if you will pause for a moment under the particolored gaudy umbrella that covers the series of small microscopes through which, in succession, curious spectators are peering, the man in attendance will show you a human hair, a thousand times magnified: and when you have examined it, and the capillary type that contains the "marrow" that supports it, you will perhaps not be surprised on perusing the following, which is from a source entirely authentic:

"In the Hospital of the Royal Guards at Paris, was a private soldier who had received a violent kick on the back of the head from a horse. The excitement of the hair produced was extreme, and could only be kept under by almost innumerable bleedings, both local and general. Among a series of phenomena produced by this state of preternatural excitation, the sensibility acquired by the hairs of the head was not the least remarkable. The slightest touch was felt instantly, and cutting them gave exquisite pain, so that the patient would seldom allow any one to come near his head. Baron Larrey, on one occasion, to put him to the test, gave a hint to an assistant who was standing behind the patient, to clip one of his hairs without his perceiving it. This was done with great dexterity, but the soldier broke out into a sally of oaths, succeeded by complaints, and it was some time before he could be appeased."

A Correspondent mentions an amusing instance of the *Trials of Condensation in Poetry*. It brings to mind Dr. Franklin's cutting down of the words on the hatter's sign:

"My time and attention have been entirely engrossed by a long didactic poem I have been writing on 'Social Relations'—or rather, I commenced with that theme, but found it spreading out into the

'Great Desert' of Philanthropy; so I cut the title down to 'Social Intercourse,' but soon found this conducting me to the labyrinths of love and diplomacy; and was obliged to confine its scope to that particular branch of the subject relating to the intercourse of familiar acquaintances, or companions, or *friends*, so called—if indeed the word admits a plural; yet I found it spinning out into cantos, which are my abomination. The truth is, I never can read much poetry at a time, and I want that short. I admire condensation. I accordingly toiled three nights, without sleep, striving to compress it into one connected, unbroken canto of one hundred and fifty verses; when in a most fortunate moment, not twenty minutes since, by a signally happy conceit, I reduced the whole performance to a single stanza. I inclose it. It is as follows:

'What though, if not quite true to any,
We are false to none:
Better—though quite false to many,
To be true to one.'

And what is more remarkable, I had no sooner written it, than I discovered it would suit the other part of the world, and read quite as well, when slightly transposed, thus, which will insure at least two editions:

'What though, if quite false to many,
We are true to one:
Better—though not quite true to any,
To be false to none.'"

We forget who it is that tells the anecdotes that follow, but there is a lesson in them to all who would interest or instruct an audience, that is worthy of especial heed:

A woman in humble life was asked one day, on the way back from church, whether she had understood the sermon?

"Would I have the presumption?" was her simple and contented answer.

The quality of the discourse signified nothing to her. She had done her duty, as well as she could, in hearing it; and she went to her house justified rather than some of those who had attended to it critically, or who had turned to the text in their Bibles when it was given out.

"Well, Master Jackson," said his minister, walking homeward after service with an industrious laborer, who was a constant attendant, "Sunday must be a blessed day of rest for you, who work so hard all the week. And you make a good use of the day, for you are always to be seen at church."

"Yes, sir," replied Jackson; "it is indeed a blessed day: I works hard enough all the week, and then I comes to church on Sundays, and sets me down, and lays my legs up, and thinks o' nothin'!"

"Speaking of preachers:" that is an amusing anecdote that is told of a worthy clergyman, now no more. He had been more than suspected of leaning to Arminianism, or of being what was then called a "Rationalist," and much anxiety, in consequence, was felt by the flock he was called on to superintend. He put their fears to flight, however, for he was a sound divine, as well as a good man.

On the Monday after his first sermon had been delivered, he was accosted in his walk by an old man, who, after thanking him for his able discourse, went on:

"Why, sir, the story went that you were a *rational* preacher; but I am glad, and so are the rest of your congregation, to find that you are *not* a rational preacher at all. There is nothing rational about you!"

It was a dubious compliment, apparently; but the tribute was an honest one, honestly rendered.

Nothing so much vexes a physician as to be sent for in great haste, and to find, after his arrival, that nothing, or next to nothing, is the matter with his patient. We remember an "urgent case" of this kind, recorded of an eminent English surgeon:

He had been sent for by a gentleman who had just received a slight wound, and gave his servant orders to go home with all haste imaginable, and fetch a certain plaster. The patient, turning a little pale, said:

"Heavens! sir, I hope there is no danger!"

"Indeed there is!" answered the surgeon; "for if the fellow doesn't run like a race-horse, the wound will be healed before he can possibly get back!"

The American author of the amusing "*Ollapodiana* papers" once wrote a laughable sketch entitled "The Victim of a Proof-reader." One of Moore's Fudges, a "benign-cerulean of the second sex," as Byron termed the class, complains, in a somewhat similar manner:

"You can't think what awful havoc these demons of proof-readers sometimes choose to make of one's sense, and what's worse, of one's rhymes. Only a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring, when I meant to have made a most beautiful thing, when I talked of "the dew-drops from the freshly-blown roses," the nasty things made it "freshly-blown *noses!*" And once, when to please my cross aunt, I had tried to commemorate some friend of her clique who had just died, having said he had "taken up in Heaven his position," they made it, he'd "taken up to Heaven his physician!"

There is a capital good story told of a couple of Western hunters, which is well worth a place in our depository. Their names were Hoffman and Cowan; and both were excellent shots, and not a little given to boasting of their skill. One day they went on a deer-hunting expedition, and after getting into the woods where they expected to find deer, they separated. Shortly after, Hoffman heard Cowan's gun fired off, when he immediately went over to the spot, where he had heard the shot, expecting to be obliged to help Cowan hang up a deer. He found Cowan very busy loading his gun, and shouted out:

"Hallo, Cowan!—what did you shoot at just now?"

"None o' your business: go along over the hill!"

Surprised at this short and crusty answer, Hoffman looked around, and discovered *a calf* among the bushes. Again he cried out:

"I say, Cowan, did you shoot at the calf?"

"Yes, I *did*, but it's none o' *your* business."

"Why, what made you shoot at it?"

"Why, I took it for a deer."

"Well, did you *hit* it?"

"No—I missed it."

"How did you miss it?"

"Why, I wasn't quite sure that it wasn't a calf."

"You are a pretty specimen of a hunter," rejoined Hoffman, "to shoot at a calf for a deer, and *miss* it at that!"

"Don't make a fool of yourself!" replied Cowan; "I shot at it just so as to hit it if it was a deer, and miss it if it was a calf!"

Nothing out of Ireland, of the "bull" species, is a better "specimen" than this.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

One of the smallest pieces of roguery which we recollect to have heard of in a long time was related to us the other day by a clerical gentleman, who was himself the victim. Cheating the lawyer or the doctor may by some consciences be reckoned among the minor sins; but cheating a clergyman ought to be rated in the statute-book with grand larceny at least.

Our informant stated that a short time since, a gentleman, with whose family he was on terms of intimacy, called to secure his services to officiate at his marriage with a young lady whose position in life, as well as his own, was of the most exalted both in respect to wealth and respectability. Accordingly at the appointed time the ceremony was performed at the residence of the bride's father, and when over, the groomsman (in accordance, we believe, with the usual custom upon such occasions) took the clergyman aside for the purpose of presenting him with his fee. This, to the astonishment of the latter, proved to be only a five-dollar bill. One hundred dollars, or at the very least fifty, would have been a sum by no means disproportionate to the social position of the parties. Our friend put the note in his pocket-book, and determined never to make any allusion to the subject, whatever his opinion may have been as to the generosity of the donor. The next day, having occasion to pay a small sum, he tendered the bill in question, when, to his horror, it was returned to him as being a counterfeit! This was a little too bad—to be paid but five dollars for marrying a wealthy couple, and those five dollars in a worthless rag! The clergyman had not the equanimity to endure this, and he determined to speak immediately to the niggardly groom. He did so, and an *éclaircissement* was at once produced. A purse containing ten eagles in gold, had been given to the groomsman. Thinking the pay to be far beyond the value of the services rendered, the dishonest friend made up his mind to appropriate the glittering coin to his own use, and to tender the clergyman five dollars from his own pocket. This he did, without suspecting that the bill which he offered was not genuine, and feeling assured that delicacy would prevent the clergyman from ever referring to the matter. The accidental character of the bill exposed what nothing else would probably ever have done. The above is strictly a fact.

A story is told of a countryman going along the streets in the time of Cromwell, and inquiring the way to St. Anne's Church. The person inquired of, happening to be a Presbyterian, said he knew no such person as St. Anne. Going a little further, he asked another man which was the way to Anne's Church?—he being a cavalier, said, Anne was a saint before he was born, and would be after he was hanged, and gave him no information.

The ladies on both sides were very active during the civil-wars; they held their meetings, at which they encouraged one another in their zeal. Among the MSS. in the Museum at Oxford is one entitled, "Diverse remarkable orders of the ladies, at the Spring-garden, in parliament assembled: together with certain votes of the unlawful assembly at Kates, in Convent-garden, both sent abroad to prevent misinformation." That whereas the Lady Norton, door-keeper of this house, complained of Sir Robert Harley, a member of the House of Commons, for attempting to deface her, which happened thus: The said lady being a zealous Independent and fond of the saints, and Sir Robert Harley having found that she was likewise painted, he pretended that she came within his ordinance against idolatry, saints, painted crosses, &c.; but some friends of the said door-keeper urging in her behalf, that none did ever yet attempt to adore or worship her, she was justified; and the house hereupon declared, that if any person, by virtue of any power whatsoever, pretended to be derived from the House of Commons, shall go about to impeach, hinder, or disturb any lady from painting, worshiping or adoring herself to the best advantage, as also from planting of hairs, or investing of teeth, &c.

The preachers in the time of the Commonwealth looked upon coughing, and hemming, as ornaments of speech; and when they printed their sermons, noted in the margin where the preacher coughed or hemmed. This practice was not confined to England; for Oliver Malliard, a Cordelier, and famous orator, printed a sermon at Brussels in the year 1500, and marked in the margin where the preacher hemmed once or twice, or coughed.

Oliver Cromwell was said to have been a copartner in a brewery. It was frequently made the subject of lampoon, during his life-time. In the collection of loyal songs, there is one called the Protecting Brewer, which has these stanzas:

> A brewer may be bold as Hector
> When he had drunk his cup of nectar,
> And a brewer may be a Lord Protector,
> Which nobody can deny
>
> Now here remains the strangest thing,
> How this brewer about his liquor did bring
> To be an emperor or a king,
> Which nobody can deny.

But whether Oliver was really concerned in a brewery, at any period of his life, it is difficult to determine. Heath, one of his professed enemies, assures us in his Flagellum, that there was no foundation for the report.

On the thirteenth day of January, 1660, Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw, were drawn to Tyburn on three several sledges, and, being taken from their coffins, hanged at the several angles; afterward their heads were cut off, and set on Westminster Hall. The following is a transcript from a MS. diary of Mr. Edward Sainthill, a Spanish merchant of those times, and preserved by his descendants. "The 30th of January, being that day twelve years from the death of the king, the odious carcases of Oliver Cromwell, Major General Ireton and Bradshaw, were drawn in sledges to Tyburn, where they were hanged by the neck, from morning till four in the afternoon. Cromwell in a green seare-cloth, very fresh, embalmed; Ireton having been buried long, hung like a dried rat. Bradshaw in his winding-sheet, the fingers of his right hand and his nose perished, having wet the sheet through; the rest very perfect, insomuch that I knew his face, when the hangman, after cutting his head off, held it up: of his toes, I had five or six in my hand, which the 'prentices had cut off. Their bodies were thrown into an hole under the gallows, in their seare-cloth and sheet. Cromwell had eight cuts, Ireton four, being seare-cloths, and their heads were set up on the south end of Westminster-Hall." In a marginal note is a drawing of Tyburn (by the same hand), with the bodies hanging, and the grave underneath. Cromwell is represented like a mum-

my, swathed up, with no visible legs or feet. To this memorandum is added:

"Ireton, died the 26th of November, 1651."

"Cromwell, the 3d of September, 1658."

"Bradshaw, the 31st of October, 1659."

In the same diary are the following articles: "January 8th, 1661, Sir. A. Hazlerigg, that cholerick rebel, died in the Tower. The 17th Venner and his accomplice hanged—he and another in Coleman-street; the other seventeen in other places of the city. Sept. 3d, 1662, Cromwell's glorious, and yet fatal day, died that long speaker of the Long Parliament, William Lenthall, very penitently." Yet, according to other accounts, the body of Oliver has been differently disposed of. Some say that it was sunk in the Thames; others that it was buried in Naseby field. But the most romantic story of all is, that his corpse was privately taken to Windsor, and put in King Charles' coffin; while the body of the King was buried in state for Oliver's, and consequently, afterwards hanged at Tyburn, and the head exposed at Westminster-Hall. These idle reports might arise from the necessity there was of interring the Protector's body before the funeral rites were performed; for it appears to have been deposited in Westminster Abbey, in the place now occupied by the tomb of the Duke of Buckingham. The engraved plate on his coffin is still in being. Sir John Brestwick, in his Respublica, tells us, "that Cromwell's remains were privately interred in a small paddock, near Holborn, on the spot where the obelisk in Red Lion Square stood." For an account of Oliver's sickness and death see Biog. Brit. ed. 2, vol. iv. p. 108. This account may be depended upon, being taken from Bates' Elenchus Mortuum, who attended as his physician at the time.

A CURIOUS story went the round of the newspapers a short time since, that a race of men had been discovered somewhere in Northern or Central Africa provided with the unnatural appendages of tails. This is not the first time that such a startling fact has been solemnly asserted. Dr. Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling," gives an account, from an honest young man of Captain Moriss' company, in Lieutenant General Ireton's regiment, "that at Cashill, in the county of Tipperary, in the province of Munster, in Carrick, Patrick Church, seated on a rock stormed by Lord Inchequin, where there were near 700 put to the sword, and none saved but the Mayor's wife and his son; there were found among the slain of the Irish, when they were stripped, divers that had tales a quarter of a yard long: forty soldiers that were eye-witnesses, testified the same upon their oaths." He mentions likewise a similar tale of many nations.

THE same author tells us wonderful stories of the size of men's ears in some countries. Pliny, Lib. vii. c. 2, speaks of a people in the borders of India, who covered themselves with their ears, and in Purchas' Pilgrims we read that in the island of Arucetto there are men and women having ears of such bigness that they lie upon one as a bed and cover themselves with the other. This last statement has a smack of Yankee exaggeration about it which is very amusing.

THE Tartars had much rather die in battle than take quarter. Hence the proverb, "You have caught a Tartar." A man catches a Tartar when he falls into his own trap, or having a design upon another, is caught himself. Mr. Peck (Memoirs of Milton's Life, p. 237), explains it in a different manner. "Bajazet," says he, "was taken prisoner by Tamerlane, who, when he first saw him, generously asked, 'Now, sir, if you had taken me prisoner as I have you, tell me, what would you have done with me?' 'If I had taken you prisoner,' said the foolish Turk, 'I would have thrust you under the table, when I did eat, to gather up the crumbs with the dogs; when I rode out I would have made your neck a horsing block; and when I traveled, you should have been carried along with me in an iron cage, for every fool to hoot and shout at.' 'I thought to have used you better,' said the gallant Tamerlane; 'but since you intended to have served me thus, you have' (caught a Tartar, for hence, I reckon, comes that proverb), 'justly pronounced your doom.'"

A SINGULAR story is told of Peter and John Carjaval, who being unjustly condemned for murder and taken for execution, summoned the King, Ferdinand IV. of Spain to appear before God's tribuna. in thirty days. The King laughed at the summons, but, though he remained apparently in good health the day before, he died on the thirtieth day. Mariana says that there can be no doubt of the truth of this story.

THE origin of the much-employed expression, "sub rosâ," may not be known to all our readers. The rose was considered by the ancients as an emblem of silence, from its being dedicated by Cupid to Harpocrates, the God of Silence, to engage him to conceal the actions of his mother, Venus. Whence, in rooms designed for convivial meetings, it was customary to place a rose above the table, to signify that any thing there spoken ought never to be divulged. The epigram says:

Est rosa flos Veneris cujus quo facta laterent,
Harpocrati, matris dona, dicavit Amor,
Inde rosam mensis hospes suspendit amicis,
Conviva ut sub eâ dicta tacenda sciat.

A rose was frequently figured on the ceiling of rooms, both in England and Germany.

IT used to be a common practice with dentists to draw the teeth of young chimney-sweeps, and fix them in the heads of other persons. There was a lady whose mouth was supplied in this manner. After some time the boy claimed the tooth, and went to a justice of the peace for a warrant against the lady, who, he alleged, had stolen it. The decision of the magistrate upon the rights of the parties in the premises has not come down to us.

AMONG the most singular superstitions which ever prevailed was the notion that witches, by forming the image of any one in wax or clay, and sticking it with pins, or putting it to other torture, could annoy also the prototype or person represented. According to Dr. Dee, such enchantments were used against Queen Elizabeth. Elinor Cobham employed them against Henry VI., and Amy Simpson against James VI. of Scotland. A criminal process was issued against Robert of Artois, who contrived the figure of a young man in wax, and declared it was made against John of France, the King's son; he added, that he would have another figure of a woman, not baptized, against a she-devil, the Queen. Monsieur de Savendres observes that the spirit of superstition had persuaded people, that figures of wax baptized, and pierced for several days to the heart, brought about the death of the person against whom they were intended.

Literary Notices.

A Book for the Home Circle, by Mrs. KIRKLAND. (Published by Charles Scribner.) In this elegant Gift-Book the accomplished authoress has presented a collection of Essays, Stories, and Descriptive Sketches, showing the singular versatility of her graceful pen, and forming an invaluable addition to the resources of the "home circle" of a winter evening. It is not a volume of mere amusement, nor does it repel the reader by any grave didactic pretensions. Mrs. Kirkland's stories always exhibit a high tone of feeling, and usually suggest a wholesome moral. Her essays possess a peculiar charm in their vivacity, ease, and perpetual good humor. With these pleasing traits, they combine a rare degree of shrewd observation, and keen insight into character. The present volume contains many of her most characteristic productions. It will be welcomed by a wide circle of readers, who have learned to associate with her name a genial wisdom and large sympathies, rarely united in a popular author.——*The Evening Book*, by Mrs. KIRKLAND, is issued, in a new edition, by C. Scribner, and we are confident will make new friends with the new year.

Shakspeare and his Times, by M. GUIZOT. This is a reprint of an essay which first appeared as an introduction to the French edition of Shakspeare, published in 1821. The essay is followed by a series of notices of the leading dramas, in which the principles of art which it maintains are more fully developed and illustrated. The views presented by Guizot in this work are the fruit of profound study and reflection. Acute, logical, and unimpassioned, he subjects the immortal productions of Shakspeare to a rigid analysis, and it can not be denied, he accomplishes his task with remarkable impartiality, treating the great English dramatist with a degree of justice which he has rarely enjoyed from French critics. Like all the writings of Guizot, the tone of this volume is temperate and subdued—it aims at truth rather than originality—and is never seduced by the love of speculation into the exercise of merely ingenious and fanciful reasonings. As the deliberate judgment of one of the most discreet and intelligent writers in French literature, on numerous important questions of dramatic art, it will form an acceptable contribution to the extensive library of Shaksperian criticism. (Harper and Brothers.)

Ancient Christianity Exemplified, by LYMAN COLEMAN. In this erudite work, we have a complete survey of the public and private life of the primitive Christians, and of the original institutions of the Church. The author has made diligent use of the works of Arnold, Cave, and Bingham, as well as of the more recent authorities—Neander, Augusti, Böhmer, Guericke, and other standard German writers on ecclesiastical history. But he has won a higher merit than that of the mere compiler. His work every where betrays a sound judgment, critical discrimination, a careful balancing of evidence, a felicitous grouping of details, and a practiced sense and relish, if we may so call it, of Christian antiquity. It is brought out at a seasonable moment, when so many questions of doctrine and duty are discussed by appeals to the primitive age. A more extensive, and, we venture to say, a more trustworthy collection of materials on the subject, is not to be found in the whole compass of our historical literature. The author is a decided advocate of the parity of the priesthood, and the independence of the churches, in the primitive ecclesiastical constitution; but, so far as we can perceive, does not permit his convictions to interfere with the impartiality of his statements or the candor of his reasonings. He has produced a volume, which, for thoroughness of research, and sobriety of treatment, is rarely surpassed, and which forms a highly creditable evidence of the progress of sacred letters in this country. (Philadelphia: Lippincott, Grambo & Co.)

A Hero is the title of a charming tale by the gifted author of "Olive" and "The Ogilvies," written especially for the young, but adapted by its truth of feeling and beauty of expression to captivate readers of every age. The author describes it "as a sketch of boyish life, too simple to be called a tale," and "intended for the amusement of all boys, a race whom she heartily loves, from the petticoated urchin to the big hobbledehoy." (Harper and Brothers.)

Romance of Student Life Abroad, by RICHARD B. KIMBALL. A new work by the original and vigorous author of "St. Leger." Under the garb of a student's adventures in Paris, it exhibits a series of pictures of European life, marked by an exceeding fineness of observation, and a quaint felicity of phrase. The construction of the volume presents an agreeable alternation of description and story, and the spirit of genial vitality with which it is pervaded makes it a singularly attractive production. The seventh edition of "St. Leger," just announced, is a well-merited tribute to the continued popularity of that work. (G. P. Putnam and Co.)

John S. Taylor has published *The Daughters of Zion*, by Rev. S. D. BURCHARD, D.D. Another attempt to present the venerable characters of Sacred History in the fashionable costume of modern times. Though we regard such experiments as of doubtful utility, we think the present writer has shown considerable ability and good taste in the composition of his volume. His style often rises to eloquence, and the moral reflections in which he profusely indulges are softened by a healthy dash of natural feeling.

The Temperance Reformation, by Rev. LEBBEUS ARMSTRONG, is a record of facts illustrative of the progress of the total abstinence principle in this country. It contains a variety of curious reminiscences, and will be read with interest. (Fowlers and Wells.)

The American Missionary Memorial, edited by the Rev. H. W. PIERSON. This seasonable work is devoted to the memory of the American Missionaries—that noble band of self-sacrificing men and women—who have departed this life in planting the doctrines of the Gospel in Pagan regions. It is introduced with an historical essay from the pen of Rev. Dr. WORCESTER, of Salem, Mass., describing the origin of American missions, and presenting many valuable reminiscences of the pioneers in that sacred enterprise. The biographies of the deceased missionaries of various Christian denominations are given by writers well qualified to do justice to the task. In a religious point of view, this volume will

be found to possess remarkable interest. The examples which it furnishes of lofty faith and devoted piety are a beautiful illustration of the efficacy of the Gospel. Rarely do we find a more striking assemblage of the choicest graces of the Christian character than was displayed in the eventful lives of these heralds of the cross. They have won the crown of martyrdom, if not by fire and blood, by the meek endurance of trials, which, in many cases, were a perpetual crucifixion. The record of their lives, moreover, has a peculiar interest as an illustration of the American character. It exhibits the same traits which have given such an impulse to civilization throughout the Western world. The missionary service has a place for heroes no less than military conquest. In the biography of these soldiers fighting under the banners of salvation, we discover an undaunted courage, a flaming zeal, and a devotion to duty, which would have insured the triumph of any secular cause. The missionary enterprise in this country was original in its conception, daring in its aspirations, and has been victorious in its accomplishment. A few obscure college students among the rugged mountains of Berkshire were the first to recognize the duty of the church in regard to the conversion of the heathen. Fifty years have not yet elapsed since, with prayer, and tears, and pledged hearts, they resolved to devote themselves to the sublime work. Commencing with cautious steps and timid hopes, they laid the foundation in secret of that living temple, whose light now extends around the globe, following the "circuit of the sun" with its shining train of immortal blessings. The world has yet to learn the extent of its obligations to the humble American missionary who has borne the seeds of Christianity and civilization to the remotest borders of heathenism, with the same energy and valor with which his countrymen have established the seats of empire among the broad prairies of the West, and on the golden shores of the Pacific. The present volume, in fact, opens a new chapter in the history of American enterprise, and as such will attract the attention of the general reader, irrespective of its numerous claims on the religious public. (Harper and Brothers.)

A Treatise on Headaches, by JOHN C. PETERS, M. D. A valuable contribution to practical medicine by an eminent Homeopathic practitioner in this city. It is founded on a German work of great celebrity, by Rückert, but much enlarged and improved by the American editor. Though following the Homeopathic method, it contains a critical report of symptoms and treatment which can not fail to give important suggestions to the faculty in general, while its hygienic directions are equally applicable under all systems of practice. (Published by William Radde.)

Bianca is the title of a new novel, by EDWARD MATURIN, son of the celebrated Irish novelist of that name, and himself a successful writer. The story introduces us to many exciting scenes, both in Ireland and Italy, and is related with great vividness of language and brilliancy of description. The plot, which unfolds the darker passions of the human heart, is managed with adroitness, and fully sustains the attention of the reader by its startling revelations. Mr. Maturin, we have no doubt, will obtain an honorable place in the literature of his adopted country. (Harper and Brothers.)

Discovery and Exploration of the Mississippi Valley, by JOHN GILMARY SHEA. (Redfield.) This volume contains an original history of the exploration of the Mississippi, with a life of Marquette, drawn from rare and authentic early Spanish and French authorities. It reproduces also the narratives of Marquette, Allouez, Membré, Hennepin, and Anastase Douay. We welcome it as a proof of increasing interest in antiquarian research among the scholars of the New World, commending the good taste exhibited in its preparation, and the beauty of its exterior, which is in Redfield's usual superior style of typography.

The Romance of the Revolution, edited by OLIVER B. BUNCE, is a collection of anecdotes and traditions relating to the War of Independence, which presents in a brilliant light the chivalrous adventures called forth by the struggles of the early patriots for the freedom of their country. If some of the incidents here recorded have rather an apocryphal air, they yet serve to illustrate the spirit of the time, and present the truth more vividly to the imagination than the more formal pages of history. The volume is eminently adapted to popular reading. (Bunce and Brothers.)

The History of Romulus, by JACOB ABBOTT. A new volume of Mr. Abbott's historical series, of which the previous issues have been received with so much favor as useful and pleasant works for juvenile reading. Without accepting the principles of critical skepticism, which have placed the ancient Roman history in a new light, Mr. Abbott interweaves the popular traditions into his narrative, and presents in an attractive style the incidents and anecdotes which have floated down to us from a remote period of antiquity. We need not say that Mr. Abbott tells the story well. (Harper and Brothers.)

A collection of BARRY CORNWALL'S *Essays and Tales in Prose*, has been published by Ticknor, Reed and Fields, in two volumes, comprising his contributions to various periodicals for several years. Many of the tales are models of simple and touching pathos, while the critical essays are marked by rare discrimination and delicacy of taste. Barry Cornwall's prose writings have much of the sweet and tender beauty which give such an exquisite charm to his poetry. They are radiant with the softened light of a prolific imagination, blending the refinement of a woman's heart with masculine sense. The publication of this edition is a commendable literary enterprise, and can not fail to meet with public favor.

The World's Laconics, by EVERARD BERKELEY. (Published by M. W. Dodd.) A selection of brief extracts, in prose and verse, from several of the most distinguished writers in English literature. We have no overweening faith in the value of such compilations, but this may be pronounced one of the most judicious of the kind, and could not have been prepared without extensive reading and a sound judgment. Embracing a great variety of topics, and drawn from books in different departments of thought, the selections are often suggestive of important ideas, and are always of an elevated moral tone. The volume is introduced with a preface by Rev. Dr. SPRAGUE, who remarks, "that he can not doubt it will be hailed as a valuable auxiliary to the cause of intelligence and virtue."

Of a new poet, to whom we have before alluded, as exciting some attention in England, the *London Leader* says: "It may be remembered that some weeks past, after quoting an exquisite passage from one of ALEXANDER SMITH'S poems, we expressed our surprise at no publisher having thought of collecting such remarkable poems into a volume. We

are glad to learn that two publishers offered their friendly services, and in consequence we are to see a volume early in next year. Our readers have seen enough of this young poet to feel an eager curiosity about him; and we are frequently asked a variety of questions, on the supposition that we have the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, whereas we must assure our correspondents that all we know of him is limited to the facts of his youth and residence in Glasgow, and his unquestionable genius—which is that of a born singer. Berlioz, in one of his playful tributes to Alboni's incomparable voice, expressed a wish that he were young and handsome, 'I would make Alboni love me. I would maltreat her, and after six months of wretchedness, she would be the greatest singer in the world.' Is there no cruel fair in Glasgow that can do this for Alexander Smith—plowing with sorrow the depths of his nature, distending the diapason of his lyre with more impassioned life, filling his verse with

Tears from the depths of some divine despair,

and teaching him the accents that will hereafter be the solace of the wretched? for, as our finest essayist says, 'Perhaps the greatest charm of books is that we see in them that other men have suffered what we have. Some souls we ever find who would have responded to all our agony, be it what it may. *This at least robs misery of its loneliness.*' This then is what some woman may do for him, if he be misfortunately fortunate enough. How to look at Nature and see new meanings in her evanescent forms, he can already teach us; how to look at Life and see deep symbols in its vanishing perplexities and inevitable heartaches, can only be taught by one who, like Ulysses, has gained experience through suffering."

One of BURNS's "six proper young belles" of Mauchline has just died there—Mrs. PATERSON, a widow in her eighty-seventh year. She was Burns's Miss Morton—"There's beauty and fortune to get with Miss Morton."

The Rev. WILLIAM JAY, of Bath, many of whose writings have long been widely popular, has just resigned the pastorate of the Congregational church in Bath, of which he has been minister for the extraordinary period of sixty-three years. A meeting was held on the occasion, when a retiring annuity was granted to the venerable minister. Mr. Jay's name is associated with many memorable events in the ecclesiastical affairs of England. He was associated with the early founders of the London Missionary Society, the Bible Society, and other institutions which have since become of national importance.

A recent London journal in noticing *The Napoleon Dynasty*, issued in this city by Cornish, Lamport, and Co., has the following just remarks on the biographies of Bonaparte. They find an illustration, we flatter ourselves, in Mr. ABBOTT'S *Memoirs of Napoleon*, now publishing in our Magazine. "It is certainly only America that could have produced even a tolerably impartial history of the Bonaparte family. Our transatlantic brethren were merely spectators of the military drama of Napoleon the Great; but nearly all Europe were participators. It is, therefore, not to be expected that from any of the nations antagonistically opposed to the French Emperor a fair history of himself and family would emanate. In searching through our own literature, we must be struck with the contrary estimates different authors have formed of Napoleon's character; one sets him on a pinnacle as a model of noble heroism, while another tramples him under foot, and denounces him as a blood-thirsty, ambitious usurper. In the work now before us the middle course is taken; the Emperor is drawn as a great general and statesman, but not as a faultless one."

The critic adds in regard to the volume alluded to.

"This book professes to be an impartial history of the Bonaparte family; a race of men and women who were all, more or less, possessed of some prominent characteristic that placed them above the ordinary herd of human kind. The work has been elaborately prepared, and the greatest care and judgment shown in the selection of the materials from which it is compiled; and we are informed in the publisher's introduction that the pens of the first American writers have been engaged in the production. The book is divided into short paragraphs, a form admirably adapted for historical works, as it in some measure prevents authors from making needless digressions, and is at the same time well calculated to impress the subject on the reader's mind. Parts of the work are written in a brilliant style, others in a pleasant, anecdotal manner, and the whole is clear and comprehensive."

The French Papers announce a forthcoming work of considerable interest, if only executed with moderate skill and trustworthiness, viz, *Mémoires secrets pour servir à l'Histoire de Russie sous Pierre le Grand et Catherine Ière*. It is said to be compiled from authentic and inedited documents. Unhappily, French Memoirs, though incomparably amusing, are but little renowned for truth; and we must wait for the proofs of authenticity before yielding ourselves to these revelations.

A translation into French of Mr. MACAULAY'S *History of England*, by the Baron JULES DE PEYRONNET, is announced to appear at Paris in the course of a few days.

EUGENE SUE has been spending the summer on the shores of Lake Annecy in Savoy, and during his sojourn there has finished a new romance, called *La Marquise Cornelia d'Allfi*, which is probably already in the hands of the printer. A new work, also, by KARL GUTZKOW, a pendant to the *Ritter von Geiste*, is shortly expected.

M. de LAMARTINE continues his literary labors with extraordinary industry. He has just brought out another volume, the seventh, of his *History of the Restoration;* and the eighth and last is to appear before the end of the month. It is generally asserted in Paris that Bonaparte has pressed him to accept a senatorship with a salary, but that he has refused.

A correspondent of the *London Literary Gazette*, speaking of the state of affairs in Paris, remarks: "The plight to which literary men are reduced is wretched in the extreme. Hundreds of them are in the fangs of starvation; each day's existence which they pass is a sort of miracle accomplished. The rest have procured employment as commercial clerks, or in lower capacities; or have retired to their families in the country to live on charity. Newspaper writers and reporters, who were thrown out of employment by hundreds on the suppression of so many newspapers, have also had to turn their hands to all

manner of things. A few days ago I met a once famous editor whose 'slashing articles" used to make a great noise last year, who earnestly assured me that he could let me have any quantity of the best hay and oats on most moderate terms, with 2 per cent. discount for cash; and a clever parliamentary reporter and *feuilletoniste* of my acquaintance has turned trader in babies' cradles. Another editor whom I know, boasts that he is still in what he calls 'the enlightenment line;' inasmuch as, though he is no longer able to enlighten the people by his lucubrations, he enlightens them by lighting the lamps; which means that he has got a place in a gas company. But the fellows who are thus provided are, after all, lucky dogs. Too many of their brethren with seedy coats and wan looks, are obliged to shun their accustomed haunts, or to borrow money to make such sad advertisements as that which has been going the round of the papers during the last few days. 'A young man, formerly editor of one of the provincial newspapers, earnestly solicits any sort of employment, to enable him to maintain his young family,'—while at least one of them, burdened with children, has, if report speaks truly, been placed in the lamentable situation of having to make the same defense as Crabbe's vagrant:

'My crime!—this sick'ning child to feed,
I seiz'd the food your witness saw;
I knew your laws forbade the deed,
But yielded to a stronger law!'"

The tribute paid to poets is seldom in the current coin of the realm. An exception has, however, recently been made in favor of SCHILLER and his heirs—a M. Leidersdorff having bequeathed to his male descendants, forever, a pension of 60*l.* a year, "as a tribute of admiration to the poet's genius."

We have to notice two fresh additions to the Goethe literature of Germany—*Charlotte von Kalb, and her relations to Schiller and Goethe;* and GOETHE'S *Sprache und ihr Geist*, by Dr. LEMAN, head master of the Gymnasium at Marienwerder. The former is an extract from the private memoirs of Frau von Kalb, whose friendship for the two great poets is so well known. The last-named work is a digest of the peculiarities of Goethe's style, which the author seems to recommend. Either of the two books may possibly be of interest to the friends of German literature in this country.

Died Nov. 11, at the age of about 63 or 64, GIDEON ALGERNON MANTELL, LL.D., F.R.S., the renowned geologist. Dr. Mantell imbibed, at an early period of his life, a taste for natural history pursuits, and having fixed his residence as a medical practitioner at Lewes, was led to devote himself, with great natural enthusiasm, to the investigation of the fossils of the Chalk and of the Wealden of Sussex. In 1812–15, Dr. Mantell commenced forming, at Lewes, the magnificent collection of 1300 specimens of fossil bones, which is now in the British Museum; and in 1822 appeared his "Fossils of the South Downs," a large quarto work, with forty plates, engraved by Mrs. Mantell, from drawings by the author. Another work was published by him about the same time, entitled "The Fossils of Tilgate Forest," and compared with the geological literature of the period in which they were written, they are meritorious productions. In 1825 Dr. Mantell was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society, and he has contributed some important papers to its "Philosophical Transactions." For his memoir "On the Iguanodon" he had the honor, in 1849, to receive the Royal Medal. He was also an active member of the Geological Society, and in 1835 was presented with the Wollaston Medal and Fund, in consideration of his discoveries in fossil comparative anatomy generally. From Lewes Dr. Mantell removed about this period to Brighton, and his collection being materially added to, was purchased by the Trustees of the British Museum for the sum of £5000. Upon this he removed to the neighborhood of London. Dr. Mantell took great delight in imparting to others a knowledge of his favorite science; he was fluent and eloquent in speech, full of poetry, and extremely agreeable in manners to all who manifested an admiration of his genius. He now turned his attention to the more popular and attractive works for which his name will be chiefly remembered, "Wonders of Geology," "Medals of Creation," "Geological Excursions round the Isle of Wight," and an enlarged edition of his "Thoughts on a Pebble," all of which are profusely illustrated, and have passed through several editions. His latest work was a handbook to the organic remains in the British Museum, entitled "Petrifactions and their Teachings." To these may be added "Thoughts on Animalcules," and "A Pictorial Atlas of Fossil Remains," selected from Parkinson's and Arlis's palæontological illustrations; and among his early productions, a handsome quarto narrative, with portraits, of the "Visit of William IV. and Queen Adelaide to the Ancient Borough of Lewes," which included some original poetry. Dr. Mantell, was a most attractive lecturer, filling the listening ears of his audiences with seductive imagery, and leaving them in amazement with his exhaustless catalogue of wonders.

Mr. HENRY FYNES CLINTON, one of the most learned and accomplished scholars of his day, died last month. The "Fasti Hellenici" and "Fasti Romani," are works which entitle him to the high place he holds in modern classical literature.

We have to announce the death of Dr. SCHOLZ one of the most distinguished oriental scholars of Germany. He was senior member of the Faculty of Theology at Bonn, and a Professor in the University of that town. He studied Persian and Arabic under the celebrated Sylvestre de Sacy of Paris, brought out a new critical edition of the New Testament, for which he consulted innumerable original documents; made a complete literary and scientific exploration of Alexandria, Cairo, Central Egypt, Palestine, Syria, Marmarica, &c., and published accounts thereof. He also wrote several volumes on France, Switzerland, &c. He has bequeathed his valuable collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman manuscripts, antiquities and coins, together with his very valuable library, to the University of Bonn.

The Abbé GIOBERTI, who was so closely concerned in the affairs of Italy in 1848, has just expired in Paris of an attack of apoplexy, at the age of forty-five. He was President of the Council in the Cabinet of King Charles Albert, and after the battle of Novara, in March, 1849, was sent to Paris as Minister Plenipotentiary.



A DESIGN, SHOWING HOW THE PRETTY HOODS NOW WORN MIGHT BE MADE USEFUL, AS WELL AS ORNAMENTAL.



THE NET PROCEEDS.



SEASONABLE.

SLEIGH DRIVER. "Take a little turn out o' town this fine morning?"



HIGHLY INTERESTING.

"Seen that Party lately?"
"What! the Party with the Wooden Leg, as come with—"
"No, no—not that Party. The Party, you know, as—"
"Oh! Ah! I know the Party you mean now."
"Well! a Party told me as he can't agree with that other Party, and he says that if another Party can't be found to make it all square, he shall look out for a Party as will."
(*And so on for half an hour.*)

Fashions for Mid-winter.



FIGURE 1.—HOME OR WALKING DRESS. FIGURE 2.—FULL DRESS FOR VISITS.

FIGURE 1.—HOME OR WALKING DRESS.—Hair in double bandeaux; in the lower one the hair from outside toward the inside. It comes very low on the ears, and is continued behind. A plat passes across the top of the head, and the bandeau formed of the upper hair also turns inward. This bandeau, larger than the under one, is also continued behind, and meets the other in the back hair. Redingote of *armure royale*. Body tight, continued on the hips, and rounding off behind. To avoid plaits this body is cut in a peculiar manner—that is, the sides are in three parts. Skirt sewed to the bottom of the body; very full-gathered at the sides and behind; almost plain in front. On the seams of the body, the edge of the lappet, and the front of the skirt is laid flat an insertion of black galloon nearly an inch wide, on which are set pretty velvet buttons. The sleeve is composed of three parts: 1st, that of the top of the arm, two and a half inches long; 2d, the bouillon, pretty wide, seven inches in length, and cut slanting; 3d, the gathered frill, five inches deep. Each part of the sleeve is separated by a galloon like that on the dress. Collar and sleeves of Venice guipure.

FIGURE 2.—FULL DRESS FOR VISITS.—Velvet bonnet. Brim very narrow, and edges turned back, sloping off well from the cheeks, and not very forward on the forehead. This bonnet is worn rather back; it is trimmed with a bow of satin ribbon and two rolled feathers. Along each cheek inside are bows of ribbon, mixed with a narrow blonde, and on one side a short curled feather proceeds from the knot and turns round the bottom of the brim. The hair is arranged in voluminous waved bandeaux, filling the interior of the brim. The *Embassadress Mantle*, a velvet par-dessus, trimmed with silk guipure. The top is close and high; hooked down the front from the neck to the waist. The bottom of the forepart has square ends, the corner being cut off. The bottom is much wider than the upper part, which is hollowed out a good deal to make way for the arms. The whole depth from the neck to the bottom is just a yard. This garment is hollowed at the waist be-

hind, and what may be called the skirt forms large flutes behind, which round off on the fullness of the dress. The total length behind is from 37 to 38 inches. The ornament figures at the top a kind of *Gabrielle* collar, formed by a guipure, with Gothic indentations about six inches deep, put on without gathers to an insertion of two and a half inches wide, which is sewed flat on the velvet, and at the bottom of which is gathered a rich Gothic guipure twelve inches deep. The guipure of both top and bottom, by diminishing it, is brought forward without fullness, and ends at the lowest hook of the fore part. A similar ornament runs round the bottom and the part cut away for the arm; but the guipure that heads this trimming and the insertion to which it is sewed are narrower; since, including the flounce, the whole is not above twelve inches, half on the velvet, and half falling on the dress. The lining is quilted satin. Dress of *Napoleon* velvet, the fashionable color. This tissue is a kind of *gros de Tours; spoliné* crosswise.



FIGURE 3. THE MONTMORENCY.

Ready-made garments, including in particular every thing pertaining to the mantle genus, hold a prominent place among the novelties of winter toilet, and present an almost infinite variety both in cut and ornament. The full and fluted form has decidedly the preference over the paletot kind. The present cut is extremely elegant, and drapes a lady admirably, without any appearance of scantiness. There is, however, one article of female costume which is never likely to go out of favor. No made up outer garment can ever dethrone it. This is the *Shawl*. It has outlived every conceivable variety of paletot, cloak, and mantle, and has been and will always be looked upon as elegant and charming as ever. The most that fashion can do is to introduce changes in the patterns and colors which ornament it. At present the Cashmere has followed the prevailing impulse of the fashionable taste, and has become fantastic, original, fairy-like. Those which are embroidered with gold or silk of innumerable shades and hues, are especially in favor at the present moment. The *Alvandar* or *Arlequin* Cashmeres, are much in vogue in Paris. They have different patterns in four squares, so as to represent four shawls at once. Of the innumerable varieties of the mantle kind, we present the two which, on account of their novelty and simplicity, present the greatest claims upon the regards of our fair countrywomen.

MONTMORENCY.—Cloak of wide velvet, slantwise without seams. The hood is round and gathered at the edges. The opening that forms the sleeve is trimmed with a biais sewed on, 5½ inches wide by 25 long, exclusive of what turns back on the arm. The total length in front is 36 inches, and behind 40½. The hood is 9 inches deep. CZARINE BONNET.—The edge is made of a *hermine* ribbon with a satin border, No. 16; the imitation of ermine in this ribbon is perfect. The ribbon occupies nearly the whole width of the brim, which is rounded and *close* rather than *open*. All the rest of the bonnet is composed of biais laid one on the other, so as to reach down to the curtain. On each side of the crown, and turning on the curtain, are two ostrich feathers. The strings are of ermine ribbon, No. 40. This model is excellent of a heart's-ease color.



FIGURE 4.—THE FRILEUSE.

FRILEUSE.—The skirt is cut slanting, coming on the arm, and forming a sleeve. At the top of the skirt is a plain pelerine, ending at the bend of the arm, and showing the fullness better. CARDINAL BONNET.—White terry velvet crown, forming a fanchon on the curtain. The brim is composed of a very fine blonde alternating with a roll of terry velvet, at the foot of which is a roll of satin. Four ostrich feathers form a wreath below the crown as far as the bottom of the cheeks, following the top of the curtain.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

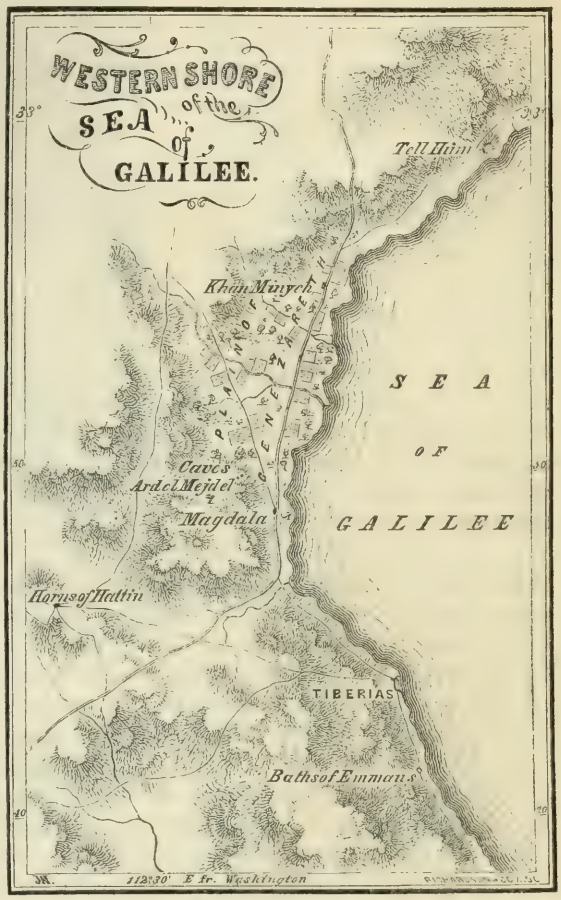
No. XXXIII.—FEBRUARY, 1853.—Vol. VI.

MEMOIRS OF THE HOLY LAND.*

BY JACOB ABBOTT.

THE SEA OF GALILEE.

THE province of Galilee may be regarded, in some sense, as the Scotland of the ancient Hebrew kingdom. It lay on the north—forming a detached and separate territory; and was a land of mountains and lakes, and of wild and romantic scenery. It was occupied, too, like other highlands, by an active and thrifty, though plain and unpretending population. In comparison with the more wealthy and populous regions of the south, it was a land of retirement and seclusion—the retreat of the fugitive, the resting place of the weary, the refuge and sanctuary of the oppressed. Its separation from Judea was even greater in one respect than that of Scotland from her sister kingdom—the frontiers of the two Jewish territories being parted from each other by the province of Samaria, which lay between. From the geographical relations which these two great divisions of the Hebrew territory thus sustained to each other, there arose certain marked and striking distinctions between them, which it is necessary to keep constantly in mind, in reading the narrative of our Saviour's life, in order to appreciate fully the point and pertinency of the various incidents which occurred, as affected by the change of scene in passing from one of these sections to the other. Judea was central, populous, and powerful. Galilee was retired and comparatively solitary. Judea was the home of the wealthy, the aristocratic, and the proud; Galilee that of the poor, the humble, and the lowly. Thus while the one was the scene of all the great and exciting events in the Saviour's history—it was in the other that his most frequent and most successful ministrations were performed. Judea was the arena where he encountered opposition, conflict, and danger, while among the solitudes of Galilee he found retirement, peaceful communion with friends, and repose. In the former, he denounced hypocrisy and sin, contended with prejudice, withstood persecution and calumny, and faced, sometimes, throngs of infuriated enemies. In the latter, he kindly and patiently instructed auditors who heard him gladly, or walked quietly in rural solitudes with chosen friends, or retired by himself alone, into the deep recesses of the mountains, for rest, for meditation, and for prayer. In a



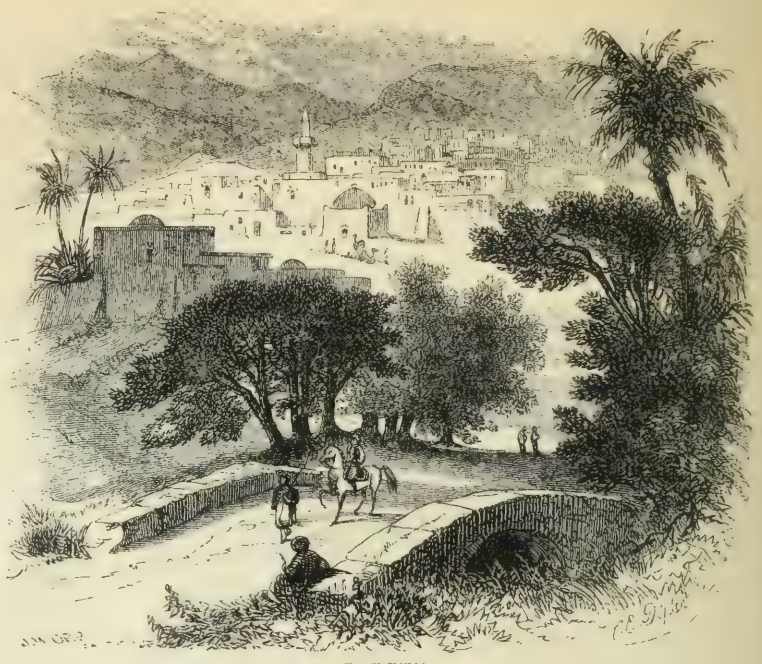
THE WESTERN SHORE.

word, in going forth into the cities of Judea, Jesus went into scenes of exposure, conflict, trial, and suffering. He came back to Galilee again to seek for safety, for communion with friends, and for repose. Judea was the field of toil and danger; Galilee was the quiet and secluded home.

The attachment which Jesus obviously felt for the Galilean ground, and the frequency with which he resorted to it during the whole course of his public career, were due, in a great measure, to the character of the people that inhabited it—who were, like other mountaineers, plain and unpretending in their manners, gentle and kind-hearted in disposition, and ever ready to listen to, and to appreciate the simple but sublime morality which the instructions of the great teacher conveyed. Their pursuits and modes of life were very simple and plain. They caught fish on the lakes, they reared flocks and herds on the mountain sides, they cultivated corn and olives in the valleys and on the slopes of the hills. They were looked down upon by the wealthier and more cultivated population of the southern king-

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

dom with that peculiar species of disdain which man in similar cases always cherishes against his fellow man. Their pursuits, the simplicity of their modes of life, their rustic habits, and their provincial dialect, all combined to stamp them, in the opinion of the aristocratic inhabitants of the metropolis, with the mark of inferiority. Even their principal town, a picturesque and rural village among the hills, was derided at Jerusalem, by the common saying, that nothing good could come from Nazareth. Thus there was a sort of opprobrium in the appellations, *Jesus of Nazareth* and *Jesus of Galilee*, by which the Saviour was usually designated at Jerusalem when spoken of by his foes, and there was a peculiar expression of scorn in the manner in which Peter was accosted by the bystanders at the door of the high priest's palace, when they said, "Thou surely art one of them, for thy *speech* betrayeth thee."



NAZARETH

THE PEOPLE OF GALILEE.

It was, perhaps, in no inconsiderable degree owing to the humble, and, in some respects, inferior position which was occupied by the people of Galilee, that they were more ready to listen to and receive instruction than their southern countrymen. The proud and haughty inhabitants of Jerusalem first despised and then hated the spiritual teachings that Jesus offered them, and he was often obliged to withdraw beyond the reach of their hostility to save his life. The Galileans, on the other hand, felt gratified and honored by the coming of such a prophet among them. They followed him from place to place, they assembled in crowds to hear his discourses, they brought the sick, the lame, the maimed, and the blind to be healed by his power. In fact, during the time of our Saviour's ministrations, and for a considerable period after his death, so large a portion of the adherents to his cause were inhabitants of this secluded province, that the Christians were known for many years by the name of Galileans, and were thus generally designated throughout the Roman world.

The favor, however, with which Jesus was regarded by the people of Galilee, was by no means uninterrupted or universal. He was very decidedly rejected by the people of Nazareth—which was virtually his native town. It is true that Jesus was actually born in Bethlehem, in fulfillment of an ancient prophecy, but his parents lived in Nazareth before his birth, and they returned to it immediately afterward; and here, with very little interruption, Jesus spent all the years of childhood, youth, and early manhood; for he did not commence his public ministrations until he was nearly thirty years of age.

The situation of Nazareth is very picturesque and beautiful. It stands upon the declivity of a hill on the western side of a secluded valley, which loses itself among mountains on the north, and to the south opens out toward the broad and fertile plain of Esdrælon. It has been visited by a constant succession of pious pilgrims now for nearly two thousand years, who go to it, attracted by the sacredness of the ground where Jesus spent so large a portion of his earthly life. All the holy localities are now inclosed within the walls of convents and churches, and are exhibited to the pilgrims who come to view them, with many ceremonial indications of veneration and awe. There is the house where Mary lived—a fountain where, during her maiden life, she was accustomed to go for water—the house in which Joseph and Mary dwelt after their marriage, and where Jesus spent his early years—and, finally, the shop where Joseph wrought as a carpenter during the childhood and youth of his son. Whether the identification of those places be imaginary or real, the ground has been visited by fifty generations of pilgrims and travelers, who have toiled through every possible difficulty and danger to reach the spot, and have gazed upon the sacred localities at last with feelings of the profoundest veneration and awe.

The early portions of our Saviour's life are passed over so cursorily by the sacred writers, that the reader sometimes does not realize how long the period was during which he remained at home, under the paternal roof, in a strictly private station, and employed like other young men of his native village, in the plain and unpretending duties of private life. Jesus not only spent the period of childhood among the simple villagers of Nazareth, but he was *ten years* with them as a man. He did not leave his early home to enter upon the duties of his public ministry until he was thirty years of age. Of course the people of Nazareth knew him very intimately in

all the relations of common and social life, and when subsequently, after entering upon his public ministrations, he returned to his native town, and presented himself before his former neighbors and friends in the capacity of a prophet and religious reformer, they rejected and derided his authority; and on one occasion they were aroused to such a degree of animosity against him, on account of certain sentiments which he expressed, obnoxious to their Jewish prejudices, that they seized him in the streets, and taking him without the city, were going to throw him down from a precipice. But he, as the sacred narrative expresses it, "passing through the midst of them, went his way."*



THE TUMULT AT NAZARETH.

Travelers who visit Nazareth at the present time, find several precipices near the city, well suited, apparently, to the dreadful purpose which the enemies of the Saviour had at this time in view. The one, however, which is shown as the true locality, is situated at a distance of two miles from the present town, and is on the brow of the hill which overlooks the great plain to the south of Nazareth. This distance, however, would seem to be too great to answer the conditions of the narrative. The sacred writer says that they led their victim to the brow of "the hill on which their city was built." Besides, it has been thought not probable that a mob, under such circumstances of sudden excitement, would go so far to accomplish a purpose which might so easily have been accomplished nearer. Some modern scholars have inferred, therefore, either that the ancient city of Nazareth was on a different spot from that occupied by the modern town, or else that tradition errs in the identification of the cliff or precipice to which the narrative refers. Such inferences as these are, however, obviously very little to be relied upon. For the precipice in question, though distant from the city, forms still the brow of a part of the hill on which the town is built; and we may imagine a thousand circumstances occurring in the course and progress of such riot as this, which should protract it in duration, and postpone the consummation of it, and carry the parties concerned in it far away from the spot where the violence first began. Besides, tradition—though a very unsafe guide in respect to truth—is found very seldom to err in respect to localities. The facts related in an ancient legend may very likely never have occurred, but in those cases where they have occurred, it is very seldom that the scene of the transaction is to be looked for in any other place than that to which the legend assigns it.

With the exception of the hostility which the ministrations of Jesus awakened among his fellow-townsmen in Nazareth, he was generally very favorably received by the plain and unpretending inhabitants of the Galilean hills. It was in these silent and secluded regions that the greatest crowds assembled to follow his footsteps, to witness his miracles, and to listen to his words. Here he found his warmest and most devoted friends. It was here too that he was accustomed to seek retirement and seclusion, in quiet rambles on mountain sides or along the sea shore, sometimes in company with a few chosen followers, and sometimes entirely alone. In a word, with the exception of a few great public transactions connected with the opening and closing events of the Saviour's life, the whole period of his earthly existence was spent among the secluded and romantic scenery of Galilee, and a very large proportion of the most important of the events of his history took place on the shores and in the immediate environs of the romantic lake which is the subject of the present memoir.

THE SEA.

The lake is known, among its other appellations, by the name of the Sea of Galilee, though it must be considered as deriving its claim to so imposing a designation from its historical importance, and not from its magnitude. It is simply a fresh-water lake, extending about eighteen miles from north to south, and perhaps six or eight in the other direction. It is surrounded by mountains, which on the eastern side rise in most places precipitously and sublimely from the very margin of the water. On the western shore the ascent is more gradual, and in some places, especially toward the north, there lie between the upland and the water, broad tracts of level or undulating land, which are very fertile and easily tilled. These portions of the borders of the lake were occupied, in ancient times, by a very considerable rural population

* Luke iv. 29, 30.

The people cultivated the fertile land for corn, wine, and oil, and they built towns, for the uses of commerce or for the purpose of protection, at such points as were most convenient for the special ends in view—sometimes in the openings of the valleys which communicated with the interior of the country, and sometimes on the shores of the sea. Chorazin, Bethsaida, Capernaum, and Tiberias, seem to have been the principal of these towns, so far as we can judge from the allusions to them contained in the sacred narrative, and they must all have been situated on the western and northwestern shores of the sea, though, of them all, Tiberias is now the only one whose site can be positively and precisely identified. The localities of the rest are variously assigned to the different groups of ruins which abound throughout the region, according to the varying conclusions to which geographers and scholars are respectively led, in exploring the grounds, and in applying to them the descriptions and allusions of ancient history.

SCENERY OF THE VALLEY.

It will readily appear, from what has been said, that the Sea of Galilee, with the fertile plains and valleys that surround it, formed a vast basin; and so regular and symmetrical was its general form, that almost the whole extent of it could be surveyed from any of the loftier elevations within which it was inclosed. The view of the valley as thus seen, formed a spectacle which varied greatly in its character, from time to time, according to the condition of the atmosphere and the state of the sky. It was sometimes inexpressibly beautiful, and sometimes it was sombre and sublime. When the sun was bright and the sky was clear, and when, especially toward evening, the oblique and declining rays of the great luminary brought out the contrasts of light and shade, and exhibited in bold relief the undulations of distant hills, the whole scene presented the aspect of a paradise. The clear blue waters of the lake—the distant and softened azure of the mountains—the variegated hues of green and brown exhibited in the fertile and cultivated plains—the groves, the orchards, the white-walled towns crowning distant eminences or adorning capes and promontories along the shore—the green valleys, the smooth and rounded hills—all combined to form a picture of extreme and indescribable beauty. At other times, and under a different aspect of the heavens, the whole character and expression of the scene would be entirely changed. Dark clouds would canopy the sky, and, by shutting out the beams of the sun, extinguish at once all the brightness and beauty of the scene. The green and golden colors of the cultivated fields would disappear, and in place of their rich and brilliant beauty would be displayed one broad and monotonous expanse—dim, dark, and shadowy in outline, and enveloped in mists and gloom. The mountain summits at such times were shut out from view, and even their lower declivities half concealed, by driving showers of sleet and rain, while the surface of the lake ruffled and blackened by the wind and by the reflection of the angry sky, tossed itself into billows which chased each other angrily to the shore. Between these two extremes, the great valley of Galilee assumed at various times every possible phase that the changes and combinations of grandeur and beauty in mountain scenery can display.

NATURAL CURIOSITIES.

Two geological phenomena of a somewhat extraordinary character, which mark the region that we have been describing, were observed in very ancient times by the inhabitants, and have borne at various periods, subsequent to that time, important relations to the events that have occurred in the history of the valley. The first of these natural curiosities are the dens and caves of Magdala. The rocks of which the strata are composed in the vicinity of the sea of Galilee—as is in fact often the case in that quarter of the world—consist to a great extent of a sort of cavernous limestone, which through the presence perhaps of elastic gases pent up within the substance of the rock at the time of its formation, or through the action of water flowing for ages through the secret fissures of the strata after the mass was formed, is perforated in many parts with openings and chambers, which, when the entrances to them communicate with the open air, form dens and caves, that become the haunts of wild beasts, and, in some states of society, the



THE DENS.

dwellings or the fortresses of men. These dens and caves are found, at the present day, at various places along the borders of the lake, in the rocks that face the water, and more especially in the sides of a valley which opens out on the western side a short distance to the northward of Tiberias, at the place where, as is supposed, was situated the ancient Magdala. We shall have occasion to allude to the caves of Magdala more fully in the sequel.

The other of the two great natural curiosities for which the shores of the Sea of Galilee are remarkable, is a group of springs, from which very copious supplies of hot and steaming water have been constantly issuing without cessation

or apparent change for every day and hour of the long period of twenty centuries, during which the locality has been under the observation of man. These springs are situated at a spot a little south of the city of Tiberias. They are very near the shore. The water comes out from them in great abundance, and when left to itself, flows in smoking streamlets across the beach to the sea. The place was called in ancient times by the name of Emmaus—or rather by the Hebrew original from which that word is derived—signifying *warm baths*. There is another Emmaus, or group of hot springs, seven or eight miles northward from Jerusalem, where a considerable village existed in the time of our Saviour. It is to this last that allusion is made in the account of the conversation of Jesus with his disciples, after his resurrection, given in Luke xxiv. 13.

What can be the nature of the subterranean mechanism which can thus send up a healing fountain of waters, with so exhaustless a force that after two thousand years of copious and ceaseless flow there is found to be no diminution in the supply, the most searching scrutiny of geological science has not been able to discover. The water comes to the surface, not pure, but impregnated with saline and sulphureous ingredients, imparting to it certain medicinal powers, which gave the springs, from the very earliest periods, a great repute for their healing virtues. The sick repaired to them to drink and to bathe in



THE FOUNTAIN AT EMMAUS IN ANCIENT TIMES.

the water, and the town of Tiberias itself is supposed to have had its origin, like the watering-places of modern days, in the desire of these visitors and their friends to reside in the vicinity of the fountains. The first full and formal account we have of the building of the Tiberias of history, is given by Josephus, who wrote nearly a century after the Christian era. He ascribes the foundation of the city to Herod Antipas, who named it Tiberias, as Josephus says, in honor of Tiberius, the Roman emperor. The town is mentioned, however, in the New Testament, and there is little doubt, that though Herod may have greatly enlarged, and perhaps wholly rebuilt the town, yet that some sort of town or village had stood upon the spot from a period far antecedent to his day.

JESUS AT THE TOWN OF NAZARETH.

Our Saviour commenced his ministrations in Judea. The first instance of his withdrawing thence into the retirement and seclusion of Galilee, was on the occasion of the persecution of John the Baptist, by Herod. When he heard that John was cast into prison, he departed from Judea into Galilee.* Here he immediately began to preach the Gospel, traveling, as he did so, from place to place, and visiting the various towns and villages, for the purpose of addressing the people in the synagogues and other public places. His preaching attracted great attention. Wherever he went he was favorably received. The people who saw and heard him, listened eagerly to his simple, but sublime and impressive eloquence, and honored him as a prophet; and beyond the circle which he personally reached in his journeyings, "there went out a fame of him through all the region round about."†

At length he came to Nazareth, and addressed his fellow townsmen in the synagogue there, in a manner which led to the difficulty that has already been described, and which resulted in an attempt, on the part of the people, to throw him down from a precipice in the neighborhood of the city. The manner in which this difficulty grew out of the address which Jesus made to the people of Nazareth, was striking and peculiar, and yet, at the same time, exceedingly characteristic of the ideas and sentiments of the times. In the course of the address which Jesus made, he read a portion of the Old Testament scriptures, containing a prophecy of the coming Messiah, and then in a very gentle but distinct and unequivocal manner, proceeded to claim that the prophecy which he had read was fulfilled in *him*. The people received this announcement with great surprise. "Is not this Joseph our carpenter's son?" said they, one to another. They were pleased, the sacred writer informs us, with the mild and gentle but impressive eloquence of the speaker, and approved the moral sentiments which he uttered; but they could not believe that their plain and unpretending townsman could really be the great Redeemer and Deliverer of Israel, whose coming and kingdom had been so imposingly and sub-

* Mathew iv. 12. † Luke iv. 14, 15.

finely prefigured in the predictions of David and Isaiah.

In reply to their expressions of unbelief, Jesus said to them, calmly, that it was nothing uncommon or strange for a Jewish prophet to be rejected by his own countrymen, and that in such cases the boon which the chosen people of God evinced a disposition to reject, had been in the former history of the nation, bestowed upon foreigners and strangers. There were many destitute widows, he said, in the time of the great famine which raged in the days of Elijah the prophet, among the people of Israel, but on account of their disbelief, the prophet was sent to a widow of Sarepta, a Gentile city. And, subsequently, in the days of Elisha, there were many lepers in Israel, but they were all passed by, and the healing power of the prophet was only exerted in behalf of Naaman, a *Syrian*. This suggestion of the possibility that Gentiles could, under any circumstances, receive precedence and preference over Jews, as objects of the divine favor and regard, awakened the animosity and hatred of the Nazarenes against Jesus so strongly, that a violent tumult ensued, and it was in the course of this tumult that Jesus was hurried away to the brow of the precipice, with the intention on the part of his enemies to throw him down and dash him to pieces. But in some way or other—not very fully explained in the sacred narrative—he made his escape from them and went his way.

JESUS AT THE SEA OF GALILEE.

In consequence of these occurrences Jesus left Nazareth, and afterward seldom returned to it again. During the remaining portion of his life, the shores of the Sea of Galilee, and the mountains and valleys in the immediate vicinity of it, formed his principal abode; and many of the most striking and interesting portions of the New Testament narrative, consist of accounts of the various excursions and adventures of Jesus and his disciples, of which the shores and environs of this secluded lake were the scene. The earliest and most prominent of the twelve apostles, his most intimate and chosen friends, were fishermen, whom, in his walks along the shore, he found engaged with their boats and fishing tackle on the margin of the water. Sometimes he entered the towns of Capernaum, Chorazin, and Bethsaida, which seem to have been situated on the northwestern shores of the sea, and preached to the people in the synagogues, or conversed with them in their houses. The excitement which his preaching and the miracles which he performed produced, became sometimes very great, and vast crowds would on such occasions assemble around him, gathered from all the villages of the surrounding country. Sometimes he would retire *with* these assemblies to some secluded ground where he could address them at length and without interruption, on the great truths and principles of religion, and sometimes he would withdraw himself *from* them—when their numbers and the excitement which attended their assembling became too great—and thus leave them to disperse quietly to their homes. In these movements, he often crossed and recrossed the sea by means of the small vessels, of which there were, it seems, in those days, great numbers in all the villages along the shore. The eastern side of the sea being mountainous and wild, was comparatively uninhabited and solitary. The western contained many villages and a broad extent of fertile and cultivated land. He was accordingly accustomed to seek the latter for the purposes of active and public service; and the former, for retirement and repose.

STORMS ON THE LAKE.

The lake, like other sheets of water similarly situated, though its surface was usually calm, being protected from the influence of ordinary breezes by the mountains around it, was very subject to sudden tempests and storms, and the disciples of Jesus were several times exposed to great danger from this source while out upon the water. A minute and very graphic account of one of these scenes is given in the sixth chapter of Luke. Jesus had crossed the sea, probably at the northern part of it, and had addressed a large assembly that gathered there to see and hear him—some of them being perhaps residents in that region, and others having come across the lake in boats or passed around on foot along the shore, in order to attend him. Through the eagerness of their interest to follow Jesus and listen to his instructions, they had come without any sufficient supply of food; and Jesus finding them at length hungry and weary and far from home, performed the celebrated miracle for their relief, of giving them an abundant supply of food, from five loaves of bread and two small fishes, which a certain lad had brought for the supply of one small party of the company. The effect of this miracle, added to the excitement which had prevailed before, was such that at the close of the feast the vast assembly began to plan an insurrection against the Roman government with a view of proclaiming Jesus, king of the Jews. To defeat this plan, Jesus directed his disciples to go back across the lake in their boat, that evening, while he himself withdrew from them and concealed himself in the mountains. The assembly supposing, very naturally, that Jesus would return in the boat with his disciples, when they found that he had disappeared from among them, repaired to the shore and remained by the boat until the disciples were ready to embark. When at length the time of embarkation came, and they saw the disciples push off from the land without their master, they could not divine where he had gone, or what had become of him. They waited on the spot for some time, inquiring for him in every part, and watching all the other boats that departed from that side, but all in vain. At length, on the following day, they gave up the search and left the ground, some recrossing the lake by such other boats as were there, and others probably going around by land. Those who went to Capernaum on reaching the other

side, found that Jesus had arrived there before them, and they wondered greatly how he could have crossed the sea. They asked him how and when he had come to Capernaum. Jesus did not give them a direct reply; but the sacred writer in narrating the story informs us, that he came down from his place of concealment among the mountains. in the night, and joined his disciples in their boat upon the sea, by miraculously walking out to them upon the water.

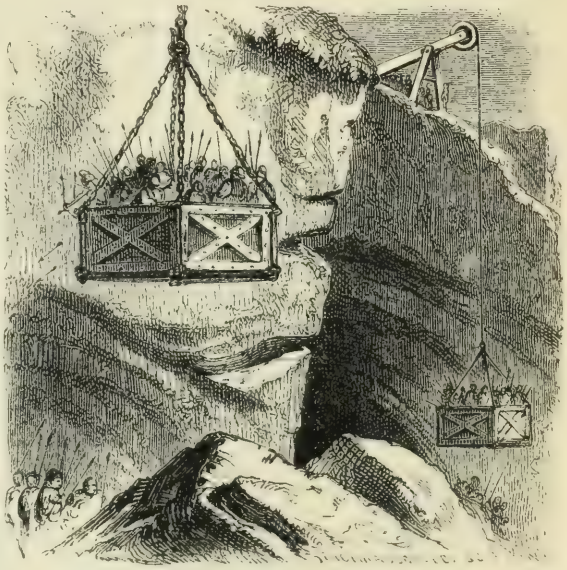
THE TOMBS.

Among the various classes of sufferers who came from time to time to Jesus for relief from mental or physical disorder and pain, in the vicinity of the Sea of Galilee, were certain frenzied men, described as possessed with devils, and as having their dwelling among the tombs.* These tombs, as they are called, were doubtless the natural dens and caves, which have already been mentioned as existing numerously in the rocks and mountains surrounding the sea. Some of these caves, especially those in the Valley of Magdala, are quite extensive, and they have been at different periods scenes of events and operations, so important, that they have acquired a considerable degree of historical celebrity. In the time of our Saviour they seem to have been the haunts of such wretched outcasts as those referred to in the passages cited above. Subsequently, in more unsettled and unquiet times, they were inhabited by organized bands of robbers, who used them as places of resort and rendezvous for maturing their plans of theft and rapine, and of retreat and concealment for themselves and their booty. These caverns were sometimes found in gloomy and frightful ravines, the entrances to them being situated far up among rocks and precipices, where they could be reached only by narrow, steep, and almost impracticable paths. The robbers found their position in these caverns so secure, that they brought their families there, and organized themselves into a regular and complete community; and, finally, at one time became so powerful, as to bid absolute defiance to all the attempts of the civil authorities of the government to dislodge them. It is true that the success of the robbers in sustaining themselves against these attempts, were aided, for a long time, by the distracted state of the country at that period, arising from the wars and commotions that then generally prevailed. At length, however, Herod came into power as the chief ruler of Galilee under the Roman government, and he, after having reduced the province at large in some degree to subjugation and order, by his headstrong and terrible decision, resolved to finish the work by the extermination of these robbers. He accordingly organized quite an army, and marched against these lawless desperadoes with as much preparation and formality, as if he had been going to attack the garrison of a walled and fortified city.

COMBAT WITH THE ROBBERS.

The caves which the robbers occupied were situated, as has already been said, in the recesses of the mountains, and the entrances to them were high up among broken and overhanging rocks, the access being doubly impeded by the steep and broken character of the approaches, and by the entangled and almost impenetrable thickets which concealed the way. To increase their security, the robbers had built walls in front of the entrances to their dens, and behind them had piled up rocks and other missiles, which they stood ready to hurl down upon all who should attempt to come near them. So complete and effectual were these means of defense, that Herod found it impracticable to reach the caverns by the ordinary approaches, and was compelled to devise some different way.

The expedient which he at length resorted to, was to let his men down to the mouths of the caverns, in chests or boxes, from the brow of the precipice above. These chests were suspended by iron chains, since ropes or cordage of any kind would have been liable to be cut off, or burned off, by the robbers. The men in the



THE ASSAULT ON THE ROBBERS.

boxes were armed with darts, spears, and arrows, as usual; and in addition to these missiles, they were provided with long poles tipped with hooks of iron, to aid them in pulling the robbers out from the caves when they should reach the entrance of them. The letting of the men down the face of the precipices in these boxes, proved to be a very difficult and dangerous operation, on account of the height of the cliffs, the weight and unmanageableness of the boxes, heavily loaded as they were with men and arms, and the difficulty of controlling them in their gradual but perilous descent. At length, however, the work was accomplished. The groups of armed men let down by this frightful machinery, at length found themselves opposite to the entrances to the caves. The robbers retreated into the interior of them. The soldiers clambered out of their boxes by means of the chains by which they were suspended, and attacked the robbers with the blind and reckless fury necessarily in-

* Matt. viii. 28; Mark v. 2; Luke viii. 26

spired by the desperate situation in which they found themselves placed—where either to kill and destroy their enemies, or to be hurled down the precipices themselves, could obviously be the only alternative.

They attacked the robbers first by darts and arrows, which they threw at random into the dark recesses of the caverns, and then, venturing a little way in, they seized with their pole-hooks the foremost and most daring of the robbers, and all that were within their reach—and, drawing them forward, impelled them over the brink of the precipice at the mouth of the caverns, down upon the rocks below. It was but a small portion, however, of the banditti that could be thus seized. The remainder drew back into the inmost recesses of their gloomy dwellings, where they fought like beasts of prey in their dens. This strange combat continued till nightfall. The soldiers then withdrew from the contest—some to the mouths of the caves, some to the boxes, and some to the cliffs above—and all waited for the morning.

In the mean time Herod, tired of a conflict so cruel, and for which there seemed, mereover, no prospect of any speedy termination, resolved to make overtures to the robbers with a view to ending the struggle. He accordingly sent a herald to offer them pardon for all their past crimes if they would now surrender. Many of the robbers accepted these terms, and gave themselves up as prisoners. But the greater portion, either because they distrusted the sincerity of the offer, or because they had become so implacably enraged against their enemies by the combat of the preceding day, refused to yield, and consequently when the morning returned, the soldiers were ordered to renew the attack, and now to show no mercy. A most furious and desperate, though protracted combat, ensued. The soldiers brought fagots and torches, and built fires in the mouths of the caves, and then pushed the burning materials in with their poles, in order to drive out or suffocate the robbers by the smoke of the fire. The caves communicated with each other, it seems, in their interior chambers, and there were also openings from them above communicating with the air. They were filled, too, in many parts with stores of fuel, food, and clothing, which formed masses more or less combustible. The fire took in these heaps from the burning fagots, and spread rapidly among them, so that the whole extent of the caverns was soon filled with smoke and flame, or with hot and suffocating vapors. The robbers fought desperately all the time to drive



THE BATTLE.

back their enemies, and to throw out the burning fagots and repress the fire; while the crackling of the flames, the shouts and outcries of the combatants, and the shrieks and screams of the women and children, flying hither and thither within the caves in terror and despair, added horror to the scene. In fact, some of the more savage and desperate of the leaders of the band became absolutely frenzied by the passions which the combat excited in them. Josephus, the historian by whom the narrative of these facts was recorded, relates that there was one man among the robbers that had seven sons, who all, with their mother, were eagerly desirous of surrendering to save their lives. This their father would not allow them to do. And when they insisted upon doing it, he stationed himself at the mouth of the cave, and hurled them all one after another down the precipice as they came out; and finally, after throwing their shrieking and frantic mother, who came out to save them, over, too, he leaped down himself, and was dashed to pieces with them on the rocks below.

PRESENT CONDITION OF THE CAVES.

How far it is safe to rely on the exact truth of such narratives as the foregoing, found in the

writings of the ancient historians, it is perhaps somewhat difficult to decide. The story, however, of the combat in the caves between the soldiers of Herod and the robbers is confirmed by whatever of corroboration there may be in the actual existence of caves answering exactly to the conditions of the narrative, as seen and described by travelers who visit the locality at the present day. One of the groups of these caverns presents the appearance of having formed once an extensive and well-defended fortress. The entrances are high up among the cliffs of the rocks, and are defended by walls built up in front of them, in such a way as to prevent all admission, except through a narrow portal. The path leading up to this portal is so narrow and steep, and so difficult of access, as to be easily defended by a very small force from above, against any number of assailants attempting to ascend from below. The caverns themselves, when explored and examined within, are found to have been artificially enlarged, and are united with each other by passages cut from one to the other in the rock. There are several deep cisterns, too, within the caverns, with conduits for filling them, by means of the water percolating through the fissures of the rock, or flowing in streamlets down the mountains after showers of rain. In a word, these subterranean chambers, though silent and deserted now, have evidently, in former times, answered the purpose of sheltering and protecting numerous and well-organized bands of wild and desperate men. The traveler who penetrates to the spot, climbs the steep and sharp turning-path that leads up to the entrance, and explores with hesitation and dread the winding passages which lead him in. There, as he wakes with his voice the echoes that slumber among the vaulted roofs above him, and looks down into the dark and damp cisterns that open below, his mind is oppressed with mingled feelings of wonder and awe. And when at length he comes out again to the light of day, he stands upon the rude parapet built to defend the portal, and, looking down upon the fertile valley below him—with its fields, its orchards, its gardens, its hamlets, and its smiling rivulet meandering peacefully toward the sea—pictures to his imagination the desperate affrays, and the terrible storms of carnage and destruction of which the now quiet and peaceful valley has often been the scene. He re-peoples the caverns with the savage desperadoes that once inhabited them, and reconstructs the encampments which were marshaled against them in the green and fertile valley below.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT.

The most full and formal of the various discourses which our Saviour delivered to his disciples, was the Sermon on the Mount—a discourse which, as it was delivered almost at the very commencement of his public ministrations, and as it contained a very complete and systematic summary of the views of moral duty which he came to inculcate upon men, may be considered as the great original and fundamental exposition of the principles of Christianity. This discourse has been read more, and has exerted a greater influence upon mankind, in an infinite degree, than any other address that was ever delivered to a human congregation. The doctrines which were advanced in it were almost wholly new, and the promulgation of them to man marked an era, as it were, in the moral history of the race. The highest moral excellence had been previously supposed to consist in a certain exaltation and loftiness of spirit, in stoical indifference to grief and pain, and in the courage and resolution displayed in resenting injuries and retaliating wrongs. Jesus, in his Sermon on the Mount, announced, with a point, and a terseness, and a beauty and brilliancy of illustration that has never been surpassed, a very different system. He portrayed the moral beauty of a quiet, gentle, unpretending, self-distrusting spirit—a spirit of patience under suffering, of forgiveness under a sense of injury and wrong, of forbearance and charity in view of the faults and failings of other men, and of humble faith and trust in God for all earthly and heavenly happiness. We have been accustomed so long to the inculcation of these sentiments, that at the present day we do not easily conceive of the interest and the surprise which the novelty of them must have awakened in the minds of those to whom Jesus Christ announced them, for the first time, in the great convocation on the mountain. The very first sentences of the discourse, which presented in the most striking manner, and without any preface or introduction whatever, the new spirit which was to pervade and characterize his instructions, must have arrested universal attention, and produced universal surprise:

"Blessed are the poor in spirit; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

"Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted.

"Blessed are the meek; for they shall inherit the earth.

"Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness; for they shall be filled."

The place which tradition points out, at the present day, as the spot where the Sermon on the Mount was delivered, is two or three miles distant from the shores of the lake, and west of Tiberias. It is a mountain, or rather hill, near a village called Hattin. The elevation is a sort of ridge, extending in an eastern and western direction, and terminating in two rounded summits, one at each end. These two summits, which are generally seen together from the various points of view along the roads in the vicinity, are called the Horns of Hattin* by the Arabs who inhabit the country. The Christians call the whole elevation the Mount of Beatitudes—the term referring to the blessings pronounced by Jesus on the graces and virtues of the Christian spirit, in the commencement of his discourse. The form of the mountain is remarkable for the

* See map at the commencement of this article.

circumstance that it is only thirty or forty feet high on the northern side, while it is about four hundred feet high on the southern side. The reason of this is, that it stands on the margin of an elevated plain, which extends to a considerable distance from it to the northward, so that in approaching it on that side the summit is attained by ascending a very gentle elevation. On reaching the summit, however, the observer looks down upon a widely-extended and magnificent view of plains and valleys to the southward, far below him.

There is a level area upon the top of the mountain, between the two horns, very suitable in form and position for the accommodation of the vast concourse which assembled to hear the discourse of the Saviour. The distance too of the locality from the lake, and the convenience of access to it from the shore, make it not improbable that this was really the ground to which Jesus withdrew with the multitudes, for the purpose of addressing them. There is, however, after all, no positive evidence of the fact, except in an ancient tradition which testifies to it; and this tradition can be traced back only about eight hundred years. There is nothing of the nature of a monument on the spot, to confirm the tradition, except one small ruin on the eastern horn, which some persons have supposed is the remains of an ancient chapel. Perhaps, however, after all, the strongest evidence that the ancient tradition in respect to this mountain is true, is found in the fact that there is no other spot around the shores of the Sea of Galilee which claims to have been the ground where the great discourse was spoken.

CAPERNAUM.

Travelers who go in modern times to explore the sacred localities in the environs of the Sea of Galilee, take great interest in the attempt to identify the site of the ancient city of Capernaum, which was the scene of so many of our Saviour's most important public ministrations. The locality of Tiberias speaks for itself—the ancient town having continued to occupy substantially the same spot, under substantially the same name, to the present day. In respect to Capernaum, however, the case is widely different. The name has ceased to exist, and not even a tradition of its sound can be traced on any spot in all the region. It is left, therefore, to the ingenuity of tourists and geographers to determine, by the result of research and learned speculations, which of the various groups of ruins which are now found on the northwestern shores of the lake are to be considered as the remains of the ancient town.

By referring to the map at the commencement of this article, the reader will observe that at Tiberias the mountains shut in close to the sea, leaving for the site of the city only a very narrow space between them and the margin of the water. The coast continues to be of this character for three or four miles to the northward of Tiberias, to Magdala, where the lowland space between the mountains and the sea widens, and forms quite an extended plain of smooth and fertile land, which is about four miles long from north to south, and in its widest part is nearly three miles broad. This plain formed the ancient land of Genesareth, so often alluded to in the sacred narratives.

At the northern extremity of this plain, there stands at the present day the ruins of an ancient *khan*, a sort of inn, such as were built in former times in various parts of the East, for the accommodation of caravans and companies of travelers. Near the khan is a large fountain, which gushes copiously out from beneath a mass of rocks, and is overshaded by a large and ancient fig tree. It is from this fig tree, in fact, or from some one of its progenitors which grew before it upon the spot, that the fountain derives its name, being called in the Arabic tongue Ain-et-Tin, which means, Fountain of the Fig Tree. The name of the ruined inn is Khan Minyeh.* The situation of the khan and of the fountain are picturesque and beautiful, the fountain being near the shore of the lake, and the khan back a little way among the hills. A stream of water, supplied by the fountain, runs off to the sea, its banks adorned with a beautiful and luxuriant fringe of vegetation. The plain of Genesareth too, which extends southwardly from the spot, is fertile and rich, and its flocks and herds, its groves and gardens, and its waving fields of grain, present at the present day a charming picture. In the immediate vicinity of the khan are mounds of ancient ruins, now entirely dilapidated and unintelligible, except so far as they indicate the former existence of a town upon the spot. This is one of the sites that claim the honor of having been the ancient Capernaum.

If now we continue our course along the northwestern shore of the sea, we find the mountains shutting in upon it again, and that so closely as scarcely to allow room for the road. In fact, the point represented on the map as projecting into the lake just north of the Fountain of the Fig Tree is a high and rocky promontory, which is only passable on the seaward side by means of a narrow and difficult path hewn in the rock, at some distance above the water. Beyond the promontory the road passes several small valleys with fountains and streams flowing from them, some of which are so copious that the power which they furnish is used for driving mills. The land here rises far less abruptly from the sea, and the road built upon the slope of it follows the line of the shore until at last the traveler arrives at another remarkable group of ruins called Tell Hûm. These ruins are situated upon a sort of swell of land projecting slightly into the lake—the land behind them rising by a gradual and gentle acclivity toward the mountains above. The road passes to the westward of the ruins, so that the traveler who wishes to explore them must leave his path and turn down to the right toward the sea.

The ruins are very extensive. They consist chiefly of the foundations and fallen walls of

* See the map at the commencement of this article.

ancient dwellings, with many hewn stones and sculptured pilasters, columns, and capitals, which evidently once formed a part of some public edifice of an extended and imposing character. One of these edifices, according to the description which Robinson gives of the ruins of it, must have been a very costly and magnificent structure. He measured one hundred and five feet along the northern wall of it, and eighty feet along the western, and was not then certain that he had obtained the full dimensions of the structure; while the ground, over and around this shore, was covered with sculptured entablatures and panels, ornamented friezes, and beautiful Corinthian capitals, all very elaborately formed. The material is a species of marble.

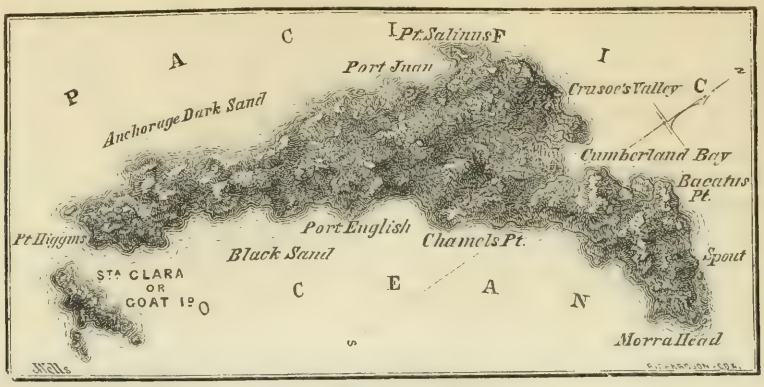
There is a sort of tradition, which can be traced back now nearly a thousand years, that these ruins are the remains of the ancient Capernaum. The site of Khan Minyeh corresponds more closely with the various allusions to the situation of the town, contained in the sacred writings, while on the other hand we have the testimony of a tolerably ancient tradition, which in respect to a locality seldom errs, in favor of Tell Hûm. The evidence being thus so nearly equally balanced, each reader may be perhaps allowed the privilege which every traveler takes, of deciding between the two localities, as his taste and fancy may dictate. The situation of Khan Minyeh is beautiful, lying as it does under the shelter of gentle and well wooded hills, and at the same time on the verge of a rich and populous plain. The ruins of Tell Hûm, on the other hand, are sublime. They occupy a wild and romantic solitude. They repose in solemn loneliness on their sea-beaten hill, with wild and desolate mountains rising behind them, and closely hemming them in. In fact the aspect of the place at the present day is inexpressibly desolate and gloomy. Ancient ruins in a solitary place, and especially on the margin of solitary waters, have always a very mournful expression; but the solemn melancholy which mingles with the meditations of the traveler who sits at evening among the nameless and forgotten ruins of this lonely hill, becomes a far deeper feeling than the sadness which such scenes as these usually inspire.



THE SEA.

THE SEA OF GALILEE AT THE PRESENT DAY.

It is only a mournful and melancholy train of thought, indeed, that the whole aspect of the Sea of Galilee can awaken in the mind of the traveler who visits it at the present day, so great have been the changes which time has wrought upon all pertaining to it, and so entirely have all that constituted its life and charm in former ages, now disappeared. The mountains and sea remain it is true; and the city of Tiberias, so far as the fatal concussions of an earthquake, which a few years ago agitated all the region, have spared its walls and its dwellings, still remains. Almost all else, however, which adorned and distinguished the shores of the sea in ancient times is scattered and gone. The population which formerly filled the plains and hill sides has almost disappeared. One solitary sail which modern travelers sometimes speak of as visible upon the lake when they are descending the steep and rugged path which leads them down the mountain side toward Tiberias, is all that remains to represent the fleets of boats and vessels which once lined its shores. Instead of wealth, cultivation, and prosperity, we now see poverty, desolation, and solitude. There are rich plains loaded with a luxuriant but useless vegetation, lonely valleys, forsaken both by the shepherd and his flocks, and instead of busy villages and thriving towns only mounds of desolate ruins, the very names of which are forgotten. It is, however, only man that has changed; Nature remains the same. The mountains, the valleys, the plains, and the sea are, in themselves, the same as ever; and they form, as the traveler looks down upon them from any of the elevations above, the same enchanting picture of lake and mountain scenery. Even the fountain of Emmaus, which was the means perhaps of first attracting human inhabitants to that spot, still continues its ceaseless and unchangeable flow—issuing from the rocks with the same bountiful supply which it furnished in the days of Abraham, and sending forth the same smoking streamlets across the beach to the sea.



MAP OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

CRUSOE-LIFE.*

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

THE BOAT ADVENTURE.

NOT quite four years ago, the ship Anteus was a noted vessel. Many were the strange stories told of strife and discord between the captain and the passengers; pamphlets were published giving different versions of the facts, and some very curious questions of law were involved in the charges made by both parties. It appeared from the statement of the passengers, who were for the most part intelligent and respectable Americans, that, on the voyage of the Anteus to California, their treatment by the captain was cruel and oppressive in the extreme; that, before they were three weeks from port, he had reduced them almost to a state of absolute starvation; and, in consequence of the violence of his conduct, which, as they alledged, was without cause or provocation on their part, they considered their lives endangered, and resolved upon making an appeal for his removal at the port of Rio. On the arrival of the vessel at Rio, the captain was arraigned before the American Consul, and pronounced to be insane by the evidence of six physicians and by the testimony of a large majority of the passengers. It was charged, on the other hand, that the passengers were disorderly, mutinous, and ungovernable; that they had entered into a conspiracy against the captain, and in testifying to his insanity were guilty of perjury. The examination of the case occupied several weeks before the American Consul; voluminous testimony was taken on both sides; the question was submitted to the American Minister, to the British Consul, and to the principal merchants of Rio, all of whom concurred in the opinion that, under the circumstances, there was but one proper course to pursue, which was, to remove the captain from the command of the vessel. He was accordingly deposed by the American Consul, and a new captain placed in the command. This was regarded by the principal merchants of New York as an arbitrary exercise of authority, unwarranted by law or precedent, and a memorial was addressed by them to the President of the United States for the removal of the Consul. A new administration had just come into power; and the Consul was removed, ostensibly on the ground of the complaints made against him; but, inasmuch as some few other officers of the government were removed at the same time without such ground, it may be inferred that a difference in political opinion had some weight with the administration.

It is not my intention now to go into any argument in regard to the merits of this case; the time may come when justice will be done to the injured, and it remains for higher authority than myself to meet it out. I have simply to acknowledge, with a share of the odium resting upon me, that I was one of the rebellious passengers in the Anteus. My companions in trouble so far honored me with their confidence as to give me charge of the case. I was unlearned in law, yet possessed some experience in sea-life; and believing that the lives of all on board depended upon getting rid of a desperate and insane captain, aided to the best of my ability in having a new officer placed in the command. To the change thus made, unforeseen in its results, I owe my eventful visit to the Island of Juan Fernandez.

It was the intention of our first captain to touch at Valparaiso for a supply of fresh provisions. In the ship's papers this was the only port designated on the Pacific side, except San Francisco. Our new commander, Captain Brooks, assumed the responsibility of leaving the choice between Valparaiso and another port, to the passengers. It was put to the vote, and decided that we should proceed to Callao, so that we might pass in sight of Juan Fernandez, and have an opportunity of visiting Lima, "the City of the Kings."

Early on the morning of the 19th of May, 1849, we made the highest peak of Massa Tierra, bearing N.N.W., distant seventy miles. The weather was mild and clear. As the sun rose, it fell calm, and the ship lay nearly motionless. A light blue spot, scarce higher than a handspike, was all that appeared in the horizon. It might have passed for a cloud, but for the distinctness of its outline. Weary of the gales we had encountered off Cape Horn, it was a pleasant thing to see a spot of earth once more, and there was not a soul on board but felt a desire to go ashore. For some days

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

past, myself and a few others had talked secretly among ourselves about making the attempt in case we went close enough; but now there seemed to be every prospect of a long calm, and we took it for granted the captain would clap on all sail if we took the trades. There was no other chance but to lower one of the boats and row seventy miles. A party of us agreed to do this, provided we could get a boat. The ship's boats we knew it would be impossible to get without permission of the captain, and that we were not willing to ask. Mr. Brigham, a fellow-passenger, was owner of one of the quarter-boats We broached the matter to him, and he gladly joined in the adventure, together with his partner and some friends, so that we made in all a very pleasant party of eleven. The proper number of men for the boat was six, but in consideration of the great distance and the necessity of a change at the oars, five more were crowded in. We had been in the habit of rowing about the vessel whenever it was calm, and this we thought would be a good excuse for lowering the boat. Being in great haste lest the captain should object to letting us go, we only thought of a few necessary articles in case we should be cast away or driven off from the island. Two small demijohns of water, a few biscuits, a piece of dried beef, and some cheese and crackers comprised our entire stock of provisions; and for nautical instruments we had only a lantern and a small pocket compass. Not knowing but there might be outlaws or savages ashore who might undertake to murder us, we armed ourselves with a double-barreled gun, a fusee, and an old harpoon, which was all we could smuggle into the boat, in the excitement of starting. Captain Brooks happening to come on deck, perceived that there was something unusual going on, and suspecting our design, took occasion to warn us of the folly of such an expedition. At the same time thinking there was more bravado than reality about it, he laughed good-humoredly when we acknowledged that we were going ashore. "Be sure," said he, as we went over the side, "not to forget the peaches. You will find plenty of them up in the valleys. Only don't lose sight of the vessel. You may exercise yourselves as much as you please, but keep the royals above water, whatever you do. Bear in mind that you are more than seventy miles from that peak!" We promised him that we would take care of ourselves, and come back safe in case we were not foundered.

At 9 A.M. we bade our friends good-by, and with three cheers pushed off from the ship. The boat was only twenty-two feet long and an eighth of an inch thick: it was made of sheet-iron and was very narrow and crank. Most of us, except myself and a whaleman named Paxton, were unused to rowing, so that the prospect of reaching land depended a good deal upon the day remaining calm, and upon keeping the boat trimmed; the gunwales being only ten inches out of the water



LEAVING THE SHIP.

There was no excuse for this risk of life, save that insatiable thirst for novelty which all experience to some extent after the monotony of a long voyage. I will only say, in regard to myself, that I was too full of joy at the idea of a ramble in the footsteps of Robinson Crusoe to think of risk at all. If there was danger it merely served to give zest to the adventure.

By a calculation of the distance and our rate of going, we expected to reach the land by sundown or soon after; and then our plan was to make a tent of the boat-sail, and sleep under it till morning, when by rising early we thought we could take a run over the island, and perhaps get some fruit and vegetables. By that time, should a light breeze spring up during the night, we thought it likely the ship would be well up by the land, and we could pull out and get on board without difficulty. Before long we found that distances are very deceptive in these latitudes where the atmosphere is so clear; for notwithstanding the statement of the captain that by the reckoning we were seventy miles from land, we believed that he only told us so to deter us from going, and that we were not much more than half that distance. In rowing, we made a division of our number, taking turns or watches of an hour each at the oars, so as to share the labor. Once fairly under way, with a smooth sea and a pleasant day before us, we became exceedingly merry at the expense of our fellow-passengers whom we had left in the ship to drift about

in the calm, and it afforded us much diversion to think how they would be disappointed upon finding that we were in earnest about going ashore. Before long, we had cause to wish ourselves back again in the ship; which goes to prove that apparently the most unfortunate are often less so than those who seem to be favored by circumstances.

At noon we took a lunch, and refreshed ourselves with a drink of water all round. We had also a good supply of cigars, which we smoked with great relish after our pull; and I think there never was a happier set than we were for the time. Still there was but a single peak on the horizon. It was blue and dim in the distance, and apparently not much higher than when we saw it from the mast-head: from which we inferred that there must be a current setting against us. The Anteus was hull down, yet we seemed as far from the land as when we started.

A ripple beginning to show upon the water, we hoisted our sail to catch the breeze, and found that it helped us one or two knots an hour. With songs and anecdotes we passed the time pleasantly till 3 P.M., when we entirely lost sight of the vessel. Paxton, the whaleman, now stood up in the boat to take an observation of the land. There were a few more peaks in sight; the middle peak, which was the first we made, began to loom up very plainly, showing a flat top. It was the mountain called Yonka, which is said to be three thousand feet high. We were apparently forty miles yet from the nearest point; and the sun setting here in May at a little after five, we began to feel uneasy concerning the weather, which showed signs of a change. All of us, having gone so far, were in favor of keeping on, though in secret we thought there was a good deal of danger. At sunset, we took another observation. The land had risen quite over the water from end to end, and we hoped to reach it in about three hours. It is true none of us knew any thing about the shores, whether they abounded in bays or not, and if so where any safe place of landing could be found—which made us doubtful how to steer. Clouds were gathering all over the horizon; a few stars shone out dimly overhead, and the shades of night began to cover the island as with a shroud. Swiftly, yet with resistless power, the clouds swept over the whole sky, and the horizon, in all the grandeur of its vast circle, was lost in the shades of night. No sail was near; no light shone upon us now but the dim rays of a few solitary stars through the rugged masses of clouds; no sound broke upon the listening ear save the weary stroke of our oars: a gloom had settled upon the mighty wilderness of waters, and we were awed and silent, for we knew that the spirit of God was there, and darkness was his secret place: that "his pavilion round about him were dark waters and thick clouds of the skies."

One large black mass of clouds rose up on the weather quarter. A low moaning came over the sea, and the air became suddenly chill, and the waters rippled around us, and were tossed about by the unseen Power, and we trembled, for we beheld the coming of the storm that was soon to burst upon us in all the majesty of its wrath. For a while there was the stillness of death; then "the Lord thundered in the heavens, and the Highest gave his voice," and out of the darkness came the storm. In fierce and sudden gusts it came, terrible in its resistless might; lashing the sea into a white foam, tossing and whirling overhead, with its thousand arms outstretched grasping up the waters as it raged over the deep, and scourging them madly through the air, while it moaned and shrieked like the dread spirit of desolation



BOAT IN A STORM.

Every one of us cowered down in the boat to keep her balanced. The spray washed over us fearfully, and the sail shook so in the wind, having let go all, that we thought it would tear the mast out. At this time we were about three leagues from the S.E. end of the island, which was the nearest point then in sight. As the cloud spread by the attraction of the land, the whole island became wrapt in a dark shroud of mist, and in half an hour we could discern nothing but the gloom of the storm around us, as we bore down toward the darkest part on the lee. Our lamp was now quenched by a heavy sea; and being unable to distinguish the points of the compass, we were fearful we should miss the island, and be carried off so far that we could never reach it again. Whenever there was a lull we tried to haul in our sheet; but a sudden flaw striking us once, the boat lay over till she buried her gunwales, and the sea broke heavily over her lee side, and the crew at the same time springing in a body to the weather side, to balance her, brought her over suddenly, so that it was a miracle we were not capsized; which, had it happened so far out at sea in the darkness, would have made an end of us. Indeed, it was as much as we could do, by baling continually, to keep her afloat, and every moment we expected to be buried in a watery grave. For the reason that we feared the tide or current, which set against us, might carry us off beyond reach of the land, we kept up our sail as long as we could, thinking that while we made headway toward the lee of the island, we increased our chance of safety. Moreover we knew it was four hundred miles to the coast of Chili, and we had neither water nor provisions left. At best our position was perilous. Ignorant of the bearings of the harbor, we

were at a loss what to do even if we should be able to reach the lee of the island, for we had seen that it was chiefly rock-bound and inaccessible to boats.

About 2 A.M., as well as we could judge, we found ourselves close in under the lee of a high cliff, upon the base of which the surf broke with a tremendous roar. Some three or four of the party, reckless of the consequences, were in favor of running straight in, and attempting to gain the shore at all hazards. The more prudent of us protested against the folly of this course, well knowing that we would be capsized in the surf and dashed to pieces on the rocks. Here we found the evils of having too many masters in an adventure of this kind, where every man who had a will of his own seemed disposed to use it. However, by mild persuasion, we adjusted the difficulty, and agreed to continue on under the lee, where we were sheltered in some degree from the gale, till we should hit upon some safe harbor, if such there was upon the island. The boat was our only resource in case of being left ashore, and all admitted the necessity of preserving it as long as possible. If we found no harbor, we could lie off a short distance and wait till daylight. This plan was so reasonable that none could object to it. As soon as we were well in by the shore, where the gale was cut off by the mountains, we had a light eddy of air in our favor, which induced us to keep up our sail. We soon found the danger of this. A strong flaw from a gap in the land struck us suddenly, and would have capsized us had we not let go every thing, and clung to the weather gunwale till it was over, when we quickly pulled down the sail, and took to the oars.

We could see nothing on our starboard but the wild seas as they rolled off into the darkness; on our larboard, a black perpendicular wall of rocks loomed up hundreds of feet high, reaching apparently into the clouds. Sometimes a part of the outline came out clear, with its rugged pinnacles against the sky, and now and then



STRUCK BY A FLAW.

a fearful gorge opened up as we coasted along, through which the wind moaned dismally. It was a very wild and awful place in the dead of night, being so covered with darkness that we scarce knew where we steered, or how soon we might be dashed to pieces in the surf. Once in a while we stopped to listen, thinking we heard voices on the shore, but it was only the moaning of the tempest upon the cliffs, and the frightful beating of the surf below. We seemed almost to be able to touch the black and rugged wall of rocks that stood up out of the sea, and the shock of the returning waves so jarred the boat at times that we clung to the thwarts, and believed we were surely within the jaws of death. As the voices died away which we thought came out from the cliffs there was a lull in the storm, and nothing but the wail of the surf could be heard, sounding very sad and lonesome in gloom of night. It was a dreary and perpetual dirge for the ill-fated mariners who were buried upon that inhospitable shore; a death-moan that forever rises out of the deep for the souls that are lost, and the hearts that can never be united with those that love them upon earth again. I thought how well it was writ by the poet—

"Oh, Solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place."



SHIPWRECKED SAILOR.

Having pulled about twelve miles along the shore from Goat Island, where we first got under the lee, and seeing no sign of a cove or harbor, we began to despair of getting ashore before daylight. In this extremity, Abraham, a ship-neighbor of mine, succeeded in lighting the lantern again, which he held out in his hand from the bow, hoping thereby to cast a light upon the rocks that we might grope out our way and reach some place of safety; but it only seemed to make the darkness thicker than it was before. We therefore concluded it was best to pull on till we rounded a point some few miles ahead, where we thought there might be a cove. So we put out the light and got Paxton to go in the bow as a look-out, he being the most keen-sighted, from the habit of looking from the mast-head for whales. On turning the point we were startled by a loud cry of "Light, ho!" Every body turned to see where it appeared. It was close down by the water, about three miles distant, within a spacious cove that opened upon us as we turned the point. Paxton's quick eye had descried it the moment we hove round the rock

Greatly rejoiced by this discovery, we pulled ahead with a good will and rapidly bore down toward the light.

Chilled through with the sharp gusts from the mountains, wet with spray, and very hungry, we congratulated ourselves that there were still inhabitants on the island, and we could not but think they would give us something to eat, and furnish us with some place of shelter. Captain Brooks had told us that he had been here several times in a whaler; that sometimes people lived upon the island from the coast of Chili, and sometimes it was entirely deserted. The Chilians who frequented this lonely island we knew to be a very bad set of people, chiefly convicts and outcasts, who would not hesitate to rob and murder any stranger whom misfortune or the love of adventure might cast in their power. Pirates also, had frequented its bays from the time of the buccaneers; and it was a question with us whether the light was made by these outlaws, or by some unfortunate shipwrecked sailors or deserters from some English or American whale-ship. The better to provide against danger we loaded our two guns, and placed them in the bow, as also the harpoon; upon which we steered for the light. All of a sudden it disappeared, as if quenched by water. This was a new source of trouble. What could it mean? There was no doubt we had all seen it. The early voyagers had often seen strange lights at night on the tops of the mountains, which they attributed to supernatural causes; but this was close down by the water, and was too well defined and too distinctly visible to us all, either to be a supernatural visitation or the result of some volcanic eruption. While we lay upon our oars wondering what it meant, it again appeared, brighter than before. Now, if the inhabitants were not pirates or freebooters why did they pursue this mysterious conduct? We suspected that they heard our oars, and had lit a fire on the beach to guide us ashore, but if they wanted us to land in the right place, why did they put out the light and start it up again so strangely? For half an hour it continued thus to disappear and reappear at short intervals in the same mysterious way, for which none of us could account.

It being now about four o'clock in the morning, we felt so cast down by fatigue and dread of death, that we decided to run in at all hazards, and if necessary make our way through the breakers. All hands fell to upon the oars, and soon the light bore up again close on by the head. Paxton, who was in the bow, quickly started up, and began peering sharply through the gloom. "What's that?" said he, "look there, my lads. I see something black; don't you see it—there, on the larboard—it looks to me like the hull of a ship! Pull, my lads, pull!" and so all gave way with a will, and in a few minutes the tall masts of a vessel loomed up against the sky within a hundred yards! I shall never forget the joy of the whole party at that sight. The light which we had seen, came from a lamp that swung in the lower rigging, and though the ship might be a Chilian convict vessel, or some other craft as little likely to give us a pleasant reception, yet we were too glad to think of that; and straightway pulled up under her stern and hailed her. For a moment there was a pause, as our voices broke upon the stillness; then there was a stir on deck and a voice answered us in clear sailor-like English, "Boat ahoy! where are you from?" "The ship Anteus," said we, "bound for California; what ship is this?" "The Brooklyn, of New York, bound for California! Come on board!"

No longer able to suppress our joy, we gave vent to three hearty cheers; cheers so loud and genuine that they swept over the waters of Juan Fernandez, and went rolling up the valleys in a thousand echoes. In less than five minutes we were all on deck, thankful for our Providential deliverance from the horrors of that eventful night.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE ISLAND.

The decks of the Brooklyn presented a strange and half-savage scene. Most of the passengers aroused from their sleep by the shouts of the officers and crew, had rushed upon deck nearly naked, and quite at a loss to know what had happened. While we were answering some of their questions, Captain Richardson, the master, pushed his way through the crowd, and asked what all the noise was about. We speedily explained how we had left the Anteus seventy miles out at sea, and how through the aid of Providence we had made our way into the harbor and descried the ship's lamp; declaring at the same time our belief that had we missed the ship, in all probability we would have been dashed to pieces upon the rocks. We then made ourselves known personally to the captain, who was well acquainted with some of the party. He cordially welcomed us on board and invited us into his cabin, where we gave him a more detailed account of our adventure. Meantime the cook was ordered to get us some breakfast as soon as possible, and Captain Richardson offered us dry clothes, and administered to our wants in the kindest manner. Nor was it long till we felt exceedingly comfortable considering the previous circumstances. We soon had breakfast, which, after our toils and troubles, was truly a Godsend. Some of the finest fish I ever ate was on the table; excellent ham and potatoes also, fresh bread, and coffee boiling hot. It was devoured with a most uncommon relish, as you may suppose; and it was none the less agreeable for being seasoned with pleasant conversation. The captain admitted that in all his seafaring he had never known of any thing more absurd than our adventure, and that it was a miracle we were not every one lost. All the passengers crowded around us as if we had risen from the depths of the sea, and I fancied they examined us as if they had an idea that we were some kind of sea-monsters.

The Brooklyn lay at anchor about half a mile from the boat-landing. At the dawn of day I was on deck, looking eagerly toward the island.

I may as well confess at once that no child could have felt more delighted than I did in the anticipation of something illusive and enchanting. My heart throbbed with impatience to see what it was that cast so strange a fascination about that lonely spot. All was wrapt in mist; but the air was filled with fresh odors of land, and wafts of sweetness more delicious than the scent of new-mown hay. The storm had ceased, and the soft-echoed bleating of goats, and the distant baying of wild dogs were all the sounds of life that broke upon the stillness. It seemed as if the sun, loth to disturb the ocean in its rest, or reveal the scene of beauty that lay slumbering upon its bosom, would never rise again, so gently the light stole upon the eastern sky, so softly it absorbed the shadows of night. I watched the golden glow as it spread over the heavens, and beheld at last the sun in all his majesty scatter away the thick vapors that lay around his resting-place, and each vale was opened out in the glowing light of the morning, and the mountains that towered out of the sea were bathed in the glory of his rays.



JUAN FERNANDEZ.

Never shall I forget the strange delight with which I gazed upon that isle of romance; the unfeigned rapture I felt in the anticipation of exploring that miniature world in the desert of waters, so fraught with the happiest associations of youth; so remote from all the ordinary realities of life; the actual embodiment of the most absorbing, most fascinating of all the dreams of fancy. Many foreign lands I had seen; many islands scattered over the broad ocean, rich and wondrous in their romantic beauty; many glens of Utopian loveliness; mountain heights weird and impressive in their sublimity; but nothing to equal this in variety of outline and undefinable richness of coloring; nothing so dreamlike, so wrapt in illusion, so strange and absorbing in its novelty. Great peaks of reddish rock seemed to pierce the sky wherever I looked; a thousand rugged ridges swept upward toward the centre in a perfect maze of enchantment. It was all wild, fascinating, and unreal. The sides of the mountains were covered with patches of rich grass, natural fields of oats, and groves of myrtle and pimento. Abrupt walls of rock rose from the water to the height of a thousand feet. The surf broke in a white line of foam along the shores of the bay and its measured swell floated upon the air like the voice of a distant cataract. Fields of verdure covered the ravines; ruined and moss-covered walls were scattered over each eminence; and the straw huts of the inhabitants were almost embosomed in trees, in the midst of the valley, and jets of smoke arose out of the groves and floated off gently in the calm air of the morning. In all the shore, but one spot, a single opening among the rocks, seemed accessible to man. The rest of the coast within view consisted of fearful cliffs overhanging the water; the ridges from which sloped upward as they receded inland, forming a variety of smaller valleys above, which were strangely diversified with woods and grass, and golden fields of wild oats. Close to the water's edge, was the dark moss-covered rock, forever moist with the bright spray of the ocean, and above it cleft in countless fissures by earthquakes in times past, the red burnt earth; and there were gorges through which silvery springs coursed, and cascades fringed with banks of shrubbery; and still higher the slopes were of a bright yellow, which, lying outspread in the glow of the early sunlight, almost dazzled the eye; and round about through the valleys and on the hill-sides, the groves of myrtle, pimento, and corkwood were draped in green, glittering with raindrops after the storm, and the whole air was tinged with ambrosial tints, and filled with sweet odors: nothing in all the island and its shores, as the sun rose and cast off the mist, but seemed to

"—— suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

GOING ASHORE.

No longer able to control our enthusiasm, we sprang into the boat and pushed off for the landing. Captain Richardson, who was well acquainted with the ruins of the Chilian settlement, joined us in our intended excursion, and we were accompanied also by a few sporting passengers from the Brooklyn in another boat. The waters of the bay are of crystal clearness: we saw the bottom as we dashed over the swell,

at a depth of several fathoms. It was alive with fish and various kinds of marine animals, of which there are great quantities about these shores. Can you conceive, ye landsmen who dwell in cities, and have never buffeted for weary months the gales of old ocean, the joy of once more touching the genial earth, when it has become almost a dreamy fancy in the memories of the past? Then think, without a smile of disdain, what a thrill of delight ran through my blood, as I pressed my feet for the first time upon the fresh sod of Juan Fernandez! think of it too, as the realization of hopes which I had never ceased to cherish from early boyhood; for this was the abiding place, which I now at last beheld, of a wondrous adventurer, whose history had filled my soul years ago with indefinite longings for sea-life, shipwreck, and solitude! Yes, here was verily the land of Robinson Crusoe; here in one of these secluded glens stood his rustic castle; here he fed his goats and held converse with his faithful pets; here he found consolation in the devotion of a new friend, his true and honest man Friday: beneath the shade of these trees, he unfolded the mysteries of Divine Providence to the simple savage, and proved to the world that there is no position in life which may not be endured by a patient spirit and an abiding confidence in the goodness and mercy of God.



CRUSOE'S CASTLE.

Pardon the fondness with which I linger upon these recollections, reader; for I was one who had fought for poor Robinson in my boyish days, as the greatest hero that ever breathed the breath of life; who had always, even to man's estate, secretly cherished in my heart the belief that Alexander the Great, Julius Cæsar, and all the warriors of antiquity were common-place persons compared with him; that Napoleon Bonaparte, the Duke of Wellington, Colonel Johnson, Tecumseh, and all the noted statesmen and warriors of modern times, were not to be mentioned in the same day with so extraordinary a man; I who had always regarded him as the most truthful and the very sublimest of adventurers, was now the entranced beholder of his abiding place—walking, breathing, thinking, and seeing on the very spot! There was no fancy



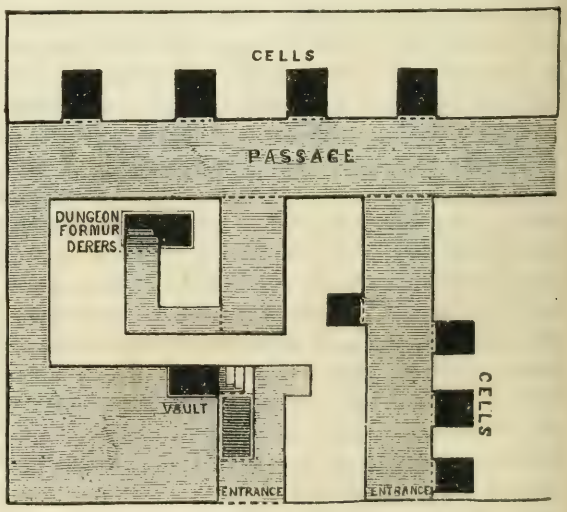
CRUSOE AT HOME.

about it—not the least; it was a palpable reality? Talk of gold! Why, I tell you, my dear friends, all the gold of California was not worth the ecstatic bliss of that moment!

CONDITION OF THE ISLAND IN 1849

We first went up to a bluff, about half-a-mile from the boat-landing, where we spent an hour in exploring the ruins of the fortifications, built by the Chilians in 1767. There was nothing left but the foundation and a portion of the ramparts of the principal fort, partly imbedded in banks of clay, and nearly covered with moss and weeds. It was originally strongly built of large stones, which were cast down in every direction, by the terrible earthquake of 1835; and now all that remained perfect was the front wall of the main rampart and the groundwork of the fort. Not far from these ruins we found the convict-cells, which we explored to some extent.

These cells are dug into the brow of a hill, facing the harbor, and extend underground to the distance of several hundred feet, in the form of passages and vaults, resembling somewhat the Catacombs of Rome. During the penal settlement established here by the Chilian government, the convicts, numbering sometimes many hundreds, were confined in these gloomy dungeons, where they were subjected to the most barbarous treatment. The gates or doors by which the entrances were secured, had all been torn down and destroyed; and the excavations were now occupied only by wild-goats, bats,



PLAN OF THE CONVICT CELLS.

toads, and different sorts of vermin. Rank fern hung upon the sides; overhead was dripping with a cold and deathlike sweat, and slimy drops coursed down the weeds, and the air was damp and chilly: thick darkness was within in the depths beyond; darkness that no wandering gleam from the light of day ever reached—for heaven never smiled upon those dreary abodes of sin and sorrow. A few of the inner dungeons, for the worst criminals, were dug still deeper underground, and rough stairways of earth led down into them, which were shut out from the upper vaults by strong doors. The size of these lower dungeons was not more than five or six feet in length, by four or five in height; from which some idea may be formed of the sufferings endured by the poor wretches confined in them; shut out from the light of heaven, loaded with heavy irons, crushed down by dank and impenetrable walls of earth, starved and beaten by their cruel guards; with no living soul to pity them in their woe, no hope of release save in death. We saw, by the aid of a torch, deep holes scratched in one of the walls, bearing the impression of human fingers. It might have been that some unhappy murderer, goaded to madness by such cruel tortures of body and terrible anguish of mind, as drive men to tear even their own flesh when buried before the vital spark is extinct, had grasped out the earth in his desperation, and left the marks in his death agonies upon the clay that entombed him, to tell what no human heart but his had suffered there, no human ear had heard, no human eye had witnessed. The deep, startling echo breaking upon the heavy air, as we sounded the walls, seemed yet to mingle with his curses, and its last sepulchral throb was like the dying moan of the maniac.



CONVICT CELLS.

Some time before the great earthquake, which destroyed the fortifications and broke up the penal colony, a gang of convicts, amounting to three hundred, succeeded in liberating themselves from their cells. Unable to endure the cruelties inflicted upon them, they broke loose from their chains, and rushing upon the guards, murdered the greater part of them, and, finally, seized the garrison. For several days, they held complete possession of the island. A whale-ship, belonging to Nantucket, happening to come in at the time for wood and water, they seized the captain, and compelled him to take on board as many of them as the vessel could contain. About two hundred were put on board. They then threatened the captain and officers with instant death, in case of any failure to land them on the coast of Peru, whither they determined to go, in order to escape the vengeance of the Chilian government. Desirous of getting rid of them as soon as possible, the captain of the whaler ran over for the first land on the coast of Chili, where he put them ashore, leaving them ignorant of their position until they were unable to regain the vessel. They soon discovered that they were only thirty miles from Valparaiso; but short as the distance was from the Chilian authorities,



CHILIAN HUTS.

they evaded all attempts to capture them, and eventually joined the Peruvian army, which was then advancing upon Santiago. The remainder of the prisoners left upon the island, escaped in different vessels, and were scattered over various parts of the world. Only a few out of the entire number engaged in the massacre were ever captured: sentence of death was passed upon them, and they were shot in the public plaza of Santiago.

Turning our steps toward the settlement of the present residents, we passed a few hours very agreeably in rambling about among their rustic abodes. The total number of inhabitants at this period (1849), is sixteen: consisting of William Pearce, an American, and four or five Chilian men, with their wives and children. No others have lived permanently upon the island for several years. There are in all some six or seven huts, pleasantly surrounded by shrubbery, and well supplied with water from a spring. These habitations are built of the straw of wild oats, interwoven through wattles or long sticks, and

thatched with the same; and whether from design or accident, are extremely picturesque. The roofs project so as to form an agreeable shade all round; the doorways are covered in by a sort of projecting porch, in the style of the French cottages along the valley of the Seine; small out-houses, erected upon posts, are scattered about each inclosure; and an air of repose and freedom from worldly care pervades the whole place, though the construction of the houses and mode of living are evidently of the most primitive kind. Seen through the green shrubberies that abound in every direction, the bright yellow of the cottages, and the smoke curling up in the still air, have a very cheerful effect; and the prattling voices of the children, mingled with the lively bleating of the kids, and the various pleasant sounds of domestic life, might well lead one to think, that the seclusion of these islanders from the busy world is not without its charms. Small patches of ground, fenced with rude stone walls and brush-wood, are attached to each of these primitive abodes; and rustic gateways, overrun with wild and luxuriant vines, open in front. Very little attention, however, appears to be bestowed upon the cultivation of the soil; but it looks rich and productive, and might be made to yield abundant crops by a trifling expenditure of labor. The Chilians have never been distinguished for industry; nor is there any evidence here that they depart from their usual philosophy in taking the world easy. Even the American seemed to have caught the prevailing lethargy, and to be content with as little as possible. Vegetables of various kinds grow abundantly wherever the seeds are thrown; among which I noticed excellent radishes, turnips, beets, cabbages, and onions. Potatoes of a very good quality, though not large, are grown in small quantities; and, regarding the natural productiveness of the earth, there seemed to be no reason why they should not be cultivated in sufficient quantities to supply the demands of vessels touching for supplies, and thereby made a profitable source of revenue to the settlers. The grass and wild oats grow in wonderful luxuriance in all the open spaces, and require little attention; and such is the genial character of the climate, that the cattle, of which there seems to be no lack, find ample food to keep them in good condition, both in winter and summer. Fig-trees bearing excellent figs, and vines of various sorts flourish luxuriantly on the hill-sides. Of fruits, there is quite an abundance in the early part of autumn. The peaches were just out of season when we arrived; but we obtained a few which had been peeled and dried in the sun, and we found them large and of excellent flavor. Many of the valleys abound in natural orchards, which have sprung from the seeds planted there by the early voyagers, especially by Lord Anson, who appeared to have taken more interest in the cultivation and settlement of the island than any previous navigator. The disasters experienced by the vessels of this distinguished adventurer in doubling Cape Horn, caused him to make Juan Fernandez a rendezvous for the recruiting of his disabled seamen; and for many months he devoted his attention to the production of such vegetables and fruits as he found useful in promoting their recovery; and having likewise in view the misfortunes and necessities of those who might come after him, he caused to be scattered over the island large quantities of seeds, so that by their increase, abundance and variety of refreshments might be had by all future voyagers. He also left ashore many different sorts of domestic animals, in order that they might propagate and become general throughout the island, for the benefit of shipwrecked mariners, vessels in distress for provisions, and colonists who might hereafter form a settlement there. The philanthropy and moral greatness of these benevolent acts, from which the author could expect to derive little or no advantage during life, can not be too highly commended. If posthumous gratitude can be regarded as a reward, Lord Anson has a just claim to it. How many lives have been saved; how many weather-worn mariners, bowed down with disease, have been renewed in health and strength; how many unhappy castaways have found food abundantly, where all they could expect was a lingering death; and have been sustained in their exile, and restored at last to their friends and kindred, through the unselfish benevolence of this brave and kind-hearted navigator, no written record exists to tell; but there are records graven upon the hearts of men that are read by an omniscient eye—a history of good deeds and their reward, more eloquent than human hand hath written.

Besides peaches, quinces, and other fruits common in temperate climates, there is a species of palm called *Chuta*, which produces a fruit of a very rich flavor. Among the different varieties of trees are corkwood, sandal, myrtle, and pimento. The soil in some of the valleys on the north side is wonderfully rich, owing to deposits of burnt earth and decayed vegetable matter, washed down from the mountains. There is but little level ground on the island, and although the area of tillable soil is small, yet by the culture of vineyards on the hill-sides, the grazing of sheep and goats on the mountain steeps, and the proper cultivation of the arable valleys, a population of several thousand might subsist comfortably. Pearce, the American, who had thoroughly explored every part of the island, told me he had no doubt three or four thousand people could subsist here without any supply of provisions from other countries. A ready traffic could be established with vessels passing that way, by means of which potatoes, fruits, and other refreshments, could be bartered for groceries and clothing. Herds of wild cattle now roam over these beautiful valleys; fine horses may be seen prancing about in gangs, with all the freedom of the mustang; goats in numerous flocks abound among the cliffs; pigeons and other game are abundant; and wild dogs are continually prowling around the settlement.

The few inhabitants at present on the island subsist chiefly upon fish, vegetables, and goat-flesh, of which they have an ample supply. Boat-loads of the finest cod, rock-fish, cullet, lobsters, and lamprey-eels, can be caught in a few hours all around the shores of Cumberland Bay, and doubtless as plentifully in the other bays. Nothing more is necessary than merely the trouble of hauling them out of the water. We fished only for a short time, and nearly filled our boat with the fattest fish I ever saw. Had I not tested myself a fact told me by some of the passengers of the Brooklyn regarding the abundance of the smaller sorts of fish, I could never have believed it—that they will nibble at one's hand if it be put in the water alongside the boat, and a slight ripple made to attract their attention. This is a remarkable truth, which can be attested by any person who has visited these shores and made the experiment. There is no place among the cliffs where goats may not be seen at all times during the day. They live and propagate in the caves, and find sufficient browsing throughout the year in the clefts of the rocks. Lord Anson mentions that some of his hunting parties killed goats which had their ears slit, and they thought it more than probable that these were the very same goats marked by Alexander Selkirk thirty years before; so that it is not unlikely there still exist some of the direct descendants of the herds domesticated by the original Crusoe. The residents of Cumberland Bay have about their huts a considerable number of these animals, tamed, for their milk. When they wish for a supply of goat-flesh or skins (for they often kill them merely for their skins), they go in a body to Goat Island, where they surround the goats and drive them over a cliff into the sea. As soon as they have driven over a sufficient number they take to their boat again, and catch them in the water. Some of them they bring home alive, and keep them till they require fresh meat. Nor are these people destitute of the rarer luxuries of life. By furnishing whale-ships that touch for supplies of water and vegetables with such productions as they can gather up, they obtain in exchange coffee, ship-bread, flour, and clothing; and lately they have been doing a good business in rowing the passengers ashore from the California vessels, and selling them goat-skins and various sorts of curiosities. They also charge a small duty for keeping the spring of water clear, and the boat-landing free from obstructions; and sometimes obtain a trifle in the way of port-charges, in virtue of some pretended authority from the government of Chili.

The shores of Juan Fernandez abound in many different kinds of marine animals, among which the chief are seals and walruses. Formerly sealing vessels made it an object to touch for the purpose of capturing them, but of late years they have become rather scarce; and at present few if any vessels visit the island for that purpose.

Situated in the latitude of 33° 40′ S., and longitude 79 W., the climate is temperate and salubrious—never subject to extremes either of heat



WALRUS, OR SEA LION.

or cold. In the valleys fronting north, the temperature seldom falls below 50° Far. in the coldest season. Open at all times to the pleasant breezes from the ocean, without malaria or any thing to produce disease, beautifully diversified in scenery, and susceptible of being made a convenient stopping-place for vessels bound to the great Northwestern Continent, it would be difficult to find a more desirable place for a colony of intelligent and industrious people, who would cultivate the land, build good houses, and turn to advantage all the gifts of Providence which have been bestowed upon the island.

The only material drawback, is the want of a large and commodious harbor, in which vessels could be hauled up for repairs. This island could never answer any other purpose than that of a casual stopping-place for vessels in want of refreshments, and for this it seems peculiarly adapted. The principal harbors are, Port English, on the south side, visited by Lord Anson in 1741; Port Juan, on the west; and Cumberland Bay, on the north side. The latter is the best, and is most generally visited, in consequence of being on the fertile side of the island, where water also is most easily obtained. None of them afford a very secure anchorage, the bottom being deep and rocky; and vessels close to the shore are exposed to sudden and violent flaws from the mountains, and the danger of being driven on the rocks by gales from the ocean. In Cumberland Bay, however, there are places where vessels can ride in safety, by choosing a position suitable to the prevailing winds of the season. The chart and soundings made by Lord Anson will be found useful to navigators who design stopping at Juan Fernandez.

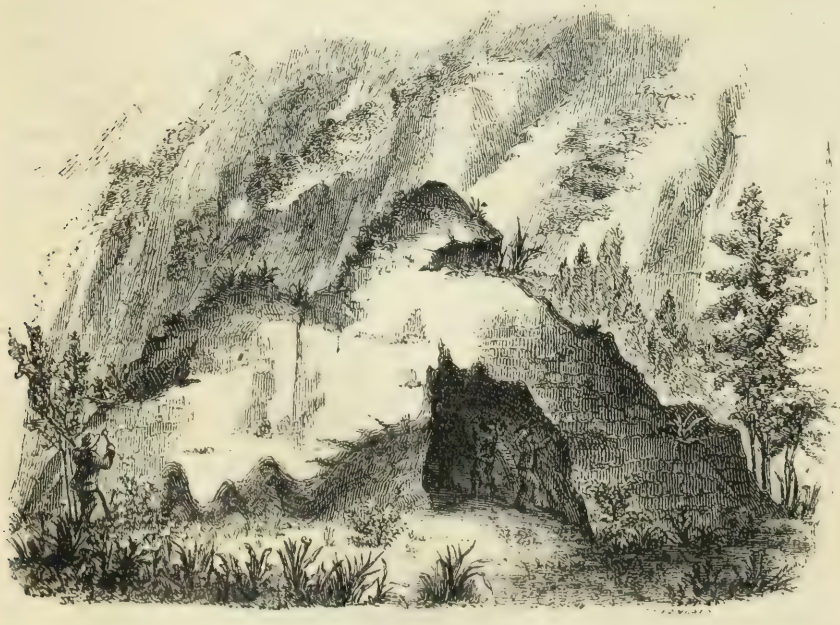
ROBINSON CRUSOE'S CAVE.

Our next expedition was to Robinson Crusoe's Cave. How it obtained that name, I am unable to say. The people ashore spoke of it confidently as the place where a seafaring man had lived for many years alone; and I believe most mariners who have visited the island have fixed upon that spot as the actual abode of Alexander Selkirk. There are two ways of getting to the cave from the regular boat-landing; one over a high chain of cliffs, intervening between Crusoe's Valley, or the valley of the cave, and the Chilian huts near the landing; the other by water. The route by land is somewhat difficult; it requires

half a day to perform it, and there is danger of being dashed to pieces by the loose earth giving way. In many parts of the island the surface of the cliffs is composed entirely of masses of burnt clay, which upon the slightest touch are apt to roll down, carrying every thing with them. Numerous cases are related by the early voyagers of accidents to seamen and others, in climbing over these treacherous heights. The distance by water is only two miles, and by passing along under the brow of the cliffs a very vivid idea may be had of their strange and romantic formation. We had our guns with us, which we did not fail to use whenever there was an opportunity; but the game, consisting principally of wild goats, kept so far out of reach on the dizzy heights, that they passed through the ordeal in perfect safety. Some of us wanted to go by land and shoot them from above, thinking the bullets would carry farther when fired downward than they seemed to carry when fired from below The rest of the party had so little confidence in our skill, that they dissuaded us from the attempt, on the pretense that the ship might heave in sight while we were absent.

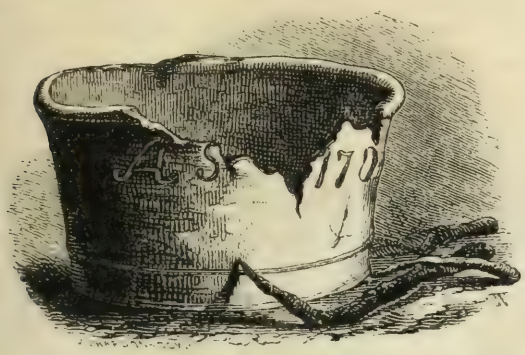
A pleasant row of half an hour brought us to the little cove in Crusoe's valley. The only landing place is upon an abrupt bank of rocks, and the surf breaking in at this part of the shore rather heavily, we had to run the boat up in regular beach-comber style. Riding in on the back of a heavy sea, we sprang out as soon as the boat struck, and held our ground, when, by watching our chance for another good sea, we ran her clear out of the water, and made her fast to a big rock for fear she might be carried away. About two hundred yards from where we landed we found the cave.

It lies in a volcanic mass of rock, forming the bluff or termination of a rugged ridge, and looks as if it might be the doorway into the ruins of some grand old castle. The height of the entrance is about fifteen feet, and the distance back into the extremity twenty-five or thirty. It varies in width from ten or twelve to eighteen feet. Within the mouth the surface is of reddish rock, with holes or pockets dug into the sides, which it is probable were used for cupboards by the original occupant. There were likewise large spike nails driven into the rock, upon which we thought it likely clothing, guns, and household utensils might have been hung even at as remote a date as the time of Selkirk, for they were very rusty, and bore evidence of having been driven into the rock a long time ago. A sort of stone oven, with a sunken place for fire underneath, was partly visible in the back part of the cave; so that by digging away the earth we uncovered it, and made out the purpose for which it was built. There was a darkish line, about a foot wide, reaching up to the roof of the cave, which by removing the surface a little, we discovered to be produced originally by smoke, cemented in some sort by a drip that still moistened the wall, and this we found came through a hole in the top, which we concluded was the original chimney, now covered over with deposits of earth and leaves from the mountain above. In rooting about the fireplace, so as to get away the loose rubbish that lay over it, one of our party brought to light an earthen vessel, broken a little on one side, but otherwise perfect. It was about eight inches in diameter at the rim, and an inch or two smaller at the bottom, and had some rough marks upon the outside, which we were unable to decipher, on account of the clay which covered it. Afterward, we took it out and washed it in a spring near by, when we contrived to decipher one letter and a part of another, with a portion of the date. The rest unfortunately was on the piece which had been broken off, and which we were unable to find, although we searched a long time, for as may be supposed we felt curious to know if it was the handiwork of Alexander Selkirk. For my own part I had but little doubt that this was really one of the earthen pots made by his own hands, and the reason I thought so was that the parts of the letters and date which we deciphered corresponded with his name and the date of his residence, and likewise because it was evident that it must have been imbedded in the ground out of which we dug it long beyond the memory of any living man. I was so convinced of this, and so interested in the discovery, that I made a rough drawing of it on the spot, of which I have since been very glad, inasmuch as it was accidentally dropped out of the boat afterward, and lost in the sea.



CRUSOE'S CAVE.

We searched in vain for other relics of the kind, but all we could find were a few rusty



A RELIC OF CRUSOE.

pieces of iron and some old nails. The sides of the cave as also the top had marks scattered over them of different kinds, doubtless made there in some idle moment by human hands; but we were unable to make out that any of them had a meaning beyond the unconscious expression of those vague and wandering thoughts which must have passed occasionally through the mind of the solitary mariner who dwelt in this lonely place. They may have been symbolical of the troubled and fluctuating character of his religious feelings before he became a confirmed believer in the wisdom and mercy of divine Providence; which unhappy state of mind he often refers to in the course of his narrative.

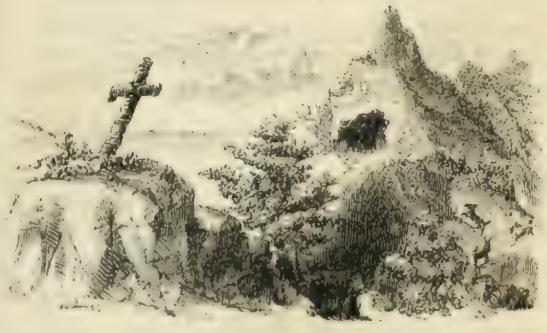


CRUSOE'S DEVOTIONS.

This cave is now occupied only by wild goats and bats, and had not been visited, perhaps, by any human being, until recently, more than once or twice in half a century; and then probably only by some deserter from a whaleship, who preferred solitude and the risk of starvation to the cruelty of a brutish captain.

In front of the cave, sloping down to the seaside, is a plain, covered with long rank grass, wild oats, radishes, weeds of various kinds, and a few small peach-trees. The latter we supposed were of the stock planted in the island by Lord Anson. From the interior of the cave, we looked out over the tangled mass of shrubs, wild flowers, and waving grass in front, and saw that the sea was covered with foam, and the surf beat against the point beyond the cove and flew up in the air to a prodigious height in white clouds of spray. Large birds wheeled about over the rocky heights, sometimes diving suddenly into the water, from which they rose again flecked with foam, and soaring upward in the sunlight, their wings seemed to sparkle with jewels out of the ocean. Following the curve of the horizon, the view is suddenly cut off by a huge cliff of lava that rises directly out of the water to the height of twelve or fifteen hundred feet. It forms an abrupt precipice in front, and joins a range of rugged cliffs behind; which all abound in wonderful ledges, overlooking the depths below, dark and lonesome caverns, and sharp pinnacles piercing the clouds in every direction. Goat-paths wind around them in places apparently inaccessible, and we saw herds of goats running swiftly along the dizzy heights overhanging the sea, where we almost fancied the birds of the air would fear to fly. They bounded over the frightful fissures in the rocks, and clung to the walls of cliffs with wonderful agility and tenacity of foot, and sometimes they were so high up that they looked hardly bigger than rabbits, and we thought it impossible that they could be goats.

Looking back into the valley, we beheld mountains stretching up to a hundred different peaks; the sides covered with woods and fields of golden colored oats; and the ravines fringed with green banks of grass and wild flowers of every hue. A stream of pure spring water rippled down over the rocks, and wound through the centre of the valley; breaking out at intervals into bright cascades, which glimmered freshly in the warm rays of the sun; its margins were fringed with rich grass and fragrant flowers, and groves of myrtle overhung the little lakelets that were made in its course, and seemed to linger there like mirrored beauties spell-bound. Ridges of amber-colored earth, mingled with rugged and moss covered lava, sloped down from the mountains on every side and converged into the valley as if attracted by its romantic beauties. Immense masses of rock, cast off from the towering cliffs, by some dread convulsion of the elements, had fallen from the heights, and now lay nestling in the very bosom of the valley, enamored with its charms. Even the birds of the air seemed spell-bound within this enchanted circle; their songs were low



THE VALLEY WITH THE CAVE AND CLIFF.

and soft, and I fancied they hung in the air with a kind of rapture when they rose out of their silvan homes, and looked down at all the wondrous beauties that lay outspread beneath them.

DAY-DREAMS OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

Some of us scattered off into the woods of myrtle, or lay down by the spring in the pleasant shade of the trees and bathed our faces and drank of the cool water; others went up the hill-sides in search of peaches, or gathered seeds and specimens of wild flowers to carry home. Too happy in the change, after our gloomy passage round Cape Horn, I rambled up the valley alone, and dreamed glowing day-dreams of Robinson Crusoe. Of all the islands of the sea, this had ever been the paradise of my boyish fancy. Even later in life, when some hard experience before the mast had worn off a good deal of the romance of sea-life, I never could think of Juan Fernandez without a strong desire to be shipwrecked there, and spend the remainder of my days dressed in goat-skins, rambling about the cliffs, and hunting wild goats. It was a very imprudent desire, to be sure, not at all sensible, but I am now making a confession of facts, rather out of the common order, and for which it would be useless to offer any excuse. Pleasant scenes of my early life rose up before me now with all their original freshness. How well I remembered the first time I read the surprising adventures of Robinson Crusoe! It was in the country, where I had never learned the worldly wisdom of the rising generation in cities. Indeed, I had never seen a city, and only knew by hearsay that such wonderful places existed. My father, after an absence of some weeks, returned with an illustrated volume of Crusoe, bound in cream-colored muslin (how plainly I could see that book now!) which he gave me with a smiling admonition not to commence reading it for two or three years, by which time he hoped I would be old enough to understand it. That very night I was in a new world—a world all strange and fascinating, yet to me as real as the world around me. How I devoured each enchanting page, and sighed to think of ever getting through such a delightful history. It was the first book beyond mere fairy tales (which I had almost begun to doubt), the first narrative descriptive of real life that I had ever read. Such a thing as a doubt as to its entire truthfulness never entered my head. I lingered over it with the most intense and credulous interest, and long after parental authority had compelled me to give it up for the night, my whole soul was filled with a confusion of novel and delightful sensations. Before daylight I was up again; I could not read in the dark, but I could open the magic book and smell the leaves fresh from the press; and before the type was visible I could trace out the figures in the prints, and gaze in breathless wonder upon the wild man in the goat-skins!



DREAM-LAND CRUSOE.

The big tears stood in my eyes when I was through; but I found consolation in reading it again and again; in picturing out a thousand things that perhaps De Foe never dreamt of; and each night when I went to bed I earnestly prayed to God that I might some day or other be cast upon a desolate island, and live to become as wonderful a man as Robinson Crusoe. Yet, not content with that, I devoted all my leisure hours to making knife-cases, caps, and shot-pouches out of rabbit-skins, in the faint hope that it would hasten the blissful disaster. Years passed away; I lived upon the banks of the Ohio; I had been upon the ocean. Still a boy in years, and more so perhaps in feeling, the dream was not ended. I gathered up drift-wood and built a hut among the rocks; whole days I lay there thinking of that island in the far-off seas. A piece of tarred plank from some steamboat had a sweeter scent to me than the most odorous flower; for, as I lay smelling it by the hour, it brought up such exquisite visions of shipwreck as never before, perhaps, so charmed



RESCUE OF FRIDAY.

the fancy of a dreaming youth. Well I remembered, too, the favored few that I let into the secret; how we went every afternoon to a sand-bar, and called it Crusoe's island; how I was Robinson Crusoe, and the friend of my heart Friday, whom I caused to be painted from head to foot with black mud, as also the rest of my friends; and then the battles we had; the devouring of the dead men; the horrible dances, and chasing into the water; and, above all, the rescue of my beloved Friday—how vividly I saw those scenes again!

Years passed on; I was a sailor before the mast. Alas, what a sad reality! I saw men flogged like beasts; I saw cruelty, hardship, disease, death in their worst forms; so much I saw that I was glad to take the place of a wandering outcast upon the shores of a sickly island ten thousand miles from home, to escape the horrors of that life! Yet the dream was not ended! Bright and beautiful as ever seemed to me that little world upon the seas, where dwelt in solitude the shipwrecked mariner. In the vicissitudes of fortune, I was again a wanderer; impelled by that vision of island-life, which for seventeen years had never ceased to haunt me, I cast all upon the hazard of a die—escaped in an open boat through the perils of a storm, and now—where was I? What pleasant sadness was it that weighed upon my heart? Was all this a dream of youth; was it here to end, never more to give one gleam of joy; was the happy credulity, the freshness, the enthusiasm of boyhood gone forever! Could it be that this was not Crusoe's valley at last—this spot, which I had often seen in fancy from the banks of the Ohio, dim in the mist of seas that lay between? Did I really wander through it, or was it still a dream?

And where was the king of the Island; the hero of my boyish fancy; he who had delighted me with the narrative of his romantic career, as man had never done before, as all the pleasures of life have never done since; where was the genial, the earnest, the adventurous Robinson Crusoe? Could it be that there was no "mortal mixture of earth's mould in him;" that he was barely the simple mariner Alexander Selkirk? No! no! Robinson Crusoe himself had wandered through these very groves of myrtle; he had quenched his thirst in the spring that bubbled through the moss at my feet; had slept during the glare of noon in the shade of those overhanging grottoes; had dreamed his day-dreams in these secluded glens!



CRUSOE ASLEEP.

Here, too, Friday had followed his master; the simple, child-like Friday, the most devoted of servants, the gentlest of savages, the faithfullest of men! Blessing on thee, Robinson, how I have admired thy prolific genius; how I have loved thee for thine honest truthfulness! And blessings on thee, Friday, how my young heart hath warmed toward thee! how I have laughed at thy scalded fingers, and wept lest the savages should take thee away from me! . . . .

THE VALLEY ON FIRE.

There was a sudden rustling in the bushes.

"Hallo, there!" shouted a voice. I looked round, and beheld a fellow-passenger; a strange eccentric man, who was seldom known to laugh, and whose chief pleasure consisted in reducing every thing to the practical standard of common sense. He was deeper than would appear at first sight, and not a bad sort of person at heart, but a little wayward and desponding in his views of life.

"You'll catch cold," said he; "nothing gives a cold so quick as sitting on the damp ground."

"True," said I, smiling, "but recollect the romance of the thing."

"Romance," rejoined the sad man, "won't cure a cold. I never knew it to cure one in my life."

"Well, I suppose you're right. Every body is right who believes in nothing but reality. The hewer of wood and the drawer of water gets more credit in the world for good sense than the unhappy genius who affords pleasure to thousands."

"So he ought—he's a much more useful man."

"Granted; we won't dispute so well-established a truism. Now let us cut a few walking-sticks to carry home. It will please our friends to find that we thought of them in this outlandish part of the world."

"To be sure; if you like. But you'll never carry them home. No, sir, you can't do it. You'll lose them before you get half-way to America."

"No matter—they cost nothing. Lend me your knife, and we'll try the experiment at all events."

I then cut a number of walking-sticks and tied them up in a bundle. And here while the warning of the doubter is fresh in my mind, let me mention the fate of these much-valued relics. I cut four beautiful sticks of myrtle, every one of which I lost before I reached California, though I was very careful where I kept them—so careful indeed, that I hid them away on board the ship and never could find them again.

On our way back to the cave, as we emerged from the grove, I was astonished to see the entire valley in a blaze of fire. It raged and crackled up the sides of the mountains, blazing wildly and filling the whole sky with smoke. The beautiful valley upon which I had gazed with such delight a few hours before, seemed

destined to be laid waste by some fierce and unconquerable destroyer, that devoured trees, shrubs, and flowers in its desolating career. The roar of the mad rushing flames, the seething tongues of fire shooting out from the bowers of shrubbery, the whirling smoke sweeping upward around the pinnacles of rock, the angry sea dimly seen through the chaos, and the sharp screaming of the sea-birds and dismal howling of the wild dogs, impressed me with a terrible picture of desolation. It seemed as if some dreadful convulsion of nature had burst forth, soon to cover the island with seething lava or engulf it in the ocean.

"What can it be?" said I. "Isn't it a grand sight? Perhaps a volcano has broken out. Surely it must be some awful visitation of Providence. It wouldn't be comfortable, however, to be broiled in lava; so I think the sooner we get down to the boats the better."

"There's no hurry," said my friend, "it's nothing but the Californians down at the cave. I told them before I left, that they'd set fire to the grass if they kept piling the brush up in that way. Now you see they've done it."

"Yes—I see they have; and a tolerably big fire they've made of it too."

I almost forgave them the wanton act of Vandalism, so sublime was the scene. It was worth a voyage round Cape Horn to see it.

"Plenty of it," muttered the sad man, "to cook all the food that can be raised in these diggings. I wouldn't give an acre of ground in Illinois for the whole island. I only wish they'd burn it up while they're at it—if it be an island at all, which I ain't quite sure of yet."

THE CALIFORNIANS IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

We reached the cave by rushing through the flames. When we arrived near the mouth, I was amused to find about twenty long-bearded Californians, dressed in red shirts, with leather belts round their bodies, garnished with knives and pistols, and picks in their hands with which they were digging into the walls of Selkirk's castle in search of curiosities. Their guns were stacked up outside, and several of the party were engaged in cooking fish and boiling coffee. They had battered away at the sides, top, and bottom of the cave in their eager search for relics, till they had left scarcely a dozen square feet of the original surface. Every man had literally his pocket full of rocks. It was a curious sight, here in this solitary island, scarcely known to mariners, save as the resort of pirates, deserters, and buccaneers, and chiefly to the reading world at home as the land of Robinson Crusoe, to see these adventurous Americans in their red shirts, lounging about the veritable castle of the "wild man in the goat-skins," digging out the walls, smoking cigars, whittling sticks, and talking in plain English about California and the election of General Taylor. Some of them even went so far as to propose a "prospecting" expedition through Crusoe's valley, in search of gold; while others got up a warm debate on the subject of annexation—the annexation of Juan Fernandez. One long, lank, slab-sided fellow, with a leathern sort of face, and two copious streams of tobacco juice running down from the corners of his mouth, was leaning on his pick outside the cave, spreading forth his sentiments for the benefit of the group of gentlemen who were cooking the fish.

"I tell you, feller citizens," said he, aroused into something like prophetic enthusiasm, as the subject warmed upon his mind, "I tell you it's manifest destiny. Joo-an Fernandays is bound by all the rights of con-san-guity to be a part of the great Ree-public of Free States. Gentlemen, I'm a destiny-man, myself; I go the whole figure, sir; yes, sir, I'm none of your old Hunkers. I go for Joo-an Fernandays and California, and any other small patches of airth that may be laying around the vicinity. We want 'em all, gentlemen; we want 'em for our whale-ships and the yeomanry of our country! (cheers). We'll buy 'em from the Spaniards, sir, with our gold; if we can't buy 'em, sir, by hokey! we'll TAKE 'EM, sir! (Renewed cheers.) I ask you, gentlemen; I appeal to your feelins as feller citizens of *thee* greatest concatenation of States on *thee* face of God's airth, are you the men that'll refuse to fight for your country? (Cheers, and cries of No, no! we ain't the men! hurra for Joo-an Fernandays!) Then, by Jupiter, sir, we'll have it! We'll have it as sure as the Star of Empire shines like the bright Loo-min-ary of Destiny in the broad Panoply of Heaven (and more especially in the western section of it). We'll have it, sir, as sure as that redolent and inspiring Loominary beckons us on, sir, like a dazzling joo-el on the pre-monitary finger of Hope; and the glorious Stars and Stripes, feller citizens, shall wave proudly in the zephyrs of futurity over the exalted peaks of Joo-an Fernandays!" (Tremendous sensation, during which the orator takes a fresh chew of tobacco, and sits down.)

As soon as the party of annexationists per-



THE CALIFORNIANS IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

ceived us, they called out to us to heave to, and make ourselves at home. "Come on, gentlemen, come on! No ceremony. We're all Americans! this is a free country. Here's fish! here's bread! here's coffee! Help yourselves, gentlemen! This is a great country, gentlemen—a great country!" Of course we fell to work upon the fish, which was a splendid cod, and the bread and the coffee, too, and very palatable we found them all, and exceedingly jolly and entertaining the "gentlemen from the Brooklyn." These lively individuals had made the most of their time in the way of enjoying themselves ashore. About a week before our arrival they gave a grand party in honor of the American nation in general. It was in rather a novel sort of place, to be sure, but none the worse for that —one of the large caves near the boat-landing. On this eventful occasion they "scared up," as they alleged, sundry delicacies from home, such as preserved meats, pound-cake, champagne, and wines of various sorts, and out of their number they produced a full band of music. They also, by clearing the earth and beating it down, made a very good place for dancing, and they had waltzes, polkas, and cotillions, in perfect ballroom style. It was rather a novel entertainment, take it altogether, in the solitudes of Juan Fernandez. I have forgotten whether the four Chilian ladies of the island attended; if they did not, it certainly was not for want of an invitation. The American Crusoe was there, no longer monarch of all he surveyed. Poor fellow, his reign was over. The Californians were the sovereigns now.

After our snack with the Brooklynites, we joined our comrades down on the beach. They had shot at a great many wild goats, without hitting



FISHING.

any, of course. The rest of the afternoon we spent in catching fish for supper.

THE CAVE OF THE BUCCANEERS.

It now began to grow late, and we thought it best to look about us for some place where we could sleep. Captain Richardson very kindly offered us the use of his cabin, but he was crowded with passengers, and we preferred staying ashore. There was something novel in sleeping ashore, but neither novelty nor comfort in a vessel with a hundred and eighty Californians on board. Brigham and a few others took our boat, and went over near the old fort to search out a camping ground; while the rest of the party and myself started off with the captain to explore a grotto. We had a couple of sailors to row us, which helped to make the trip rather pleasant.

Turning a point of rocks, we steered directly into the mouth of the grotto, and ran in some forty or fifty feet, till nearly lost in darkness. It was a very wild and rugged place—a fit abode for the buccaneers.

The cliff into which the cave runs is composed of great rocks, covered on top with a soil of red, burned earth. The swell of the sea broke upon the base with a loud roar, and the surf rolling inward into the depths of the grotto, made a deep reverberation, like the dashing of water under a bridge. There was some difficulty in effecting a landing among these subterranean rocks, which were round and slippery. The water was very deep, and abounded in seaweed. On gaining a dry place, we found the interior quite lofty and spacious, and tending upward into the very bowels of the mountain. Some said there was a way out clear up in the middle of the island. Overhead it was hung with stalactites, some of which were of great size and wonderful formation. Abraham and myself climbed up in the dark about a hundred feet, where we entirely lost sight of the mouth, and could hardly see an inch before us. As we turned back and began to descend, our friends down below looked like gigantic monsters standing in the rays of light near the entrance. I broke off some pieces of rock and put them in my pocket, as tokens of my visit to this strange place.

On reaching the boat, again we found a group of our comrades seated around a natural basin in the rocks, regaling themselves on bread and water. The water, I think, was the clearest and best I ever tasted. It trickled down from the top of the cave, and fell into the basin with a most refreshing sound. I drank a pint goblet-full, and found it uncommonly cool and pure. Nothing more remaining to be seen, we started off for the boat-landing, near the huts, where we parted with our friend the captain, and then, it being somewhat late, we went in search of our party.

LODGINGS UNDERGROUND.

When we arrived on the ground selected by Brigham and the others, we found that they had made but little progress in cutting wood for the posts, and much remained to be done before we could get up the tent.

Heavy clouds hung over the tops of the mountains; the surf moaned dismally upon the rocks; big drops of rain began to strike as through the gusts of wind that swept down over the cliffs, and there was every prospect of a wet and stormy night. It was now quite dark. After some talk, we thought it best to abandon our plan of sleeping under the sail. Finally, we agreed to go in search of a cave under the brow of a neighboring cliff. We had seen it during the day, and although a very unpromising place,

we thought it would serve to protect us against the rain. We therefore took our oars and sail upon our shoulders, together with what few weapons of defense we had, and stumbled about in the dark for some time, till we had the good fortune to find the mouth of the cave. In the course of a few minutes we struck a light by a lucky chance, and then looked in. There seemed to be no bottom to it, and, so far as we could perceive, neither sides nor top. Certainly there was not a living soul about the premises to deny us admission; so we crept down, as we thought, into the bowels of the earth, and, seeing nobody there, took possession of our lodgings, such as as they were.

It was a damp and gloomy place enough; reeking with mould, and smelling very strong of strange animals. The rocks hung gaping over our heads, as if ready to fall down upon us at the mere sound of our voices; the ground was covered with dirty straw, left there probably by some deserters from a whale-ship, and all around the sides were full of holes, which we supposed from the smell must be inhabited by foxes, rats, and, perhaps, snakes, though we were afterward told there were no reptiles on the island. We soon found that there were plenty of spiders and fleas in the straw. The ground being damp, we spread our sail over it, in order to make a sort of bed; and, being in a measure protected by a clump of bushes placed in the entrance by the previous occupants to keep out the wind and rain, we did not altogether despair of passing a tolerably comfortable night.

For a while there was not much said by any body; we were all busy looking about us. Some were looking at the rocks overhead; some into the holes, where they thought there might be wild animals; and myself and a few others were trying to light a fire in the back part of the cave. It smoked so that we had to give it up at last, for it well-nigh stifled the whole party.

By this time, being all tired, we lay down, and had some talk about Robinson Crusoe.

"If he lived in such holes as this," said one, "I don't think he had much sleep."

"No," muttered another, "that sort of thing reads a good deal better than it feels: but there's no telling how a man may get used to it. Eels get used to being skinned, and I've heard of a horse that lived on five straws a day."

"For my part," adds a third, "I like it: there's romance about it—and convenience, too, in some respects. For the matter of clothing, a man could wear goat-skins. Tailors never dunned Robinson Crusoe. It goes a great way toward making a man happy to be independent of fashion. Being dunned makes a man miserable."

"Yes, it makes him travel a long way sometimes," sighs another, thoughtfully. "I'd be willing to live here a few years to get rid of society. What a glorious thing it must be to have nothing to do but hunt wild goats! Robinson had a jolly time of it; no accounts to make out, no office-hours to keep, nobody to call him to account every morning for being ten minutes too late, in consequence of a frolic. Talking about frolics, he wasn't tempted with liquor, or bad company either; he chose his own company: he had his parrot, his goats, his man, Friday; all steady sort of fellows, with no nonsense about them. I'll venture to say they never drank any thing stronger than water."



CRUSOE AND HIS COMRADES.

"No," adds another, gloomily, "it isn't likely they applied 'hot and rebellious liquors to their blood.' But a man who lives alone has no occasion to drink. He has no love affairs on hand to drive him to it."

"Nor a scolding wife. I've known men to go all the way to California to get rid of a woman's tongue."

There was a pause here, as most of the talkers began to drop off to sleep.

"Gentlemen," said somebody in the party, who had been listening attentively to the conversation, "I don't believe a single word of it! I don't believe there ever was such a man as Robinson Crusoe in the world. I don't believe there ever was such a man as Friday. In my opinion, the whole thing is a lie, from beginning to end. I consider Robinson Crusoe a humbug!"

"Who says it's all a lie?' cried several voices, fiercely; "who calls Robinson Crusoe a humbug?"

"That is to say," replied the culprit, modifying the remark, "I don't think the history is altogether true. Such a person might have lived here, but he added something on when he told his story. He knew very well his man Friday, or his dogs and parrots were not going to expose his falsehoods."

"Pooh! you don't believe in any thing; you never did believe in any thing since you were born. Perhaps you don't believe in that. Are you quite sure you are here yourself?"

"Well, to be candid, when I look about me and see what a queer sort of place it is, I don't feel quite sure; there's room for doubt."

"Doubt, sir! doubt? Do you doubt Friday? Do you think there's room for doubt in him?"

"Possibly there may have been such a man. I say there *may* have been; I wouldn't swear to it."

"Fudge, sir, fudge! The fact is, you make yourself ridiculous. You are troubled with dyspepsia."

"I am raythor dyspeptic, gentlemen, raythor so. I hope you'll excuse me, but I can't exactly say I believe in Crusoe. It ain't my fault—the belief ain't naturally in me."

Upon which, having made this acknowledgment, we let him alone, and he turned over and went to sleep. We now pricked up our lamp, and prepared to follow his example, when a question arose as to the propriety of standing watches during the night—a precaution thought necessary by some in consequence of the treacherous character of the Spaniards. There were eleven of us, which would allow one hour to each person. For my part, I thought there was not much danger, and proposed letting every man who felt uneasy stand watches for himself. We had labored without rest for thirty-six hours, and I was willing to trust to Providence for safety, and make the most of our time for sleeping. A majority being of the same opinion, the plan of standing watches was abandoned; and having loaded our two guns, we placed them in a convenient position commanding the mouth of the cave. I got the harpoon and stood it up near me, for I had made up my mind to fasten on to the first Spaniard that came within reach.

ATTACK OF THE ROBBERS.

Scarcely had we closed our eyes, and fallen into a restless doze, when a nervous gentleman in the party rose up on his hands and knees, and cautiously uttered these words:

"Friends, don't you think we'd better put out the light. The Spaniards may be armed, and if they come here, the lamp will show them where we are, and they'll be sure to take aim at our heads."

"Sure enough," whispered two or three at once. "We didn't think of that; they can't see us in the dark, however, unless they have eyes like cats. Let us put out the light by all means."

So with that we were about to put out the light, when the man who had doubts in regard to Robinson Crusoe, rose up on his hands and knees likewise, and said:

"Hold on! I think you'd better not do that. It ain't policy. I don't believe in it myself."

"Confound it, sir," cried half-a-dozen voices angrily, "you don't believe in any thing! What's the reason you don't believe in it? Eh? what's the reason, sir?"

"Well, I'll tell you why. Because, if you put out the light, we can't see where to shoot. Likely as not we'd shoot one another. If I feel certain of any thing, it is, that I'd be the first man shot; it's my luck. I know I'd be a dead man before morning."

There was something in this suggestion not to be laughed at. The most indignant of us felt the full force of it. To shoot our enemies in self-defense seemed reasonable enough; but to shoot any of our own party, even the man who doubted Robinson Crusoe, would be a very serious calamity. At last, after a good deal of talk, we compromised the matter by putting the lamp under an old hat with a hole in the top. This done, we tried to go to sleep.

Brigham went to the mouth of the cave about midnight to take an observation. He was armed with one of the guns.

"What's that?" said he, sharply; "I hear something! Gentlemen, I hear something! Hallo! who goes there?"

There was no answer. Nothing could be heard but the moaning of the surf down on the beach.

"A Spaniard! by heavens, a Spaniard! I'll shoot him—I'll shoot him through the head!"

"Don't fire, Brigham," said I, for I wanted a chance to fasten on with the harpoon; "wait till he comes up, and ask him what he wants."

"Ahoy there! What do you want? Answer quick, or I'll shoot you! Speak! or you're a dead man!"

All hands were now in commotion. We rushed to the mouth of the cave in a body, determined to defend ourselves to the last extremity.

"Gentlemen," cried Brigham, a little confused, "It's a goat! I see him now, in the rays of the moon; a live goat, coming down the cliff. Shall I kill him for breakfast?"

"Wait," said I, "till he comes a little closer; I'll bend on to him with the harpoon."

"You'd better let him alone," said the Doubter, in a sepulchral voice. "Likely as not it's a tame goat or a chicken belonging to the American down there."

"A tame devil, sir! How do you suppose they could keep tame goats in such a place as this. Your remark concerning the chicken is beneath contempt!"

"Well, I don't know why. 'Taint my nature to take an entire goat without proof. I thought it might be a chicken."

"Then you'd better go and satisfy yourself, if you're not afraid."

The Doubter did so. He walked a few steps toward the object, so as to get sight of its outline, and then returned, saying:

"That thing there isn't a goat at all; neyther is it a chicken."

"What is it, then?"

"Nothing but a bush."

"What makes it move?"

"The wind, I suppose. I don't know what else could make it move, for it ain't got the first principle of animal life in it. Bushes don't walk about of nights any more than they do in the day-time. I never did believe in it from the beginning, and I told you so, but you wouldn't listen to me."

We said nothing in reply to this, but returned into the cave and lay down again upon the sail.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

JENA AND AUERSTADT.

IT was nearly midnight when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered the darkened streets of Paris, on his return from Vienna. He drove directly to the Tuileries, and ascended the stairs, with hasty strides, to his cabinet. Without undressing, or even throwing himself upon a couch for a moment of repose, he sent for the Minister of Finance. The whole of the remainder of the night was passed in a rigid examination of the state of the Bank of France. The eagle eye of the Emperor immediately penetrated the labyrinth of confusion in which its concerns were involved. Writing from the camp of Boulogne, in the midst of all the distractions of the preparations for the march to Ulm and Austerlitz, Napoleon had thus addressed his Minister of Finance. "The paper of the bank is issued in many, perhaps a majority of cases, not on real capital, but on a delusive supposition of wealth. In one word, in discounting after this manner, the bank *is coining false money*. So clearly do I see the dangers of such a course, that, if necessary, I would stop the pay of my soldiers, rather than persevere in it. *I am distressed beyond measure at the necessities of my situation, which, by compelling me to live in camps, and engaged in distant expeditions, withdraw my attention from what would otherwise be the chief object of my anxiety, and the first wish of my heart; a good and solid organization of all which concerns the interest of banks, manufactures, and commerce.*"

The next day, at eleven o'clock, the whole Council of Finance was assembled. Napoleon kept them incessantly occupied, during an uninterrupted session of nine hours. Thus energetically, without allowing himself a moment for repose, he entered upon a series of labors unparalleled in the history of mankind. The mind of this extraordinary man was all interested in constructing, not in destroying. He loved not the carnage of the battle-field. He loved not the aspect of burning cities, or the desolating sweep of contending armies. It was far more in accordance with his humane disposition, and his intellectual and refined taste, to labor in his cabinet, in rearing works of imperishable grandeur, than hungry, cold, and weary, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, toiling through the mire, and bivouacking upon the drifted-snow, to lead his armies to mutilation, blood, and death. Napoleon was a man. The groans of the dying were not music to his ear. As he went, invariably, the messenger of mercy over the field of strife, when the conflict was over, the aspect of the mangled, the dying, and the dead was not a pleasing spectacle to his eye. His foes compelled him, during all his reign, to devote one half of his energies to repel their assaults.

Napoleon had again conquered peace with all the world, England alone excepted. The government of England, notwithstanding the firm opposition of a large portion of the people, still waged unrelenting war against the Republican Empire. England was too intelligent to be deceived by words. It mattered not whether Napoleon were called Consul or Emperor. The principles of his government were still the same. He was the man of the people. It was his mission to abase aristocratic usurpation, and to elevate the people to equality of privileges and of rights.

Napoleon immediately made arrangements for the army to return, by slow and comfortable marches of twelve miles a day. He ordered the sick and the wounded to be amply provided for during the winter, that they might be brought back to France under the genial sun of spring. Officers were commanded to remain with them, to see that all their wants were fully supplied. Never before or since has there been a general so attentive to his sick and wounded soldiers. To this testimony there is not a dissentient voice.

In the midst of negotiations and military cares more vast and varied than ever before occupied the mind of man, Napoleon devoted himself with a fondness amounting to a passion, to the creation of magnificent works of art and of public utility. In those snatches of leisure left him by his banded foes, he visited all parts of the capital and of his empire. Wherever he went some grand idea for moral, intellectual, or physical improvement suggested itself to his mind. The foot-prints of the Emperor still remain all over Paris, and in the remotest provinces of France, enduring memorials of his philanthropy, his comprehensive wisdom, and his tireless energy. He found St. Denis, the mausoleum of the ancient kings of France, in deplorable dilapidation. The venerable edifice was immediately and magnificently repaired. The beautiful church of St. Genevieve was crumbling to decay. He restored it to more than its pristine splendor. He reared the magnificent monument in the Place Vendome. The noble obelisk of bronze, winding round whose shaft are displayed, in long basso-relievo, the exploits of the campaigns of Ulm and Austerlitz, excites the admiration of every beholder. The monument was consecrated to the grand army, and was constructed of the cannon taken from the enemy. Napoleon had ever been contending for peace. In these eventful campaigns he had secured peace for the Continent. He wished to have the statue of Peace surmount the lofty summit of the pillar. But the nation gratefully decreed that Napoleon, the hero-pacificator, in imperial costume, should crown the trophy of his own genius. When the allies, after desolating Europe for a quarter of a century with blood, succeeded in driving Napoleon from his throne, and reinstating the Bourbons, they hurled the statue of the Republican Emperor from its proud elevation. They could not, however, tear the image of Napoleon from the heart

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.



MONUMENT IN THE PLACE VENDOME.

of an adoring people. The Bourbons were again driven into exile, and the statue of Napoleon replaced. No sacrilegious hand will ever venture again rudely to touch that memorial of a nation's love and homage. He formed the plan, and commenced the work of uniting the Louvre and the Tuileries in the most splendid palace the world has ever seen. And this palace was to be consecrated, not to the licentious indulgence of kings and nobles, but to the fine arts, for the benefit of the people. The magnificent "Arch of Triumph" in the Carrousel, and the still more magnificent arch facing the Elysian Fields were both commenced this year. Fifteen new fountains were erected in the city. More extensive engines were created to raise water from the Seine, that eighty fountains might play unceasingly night and day. Magnificent quays were erected along the banks of the river. A bridge, in process of building, was rapidly completed, and named the Bridge of Austerlitz. A new bridge, subsequently called the Bridge of Jena, was commenced. These were but a part of the works entered upon in the capital. The most distant departments of the empire shared his attention and his munificence. Immense canals were constructed, conferring the benefits of water communication upon all parts of France. National roads, upon which the tourist now gazes with astonishment, were commenced. Others, already laid out, were urged to their rapid completion. The world-renowned Pass of the Simplon, the road through the valley of the Moselle, the highway from Roanne to Lyons, the celebrated road from Nice to Genoa, the roads over Mt. Cenis and Mt. Genèvre, and along the banks of the Rhine, and the astonishing works at Antwerp, will forever remain a memorial of Bonaparte's insatiable desire to enrich and ennoble the country of which he was the monarch.

These were the works in which he delighted. This was the fame he wished to rear for himself. This was the immortality he coveted. His renown is immortal. He has left upon the Continent an imprint of beneficence which time can never efface. But Europe was in arms against him. To protect his empire from hostile invasion, while carrying on these great works, he was compelled continually to support 400,000 men in battle array.

Napoleon was always a serious man, religiously inclined. In his youthful years he kept himself

entirely aloof, not only from the dissipations, but from the merriment of the camp. In his maturer life the soldiers gave him the name of "Father Thoughtful." Though not established in the belief that Christianity was of divine origin, he ever cherished a profound reverence for the religion of the Bible. Amidst the sneers of infidel Europe, he, with unvarying constancy, affirmed that religion was essential to the well-being of society, not merely as a police regulation, but as a necessity of the human soul. When but twenty-four years of age, he encouraged his brother Louis, who was then a lad but about fifteen years old, but conscientious and devout, to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. Says Louis, "I was then but a child. It was in consequence of his advice and care, that I partook of my first communion. He selected a worthy ecclesiastic to give me the necessary instructions and preparations." When the schedule of study for Madame Campan's female school was presented him, he found, as one regulation, "The young ladies shall attend prayers *twice a week*." He immediately erased, with his pen, the words "twice a week," and substituted "*every day*."

"Sire!" said General Bertrand to Napoleon, one day, "you believe in God. I also believe. But, after all, what is God? What do we know of him? Have we seen him?"

Napoleon replied, "*What is God? Do I know what I believe?* Very well! I will tell you. Answer me: How know you that a man has genius? Is it any thing you have seen? Is it visible—genius? What then can you believe of it? We see the effect. From the effect we pass to the cause. We find it; we affirm it; we believe it. Is it not so? Thus upon the field of battle, when the action commences, though we do not understand the plan of attack, we admire the promptitude, the efficiency of the manœuvres, and exclaim '*A man of genius!*' When in the heat of the battle victory wavers, why do you the first turn your eyes toward me? Yes! your lips call me. From all parts we hear but one cry, '*The Emperor, where is he? his orders?*' What means that cry? It is the cry of instinct, of general faith in me—in my genius."

"Very well! I also, I have an instinct, a knowledge, a faith, a cry which involuntarily escapes me. I reflect. I regard nature with her phenomena, and I exclaim *God!* I admire, and cry, *There is a God!*"

"Since you believe in genius, tell me, tell me, I pray you, what gives to the man of genius this invention, inspiration, this glance of the eye, peculiar to man alone? Answer me! from whence does it come? You can not tell! Is it not so? Neither can I, nor any one else. And still, this peculiarity which characterizes certain individuals, is a fact as evident, as positive as any other fact. But if there is such a difference in mind, there is evidently a cause; there is some one who has made that difference. It is neither you nor me, and *genius* is but a word, which teaches nothing of its cause. That any person should say, *They are the organs!* Behold a silliness fit for a medical student, but not for me. Do you understand?"*

Napoleon saw so many imperfections in the Catholic priesthood, that he was unwilling to intrust the education of youth to ecclesiastics. Their devotion to the past, their hostility to all innovation and progress, incapacitated them, in his judgment, to rouse and guide the youthful mind. He devoted, at this time, very special attention to the education of the masses of the people. He established an University, to raise up a corps of teachers, of high qualifications, who should hold distinguished rank in the state, and who should receive ample emolument. In all the schools religion was to be taught by chaplains.

Such were the labors of Napoleon in Paris from January to July, 1806. At the same time he was compelled to defend himself from England, who was incessantly assailing France, with all the power of her invincible fleet. He was also conducting the most momentous negotiations with the various nations of Europe.

The province of Genoa occupied the southern slope of the Apennines. It was about as large as Rhode Island, and contained 500,000 inhabitants. Its population was thoroughly imbued with the principles of Republican France. In the wars then desolating Europe, this Lilliputian state was of course powerless, unless sustained by some stronger arm. Its immediate contiguity to France encouraged the desire for annexation. A deputation, from the Senate of Genoa, visited Napoleon, soliciting this favor. "In regenerating the people of this country," said the deputation, "your Majesty has contracted the obligation to render it happy. But this can not be done unless it is governed by your Majesty's wisdom and valor. The changes which have taken place around us, have rendered our insulated situation a source of perpetual disquietude, and imperiously call for a union with that France which you have covered with imperishable renown. Such is the wish which we are charged to lay at your Majesty's feet. The reasons on which it is founded prove sufficiently that it is not the result of any external suggestion, but the inevitable consequence of our actual situation."

When Napoleon entered Genoa, in consummation of this union, he was received with the most enthusiastic demonstrations of joy. The fêtes arranged by the exultant inhabitants on that memorable occasion, surpassed in splendor any thing which modern Italy had seen. The magistrates met Napoleon at the gates of the city, with the keys. "Genoa," said they, "named the Superb, from its situation, is now still more

* Napoleon was exceedingly displeased with the impiety of Dr. Antommarchi, a physician who was sent to him while at St. Helena. "You physicians," said Napoleon to him, one day, "are unbelievers, *because you can not find the soul with your dissecting knife.* Physicians are generally infidels. It is not so with mathematicians. They are ordinarily devout. The name of God incessantly flowed from the pen of Lagrange."



THE ANNEXATION OF GENOA.

worthy of that name from its destination. It has thrown itself into the arms of a hero. It therefore places its keys in the hands of one capable, above all others, of maintaining and increasing that glory." The city blazed with illuminations, the roar of artillery shook the embattled shores and frowning forts; and fireworks, surpassing the imagined creations of fairy power, filled the whole heavens, as Genoa rejoiced over the consummation of her nuptials with France.

The Kingdom of Naples, sometimes called the Kingdom of the two Sicilies, contained a population of about eight millions. The government, almost an unlimited monarchy, was in the hands of a branch of the house of Bourbon. The perfidious court had, again and again, sent its ships and its armies to assail Napoleon. And yet, in the hour of victory, Napoleon had ever treated the hostile governments with singular magnanimity. When the Emperor was more than a thousand miles from his capital, in the wilds of Northern Germany, struggling with his banded foes upon the plains of Austerlitz, the King of Naples thought it an inviting opportunity to attack him in his rear. Without any provocation, inviting the English fleet into his harbors, and joining his army, fifty thousand strong, with those of England, Austria, and Russia, he fell upon France. Napoleon heard of this act of treachery immediately after the battle of Austerlitz. He was extremely exasperated.

The kings of Europe seemed to treat him as an outlaw, beyond the pale of all honorable intercourse. The most solemn treaties with him were regarded as of no moment. They did every thing in their power to stir up treason around his throne, and to fan in France the flame of civil war. They cringed before his mighty genius as they met him on the field of battle, or in the chamber of council, and yet were they ever ready to stab him in the back, the moment his face was turned. An independent nation of forty millions of people, with hardly a dissenting vote, had elected him its monarch. The despots of Europe denied his right to the throne. They refused him his title. They called him contemptuously *Mr. Bonaparte.** They resorted to every mean subterfuge, in their diplomacy, to avoid the recognition of his imperial dignity. They filled the world with the blackest libels against his fair fame. They accused him of drunkenness, debauchery, murder, blood-thirstiness, incest. They fed those who were constructing infernal machines, and mingling poison, and sharpening daggers, to hunt him out of the world. There is great moral sublimity in the dignity with which Napoleon encountered all this, and went straight on with his work. He had already spared the Bourbons of Naples three times. He resolved to be their dupe no longer. The following energetic proclamation to his army announced the merited fate of this perfidious court.

"Soldiers! For the last ten years I have done

* Gustavus, King of Sweden, in a public note delivered to the French envoy at Stockholm, expressed his surprise at the "indecent and ridiculous insolence, which *Monsieur Napoleon Bonaparte* had permitted to be inserted in the *Moniteur*." Alexander, in public documents, addressed him as *chief of the French government.* And the British Cabinet passed a solemn decree that the Emperor Napoleon, while at Saint Helena, should receive no other title than that of *General Bonaparte.* Gustavus ever insisted that Napoleon was *The Beast* described in the book of Revelation.

every thing in my power to save the King of Naples. He has done every thing to destroy himself. After the battles of Dego, Mondovi, and Lodi he could oppose to me but a feeble resistance. I relied upon the word of this prince, and was generous toward him. When the second coalition was dissolved at Marengo, the King of Naples, who had been the first to commence this unjust war, abandoned by his allies, remained single-handed and defenseless. He implored me. I pardoned him a second time. It is but a few months since you were at the gates of Naples. I had sufficiently powerful reasons for suspecting the treason in contemplation. I was still generous. I acknowledged the neutrality of Naples. I ordered you to evacuate the kingdom. For the third time, the house of Naples was re-established and saved. Shall we forgive a fourth time? Shall we rely a fourth time on a court without faith, honor, or reason? No, no! *The dynasty of Naples has ceased to reign.* Its existence is incompatible with the honor of Europe, and the repose of my crown."

Immediately Napoleon wrote, in the following words, to his brother Joseph. "My wish is, that in the first days of February you should enter the Kingdom of Naples; and that I should be informed, in the course of the month, that my Eagles hang over that capital. You will not make any suspension of arms or capitulation. My intention is, that the Bourbons should have ceased to reign in Naples. I wish to seat on that throne a prince of my house; you, in the first place, if that suits you; another, if that does not suit you." *

Joseph took an army and went to Naples. Upon his approach the English fled with the utmost precipitation, taking with them the royal family.† By thus ejecting the royal family of Naples, and placing the crown upon the brow of his brother, Napoleon greatly exasperated the remaining sovereigns of Europe, and added much to his embarrassments. But by leaving the Bourbons on the throne, after such repeated acts of perfidy, he exposed himself to the peril of another treacherous assault whenever hostile Europe should again rise in arms against him. Wisely he chose the least of two evils. And now the idea became an established principle in the mind of Napoleon, that as all the feudal kings of Europe were in heart banded against him, and were ever watching for opportunities to assail him, he must strengthen his power, by establishing thrones and sustaining governments which should be occupied by his friends. It was a struggle, not only for his political existence, but also for the dignity and the independence of the French nation.

Holland was a low, marshy country, about the size of the State of Maryland. Two millions and a half of inhabitants, protected from the sea by dykes, cultivated its fields, and worked its factories. Holland had followed in the footsteps of France in the effort to obtain, by revolutionary violence, deliverance from aristocratic usurpation. England, with her allies, fell upon Holland as upon France. At one swoop she robbed her of her colonies, swept her commerce from the seas, and held all her ports in close blockade. Hostile armies invaded her territory. The nation, single-handed, was powerless against such multitudinous foes. She appealed to France for aid. The aid was furnished, and the allied hosts expelled. When France adopted monarchical forms of government, Holland decided to do the same. Holland and France mutually sympathizing, needed mutual support. Their most intimate alliance seemed to be essential to their existence. Holland therefore chose Louis Bonaparte for her king. Louis was an intelligent, conscientious, and upright man. Even the voice of slander has not attempted to sully his fame. He won the enthusiastic love of his subjects.

The Cisalpine Republic had received the name of the Kingdom of Italy. It was a small territory, about the size of the State of Maryland, containing three millions and a half of inhabitants. It was indebted to Napoleon for existence. Unaided by his arm, it could not for an hour have protected itself from the assaults of Austria. In mid winter, four hundred and fifty deputies crossed the Alps, to implore the assistance of Napoleon in organizing their government and in defending them from the armed despotisms which threatened their destruction. In the following words they had addressed Napoleon:

"The Cisalpine Republic needs a support, which will cause it to be respected by the powers which have not yet recognized its existence. It absolutely requires a man who, by the ascendant of his name and strength, may give it the rank and consideration which it may not otherwise obtain. Therefore General Bonaparte is requested to honor the Cisalpine Republic, by continuing to govern it, by blending the direction of its affairs with those of France, so long as shall be necessary to unite all parts of its territory under the same political institutions,

* "The extremity of the Peninsula and Sicily compose the Kingdom of Naples, the most powerful state in Italy, most like Rome in ignorance and barbarism, and still worse governed, if possible. There reigned a Bourbon, a mild, imbecile prince, devoted to one kind of pursuit, fishing and field sports. These occupations engrossed all his time. While he was engaged in them, the government of his kingdom was abandoned to his wife, an Austrian princess, sister to the Queen of France. This princess, a woman of capricious disposition, of licentious passions, having the Minister Acton for her paramour, who was sold to the English, conducted the affairs of the kingdom in a senseless manner. The English, whose policy it always was to gain a footing on the Continent, by controlling the petty states bordering upon its coasts, had endeavored to make themselves the patrons of Naples, as well as of Portugal and Holland. They excited the hatred of the queen against France, and with that hatred infused the ambition to rule Italy."—THIERS.

† "The brief reign of Joseph was a succession of benefits to a people who had been long degraded by a most oppressive despotism. He founded civil and military schools, some of which yet exist—overthrew feudal privileges—suppressed the convents—opened new roads—caused the *Lazzaroni* of Naples to work and be paid—drained marshes, and every where animated with new life and hope, a people long sunk in abject servitude."—*New York American.*

and to cause it to be recognized by the powers of Europe."

At the earnest solicitation of the people, Napoleon afterward accepted the crown, declaring Eugene to be his heir. On this occasion he said to the French Senate:

"Powerful and great is the French Empire. Greater still is our moderation. We have in a manner conquered Holland, Switzerland, Italy, Germany. But, in the midst of such unparalleled success, we have listened only to the counsels of moderation. Of so many conquered provinces, we have retained only the one which was necessary to maintain France in that rank among nations which she has always enjoyed. The partition of Poland, the provinces torn from Turkey, the conquest of India, and of almost all the European colonies, have turned the balance against us. To form a counterpoise to such acquisitions, we must retain something. But we must keep only what is useful and necessary. Great would have been the addition to the wealth and the resources of our territory, if we had united to them the Italian Republic. But we gave it independence at Lyons. And now we proceed a step further, and recognize its ultimate separation from the crown of France, deferring only the execution of that project till it can be done without danger to Italian independence.

The government of Eugene in Italy was popular in the extreme. The Italians still look back upon the days of the Kingdom of Italy, as the most brilliant and the most prosperous of their modern history. The administration of the government by Napoleon is ever spoken of with admiration. Eugene followed the maxims which he received from the sagacity and the experience of the Emperor. "Unlike," says Alison, "the conquered states of other European monarchies, the inhabitants of Lombardy felt the foreign yoke only in the quickened circulation of wealth, the increased vent for industry, the wider field for exertion. Honors, dignities, emoluments, all were reserved for Italians. Hardly a magistrate or civil functionary was of foreign birth. Every where great and useful undertakings were set on foot. Splendid edifices ornamented the towns. Useful canals irrigated the fields."

The state of Piedmont, a province of Sardinia, was about as large as Massachusetts. It contained a population of one and a half millions. The inhabitants were overjoyed to escape from the iron despotism of Austrian rule. Cordially sympathizing with the French in their political principles, they tumultuously joined them. The whole land blazed with illuminations, and was vocal with rejoicings, as Piedmont was annexed to France. Napoleon was of Italian parentage. He ever remained faithful to the souvenirs of his origin. The Italian language was his mother tongue, and the interests of Italy were peculiarly near to his heart. The Peninsula was divided up into innumerable petty dukedoms, principalities, and kingdoms. None of these could be independent. They could only exist by seeking shelter beneath the flag of Austria or France. It was one of the fondest dreams of Napoleon's noble ambition to restore Italian independence. He hoped, by his influence, to have been able to unite all these feeble governments in one great kingdom, containing twenty millions of inhabitants. Rome, he would make its illustrious capital. He designed to rescue the immortal city from the ruins with which it is encumbered; to protect its ancient monuments from the further ravages of decay, and to restore the city, as far as possible, to its ancient splendor. Napoleon had gained such an influence over the Italian people that he could without much difficulty have carried this magnificent project into execution, were it not for certain political considerations which arrested him. He wished for peace with Europe. He wished, if possible, to conciliate the friendly feelings of the surrounding monarchies toward the new institutions in France. To appease Austria, he deemed it wise to leave her in possession of her conquest of the ancient state of Venice, as far as the Adige. Spain was propitiated by allowing her two princes to occupy the throne of Etruria. By permitting the Pope to retain his secular power over the States of the Church, he secured throughout Europe a religious interest in favor of France. The Bourbons he wished to leave undisturbed upon the throne of Naples, notwithstanding reiterated acts of treachery against him. This was a pledge to Europe of his desire not to introduce violence and revolution into other governments. The *power* was clearly in his hands. He *could* have set all these considerations at defiance. So large a proportion of the population of Italy had imbibed the principles of equality which the French revolution had originated, that they implored the permission of Napoleon to drive their rulers from their thrones. Wherever the French armies appeared they were welcomed by a large portion of the people, as friends and liberators. But Napoleon did not deem it wise to spread through Europe the flames of Revolution. Neither did he consider it his duty to allow the despots of Europe to force back upon France a rejected and detested dynasty.

Such, in the main, was the position of France at this period. "While England," says Alison, "was extending its mighty arms over both hemispheres, France was laying its iron grasp on the richest and most important provinces of Europe. The strife could not be other than desperate between two such powers." The difference between the two was simply this. England was conquering and annexing to her vast empire, continents, islands, and provinces, all over the world; in the East Indies and in the West Indies, in North America and in South America, in Europe, in Asia, in Africa; in the Atlantic Ocean, the Pacific Ocean, and the Indian Ocean; in the Mediterranean Sea, and upon the shores of the Red Sea, and of the Caspian. It was her boast that upon the territories of Britannia the

sun never ceased to shine. She had formed coalitions against France with Russia, Austria, Turkey, Prussia, Naples, Sweden, Spain, Portugal, and innumerable other petty principalities and dukedoms. And yet this England, the undisputed mistress of the sea, and more powerful upon the land than imperial Rome in her meridian grandeur, was filling the world with clamor against the insatiable ambition of Napoleon. He had annexed to France, Genoa, the valleys of Piedmont, and a few leagues of territory along the left banks of the Rhine, that that noble river might be one of his barriers against invading hosts. He had also strengthened his empire to resist its multitudinous foes, by forming strong friendly alliances with the Kingdom of Italy, Bavaria, Switzerland, Holland, and a few minor states.

There was a fatality attending Napoleon's career, which he ever recognized, and which no human wisdom could have averted. Aristocratic Europe was necessarily in arms against the Democratic Emperor. Had Napoleon neglected to fortify himself against aggression, by enlarging the boundaries of France, and by forming friendly alliances, the coalesced despots would have laughed him to scorn, as they tore the crown from his brow. But, on the other hand, by disseminating principles of equality, and organizing his friends as barriers against his foes, he alarmed still more the monarchs around him, and roused them to still more desperate efforts for his destruction. The government of England can not be called a despotism. Next to that of the United States it is the most liberal and free of any upon the globe. But the English oligarchy dreaded exceedingly the democratic principles, which had gained such an ascendency in France. Thousands of her population, headed by many of the most eloquent members of Parliament, were clamorous for popular reform. Ireland was on the eve of revolt. The maritime supremacy of England was also imperiled, should Napoleon, with his almost superhuman genius, have free scope for the development of the energies of France. Therefore liberty-loving England allowed herself to head an alliance of despots against popular rights. Combined Europe crushed Napoleon. And what is Europe now? It contains but two classes, the oppressors and the oppressed. "The day will yet come," said Napoleon, "when the English will lament the victory of Waterloo. Incomprehensible day. Concurrence of unheard of fatalities. Singular defeat, by which, notwithstanding the most fatal catastrophe, the glory of the conquered has not suffered, nor the fame of the conqueror been increased. The memory of the one will survive his destruction. The memory of the other will perhaps be buried in his triumph." "When I heard," said Robert Hall, "of the result of the battle of Waterloo, I felt that the clock of the world had gone back six ages."

In this connection Napoleon remarked at St. Helena: "The English are said to traffic in every thing. Why then does she not sell liberty, for which she might get a high price, and without any fear of exhausting her own stock? For example, what would not the poor Spaniards give her to free them from the yoke to which they have again been subjected? I am confident that they would willingly pay any price to recover their freedom. It was I who inspired them with this sentiment; and the error into which I fell, might at least be turned into good account by another government. As to the Italians, I have planted in their hearts principles that can never be rooted out. What can England do better than to promote and assist the noble impulses of modern regeneration? Sooner or later this regeneration must be accomplished. Sovereigns and old aristocratic institutions may exert their efforts to oppose it, but in vain. They are dooming themselves to the punishment of Sisyphus. Sooner or later some arm will tire of resistance, and then the whole system will fall to nothing. Would it not be better to yield with a good grace? This was my intention. Why does England refuse to avail herself of the glory and advantage she might derive from this course of proceeding?"

Napoleon, fully conscious of the uncertainty of his position, wrote to Joseph in Naples, urging him to erect a powerful fortress upon the sea-coast. "Five or six millions a year," said he, "ought to be devoted for ten years to this great creation, in such a manner that with each expenditure of six millions a degree of strength should be gained; and so that, so early as the second or third year you might be able to shut yourself up in this vast fortress. Neither you nor I know what is to befall us in two, three, or four years. *Centuries are not for us.* If you are energetic, you may hold out, in such an asylum, long enough to defy the rigors of Fortune, and to await the return of her favors." On another occasion, he remarked to some friends, who had gathered around him in the Tuileries, when in the very meridian of his power, "The vicissitudes of life are very great. It would not be strange should my son yet have cause to deem himself very fortunate with an income of twelve hundred dollars a year."

Napoleon was ever of the impression that the majority of the British people were opposed to the war; that it was maintained solely by the influence and to promote the interests of the aristocracy. "I would not have attempted to subject England to France," said he, to O'Meara. "I could not have united two nations so dissimilar. If I had succeeded in my project, I would have abolished the monarchy, and established a republic instead of the oligarchy by which you are governed. I would have separated Ireland from England, and left them to themselves, after having sown the seeds of republicanism in their *morale*. I would have allowed the House of Commons to remain, but would have introduced a great reform." Says Alison: "Would England have remained true to herself, under the temptation to swerve produced by such means?

This is a point upon which no Briton would have entertained a doubt till within these few years But the manner in which the public mind has reeled from the application of inferior stimulants since 1830, and the strong partiality to French alliance, which has recently grown up with the spread of Democratic principles, has now suggested the painful doubt whether Napoleon did not know us better than we knew ourselves, and whether we could have resisted those methods of seduction, which had proved fatal to the patriotism of so many other people. The spirit of the nation, indeed, then ran high against Gallic invasion; unanimity unprecedented animated the British people. But strong as that feeling was, it is now doubtful whether it would not have been supplanted, in a large portion of the nation at least, by a still stronger, and if the sudden offer of all the glittering objects of Democratic ambition, would not have shaken the patriotism of a considerable portion of the British, as it unquestionably would of the great bulk of the Irish people."

Sixteen princes, of various degrees of rank and power, occupying small states in the valley of the Rhine, formed a league. The plan originated with Napoleon. The states, thus united, took the name of the Confederation of the Rhine. It was a compact somewhat resembling that of the "United States," and embraced a population of about fourteen millions. Napoleon was elected Protector of the Confederation. Perfect liberty of conscience was established through all the states; and they entered unitedly into an alliance with France, offensive and defensive. In case of war, France was to furnish 200,000 men, and the Confederates 63,000. All disputes between the states were to be settled by a congress composed of two bodies. When this confederation was formed to secure external and internal peace, Napoleon sent word to the King of Prussia, that "he would see without pain, nay, even with pleasure, Prussia ranging under her influence, all the states of the north of Germany, by means of a confederation similar to that of the Rhine."

Twelve years before these events, Spain had entered into a treaty with France, by which she agreed to furnish France, in case of war, with an auxiliary force, which was subsequently commuted into a subsidy of fifteen millions of dollars a year. England was very reasonably annoyed that this large sum should be furnished her foe, by a nation professing neutrality. Spain was in a dilemma. If she refused to fulfill the treaty, war with France would be the inevitable consequence. If she continued to supply France with money, she must expose herself to the broadsides of the British navy. After many remonstrances on the part of England—and denials, apologies, and protestations on the part of Spain—England, without any declaration of war, issued secret orders to her fleet to capture the merchant-ships of Spain, wherever found. Four Spanish galleons, freighted with treasure, all unsuspicious of danger, were approaching Cadiz. A squadron of four British ships attacked them. One of the Spanish ships was blown up, and all on board, two hundred and fifty in number, perished. The other three ships, their decks slippery with blood, were captured. The treasure on board was over ten millions of dollars.

This occurrence produced intense excitement throughout England. The government, with much embarrassment, defended the measure as justifiable and necessary. Fox, Lord Grenville, and vast numbers of the British people condemned the act as an indelible disgrace to the nation. Spain immediately declared war against Great Britain. The united fleets of France and Spain, some thirty ships in number, were met by an equal squadron of English ships off Cape Trafalgar. A bloody conflict ensued. The combined fleet was entirely overthrown. Nineteen ships were taken; seven escaped into Cadiz, so pierced and shattered as to be perfectly unserviceable. Four made way for the Straits, and were captured a few days afterward. Thus the fleets of France and Spain were in fact annihilated. England remained the undisputed mistress of the seas. Napoleon could no longer hope to assail her. He could only strive to ward off the blows, which she continued unceasingly to deal upon him. This led him more deeply to feel the necessity of strengthening himself upon the Continent, as the wide world of water was entirely in possession of his foes.*

The capitulation at Ulm and the victory of Austerlitz caused the defeat of Trafalgar to be forgotten. The echoes of that terrific naval conflict died away amid the solitudes of the ocean; while the resonance of the mighty tread of Napoleon's armies vibrated through every capital upon the Continent. William Pitt soon died, at the age of forty seven. Public opinion in England now imperiously called for Mr. Fox as Prime Minister. The king was compelled to yield. Mr. Fox and Napoleon were friends, mutual admirers. The masses of the British people were in favor of peace. The powerful aristocracy, both of wealth and rank, were almost to a man in favor of war. Napoleon was exceedingly gratified by this change, and was sanguine in the hope of immediate peace. Soon after the accession of Mr. Fox to power, a wretch presented himself to Mr. Fox, and offered to assassinate Napoleon. Mr. Fox indignantly ordered the man to be seized and imprisoned, and wrote a noble letter to the French government, denouncing the odious project, and offering to place the man at their disposal. This generous procedure, so different from that which Napoleon had been accustomed to receive from the

* Nelson lost his life in this conflict. England gratefully conferred all possible honors upon his memory. His brother was made an earl, with a pension of 30,000 dollars a year. Each of his sisters received a gift of 50,000 dollars, and 500,000 dollars to purchase an estate. A public funeral was decreed him, and a monument erected in St Paul's Cathedral. "At Waterloo," says Alison, "England fought for victory; at Trafalgar, for existence."

British government, touched the magnanimous heart of the Emperor. "There," he exclaimed, "I recognize the principles of honor and virtue, which have always animated Mr. Fox. Thank him, in my name. Tell him whether the policy of his sovereign causes us to continue much longer at war, or whether as speedy an end as the two nations can desire is put to a quarrel useless to humanity, I rejoice at the new character which from this proceeding, the war has already taken. It is an omen of what may be expected from a cabinet, of the principles of which I am delighted to judge from those of Mr. Fox. He is one of the men most fitted to feel in every thing what is excellent, what is truly great." M. Talleyrand, the French Minister, communicated this reply to Mr. Fox. A reply was immediately returned by Mr. Fox, in frank and cordial terms proposing peace. Napoleon was delighted with the proposal. Most sincerely he wished for reconciliation with Great Britain. Rejoiced at this overture, he accepted it with the utmost cordiality.

But it was now extremely difficult to settle the conditions of peace. Napoleon was so powerful that France would accede to any terms which her Emperor should judge to be best. But Mr. Fox was surrounded in Parliament by an Opposition of immense strength. The Tories wished for war. England had made enormous conquests of the colonies of France and her allies. She wished to retain them all. France had made vast accessions to her power upon the Continent. The Tories insisted that she should surrender all. England wished to be the great manufacturer of the world, with all nations for her purchasers, and with the commerce of all climes engrossed by her fleets. Napoleon, though most anxious for peace, was not willing that France should become the vassal of England. He deemed it a matter of the first moment that French manufactures should be encouraged by protective duties. Under these circumstances, Napoleon said to Mr. Fox, through M. Talleyrand, "France will not dispute with England the conquests England has made. Neither does France claim any thing more upon the Continent than what she now has. It will, therefore, be easy to lay down the basis of a peace, if England has not inadmissible views relative to commercial interests. The Emperor is persuaded that the real cause of the rupture of the Peace of Amiens was no other than the refusal to conclude a commercial treaty. Be assured that the Emperor, without refusing certain commercial advantages, if they are possible, will not admit of any treaty prejudicial to French industry, which he means to protect by all duties and prohibitions which can favor its development. He insists on having liberty to do at home all that he pleases, all that is beneficial, without any rival nation having a right to find fault with him."

It is cheering to contemplate the generous intercourse between these noble men. Mr. Fox accompanied each official dispatch with a private note, full of frank and cordial friendship. M. Talleyrand, who was but the amanuensis of Napoleon, followed his example. It will be remembered that at the commencement of the war the English captured all the French whom they could find upon the sea. Napoleon, in retaliation, captured all the English whom he could find upon the land. Many members of the highest families in England were detained in France. Mr. Fox applied for the release of several of them on parole. Napoleon immediately sent to him every one designated in the list. Mr. Fox, in return for this magnanimity, released an equal number of illustrious captives taken in the battle of Trafalgar.

There was another serious difficulty in the way of peace. The King of England was also King of Hanover. This kingdom, situated in the northern part of Germany, occupied a territory about twice as large as the State of Massachusetts, and embraced a million and a half of inhabitants. At the commencement of the last coalition against France, Napoleon had taken it. At the peace of Presburg, immediately after the battle of Austerlitz, Napoleon had allowed Prussia to take possession of the territory. English honor demanded that Hanover should be restored. This appeared absolutely essential to peace. But Prussia grasped her rich booty with deathless tenacity. Napoleon, however, meditated restoring Hanover to England, and conferring upon Prussia some other provinces in requital. In the midst of this labyrinth of diplomacy, Fox was suddenly taken sick, and died. The peace of the world was entombed in his sepulchre. New influences gained strength in the Cabinet of St. James, and all hopes of peace were at an end. The English ministers now presented all kinds of obstacles in the way of peace; and the embassadors at Paris conducting the negotiations, soon demanded their passports. "There can be no doubt," says H. B. Ireland, "but that the hopes of a new war, indulged by the English cabinet, constituted the basis of those objections. This rupture was hailed at the London Stock Exchange with the most savage demonstrations of joy."

The death of Fox, Napoleon ever deemed one of the greatest of calamities. At St. Helena he said, half a dozen such men as Fox and Cornwallis would be sufficient to establish the moral character of a nation.

"With such men I should always have agreed. We should soon have settled our differences, and not only France would have been at peace with a nation at bottom worthy of esteem, but we should have done great things together." Again he said, "Fame had informed me of his talents. I found that he possessed a noble character, a good heart, liberal, generous, and enlightened views. I considered him an ornament to mankind, and was very much attached to him." And again he remarked, "Certainly the death of Fox was one of the fatalities of my career. Had his life been prolonged, affairs would have taken a totally different turn. The cause of the people would have triumphed, and

we should have established a new order of things in Europe." *

And now England, Russia, and Prussia formed another coalition against Napoleon. There was even no plausible pretext to be urged in extenuation of the war. Napoleon was consecrating all his energies to the promotion of the best interests of France. For the accomplishment of his noble purposes, he needed peace. In his vast conquests he had shown the most singular moderation—a moderation which ought to have put England, Russia, Prussia, and Austria to the blush. To the following remarks in the Moniteur—evidently from the powerful pen of Napoleon—Europe could make no reply but by the charges of her squadrons, and by the broadsides of her fleets.

"Why should hostilities arise between France and Russia? Perfectly independent of each other, they are impotent to inflict evil, but all-powerful to communicate benefits. If the Emperor of France exercises a great influence in Italy, the Czar exerts a still greater influence over Turkey and Persia. If the cabinet of Russia pretends to have a right to affix limits to the power of France, without doubt it is equally disposed to allow the Emperor of the French to prescribe the bounds beyond which Russia is not to pass. Russia has partitioned Poland. Can she then complain that France possesses Belgium and the left banks of the Rhine? Russia has seized upon Crimea, the Caucasus, and the northern provinces of Persia. Can she deny that the right of self-preservation gives France a title to demand an equivalent in Europe? Let every power begin by restoring the conquests which it has made during the last fifty years. Let them re-establish Poland, restore Venice to its Senate, Trinidad to Spain, Ceylon to Holland, the Crimea to the Porte, the Caucasus and Georgia to Persia, the kingdom of Mysore to the sons of Tippoo Saib, and the Mahratta States to their lawful owners; and then the other Powers may have some title to insist that France shall retire within her ancient limits. It is the fashion to speak of the ambition of France. Had she chosen to preserve her conquests, the half of Austria, the Venetian States, the states of Holland and Switzerland, and the kingdom of Naples, would have been in her possession. The limits of France, are in reality, the Adige and the Rhine. Has it passed either of these limits? Had it fixed on the Solza and the Drave, it would not have exceeded the bounds of its conquest."

When Napoleon was endeavoring to surround General Mack at Ulm, it was absolutely essential to the success of his enterprise, that he should send a few battalions across the little state of Anspach, which belonged to Prussia. To Bernadotte, who had charge of this division, he wrote: "You will traverse the territory of Anspach. Avoid resting there. Do every thing in your power to conciliate the Prussians. Testify the greatest possible regard for the interests of Prussia. In the meantime pursue your march with the utmost rapidity, alleging, as an excuse, the impossibility of doing otherwise, which is really the fact."

At the same time he dispatched the Grand Marshal Duroc, to Berlin, to apprise the King of Prussia of the critical situation in which he was placed, by an attack from so formidable an alliance, without any previous declaration of war; to express his unfeigned regret at the necessity of marching some troops over a portion of the Prussian territory; and to excuse himself upon the ground of absolute necessity alone. Though the king rather ungraciously accepted the apology, the more warlike portion of the nation, headed by their chivalric queen, loudly declared that this violation was an outrage which could only be avenged by the sword. This was one of the grievances of which Prussia now complained.

There were then, as now, in Europe two great antagonistic forces—the governors and the governed—the aristocracy and the people. The triumph of Napoleon was the triumph of popular rights. Alexander, young, ambitious, and the monarch of the uncounted millions of Russia, was anxious to wipe out the stain of Austerlitz. Prussia, proud of her past military glory, and stimulated by an enthusiastic and romantic queen, resolved to measure swords with the great conqueror. England, burdened with the grasp of two hemispheres, reiterated her cry against "the insatiable ambition of Napoleon."

The armies of Prussia, nearly 200,000 strong, commenced their march, and entered the heart of Saxony. Frederic William, the King of Prussia, headed this army, and compelled the King of Saxony to join in the alliance. "Our cause," he said, "is the common cause of legitimate kings, and all such must aid in the enterprise." Alexander, having aroused anew his barbarian legions, was hastening by forced marches over the wilds of Poland. Two hundred thousand men were in his train, to join the invading host in their march upon Paris. England, with her omnipresent and invincible fleet, was frowning along the shores of the Mediterranean and of the Channel, raining down terrific blows upon every exposed point, and striving, by her political influence and her gold, to unite new nations in the formidable coalition.

* "While Mr. Pitt lived," says Hazlitt, "war was certain; his death offered a bare chance of peace. He had long been the mouthpiece of the war party, and the darling of that part of the aristocracy who wished to subdue the popular spirit of English freedom to get the whole power of the country into the hands of a few boroughmongers, and, of course, to crush and stifle the example and the rising flame of liberty every where else. Engaged in a quarrel that was never to have an end, and for an object that must be kept in the back-ground, it was necessary to have a set of plausible excuses always ready. If we were at war, it was for 'the existence of social order.' If we did not make peace, it was because 'existing circumstances' did not permit us."

While Fox held the reins, hopes continued to be entertained of peace, and Bonaparte, with Talleyrand to assist him, strained every nerve to urge it forward. But at his death things reverted to their old and natural course.

With deep sorrow, Napoleon beheld the rising of this new storm. He had just completed an arduous campaign. He had treated his enemies with surpassing magnanimity, and had hoped that a permanent peace was secured. But no sooner was one coalition destroyed than another was formed. His energetic spirit, however, was not one to yield to despondency. Throwing off the dejection which for an hour oppressed him, with all his wonted power and genius he roused himself for the new conflict. He wrote to his brothers in Naples and in Holland, saying, "Give yourselves no uneasiness. The present struggle will be speedily terminated. Prussia and her allies, be they who they may, will be crushed. *And this time I will settle finally with Europe. I will put it out of the power of my enemies to stir for ten years.*"

He shut himself up for forty-eight hours, to form his plans and arrange the details. He then for two days dictated, almost without intermission, nearly two hundred letters.

All these letters are preserved. Through all time they will be admired as models of the art of governing armies and empires. In six days the Imperial Guard were sent from Paris to the Rhine. They traveled by post sixty miles a day. It was nearly midnight on the 24th of September, 1806, when Napoleon, accompanied by Josephine, entered his carriage at the Tuileries, to join the army. As in the last contest, he knew not "why he fought, or what was required of him." He communicated a parting message to the Senate, in which he said: "In so just a war, which we have not provoked by any act, by any pretense, the true cause of which it would be impossible to assign, and where we only take arms to defend ourselves, we depend entirely upon the support of the laws, and upon that of the people, whom circumstances call upon to give fresh proofs of their devotion and courage."

At Mayence Napoleon parted with Josephine. Her tears for a moment overcame him, and he yielded to those emotions of tenderness which are an honor to the heart. He headed his army; utterly bewildered the Prussians by his manœuvres, and in a few days threw his whole force into their rear, cutting them off from all their supplies and from all possibility of retreat. He was now sure of a decisive victory. Yet, to arrest, if possible, the effusion of blood, he humanely wrote as follows to the King of Prussia:

"I am now in the heart of Saxony. Believe me, my strength is such that your forces can not long balance the victory. But wherefore shed so much blood? To what purpose? Why should we make our subjects slay each other? I do not prize a victory which is purchased by the lives of so many of my children. If I were just commencing my military career, and if I had any reason to fear the chances of war, this language would be wholly misplaced. Sire! your Majesty will be vanquished. You will have compromised the repose of your life, and the existence of your subjects, without the shadow of a pretext. At present you are uninjured, and may treat with me in a manner conformable with your rank. Before a month has passed you will treat, but in a different position. I am aware that I may, in thus writing, irritate that sensibility, which naturally belongs to every sovereign. But circumstances demand that I should use no concealment. I implore your Majesty to view, in this letter, nothing but the desire I have to spare the effusion of human blood. Sire, my brother, I pray God that he may have you in his worthy and holy keeping.—Your majesty's good brother,

"NAPOLEON."

To this letter no reply was returned. It was given to a Prussian officer; but it is said that the Emperor did not receive it until the morning of the battle of Jena.

In two days Napoleon, accompanying the advance guard of his army, met the mighty host of the Prussians strongly fortified upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt. It was the evening of the thirteenth of October. A cloudless sun, filling the western sky with splendor, dazzled the eye with brilliance as its rays were reflected from the armor of one hundred thousand men. Eighteen thousand superb cavalry, with their burnished helmets and proud caparisons, were drawn up upon the plain. Three hundred pieces of heavy artillery were concentrated in a battery, whose destructive power imagination can hardly conceive. The advanced posts of the Prussians were stationed upon the Landgrafenberg, a high and steep hill, whose summit was deemed inaccessible to artillery. Napoleon immediately drove them from the hill, and took possession. From its brow the whole lines of the Prussian army could be descried, extending for many leagues. The plain of Auerstadt, twelve miles distant, was however lost from the view. Napoleon was not aware that a strong division of the Prussian army occupied that position. The shades of night came on. The blaze from the Prussian fires, dispersed over a space of eighteen miles, threw a brilliant glow over the whole heavens. Couriers were immediately dispatched to hasten on, with all possible speed, the battalions of the French army, for the decisive battle which the morning sun was to usher in. Napoleon was his own engineer in surmounting the difficulties of dragging the cannon to the summit of the Landgrafenberg. To encourage the men to Herculean toil, Napoleon, by the light of the lantern, worked with his own hands in blasting the rocks, and smoothing the way. With incredible enthusiasm the successive divisions of the French, as they arrived, engaged in overcoming those obstacles which to the Prussians had appeared absolutely insurmountable. Napoleon having prepared the way, and aided in dragging one gun to the summit, left his troops to do the rest. Through the long night they toiled unceasingly, and before the morning dawned, a formidable battery was bristling from the heights. As battalion after battalion arrived in the darkness, they took the positions designated by their experienced chief-



ASCENDING THE LANDGRAFENBERG.

tain, and threw themselves upon the ground for sleep. Soult and Ney received orders to march all night, to be prepared to arrest the retreat of the Prussians. Napoleon having thus made all his arrangements for the terrific conflict of the ensuing day, retired to his tent about midnight, and calmly sat down *to draw up a plan of study and of discipline for Madame Campan's Female School.* Nothing can more strikingly show than this the peculiar organization of this most extraordinary mind. There was no affectation in this effort. He could, at any time, turn from one subject, however momentous that might be, and consecrate all his energies to another, untroubled by a wandering thought. All that he did for the internal improvement of France, he was compelled to do in moments thus snatched from the toils of war. Combined Europe would never allow him to lay aside the sword. "France," said Napoleon, "needs nothing so much, to promote her regeneration, as good mothers." His heart was deeply interested in promoting the prosperity and happiness of France. To the sanguinary scenes of Jena and Auerstadt he was reluctantly driven by the attacks of foes, who denounced him as an usurper, and threatened to hurl him from his throne.

It was midnight. A girdle of flame, rising from the innumerable watch-fires of the Prussian hosts, swept the horizon, as far as the eye could extend, almost encircling the troops of the Emperor. The cold winds of approaching winter

swept the bleak summit of the Landgrafenberg. Wrapped in his cloak, he had thrown himself upon the ground, to share for an hour the frigid bivouac of his soldiers He was far from home. The fate of his empire depended perhaps upon the struggle of the ensuing day. England, Russia, Prussia, the three most powerful monarchies upon the globe, were banded against him. If defeated on the morrow, Austria, Sweden, and all the minor monarchies would fall upon the republican Emperor, and secure his utter destruction.

In that gloomy hour, intercepted dispatches of the utmost importance were placed in the hands of Napoleon. He roused himself from his slumber, and read them by the light of the camp fire. The Bourbons of Spain, admonished by the defeat of Trafalgar, had decided that England would be for them a safer ally than France While professing cordial friendship for Napoleon, they were entering into secret alliance with England. Taking advantage of Napoleon's absence from France, and trusting that he would encounter defeat far away in the heart of Prussia, they were treacherously preparing to cross the Pyrenees and, in alliance with England, to attack him in his rear. Napoleon certainly was not one of the meekest of men. The perusal of these documents convinced him that he could enjoy no security, while the Bourbons sat upon the throne of Spain. They would avail themselves of every opportunity to attack him in the dark. As he folded up these proofs of their perfidy he calmly remarked, "The Bourbons of Spain shall be replaced by princes of my own family." From that hour the doom of the Spanish house of Bourbon was sealed.

Napoleon wrapped himself again in his cloak, threw himself upon the ground with his feet toward the fire, and slept as serenely as if he were reposing upon the Imperial couch of St. Cloud.

At four o'clock in the morning he was again on horseback. A dense fog enveloped the plains, shrouding, with impenetrable obscurity, the sleeping hosts. Under cover of the darkness and the thick vapor, the French army was ranged in battle array. Enthusiastic shouts of "Vive l'Empereur," greeted Napoleon as he rode along their lines. The soldiers, benumbed with cold, and shivering in their ranks, waited impatiently, two hours, for the signal of attack. At six o'clock the order to advance was given. In solid columns, through the gray mist of the morning, the French pierced the Prussian lines in every direction Then ensued a scene of horror which no pen can describe, which no imagination can conceive. For eight hours the battle raged as if demon with demon contended: the soldiers of Napoleon and the marshaled host trained in the school of Frederic the Great! It was indeed "Greek meeting Greek." The ground was covered with the slain. The shrieks of the wounded, trampled beneath the hoofs of charging cavalry, the shout of onset, as the pursuers cut down and rode over the pursued, rose in hideous clamor even above the ceaseless thunders of the battle. The victory wavered to and fro. About mid-day the Prussian general felt that the victory was his. He dispatched an order to one of his generals, "Send all the force you can to the chief point of attack. At this moment we beat the enemy at all points. My cavalry has captured some of his cannon." A few hours later he sent the following almost frantic dispatch to his reserve: "Lose not a moment in advancing with your yet unbroken troops. Arrange your col-



NAPOLEON AND THE GUARDS.



CAVALRY CHARGE.

umns so that through their openings there may pass the broken bands of the battle Be ready to receive the charges of the enemy's cavalry, which in the most furious manner rides on, overwhelms and sabres the fugitives, and has driven into one confused mass the infantry, cavalry, and artillery."

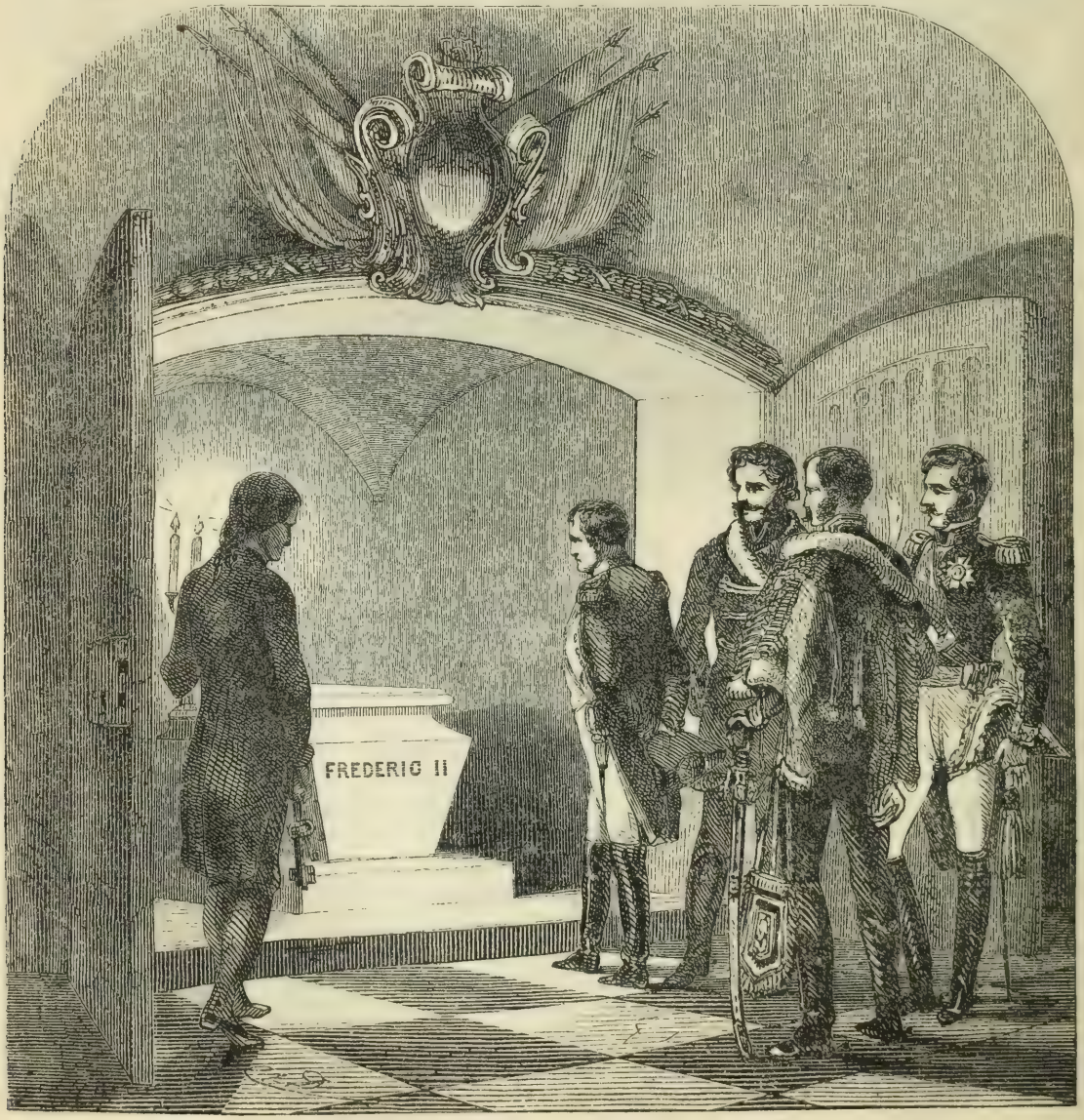
In the midst of this appalling scene, so graphically described, the Prussian reserve, twenty thousand strong, with firm tread and unbroken front, emerged through the cloud of fugitives to stem the awful torrent. For a moment they seemed to restore the battle Napoleon stood upon the summit of the Landgrafenberg, calm, serene, passionless, watching every portion of the extended field, and guiding the terrific elements of destruction. The Imperial Guard, held in reserve, waited hour after hour, looking upon the carnage before them, burning with intense zeal to share in the conflict. At last a young man, in the excess of his almost delirious excitement, shouted, "Forward, forward!" "How now," exclaimed Napoleon, sternly, as he turned his eye toward him. "What beardless boy is this who ventures to counsel his Emperor? Let him wait till he has commanded in thirty pitched battles before he proffers his advice!"

It was now nearly four o'clock in the afternoon. Napoleon saw that the decisive moment had arrived. He ordered Murat, with twelve thousand horse, fresh and in the finest array, to charge the bewildered, wavering, bleeding host, and com-

plete the victory. The clatter of iron hoofs was heard, resounding like the rush of the tornado, as this terrible and irresistible mass swept, with the celerity of the whirlwind, upon the plain. The work was done. The Prussian army was destroyed. Humanity vails her weeping eyes from the appalling scene which ensued. It was no longer a battle but a massacre. All order was lost as the whole army, like an inundation, rushed from the field. The batteries of Napoleon plowed their ranks in every direction. The musketry of Napoleon's solid columns pierced them through and through with a pitiless storm of bullets. Twelve thousand horsemen, mounted on powerful and unwearied steeds, rode over and trampled down the confused mass, and their sabres dripped with blood. The wretched victims of war, in their frantic attempts to escape, found their retreat every where cut off by the terrible genius of the conqueror. They were headed here and there, and driven back upon themselves in refluent waves of blood and destruction.

While this scene was transpiring upon the plains of Jena, the Prussians were encountering a similar disaster upon the field of Auerstadt, but twelve miles distant. As the fugitives of both armies met in their flight, and were entangled in the crowded roads, while bullets, and grape-shot, and cannon-balls, and bomb-shells were falling like hail stones and thunderbolts upon them, consternation unutterable seized all hearts. In wild dismay they disbanded, and, throwing down their arms, and forsaking their guns, their horses, and their ammunition wagons, they fled a rabble rout across the fields, without direction and without a rallying point. But Murat, with his twelve thousand horsemen, was in the midst of them, and their mangled corpses strewed the plain.

Darkness came. It brought no relief to the vanquished. The pitiless pursuit was unintermitted. Not one moment was allowed the foe to rally or to rest. In every direction the fugitives found the divisions of Napoleon before them. The king himself narrowly escaped being taken prisoner during the tumult and the horror of that disastrous rout. He had fled in the midst of the wreck of his army, from the field of Auerstadt. Accompanied by a few companions, on horseback, he leaped hedges and fences, and, in the gloom of night, plunged through field and forest. It was five o'clock in the morning before he suc-



NAPOLEON AT THE TOMB OF FREDERIC THE GREAT.

ceeded, by circuitous routes and through by-paths, in reaching a place of safety.

The Prussians lost, during this disastrous day, twenty thousand in killed and wounded, and twenty thousand were taken prisoners. Napoleon, according to his custom, having dispatched his various generals in pursuit of the vanquished, passed most of the night upon the field of battle, personally superintending the care of the wounded. With his own hand he held the cup of water to their lips, and soothed their dying agonies with his sympathy. With his iron firmness he united a heart of great tenderness. No possible efforts were spared to promote their comfort. He sent Duroc in the morning to the crowded hospitals of Jena, to convey his sympathy to every man individually of the wounded there, to distribute money to those who needed it, and to assure all of munificent rewards. As the letter of the Emperor was read to these unfortunate men, forgetting their sufferings, they shouted, "Vive l'Empereur!" Mangled and bleeding, they expressed the desire to recover that they might again devote their lives to him.

Napoleon, with his accustomed magnanimity, ever attributing great praise to his officers and his soldiers, most signally rewarded Davoust for his heroism at Auerstadt. In his official account of the battle he stated, "On our right the corps of Marshal Davoust performed prodigies. Not only did he keep the enemy in check, but pursued the bulk of his forces over a space of three leagues. That Marshal has displayed alike the distinguished bravery and firmness of character which are the first qualities of a soldier." For his dauntless intrepidity on this occasion he created him Duke of Auerstadt. To honor him still more, he appointed him to enter first the Prussian capital, thus giving him precedence in the sight of the whole army. Two weeks afterward he called his officers around him, and addressed them in the highest terms of respect and admiration. Davoust stepped forward and said, "Sire! the soldiers of the third corps will always be to you, what the tenth legion was to Cæsar."

Immediately Napoleon took measures for following up his victory with that activity and skill which no other captain has ever equaled. In less than fourteen days every remnant of the Prussian army was taken, and all the fortresses of Prussia were in the hands of the French. The fugitive king, with a few companions, had fled to the confines of Russia, there to await the approach of the armies of Alexander. Prussia was struck as by a thunderbolt. Never before in the history of the world, was such a power so speedily and so utterly annihilated. It was but one month after Napoleon had left Paris, and the work was all done—an army of two hundred thousand men killed, taken prisoners, or dispersed—innumerable fortresses, which had been deemed impregnable, and upon which had been lavished the wealth of ages, had been compelled to capitulate, and Napoleon was reposing at Berlin, in the palace of the Prussian king. Europe heard the tidings with amazement and dismay. It seemed more like the unnatural fiction of an Arabian tale, than like historic verity. "In assailing this man," said the Emperor Alexander, "we are but children attacking a giant."

The King of Saxony had been compelled to join Prussia against France. In these wars of Europe, sad is the fate of the minor powers. They must unite with one party or the other. Napoleon had taken a large number of Saxon prisoners. The day after the great battle of Jena, he assembled the captive officers in one of the halls of the University at Jena. In frank and conciliating words he thus addressed them:

"I know not why I am at war with your sovereign. He is a wise, pacific prince, deserving of respect. I wish to see your country rescued from its humiliating dependence upon Prussia. Why should the Saxons and the French, with no motives for hostility, fight against each other. I am ready, on my part, to give a pledge of my amicable disposition by setting you all at liberty, and by sparing Saxony. All I require of you is your promise no more to bear arms against France."

The Saxon officers were seized with admiration as they listened to a proposition so friendly and generous from the lips of this extraordinary man. By acclamation they bound themselves to serve against him no more. They set out for Dresden, declaring that, in three days, they would bring back the friendship of their sovereign.

The Elector of Hesse was one of the vilest of men, and one of the most absolute and unrelenting of despots. He had an army of 32,000 men. He had done every thing in his power to provoke the war, and was devoted to the English, by whom he was despised. Alexander, with nearly 200,000 chosen troops, was pressing down through the plains of Poland, to try his strength again with the armies of France. Napoleon resolved to meet the Czar at the half way. It was not safe for him to leave in his rear so formidable a force in the hands of this treacherous prince. Marshal Mortier was charged to declare that the Elector of Hesse had ceased to reign, to take possession of his dominions in the name of France, and to disband his army.

The Grand Duke of Weimar had command of a division of the Prussian army. His wife was sister of the Emperor Alexander. She had contributed all her influence to instigate the war. Napoleon entered Weimar. It was a refined and intellectual city, the Athens of modern Germany, and honored by the residence of Goethe, Schiller, and Wieland. Contending armies, in frightful clamor and carnage, had surged through its streets, as pursuers and pursued had rushed pell-mell in at its gates from the dreadful fields of Jena and Auerstadt. The houses were pierced and shattered by shells and balls, and the pavements were slippery with blood. The Grand Duchess, greatly agitated, approached Napoleon to implore his clemency. "You now see, Madame," Napoleon coolly replied, "what war is." This was his only vengeance. He treated his female foe with the greatest courtesy, expressed

no displeasure at the conduct of her husband, and ordered especial attention to be paid to the wounded Prussians with which the city was filled. He munificently rewarded a Catholic priest for his unwearied attentions to the bleeding Prussians.

On the 28th of October Napoleon made a triumphal entry into Berlin, and established himself in the king's palace. Prussia had provoked the war. By the right of conquest Prussia now belonged to Napoleon. With characteristic delicacy he would allow no one to occupy the private apartments of the queen. She had fled in the utmost haste, leaving all her letters and the mysteries of a lady's boudoir exposed. He, however, in his bulletins, spoke with great severity of the queen. She had exerted all her powers to rouse the nation to war. On horseback she placed herself at the head of the troops, and fanned to the highest pitch, by her beauty, her talents, and her lofty spirit, the flame of military enthusiasm. His sarcasms on queens who meddle in affairs of state, and who, by their ignorance, expose their husbands to frightful disasters, and their country to the horrible ravages of war, were generally thought ungenerous toward one so utterly prostrate. Napoleon, indignant in view of the terrible scene of carnage and woe which her vanity had caused, reproached her in one of his bulletins without mercy. Josephine, in the kindness of her heart, wrote to him in terms of remonstrance. Napoleon thus replied:

"Nov. 6, 1806, 9 o'clock, P.M.

"I have received your letter, in which, it seems, you reproach me for speaking ill of women. True it is, that above all things I dislike female intriguers. I have been accustomed to kind, gentle, conciliatory women. Such I love, and if they have spoiled me it is not my fault, but yours. However, you will see that I have acted indulgently toward one sensible and deserving woman. I allude to Madame Hatzfeld. When I showed her her husband's letter, she burst into tears; and in a tone of the most exquisite grief and candor, exclaimed, 'It is indeed his writing!' This was too much. It went to my heart. I said, 'Well, Madame, throw the letter into the fire, and then I shall have no proof against your husband.' She burned the letter, and was restored to happiness. Her husband is now safe. Two hours later and he would have been lost. You see, therefore, that I like women who are feminine, unaffected, and amiable, for they alone resemble you. Adieu, my love. I am very well. NAPOLEON."

The occurrence to which Napoleon refers was this. The Prince of Hatzfeld was governor of Berlin. He had surrendered the city to Napoleon, and promised submission. An intercepted letter proved that he, under cover of this assumed friendship, was acting as a spy, and communicating to the King of Prussia every thing of importance that was transpiring in Berlin. He had given his oath that he would attempt nothing against the French army, and would attend solely to the quiet, safety, and welfare of the capital. The prince was arrested, and ordered to appear before a court-martial. In two hours he would have been shot. His wife, in a delirium of terror, threw herself in tears before Napoleon, as he alighted from his horse at the gate of the palace. Napoleon was a tender-hearted man. "I never," said he, "could resist a woman's tears." Deeply touched by her distress he conducted her to an apartment. A hot fire was glowing in the grate. Napoleon took the intercepted letter, and, handing it to her, said, "Madame, is not that the handwriting of your husband?" Trembling and confounded she confessed that it was. "It is now in your hands," said Napoleon, "throw it into the fire, and there will no longer remain any evidence against him." The lady, half dead with confusion and terror, knew not what to do. Napoleon took the paper and placed it upon the fire. As it disappeared, in smoke and flame, he said to the princess, "Your husband is now safe. There is no proof left which can lead to his conviction." This act of clemency has ever been regarded as a signal evidence of the goodness of Napoleon's heart. The safety of his army seemed to require that something should be done to intimidate the magistrates of the several towns, who were also revealing the secrets of his operations to the enemy.

Napoleon went to Potsdam to visit the tomb of Frederic the Great, where the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia had, but a year before, taken their solemn and romantic oath. He seemed deeply impressed with solemnity as he stood by the remains of this man of heroic energy and of iron soul. For a time not a word was uttered. The sword of the Prussian monarch was suspended there. Napoleon took it down, examined it very carefully, and then turning thoughtfully to General Rapp, said, "Did you know that the Spanish embassador presented me with the sword of Francis I.? The Persian embassador also gave me a sabre which belonged to Gengis-khan. I would not exchange this sword of Frederic, for four millions of dollars. I will send it to the governor of the Invalides. The old soldiers there will regard with religious reverence a trophy which has belonged to the most illustrious captain of whom history makes any mention."

General Rapp ventured to reply, "Were I in your place, I should not be willing to part with this sword. I should keep it for myself."

Napoleon glanced at his aid a very peculiar look, half reproachful, half comical, and gently pinching his ear, said, "*Have I not then a sword of my own, Mr. Giver of Advice?*"

In 1757, the armies of France had been signally defeated, upon the plain of Rosbach, by the Prussians. The Prussian government had erected a monument commemorative of the victory. Napoleon, passing over the field, turned from his course to see the monument. To his surprise he found it a very insignificant affair.

The inscription upon the soft stone had been entirely effaced by the weather. The obelisk was hardly more imposing than a French milestone. In perfect silence he contemplated it for some time, walking slowly around it, his arms folded upon his breast, and then said, "This is contemptible—this is contemptible." Just then a division of the army made its appearance. "Take that stone," said he, to a company of sappers, "place it upon a cart, and send it to Paris. It will require but a moment to remove it." Then, mounting his horse he galloped away. For both of these acts Napoleon has been severely censured. It is not an easy question to decide what are the lawful trophies of war.

When Napoleon left the capital of Austria, on his return to France after the campaign of Austerlitz, he thus addressed the citizens of Vienna, in a final adieu: "In leaving you, receive as a present, evincing my esteem, your arsenal complete, which the laws of war had rendered my property. Use it in the maintenance of order. You must attribute all the ills you have suffered to the mishaps inseparable from war. All the improvements, which my army may have brought into your country, you owe to the esteem which you have merited."

Napoleon, in a month, had overturned the Prussian monarchy, destroyed its armies, and conquered its territory. The cabinets and the aristocracies of Europe were overwhelmed with consternation. Napoleon, the child of the Revolution, and the propagator of the doctrine of equal rights to prince and peasant, was humbling into the dust the proudest monarchies. Every private soldier in the French army felt that all the avenues of wealth, of influence, of rank were open before him. This thought nerved his arm, and inspired his heart. France had imbibed the unalterable conviction, which it retains to the present day, that Napoleon was the great friend of the people; their advocate and the firm defender of their rights. After the battle of Jena, Napoleon issued a glowing proclamation to the army, in which he extolled, in the loftiest terms, their heroism, their intrepidity, and their endurance of the most exhausting fatigue. He concluded in the following words, "Soldiers! I love you with the same intensity of affection which you have ever manifested toward me."

Lannes, in a dispatch to the Emperor, wrote, "Yesterday I read your Majesty's proclamation at the head of the troops. The concluding words deeply touched the hearts of the soldiers. It is impossible for me to tell your Majesty how much you are beloved by these brave men. In truth, never was lover so fond of his mistress, as they are of your person."

The Prussians were fully aware of the tremendous power with which the principles of equality invested the French soldier. One of the Prussian officers wrote to his family, in a letter which was intercepted, "The French, in the fire, become supernatural beings. They are urged on by an inexpressible ardor, not a trace of which is to be discovered in our soldiers. What can be done with peasants, who are led into battle by nobles, to encounter every peril, and yet to have no share in the honors or rewards?"

The King of Prussia himself, while a fugitive in those wilds of Poland, which, in banditti alliance with Russia and Austria, he had infamously annexed to his kingdom, found that he could not contend successfully with France, without introducing equality in the ranks of his army also. Thus liberal ideas were propagated wherever the armies of Napoleon appeared. In every country in Europe the Emperor of France was regarded, by democrat and aristocrat alike, as the friend of the *people*.

During these stormy scenes, Napoleon, in the heart of Prussia, conceived the design of erecting the magnificent temple of the Madelaine. It was to be a memorial of the gratitude of the Emperor; and was to bear upon its front the inscription, "*The Emperor Napoleon, to the Soldiers of the Great Army.*" On marble tablets there were to be inscribed the names of all the officers, and of every soldier who had been present at the great events of Ulm, Austerlitz, and Jena. The names of those who had fallen in those battles, were to be inscribed upon tablets of gold.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote from Posen, dated December 6, 1806: "Literature has need of encouragement. Propose to me some means for giving an impulse to all the different branches of belles-lettres, which have in all times shed lustre upon the nation."

In the midst of the enormous cares of this extraordinary campaign, Napoleon found time to write, almost every day, a few lines to Josephine. A few of these letters will be read with interest:

"BAMBERG, Oct. 7, 1806.

"I set out this evening, love, for Cronach. My army is in full march. Every thing is prosperous. My health is perfect. I have received but one letter from you. I have received one from Eugene and Hortense. Adieu. A thousand kisses, and good health. NAPOLEON."

"GERA, Oct. 13, 2 o'clock in the morning

"I am at Gera, my dear friend. My affairs are prosperous—every thing as I could wish. In a few days, with the aid of God, matters will take, I think, a terrible turn for the poor King of Prussia. I pity him, personally; for he is a worthy man. The queen is at Erfurt with the king. If she wishes to see a battle, she will have that cruel pleasure. I am very well. I have gained flesh since my departure. Nevertheless, I travel every day from sixty to seventy-five miles, on horseback, in carriages, and in every other way. I retire at eight o'clock, and rise at midnight. I often think that you have not yet retired. Wholly thine. NAPOLEON.'

"JENA, Oct. 15, 3 o'clock in the morning.

"My love! I have manœuvred successfully against the Prussians. Yesterday I gained a great victory. There were 150,000 men. I have

taken 20,000 prisoners; also 100 pieces of cannon, and many flags. I was near the King of Prussia, and just failed taking him and the queen. For two days and nights I have been in the field. I am wonderfully well. Adieu, my love! Take care of yourself, and love me. If Hortense is with you, give her a kiss, as also one to Napoleon, and to the little one.

"NAPOLEON."

"WEIMAR, Oct. 16, 5 o'clock in the evening.

"M. Talleyrand will show you the bulletin, my dear friend. You will there see my success. Every thing has transpired as I had calculated. Never was an army more effectually beaten, and more entirely destroyed. I have only time to say that I am well, and that I grow fat upon fatigue, bivouacs, and sleeplessness. Adieu, my dear friend. A thousand loving words to Hortense, and to the grand Monsieur Napoleon. Wholly thine. "NAPOLEON."

"Nov. 1, 2 o'clock in the morning.

"Talleyrand has arrived, and tells me, my love, that you do nothing but weep. What do you wish, then? You have your daughter, your grand-children, and good news. Surely this is enough to make one contented and happy. The weather is superb. Not a drop of rain has yet fallen during the campaign. I am very well, and every thing is prosperous. Adieu, my love! I have received a letter from Monsieur Napoleon. I think Hortense must have written it. A thousand kind things to all. NAPOLEON."

The little Napoleon to whom the Emperor so often alludes, was the eldest son of Louis and Hortense. He was an unusually bright and promising boy, and a great favorite of his illustrious grandfather. Napoleon had decided to adopt him as his heir, and all thoughts of divorce were now laid aside.

MAKING HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES.

I DID not leave Newport the morning after Jones Smith fell prostrate with Mabel in the public parlor.

An indulgent public will grant that I might have done so with honor, and have deported myself with pallor and cambric pocket-handkerchiefs as a heart-stricken man. But an indulgent public is not entire master of the position. "There are reasons for secrecy, sir," as Owle is wont to say with diplomatic mystery, when he wishes to conceal the exact number of oysters he ate for lunch. Owle says he is in the diplomatic career. He once officiated, for a fortnight, as Secretary to our Chargé at Copenhagen, during the illness of the real Secretary. When I first saw him, I supposed he must be at least secret Embassador Extraordinary of the Czar of all the Russias, and hinted to him my suspicions. He smiled with lofty sadness. "There are reasons for secrecy, sir," said he. As he moved away, I saw the eyes of Araminta Dovecote fastened upon him.

"Oh! how interesting he is!" said she to me, as I accosted her. "Don't you think him very like Audley Egerton, in 'My Novel?'"

"Very like Audley Egerton, dear Miss Araminta," I replied, and helped her to pickled oysters.

No; I was not to be bluffed off from Newport by any such mischance as that disastrous fall. Had I not been really driven away from Saratoga? Had I not found it pleasanter to leave Cape May, than to encounter the looks and innuendoes of my charming friends there? "Really, Smytthe," said I to myself, "your first summer at the watering-places has, the least in the world, the air of a failure." Yet I saw that it was not so with others: why should it be so with me? I looked carefully at "the men," and they all tied their cravats, wore their Panamas, and smoked their cigars, with the air of conscious victory.

I assumed a similar nonchalance, I swaggered up and down Bellevue-street, and talked and laughed noisily over my cigar upon the piazzas. I cocked my hat on one side, slapped my elders upon the back, and cried, "Come, old fellow, take something to drink." I wore the blasé air of a man who has just come in possession of the Indies. I even strung an eye-glass round my neck, which did very well until I tried to put it in my eye. I could not do it. I almost put my eye out in trying to put the glass in. I took lessons in crooking my brow over it; but just as I fancied I had achieved the proper stare, down it came; and I was forced to affect an ease which I did not feel. I ordered a bottle of Champagne every day at dinner, and found the "fellows" as sociable as possible. I hired a trotting-wagon for the fort-afternoons, and could always find one of them willing to occupy the spare seat. I played a miserable game at billiards, and was never at a loss for a partner. I averaged 120 at the bowling-alley, and if any fellow wanted exercise he was sure to ask me to bowl. I found that I had the pleasure of settling for most of the parties in which I was concerned. If we went to the Tea-House, it was, "Smytthe, just see to this, will you?" and it was not easy afterward, nor agreeable, to call upon each individual of the party for his share of the expense. If we drank cobblers at the bar, no one had ever the requisite shillings. It was always, "Smytthe, have you any loose change?" Smytthe always did have it, somehow. I could not tell how, and speculated about it, until I suddenly remembered that as I was perpetual paymaster, the floating coin, of course, came to me in change.

But even this did not seem a great success. To have a dozen fellows eating, drinking, smoking, and gaming at my expense, did not appear to be the highest felicity of a watering-place. Yet I still had no idea of being bluffed. I swore a great oath not to yield to any possible conspiracy of circumstances.

One day I retired to my room to consider whether I was jolly or not. It was nigh noon Newport lay torpid in the sun. I heard the sea

striking the cliffs with a muffled, drowsy sound. The dazzling ocean was reeling into sleep along the shore. The thunders of the bowling-alleys had died away. The gurgling rattle of broken ice, as sherry-cobblers were made at the bar, grew less and less. The moment was the shining apex of the day. Summer culminated in that noon. Yet it was as dreamy as midnight, and much more sad. O, withered hopes! O, wasted summer! I thought of all that had gone before —of Lulu, of Brunetta—devoted friendships! profound attachments!

A knock at my door startled me. "Come in."

Enter Fritz Dickey, in traveling costume.

"My dear Dickey, where do you drop from?"

"Fresh from Paris."

"How glad I am to see you. I was just ready to give it up here."

"Hollo! what's the matter? Answer me one question?"

"*Allez.*"

"Are there as good fish in the sea as ever were caught?"

"Certainly."

"*Eh, bien! courage!*" said Fritz, as he sat down by the window.

"What a lovely place," he continued. "Why, it's as peaceful as Arcady. I, too, am an Arcadian. Who's here? Who's the belle? How long do you stay?"

He blew my blues away, as a fresh north-wind a fog. I was exhilarated by his presence more than by Champagne; and told him every thing that the summer had brought forth.

Fritz sat by the window, laughing and serious, by turns. His eyes wandered over the solitary fields, and rested upon the sea.

> "There was a little man,
> And he had a little gun,
> And he shot a little duck, duck, duck,"

cried he, as I concluded my history. "Why, you young wretch. You precocious Tamerlane, slaughtering and to slaughter: and getting sentimental up here in the fourth story of 'The Ocean,' because you've no victim at present under torture—fie! fie!" And Fritz laughed immoderately. Suddenly he stopped, and turned to me.

"Hearken, O King! To-day the sun will rise on this benighted Newport, and extinguish all the stars. Who do you think is coming?"

"Not Pleona?"

"Pleona? Yes," answered Fritz, and took leave.

The arrival of a belle among other pretty women, is like the rising of a sun. It is in the world of fact, what Helen is in Grecian story. What fair and noble dames illuminated those old days—thousands of them fairer and nobler to many thousands of men, than any famous Helen. Yet we shall never know of them, although each was a Helen to some King Menelaus, and each had, perhaps—(mark, I say only, perhaps) her Paris. We men profess a great devotion to beauty, and we have it. Our young ideal is a commanding beauty. We begin by falling in love with the stately wife of some elder friend. We look with longing upon all the flowers in all the gardens, because the whole summer harvest of flowers should be flung in homage at the feet of our goddess. Then we would be buried under the fragrant heaps, and say, with penetrant and melodious voice, "O, excellent and fair! these are pale before you!" And how tremblingly we do send the flowers that we can procure. They are so unspeakably beautiful. They are full of meaning, so large and lovely. They say so much more perfectly than we can say, all that we dream and even dare to hope. Flowers bloom in the most generous hours of Nature—they are the offspring of those tropical moments when the sun lay in the bosom of the earth. And as a beautiful woman is fairer than any possible flower, while yet in a certain dainty perfection they rival each other, so there is no act more satisfactory to the imagination than when Love gives its mistress a flower.

Yet with all this natural homage to beauty, there can be no doubt that the poorest follower of Menelaus was as happy in the smile of his wife—if he was fortunate enough to have one—as his master in the light of Helen's countenance. And probably with less fear of Paris before his eyes. "Ah!" though I, as Fritz closed the door and left me to these thoughts, "ah! if our Helens had only more fear of Paris!"

It is hard to describe Pleona. She had that beauty which is felt rather than seen. When you see Rachel in any of her fine characters you would swear she is supremely beautiful, and so in talking with Pleona, or in thinking of her, you would instinctively acknowledge her charm. Yet in a picture it would not show—unless a lover painted it. And if all the portraits of women had hitherto been the work of their lovers, what a gallery were there! Dante drew his Beatrice in music, in the mystic-toned Vita Nuova. Petrarch colored Laura with sunbeams in his sonnets, and Raphael in his Madonnas immortalized his Fornarina.

But, when you have finished this brief history, judge if I am the man to paint Pleona.

I say Pleona's was a beauty rather felt than seen. There is a wonderful difference between the two. If a woman has either in a great degree, she becomes a belle. There is Araminta Dovecote herself, that anemone of a girl, always with a dew-drop in her eye, and a drooping, shrinking manner that is the delight and fascination of all the agreeable French and Polish counts, who fringe the edges of our society with such superior mustaches. Araminta has no beauty for a sculptor, unless he could catch in marble the evanescent grace of her manner, as frost the ripple of a wave. Yet she is always sure of being a belle. She never blooms against the wall. She never stands in the dancing-room looking upon the dancers with that serious indifference which is merely a negative way of shouting out, "O ye boys in varnished boots, lead me to the Redowa and happiness!" She is enshrined in the memory of all who see her

or converse with her, as a lovely girl. The men are always glad to be with her, if it is only to stand by her side. When she smiles it is as if she said what every one most wished to hear. Nor are the women jealous of her, and as they look at her, they say, How pretty! (as I think, honestly, although that satirist of society, Charles Charles Sniffe, declares it is because they see that she is not handsome). Araminta has the beauty that is felt.

On the other hand you remember Mademoiselle Corbeille de Glace—who had sat to all the sculptors and painters in Italy. She had officiated as Madonna, Diana, Isis, and Mrs. Siddons in every variety of costume, and to the rapturous admiration of the artists, and the ameliorated applause of a refined public. She had been to all the famous masquerades and fancy balls in every part of Europe, and was every where acknowledged supremely handsome. You could as well deny that a rose was a rose, as question her beauty. She was so tall and of such brilliant prestige that when she entered a room it was as if a star had stepped in, and the candles were pale with envy. Not that the ladies envied her—at least they never said they did. A silence of admiration followed her advent in a room, like the smooth water in the wake of a stately ship. It was an event in a man's life to see Mademoiselle Corbeille de Glace. But if she smiled, the lines upon her cheek were as cold as the corrugations of a glacier. Her splendid eyes dazzled, but they did not win. Her magnificent mien was queenly—but few men love queens. She stood, a Juno, but none of the gods and no mortal ever cared to flirt with that imperial personage. At nineteen, the world said of Mademoiselle Corbeille de Glace, "How beautiful she is! Who is fit for her?" At twenty-three, the world said, "How superbly she would preside over the establishment of old Crœsus Timon." At twenty-six, the world said, "How odd she doesn't get married." At thirty the world sneered, "Corbeille de Glace might as well take up with little Perry Wygg." At forty, she was still Mademoiselle Corbeille de Glace In fact, a man would as soon have married the marble Venus di Milo, unless he were a sculptor who wished a life interest in a model. Mademoiselle de Glace had the beauty that is seen.

Pleona had the former. She had that southern charm, that tropical smile, which melts a man's heart, and causes it to flow toward the object before he knows his danger. I had seen her often, but had never been presented. I saw her first at the ballet at Niblo's. I had been dining with Don Bobtail Fandango, the Spanish Embassador, and after dinner, when silver toothpicks were served, my friend Don Bobtail said, "How shall we kill the evening?"

"There is Christy's, Eccellenza," I suggested.

"—— Christy's," said Don Bobtail in the large Spanish manner.

He was a fine picture at that moment. He lay back in his crimson velvet chair, with his hands elevated to show the golden knobs that caught his wristbands, and looked like Titian's Charles V. picking his teeth. I mean that Don Bobtail was using one of the silver tooth-picks.

"Very well," said I, "there's De Soto at Niblo's."

"Of course there is," said Don Bobtail, "let's go"

We went, and I know how much the Spanish Embassador must have appreciated Pleona from his saying to me at the moment when De Soto's foot reached its greatest altitude,

"*Cielo!* what a pretty girl!"

I looked, and saw Pleona. Whenever I was in town during the season I met her constantly. I looked my admiration. Every evening (during the holiday vacation) I brought my eyes to bear upon her, and they said, as plainly as eyes ever said, "Pleona, I love you." I forebore to be introduced, like the crowd. I was romantic, and said in my heart, "Never will I know you until some auspicious moment reveals us to each other." Term-time arrived before the auspicious moment. I went back to college. I was Byronic for two weeks and oozed poetry at every pore. The third week I was torpid—the fourth, passive—the fifth, I met pretty little Ruta Baga, the rustic belle. I danced with her—walked, drove, twilighted, and moonlighted with her—was on the point of declaring my passion in some apposite lines from "the Bride of Abydos," when, unfortunately, the strain of going down upon my knees, was too much for my tight summer trowsers—they split—and I ran for my life. The next morning I received a perfumed package. It was addressed to me in Ruta's hand. I tore (hateful word!) the paper, and found a delicate jewel-box. Tremblingly I opened it—lifted the cotton, and beheld—*a needle and thread!* Red with fury, I sat down and scribbled—

"I tore my trowsers—you have torn a faithful heart,"

wrapped the needle and thread in a piece of brown paper, and sent them back to her.

Since then there had been sundry episodes of the heart, but they had passed, and I now, fancy-free, heard of the arrival of Pleona in Newport.

She was at the "Atlantic."

There was to be a ball that evening.

Life, which had seemed so dull before noon, suddenly became interesting again. I went directly to Galpin, who makes beautiful bouquets, and said:

"Galpin, exhaust your genius upon a bouquet, and send it, at seven this evening, without my name, to this address."

It was fort-day; and after dinner my hired wagon came to the door. I had asked Fritz to drive with me. He was very sorry, but he had promised to go with a party of ladies. I did not choose to ask any one else, and drove off alone. A rain had put the road in capital order. I was in the same condition; for what a shower is to a dry road, was the prospect of an *affairé* to my heart, thirsty for excitement. But as I bowled along beside the harbor, and watched the little boats skimming the golden gleam of the water,

and the opposite shore of the bay that stretched —the purple edge of Arcady—across the rosy western sky ; as I more slowly climbed the hill, and mused upon the melancholy waste of rocks that in their barren solitudes confess the supremacy of the sea, whose sharp breath stunts the hopeless shrubs clustering in their sheltered crevices, a sadness stole over me, like a wind blowing out of the south, and I said softly to myself—"Allan Clare, when but a boy, sighed for her."

"For whom, then, will I?" shouted I, aloud. "Li"—answered the solitary echo.

I touched my horse and dashed along. I overtook the gay cavalcade, and whirled around the corners of the embankment—then down—then up—and entered the fort.

It was crowded. A slow procession of carriages passed in the avenue. Upon the green a band was playing. The wind whirled the music in gusts around the area. I bowed to every body. Every body bowed to every body. Marley was there with six horses and a stage-coach loaded with loveliness. Luxurious dog! he drove about like a Sultan airing his harem—like an undeveloped Mormon. Every corner of the coach was full, inside and out ; even the topmost seat had its tenant. And, to speak the truth, for a moment I forgot Pleona ; and as I watched that merry and fair company, and the music rose in long chords, and (O! professors of rhetoric forgive!) trembled in the air, a dissolving rainbow of sound, I seemed to see the Venetian galley, Bucentoro, crowded with radiant dames, going to the sea ; and, as I looked more wistfully among them, I knew that had I been the Doge, I would have wooed another mistress than the Adriatic.

These were fleet fancies in my brain. My eyes fell upon a plain carriage, with two ladies upon the back seat, and a gentleman in front. I bent to the dasher of my wagon as it passed, for I recognized Pleona, and her mother, and—Fritz Dickey!

Why did I leave the fort without taking another turn—without even remembering that wheeled Bucentoro? Why did I rush along the road quite alone and at full speed, and in the most solitary spot rein in my horse upon his haunches, and strain my ears to hear the sea? Why did its hollow murmur wail through my heart, like a wind in a ruin? Why did I snatch a cup of tea, and then rush to my room and hold a general review of my wardrobe? Oh! why did no boots seem small enough, no waistcoat white enough, no pearl buttons pearly enough, no shirt bosom white enough? Why wouldn't my hair go the right way, why *would* it stick out like bristles, and, when I applied pomade, why did my chamber smell like a barber's shop, and my perverse hair shine like a lacquered tray? Ye Gods! why wouldn't it part straight behind? And when I was ready, after two and a half hours' incessant preparation, putting on and putting off, rubbing and scrubbing, pulling and pinning, tying and untying—why did I look like a second-hand dandy? Dearest Pleona, it was a terrible toilet! Whew! how red I was when it was accomplished. How I sank, utterly fatigued, into a chair ; and how the warmth of the evening and my excitement melted my collar, so that I had to undergo all the cravatting and collaring again? Innocent girl! at that moment sitting cool in white muslin, and having your hair puffed in placid bandeaus—you were the cause. Pleona, I have long since forgiven you!

While I sat weltering in the chair, there was a knock at the door. Galpin entered with the bouquet. "It was so handsome, I wanted you to see it, sir." He was right. It was superb—and that was some consolation. I directed him to take it carefully to "The Atlantic," and leave it, without my name. He went, and I resigned myself to reveries of bliss and Pleona. I saw myself by her side ; I heard her repulse the dancers. I detected the slight suffusion upon her cheek ; her eyes fell abashed upon my bouquet. I heard her murmur, "How beautiful!" I answered with suppressed passion. There was music, the odor of flowers—we stepped out upon the piazza ; the music fell fainter upon our ears —there was a room—a tree—a hand—a tear—and an unmitigated snore, which aroused me, for I was gently sleeping.

I arose, surveyed myself as well as possible in a glass a foot square, and sauntered toward "The Atlantic."

I am sorry for it, but the Atlantic dining-room is a dreary hall for a ball. It is low and dingy, and the swift feet of impetuous youth are impeded by the gravy-polished floor. But the moment I entered, my eyes swept the room, and at the further end beheld Pleona. She was radiant, and held flowers in her hand. I made my way toward her through the crowd. I was almost as near as I dared to approach, when the orchestra commenced the most seductive and delirious waltz. To my horror, Fritz Dickey stepped toward her, slipped his arm around her waist, and whirled her off into the melodious maze! She held her bouquet upon his shoulder, where her hand rested. I saw it as they glided down the room, hung out like a beacon of hope to me "Let them laugh who win," said I mentally to my friend Fritz. They turned at the bottom of the room : they were coming back again. Nearer, nearer, floating upon the wings of that music—nearer, nearer—gracefully gliding. They brushed past me. I looked, and—by Jupiter! it was not my bouquet!

My part was instantly taken. The dance was no sooner over than I went to Fritz, and asked him to present me to Pleona.

"With pleasure." I was presented.

"What a pleasant ball."

"Very pleasant."

"You are fond of dancing?"

"Very fond."

"Have you been long in Newport?"

"Not long."

"Do you like Newport?"

"Yes."

It was rather dwindling into the monosyllabics. I made another rush.

"Do you bathe?"

"No."

"Do you ride?"

"Yes."

"Ah! how glorious it is to spring on to a horse, and gallop over the beaches! isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

Pleona was *distraite*. Her eyes were wandering. I followed them, and mine lit upon Fritz Dickey. I renewed the conversation with ardor. She recovered herself and charmed me with every word she spoke. I engaged her for several dances. We waltzed—we did every thing that people in a ball-room usually do. At length I ventured to praise her flowers.

"They are very beautiful," said she, and—even as in my reverie—she slightly blushed.

"I had hoped to see other flowers in your hand this evening," said I.

"I did receive a bouquet," replied Pleona, "but it was anonymous; and I prefer to know whose flowers I hold."

"Probably, then, you know whose you are holding now," said I, nettled.

"I do," said she, quietly, and blushed this time not very slightly.

And so did I. But I would not be balked. I clung to her side. I saw the glances of the room turned upon us, and was delighted to see them. I grew more and more earnest. I looked as happy as a king. When she danced with other men I withdrew, and watched her constantly, and the moment the music ceased I was by her side. The eyes of the ball-room saw her downcast eyes and blushes, whenever I hinted at the bouquet. The tongues of the ball-room whispered just what I wanted them to whisper. For every man is willing to be reputed successful with the woman he loves, and all the more willing, when he is conscious that he is not quite so. It is the balm of vanity. Newport went home to its hotels that night convinced that a flirtation of the best possible promise had been commenced. I, for my part, went singing along the street toward "the Ocean," but just as I was entering remembered I had left my little stick at "The Atlantic." I hurried back, found it, and, as I was stepping out upon the piazza, looked into the parlor. It was quite dark, but upon the sofa at the further end sat two figures very near together. The head of one was bent a little forward, and the hands played with a bouquet. I recognized the dress. It was Pleona's. The other figure was earnestly speaking—his back was toward me. A vague jealousy and anger smote my pride. I stepped back a moment so as to regard the pair through the crack of the door, then, with an irresistible impulse, I drew out—my handkerchief, and blew my nose in the most appalling manner. Pleona started and rose. I started and ran.

Before I slept I comprehended the state of affairs. It was to be a brief, but deadly campaign. There was no use in disguising the truth that Fritz Dickey and I were upon opposite sides, and, like other great generals, I took a complete survey of the position. Fritz was as young as I, and handsomer. On the other hand I was rather the finer figure. He was a man of intelligence and refinement. I was ditto. He was poor, fresh from Paris, and had no wagon. I was not very rich, nor just from Paris, but I had a wagon, and a wagon is a good investment at Newport. Pleona liked him very well, but then she knew him longer, and that was natural. She did not dislike me, and the prestige of favorable report was on my side.

"*Allons!*" cried I, "it is a fair fight. Only Master Fritz, I advise you to hurry up the cakes."

In the morning I called upon Pleona, and asked her to drive in the afternoon. She would gladly do so. Afternoon found her at my side, in the little trotting-wagon. How merrily we dashed along the white edges of the Atlantic, where they are raveled in foam upon the beach! How fresh and inspiring was that ocean air! What a sly cosmetic for those rose-shaming cheeks! How my tongue was loosened, and rattled off fun, and fancy, and gravity! How devoted I was whenever a carriage approached, and how clearly I saw the quick appreciation upon the part of the astute people in those carriages, without ever looking at them! How meekly Fritz Dickey trotted by in a grim old family coach with his grim old aunt! How abstractedly I gave him a half bow, as if I were meditating something very serious just said by my companion! How the sun set placidly and left us growing silent by the sea! How at the latest moment of twilight that propriety allows, we reached "The Atlantic!" How like Alexander the Great I returned to "The Ocean."

I issued orders to Galpin to furnish Pleona daily with the most sumptuous bouquet. I gave little suppers at Downing's to her and her mother, and a few friends of her own choosing—but she never mentioned Fritz. I made bowling-parties, and offered to teach her billiards. I sought the acquaintance of the distinguished strangers that I might present them to her if she wished, and at any rate enjoy the honor of knowing them. I learned every thing about every new comer that I might answer any chance question she asked. I engaged her for certain dances at every ball and hop, and practiced in my room to insure ease and perfection. There were tea-parties at Durfee's, and excursions to the Glen. There were drives at the fort, and sails to the Dumplings and around Goat Island. There were Sunday afternoon walks along the cliff and moonlight rambles to Conrad's cave and the forty steps. In all I was Pleona's cavalier. The position was accorded to me *de jure*. Sometimes Fritz went and talked in a very low tone with Pleona, and she looked very sweetly, and was occasionally even a little absent, when he was gone. I encountered them several times at evening strolling upon the side piazza at "The Atlantic." But Fritz instantly retired when I approached, and left the field to me. Once Pleona declined to walk with me on Sunday afternoon, and I presently met her upon the

cliff alone with Fritz, and in interested conversation. She always danced with him two or three times at every hop.

But I was not troubled. "Proximity and pertinacity," said Don Bobtail Fandango, the Spanish Embassador, "do the business" Then there was the wagon; that was a trump card. The days slipped on. The summer slid imperceptibly away. Youths and maidens clutched the hurrying hours, and held them back by their golden hair. With the wild eagerness of midnight Bacchanals who dread the dawn, they crowded every fading moment with panting joy, and whirled intoxicated toward the end. September, with chastening breath blew the lightest away. But sweeter ran the life that lingered.

"You're making hay while the sun shines," said many a wise old gentleman.

"You're going it while you're young," said many a witty youth.

But I wanted to strike a grand *coup* Shall I confess it? I believed Pleona was not entirely untouched. After such a prolonged besieging of female hearts as the summer had been, I fancied one was at last yielding. And Lulu? and —Why, they were elsewhere and happy. Why should not I be so? Ah! gentle ladies, if ever your eyes irradiate these pages, will you not remember that it is a snap-dragon game, brief and brilliant; in playing which you must be very nimble, or burn your fingers; and in which, if haply successful, you get a raisin for your pains!

I resolved to give Pleona a serenade. It was already late in the evening; but I knew where to find the leader of the band, and the impromptu character would make it only the more charming. I pondered the pieces I would have played. I composed my serenade, as a Persian poet his bouquet: each melody should be a flower, and a flower of impassioned speech. Pleona, I knew, well understood music; and I counted upon her sagacity to comprehend every thing the music meant. I hummed several of the airs, and I determined the disposition of the musicians. I would go closely wrapped in a cloak. I would swear the leader to secrecy, and only her own heart should assure Pleona that it was I declaring my passion with all the sumptuous emphasis of music. I looked out of the window. It was a perfect September night, and the silent island lay bare to the moon. Taking my pen, I wrote rapidly the list of pieces I had meditated, and with my cloak over my arm slipped out of my room, and softly down stairs. I escaped from the hotel without being observed, hid myself in my cloak, and turned toward the haunt of the band. It was an enchanted night. I grew poetic, nor envied young Lorenzo:

> "In such a night as this,
> When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
> And they did make no noise; in such a night
> Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,
> And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
> Where Cressid lay that night."

So upon music would I sigh my soul away to my Cressid—so should hers float to me.

Suddenly, a full burst of harmony seemed to fill the world. I stood still, and my heart with me. The triumphant strain pealed on, ravishing the midnight, and saying all I had hoped to say. Somebody had the band, and was giving a serenade! I did not dare ask myself, "To whom?" for the sounds came from the direction of "The Atlantic" I hurried along the street toward the hotel. I reached it just as the music died away, just as the blind of Pleona's room slightly opened —just as a flower fell, fluttering in the moonlight —just as Fritz Dickey caught it, kissed it, kissed his hand—and the blind closed.

I had pleasant dreams that night, of course, and awoke buoyant. But while I still lay, "chewing the cud of my dreams," a waiter entered with a note. It was from a party of ladies at "The Atlantic," who proposed a sail upon the bay that afternoon. "And you," it concluded, "who are evidently so determined to make hay while the sun shines, will not probably refuse to join when you know that the sun will be of the party."

I wrote, "Certainly not," and sprang up like a new man.

Why like a new man?

Because I knew that my friends of the water-party did not know Fritz; and that, therefore, he would not be asked, while I should have a seat by Pleona, and returning in the moonlight—! Ought I not to have been a new man? I would not sleep until I had told her all. "Let those laugh who win," said I again, as I remembered the serenade.

I came down to breakfast merry as a lark. "Hollo, Fritz," cried I, to my friend. "Did you hear that serenade last night. Some poor devil is done out of a cool fifty. It's rather too late in the season for serenades."

"Ah! you think so?" said Fritz, with smiling good-humor.

"Yes; but not for drives. By-the-by, I can't use my wagon this afternoon; wouldn't you like to have it?"

"I should, indeed," replied Fritz; and I saw the sudden light flash in his eyes, as he thought of driving Pleona. Poor boy! how happy he felt that moment. I sipped my coffee sardonically.

"What time would you like it?" said I.

"About five o'clock."

"Very well, I shall tell Tennant;" and I did so. The wagon was to call for Mr. Dickey at "The Ocean," at five, precisely. The water-party was arranged for half-past four; which would give me just time to get off with Pleona and my other friends, before hapless Fritz drove up, as I knew he would, to find his goddess gone. I regarded this as the great day of the campaign. "This, General Dickey," said I, confidentially to myself, "is our decisive battle We'll see whose hay is made first."

We dined, Fritz and I—then sat smoking. I looked at my watch: it was nearly half-past four.

"I've an engagement," said I, rising. "I

must run up and change my coat, and be off. Adieu."

"Adieu," said unconscious Dickey, languidly, making rings of his smoke.

I rushed up to my room in the fourth story. The key was not in the door: there was no chambermaid, no waiter, within hail. I ran down to the office. The key was not there; the chambermaid had it. "I wish the deuce had the chambermaid!" said I. The next mo ment she appeared. Up I bounded again—plunged into another coat—down-stairs—out of the house—saw that it was five minutes past the hour—reached "The Atlantic"—and panted into the parlor. There was no one there! I stepped to the office, and learned that the party had left a half-hour earlier than they had intended. There was a note in the tray, addressed to me. I tore it open, and found it was to apprise me of the change of hour.

"Why didn't you send this note to me?" stormed I at the clerk.

"Really, sir," replied he, confused, "I beg pardon; but, really, sir, I forgot it!"

"Stupid!" sneered I, disgusted; and retired to the parlor to mourn over my ruined hopes. An exquisite afternoon upon the water with Pleona—by heaven! it was too bad. I fancied the unutterable delight of the happy men who were with her. I marched up and down the room, like a madman. I actually capered with mortification and wrath, for I had lost this splendid throw—this great trump against Dickey's game. I seriously thought of thrashing the clerk for not sending the note. The idea was very attractive. "It will do good—it will be a public benefit," thought I; and, fixing my eyes upon the floor with determination, I walked toward the door, and almost overthrew a lady who was on the point of entering.

It was Pleona!

I stared at her for a moment idiotically.

"Well?" said she.

"Are you not upon the water-party?" gasped I.

"No, I am in this parlor. I have changed my mind, and am engaged for a land-party," returned she, slightly smiling.

I stood transfixed. The clock struck five. I heard the rattling of wheels; I saw, through the window, Fritz, driving up in my wagon!

"Good-afternoon," said Pleona.

"Where are you going?" whispered I.

"I am going to drive with Mr. Dickey."

I followed her out of the room, and to the piazza.

"Are you quite ready?" said Fritz, as he leaped out.

"All ready!" said she.

I followed her down the steps. I actually helped her into my own wagon. Fritz sprang in, and took his seat beside her.

"It's a capital wagon, Smytthe," said he.

I grinned horribly. I tried to gasp, "*Bon voyage!*" but I couldn't get it out. Fritz took the reins, and away they flew *in my wagon!* Avenging Fates!—*I had offered it to him!*

I felt very weak in the knees, and beckoned to a waiter.

"A glass of brandy," said I, and sank into a chair.

That evening there was a hop at "The Ocean." I went in mechanically. The room was in a buzz of excitement.

"Weren't you surprised?" said Wilhelmina Wagtail, as she "came in," panting from a polka.

"At what?" said I, listlessly.

"Why, the engagement. Haven't you heard?"

"No, Miss Wagtail, I have not heard."

"Well—gracious! there they are," exclaimed the lady.

I looked and saw Pleona entering the room, leaning upon Fritz Dickey's arm. They came toward me, followed by all eyes.

"Good-evening," said Fritz to me. "Your wagon is delightful."

"Yes," said Pleona. "We are *so* much obliged to you!"

I made sundry miserable attempts at smiles. They passed on and glided off in a waltz.

"What a handsome pair!" said the world.

"I knew it would be so from the beginning," said the same fuzzy old world, whose gossip had given Pleona to me every day since I met her.

There was no disguising it—they were handsome and happy. General Dickey had conquered General Smytthe. The summer of the latter gentleman *was* a failure, after all. The heart suspected of yielding, surrendered to a very different foe. The band seemed to me to be playing dirges. It ceased, and Fritz and Pleona passed me again.

"By-the-by," said Dickey, leaning toward me, and whispering, "it was very, very kind of you to lend me your wagon this afternoon; and I'm sure you are not surprised at the result, for you know—if any body does—that life is short, and that we *must make hay while the sun shines!*"

When Fritz moved away, I felt like leaving the hall. As I was going slowly down stairs, I met old Evilli coming slowly up. I always preferred to avoid him, but it was quite out of the question now.

"Oh, you gay gamester!" said he, jocosely, "you play with female hearts, do you? Ah, you wild young man!"

I smiled jocularly, and we passed.

"By-the-by," said he, pausing upon the staircase, and looking down, "I hear, my young friend, that you've lost the trick!"

And old Evilli went lumbering up-stairs, chuckling over his feeble wit.

If there is any man I especially dislike, it is your old Watering-Place *habitué*, whose heart is burnt out, and who believes every other man and woman heartless. What a hollow laugh his is! What a weak wit! Evilli thought he could joke with me, as if I were not a man of sensibility;—I, who left next morning in the early boat, bearing from the field a heart sorely wounded, but of great recuperative power.

THE TWO SKULLS.

"HOW did you like my friend, Mr. Blazon?" said the Secretary to me.

"I was disappointed. I expected greater things of one of his reputation." I knew that the Secretary had only asked the question to introduce one of those philosophizing lectures with which, I being always a good listener, he so often favored me.

"Did you ever, sir, see a great man who did not disappoint you? ever one who did not lose something of his magnitude by near approach, or display some flaw dimming the splendor of his reputation!—except it might be to such exceptional toadies as Boswell?

"Distance lends enchantment to the moral and mental, as well as to the physical view. Let the eye sweep over a broad and distant landscape; only its grand and imposing features are seen; draw near it—walk through it, and the littering rocks, the mud holes, putrefying carcasses, and other disgusting objects, offend the sight.

"Heroes, it is said, are never heroes to their valets. Why are they more so to the public? I will tell you. Because the public imagines a harmony of character not to be found in human nature. It takes a single prominent trait in an individual, and magnifies his every other quality to its dimensions. A man becomes distinguished in poetry—eloquence—science; those who hear of him endow him with every correspondent quality of greatness, and are very much disappointed if they find him manifesting any of the ordinary every-day traits of humanity; and yet, there are no men so great but they will do so.

"Those who like myself, sir, have mingled much with their fellows, in high and in low stations, learn that there is more difference in the external position of men than in their intrinsic qualities.

"Taking the extremes of humanity—the lowest idiotic intellect or moral character at one end, and the highest and most noble at the other, probably between one and the other, may be found every shade, variety, and combination of character—good and bad mingled in every degree, sometimes the one and sometimes the other predominating; and hence, too, we have the same persons exhibiting the most opposite and inconsistent qualities, and sometimes flying suddenly from the line of their established reputation, and startling the public by manifestations of character hitherto unsuspected.

"Did you never see that strange combination of men to whom religious observances, divine worship, and sacred ceremonies were a necessity, yet whose daily practices were entirely inconsistent with such habits? Such men are not hypocrites—another combination makes the hypocrite.

"If I was to tell you your neighbor was provident, wise, active, you would think only of a good citizen; and if I told you of another, who was jealous, malignant, dark, sullen, unsociable, reserved, cruel, unrelenting, unforgiving, you would think of no combined useful quality; but Hume puts all these epithets together and makes up a Tiberius.

"*Common Sense*, the preservative quality, is that more generally diffused, and is often wanting in those of brilliant genius. Hence, our ordinary every-day acquaintance may exhibit more force and strength of character, than forms the general aggregate of some great men; they fall below our habitual association. Besides the properties which make greatness, there are other properties necessary to make greatness known—the show-window art of putting the goods in the public eye; and men may, most probably do, exist in every association, unknown to fame, but gifted with all upon which others base a public reputation. There may be men in their quiet farm-houses, in their village offices greater than greatness. Even in our schoolboy associations, have we not seen those calm, quiet, intellectual boys, satisfied with the joy of knowledge, and despising scholastic triumphs. May there not then be men who think the fame of the hustings, the fuss and feathers of the soldier, and the plodding calculations of the seeker for wealth, a poor exchange for heart-quiet, and that manly action which, working for others and not for self, shuns the noise and bustle of popularity? These are the truly great men who work in the steady view of the all-seeing God, and not before the world's blinking eye, and so long as this principle fails to be taught as the leading human impulse, education is defective.

"The parent tells his child, Such and such a one rose from poverty to wealth. Follow his example; wealth is the grand object.

"Mr. Magnum, who sits now in the high place of power, was once a poor mechanic—work you for power also; that is, work, plod for yourself; let self be the aim and object—the alpha and omega of your existence. Who tells his child to measure his sphere of usefulness; to begin by doing the little good he can; to widen his circle with his strength, until his usefulness reaches the utmost circumference of his power? Then if wealth, fame, power comes, they come to one fitted for their use, and if they do not come, a greater than all does—happiness."

"You have never been married, I believe, Mr. Secretary?" "No, sir; I'm a bachelor," and as if the question was an unpleasant one, he picked up his cane and gloves to leave me, but a new thought chased away the momentary annoyance, and quietly laying them down again, he resumed, "Often the world looks with admiring envy upon the greatness of a great man, identifies it with the whole existence of the individual, and considers him as reveling in the joy of high fortune, whereas the true man and his greatness are separate existences;—his greatness is a shadow or rather a brilliant light, it may be either, round about him, shutting out the views of the world from his true self. It may, indeed, be a strong spectre walking by his side, and hurrying along the true man despite himself.

"'I am satiated with greatness,' cried the scarcely more than boy Napoleon. It became a *thing* outside of himself, but it pushed him along. 'I have a star—a destiny,' he said; so much did the man-Napoleon feel subjected to the world-Napoleon. A youth, and almost unknown, he had magically created armies, and conquered circumstances. Now, after Waterloo, with an army calling him to head it, with over '80,000 men immediately to commence operations and to take a bloody revenge on the Duke of Wellington,' with the French people adoring him, he exclaimed:

"'Putting the brute force of the mass of the people into action would doubtless save Paris, and insure me the crown, without incurring the horrors of civil war, but it would likewise be risking thousands of French lives; for what power could control so many various passions, so much hatred, and such vengeance. No, I like the regrets of France better than her crown.'*

"And he quietly walks out of his empire and his glory. People wonder. It is incomprehensible! Might not the man Napoleon have become tired of living so long the slave of the world-seen splendid Napoleon? 'I will henceforth live to educate my boy,' spoke the man. The spectre Greatness would not be shaken off, and chained him to St. Helena, without wife, child, or friend. Those who have lived above greatness, are greater than Napoleon, and—happier.

"Calm, quiet, blue-eyed, light-haired Doctor Morton, 'The Illustrious' he is called, measures in his study the capacity for greatness of individuals, and that of nations. He pours beans or shot into their skulls, when the brains are out, measures and weighs their power, and tells us that the Teutonic skull is the largest, and the negro nine cubic inches smaller. He measures one tremendous head, finds one hundred and fourteen cubic inches, puts it up on his shelf, and labels it 'Dutch Gentleman.'

"Dutch Gentleman, with the big head, who shall tell of your true greatness corresponding with your brain-power? It may have been felt in acts of wisdom, judgment, and intellect, on your native Holland canals. Then what was this little Peruvian head, the smallest of heads, fifty-eight cubic inches? This may be the head of a great man—an Inca—a Child of the Sun, who on his golden throne at Cuzco, called upon all the world to bow the knee as it approached his capital; and believing it did so, believed his own greatness."

The Secretary, having delivered these sentiments, again took up his gloves and cane, rose from his chair, and prepared to go in earnest. In all courtesy I arose at the same time, and as we stood together he slowly drew on his gloves, remarking—

"I am sorry you did not like Blazon. You must not judge him by your disappointment. The most disappointing kind of men, if they are asked to come down, and divide their magnificence out for half an hour with a few friends, are your authors. For two reasons: they do not go out to work, but to relax. In the labors of authorship they are on the stretch, when they come to meet your few friends they let down, and are interested in the same every day common-place matters which interest us common people. Again, when you ask your merchant or banker friend to dine or sup with you, do you expect the one to bring his wares, and the other his money, to divide with you and your company? The author's good thoughts and good sayings are his wares, and if scattered at your table would lose their value in the market, and sometimes to save a bright idea, he condescends to discuss the merits of a beefsteak. By the way," he added, as he took up his hat, "it is just the time for mine, and if you will go with me we will talk this matter over more fully; as I find our views are so much alike, it will be pleasant."

I begged to be excused, and the Secretary took his leave. He was a great talker.

* Count Montholon.

CAPTAIN BART AND THE SEA-FOX.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY E. ROBINSON.

IT was during the siege of Dunkirk, in the year 1658, that Captain Bart, a tall, vigorous man, with white hair and a gray beard, was sitting wrapped up in blankets in an arm-chair, and was leaning his pale, thin face on the shoulder of his wife, while his little son, a boy of ten years, with long golden hair, was kneeling at his feet.

The old hero, a few days ago, had been hit in the side by two musket-balls, one of which the surgeon had not been able to extract. With sadness did he turn his eyes to his wife, who looked at him with a tender and painful expression, and pressed the head of her son to her breast.

"God is just, my good Catherine," said the captain. "I hope he will reward your love and care by letting me live long enough to make a brave and good sailor of our John."

Catherine raised her eyes, filled with tears, to heaven, as if to add her prayer to that of her husband.

"Oh!" continued the old hero, "when will Dunkirk at length belong to France, and be forever rid of these English and Spaniards! I shall probably never see the day!"

"But, why not, my friend?" said Catherine. "You have told me yourself, that the city can not hold out much longer; and, besides, the inhabitants are very indifferent to the result of the siege, and wish for nothing more than for a favorable capitulation."

Catherine was silent; for she saw that the pains of her husband had again become severer. He lay a moment, with closed eyes; then, recovering himself, he called for his old servant, in order to receive news of the progress of the siege. After he had made his report, the captain asked him to sit down by him; for neither to him, nor to his little son, had he related a story for many weeks, and intended, now that

his pains seemed to subside, to again narrate something from his much-troubled life.

"Oh, do, do, father!" cried John, full of joy, as he noticed the purpose of his father.

"You will exert yourself again, dear husband," said Catherine, "only remember that the physician has told you to speak as little as possible."

"Well, well; don't be afraid!" said the captain. "I will speak very low. But my son must know how gloriously his grandfather died; and as yet, I have told him but little about the old hero."

At that moment, the thunder of the cannons, which had been silent till then, was again heard. "That's right!" cried the captain, with spirit; "the fire of the batteries shall accompany the narration of the deeds of arms of my father and of the old Sea-fox; for, accompanied by their thunder have they earned their fame, and found a grave in the waves."

It was indeed a splendid sight as the brave sailor, almost conquered by his wounds, in the midst of the dangers of a siege, accompanied by the roar of the cannons, was telling his son of the glorious death of the two heroes of the sea.

"Old Jacobson," said the captain, "was called the Sea-fox, because nobody understood like him, by stratagem and cunning to capture his prey, and to escape his enemies. Jacobson was the brother-in-arms of my father; they had not only sworn to each other everlasting friendship, but had shown it by action."

"My dear," interrupted Catherine, "I think you exert yourself too much by speaking. Do lie down; the doctor has said that before the bullet is out, the smallest exertion may cost you your life."

"Would you rather have then, wife," answered old Bart, "that I should think of my pains and should grieve over them, than forget them while telling my son of the war and of the deeds of his grandfather? I hope to God that he will keep the honor of our name upright!"

Hereupon he commenced his tale as follows:

"It was during the war with the English, who were blockading our harbor; we had safely returned with my father from the fishery, and our brigantine, the 'Sea-bird,' was anchored in the bay, the crew on board, and ready to put out to sea again at any moment. One winter evening—the wind blew from the northwest, and whistled and howled—we were assembled in this very room, around a warm fire, and were smoking tobacco from Rotterdam, and drinking English porter with it. Next to your grandfather, was sitting Mynheer Vandervelde, whom his Majesty had knighted, because he made him a present of twelve well-furnished and well-manned ships, all for nothing, out of pure generosity. We were just chatting of the war and of the booty, when, suddenly, the door opened—the same one which you see there—and who should enter but the Sea-fox, wrapped in a large cloak, which was dripping wet, for it was pouring outside. Under the cloak, he was in full armor. 'Anthony,' said he to my father, and looked at him fixedly, 'I need you, your son, your crew, and your ship.'

"'When?' was all my father asked.

"'Immediately; we must put to sea within an hour,' answered the Fox.

"My father excused himself to his guest, and said to the Fox, 'While I and my son go and arm ourselves, smoke a pipe, drink a glass of beer, and dry yourself.' So, my son, in those days did the seamen keep friendship. The Sea-fox would have done the same for my father that he did for him, and that without any farther agreement.

"The Fox threw his cloak over a chair, and held the large water-boots, which reached above his knee, to the fire. It seems as if I saw him yet: he wore an old buff-jacket of buffalo-skin, and a cuirass of steel, covered with rust. When we were ready, and came down again, we found the Fox in deep thought, staring into the fire, and so sunk in meditation that his pipe had gone out, and that he had not heard us come.

"'Well, Michael,' said my father, gayly, as he tapped the Fox on the shoulder, 'shall we let the gun be fired for departure?'

"The Fox jumped up and answered with great emotion, 'Yes, yes, let us go!' But, suddenly, he stood still, and said very soberly to my father, 'Tell me truly, Anthony: how is it with your soul? Could you appear before God without fear, and that within an hour?'

"My father saw from this that it was to be a very dangerous and daring enterprise. He answered the Fox: 'If it is so, Michael, the chapel-door of the parish-church is open all night; let us go and pray before we put out, and beg God for mercy. It is not our fault that we can do no more, and not take the sacrament; for a priest is wanting.'

"Well, so off we went. The wind blew horridly, and the rain struck our faces like hail. We went all three of us to the chapel, said our prayers, and at eleven o'clock were at the harbor. We found our brigantine ready, and all the crew aboard, from the mate to the lowest boy, as my father had ordered it always to be on board the 'Sea-bird;' for all the orders of my father were punctually obeyed, the discipline being as good as on the largest man-of-war. The anchors were soon weighed, the Fox had an order from the Admiral, so that the chain extending across the harbor's mouth was opened for us. At midnight we were in the canal, and soon after in the open sea. The wind was unfavorable, and the Fox, whom my father had given the command up to, ordered the wheelsman to tack, so as to get to the westward, and had all the lights extinguished. The rain continued, and the night was extremely dark; at intervals we could see between the waves, at a great distance, the watchfires of the cruising ships shining like stars, for they did not venture near the coast.

"Our pilot, a boatman from Vliessingen, had an eagle's eye, which pierced through the thickest night. The only communication between him and the wheelsman was by whistling, which each

seemed to understand as well as if minute orders had been given. The Fox had all the arms which were on board brought on deck, ordered every one to arm himself, and by break of day be ready for every thing.

"At this time, as my poor father was in the hold, superintending the distribution of arms, he had a very singular sight. Only think, my child, as he was at the back end of the hold, it suddenly seemed to him as if the sides of the ship were transparent, and he saw the sea raging and shining with a green light, and pale figures swimming now before and now behind the ship, and making signs to my father to come to them, and calling to him in a voice that was not of this world."

"That is a horrible story!" cried Catherine, and held her hand before her eyes.

"But the English, the English! Did you beat them?" impatiently asked John.

"You will hear right away, Jack. But first I must tell you of your grandfather. He instantly recognized in this sight a sign from God that he would be soon taken away. So he commenced praying with pious submission; and then with great quietness went on deck again. The brigantine was still tacking, and the weather also had not changed. Only God and the Sea-fox knew till then where we were going, for as the latter had not told my father of himself, he dared not ask him. We sailed all night, having but little sail up, on account of the severity of the storm, and as we were obliged to tack, we had made but little progress when the day broke. The Sea-fox was walking impatiently up and down the quarter-deck, making it resound with his great boots, and playing with a large battle-ax, while my father and myself stood near him, and awaited his orders.

"When it had become day, although it was not very light, on account of the rain and the black clouds, the Sea-fox ordered that the large flag should be hoisted astern; and sent word to the gunner to fire a gun from the bows. We were both very much astonished—my father and myself—for this shot would draw the attention of the cruisers to us; but we said nothing. At last, after about an hour, the man aloft cried out, 'I see two large men-of-war, and another smaller one!' The face of the Sea-fox, instead of getting pale, was flushed with a proud red; he struck his ax into the deck, and cried out, 'They are here at last!' with as much joy as if he had captured the silver transport of the King of Spain. He only told my father now, that he had orders to draw the enemy's ships upon him, in order to get them away from the harbor, so that a large convoy which had been cruising on and off all night could get in. Jacobson's ship was just being repaired, and therefore he had demanded ours. 'Now, Anthony,' said the Fox to my father, 'we must encounter these English, and must fight like devils: let us warm the crew's blood a little.' My father answered him, in his and my name, that it was our duty to die where the service of the king and of God demanded it; and then the Fox spoke with the crew after his manner. The confidence with which the brave Jacobson inspired all, was so great, and so blind, that our sailors swore that the enemy should not 'get a piece of them that was yet alive.' Upon this the Fox, who knew the sailors well, ordered a barrel of brandy to be brought on deck. Every body drank the health of the king; and the gunners besmeared their faces with powder and brandy, which gave them a horrid appearance, and inflamed them more. Hereupon the ship's chaplain, who had come on board, contrary to our expectations, just as we were about to leave, read mass, and all listened dutifully. I, my father, and some others confessed, and every one prepared for battle.

"The men-of-war came directly toward us, with every sail set. We went to meet them. The next one to us was a pinnace, not as strong as our brigantine. In one moment she got from us two such broadsides that she began to keel over.

"But then the two large frigates following her began such a horrible fire upon the 'Sea-bird,' that pretty soon our poor ship was a wreck, and half the crew were dead or wounded. But think what glory it was! What a defense! We alone against three ships, of which one was already sinking, and the other two were in such a state that they could hardly come up to us, such a furious fire did we keep up, with the cry of, '*Vive le Roi!*'

"We were all of us in a fever of excitement, swinging our battle-axes, scoffing at the English, and crying to them incessantly, 'Why don't you board us? Why don't you board us?'"

When the captain had spoken these words, he raised himself up; the excitement colored his pale countenance, and his voice trembled.

"Good God! good God!" cried Catherine, "my husband, you will kill yourself!"

"Leave me alone, wife; let me be!" the old hero answered: for the force of those glorious recollections drew him irresistibly away, and he continued his history with increasing excitement.

"While we were mocking the English so, they did really begin to board us from both sides, and a horrid slaughter took place. Swords and axes in our hands, we were fighting face to face. But the frigates had so large a crew, that they were able every minute to replace the fellows whom we cut down, while we had no reinforcement, and formed only a very small body, in which all were wounded. The Fox himself had been struck in the stomach by a bullet; my father had three severe stabs, and I had received a shot in the arm; our deck was filled with the dying and the dead. When the Fox saw that there was no chance of farther resistance, and that the brigantine was so much injured by the balls as to be near sinking, he cried out to my father, 'Anthony! a match into the magazine, a match into the magazine, and God be with us! The English shall not get us alive!'"

"Oh! how brave, how brave!" cried little Jack, with enthusiasm, without noticing the un-

usual paleness of his father's face, who laid his hand upon his breast, and endeavored to hide from Catherine a bloody foam which was rising to his mouth.

Nevertheless the captain continued his tale, only pausing now and then, when his pains became too severe.

"The Fox was not able to use his battle-ax, and therefore caught hold of the English captain, and held him in a strong embrace, in order to take him with him on his journey to the other world. More than a hundred Englishmen were on our deck, and the Fox cried out to my father incessantly, 'Into the magazine! into the magazine!' My father was as quick as possible, but could not get on well, on account of the corpses that blocked up the way to the magazine. At last he reached it, and suddenly I felt—I was, as I have already said, wounded, and was still fighting with two red-coats, armed with halberts, on the quarter-deck—suddenly I felt a horrible concussion, and my senses left me. The coldness of the water, into which I had fallen, at last brought me to again, and I found myself upon a beam, which I had grasped quite mechanically. On looking around me, I saw English sailors rowing about, and picking up those in the water. They took me on board of one of their boats. I asked after my father—he was dead; after the Sea-fox—he also had perished; of our crew only two were left; of our brigantine only a few boards. But also of the two English frigates but one was left, and she a wreck; the other one had sunk when our brigantine blew up. During the fight the convoy had reached Dunkirk in safety, and I was obliged to go to England as prisoner, in company with the two sailors. Thus was your grandfather, my son . . . . thus was I also . . . . Follow our example . . . and . . . ."

But this vivid narration had exhausted the captain's strength; he sank back into his chair, pale and almost motionless.

"Holy Virgin! Holy Virgin! he is dying!" cried Catherine.

"My father! my father, also, have the English murdered!" cried the child.

"Help! help!" cried Frau Bart, and pulled at the bell-rope. But it was too late—the hero had ended.

The next day Dunkirk surrendered to the King of France.

THE QUEEN OF THE CANARY ISLANDS.

SOME years ago I was in the island of Grand Canary, and during my sojourn there visited many towns on the island, and found many Moorish legends still prevalent among them, some of which possess interest which renders them well worthy of preservation; and especially the story of ANDAMANA, a Moorish maiden, and the first Queen of Canary. History has recorded many a name less worthy of celebrity, but, except in unwritten tradition, hers is unmentioned. The account I send you is, I believe, the first attempt to record it, where it deserves to be, among the heroines of history. In the story I have related, I have endeavored to adhere closely to the information I was able to collect. I regret that my stay there was too brief to enable me to obtain fuller records. The story is not one of fiction, however inaccurate it may be in its details, in consequence of the length of time elapsed since the date of Andamana's reign, and the corruption to which legendary tradition is subject; but I believe can be relied on for the truth of its principal incidents.

The island of Grand Canary embraces about six hundred square miles, and was peopled by the Moors, and under an independent Moorish dynasty, until its conquest by the Spaniards in the fifteenth century. Its earliest government was that of petty chiefs or patriarchs, and continued so until a woman reduced it to a sovereignty. Each town or village—of which there were then, as now, a great many on the island—was governed by a chief, selected from among the oldest and most influential men, who acted as governor, legislator, and magistrate: each town was independent of the others, and made and enforced its own laws; the constitution of society was simple, and the people peaceful.

Tradition has preserved no record of the previous history of the family of Andamana, and it seems probable that its previous history presented nothing remarkable. It is said she was very beautiful, and when very young her genius and wisdom became subjects of notice. As she grew up, her opinions on any and every subject on which she expressed them, showed such remarkable sagacity, that she was consulted constantly by the people of her village, and often by deputations from other towns also, where her fame had spread; and the invariable wisdom of her decisions, and the success which always followed their observance, soon led the people of her district to look upon her sayings as oracular; and she was often consulted by the old men and rulers of the village, especially in cases of difficulty, to obtain the benefit of her judgment, until custom seemed almost to have given her the *right* of a public counselor—a right, at any rate, which she soon assumed, and insisted on; for the frequent reference of matters of public importance to her judgment, seems to have awakened ambition in her breast. She was almost worshiped by her immediate associates and the people of her own village, and was often sought in marriage, but ambition with her was stronger than love, and she rejected all matrimonial offers. Her great popularity prevented the chief and other men of her town from making any opposition to her assumption of power, until, in addition to the right she had previously assumed, and which seems to have been tacitly yielded, of giving advice as a counselor even in public matters, she assumed that of giving judgment also as a magistrate, and citing cases before her when not previously referred to her by the interested parties. The legal magistrates considered this an infringement of the laws of the community, as well as a usurpation of their prerogatives; but fearing to take measures against her on their own respons-

ibility, called a council to take the matter into consideration. Andamana seems to have had a spirit and genius that controlled the minds of all with whom she came in contact. She heard of this step so dangerous to the success of her ambition. The council met; when, to the amazement of those assembled, the door of the council-chamber opened, and Andamana, splendidly attired, and radiant with beauty, entered, and passing through the midst, calmly assumed a seat as presiding chief of the assembly. The council was struck dumb! No one uttered a word, until Andamana herself spoke—asked them how they *dared* to question her authority? challenged them to cite one instance where, in her public acts or decisions, she had been swayed by any other motive than public good; and ended by upbraiding them as unworthy of all she had done for them. The assumption of this tone of superiority was a bold stroke of policy. No one attempted a reply, and she again rose and pronounced the council dissolved. No further attempt was made to dispute her authority, which she henceforth asserted with regal sway; the rulers acknowledged themselves to be her servants, and in all things obedient to her will. Thus did she, by the power of a determined will alone, become the sovereign ruler of the community to which she belonged.

Her first act now was to issue a new code of laws; the old code was very defective—she revised it, abolished many laws which she did not approve, altered others, and introduced many new ones; defined the punishments of different offenses, which before were left to the discretion of the magistrates; defined the duties of those officers, and established punishments for bribery or perversion of justice.

Pursuing the same course of assumption of power which had been so successful in her own district, she sent copies of her code of laws to the surrounding provinces, directing its observance in their future administration of justice. In her own province she was almost idolized; but her influence was little felt, and altogether unacknowledged, beyond it. Her messages and instructions were treated with scorn, and, in some cases, her messengers with punishment. But her ambition was not to be thus checked: very likely she foresaw this result, and had decided on the course she intended to pursue. Immediately on the return of her messengers, she called her people to arms; they responded with enthusiasm, and she then published to them her intention to unite herself in marriage with a man named Gumidafe (pronounced *Gumidarfch*), celebrated above all in the island as a warrior of intrepidity and courage. The rites uniting them being performed, she invested him with the military command of the forces, but rode on horseback herself beside him.

In this way, headed by herself and Gumidafe, the army of Andamana swept down on the offending provinces, spreading before it terror and consternation. Where the people submitted without resistance, she not only forbore to strike, but invited them to join her forces, so that her army augmented as she advanced, and she soon overran the whole island, and returned in triumph to her native village. Every province had acknowledged her supremacy, and she proclaimed herself *Queen of Canary*. The island continued to be a monarchy, governed by her descendants, until it was captured by the Spaniards. A new kind of wine raised on the island is called "Andamana," in memory of this heroine. W. B. W.

GOOD ADVICE FROM SIR WALTER SCOTT.

THE following letter from Sir Walter Scott to Mr. W. F. Deacon, who has since achieved distinction as an author—written in reply to an application for advice as to his future course of life, has but just been published:

"Sir—I received your packet only two days since, and this may apologize for any delay in reply, as it happened to be addressed to my house in Edinburgh. The favorable idea I am inclined to form of your talents, from the specimen you have sent me, induces me to regret much that I see no chance of my being useful to you in the way you point at. I have no connection with Mr. Blackwood's Magazine, in the way of recommendation or otherwise, nor do I know by whom it is conducted, unless it be by Mr. Blackwood himself. I know him, however, sufficiently to send him your productions, but I dare hardly augur any very favorable result. London, the great mart of literature, as of every thing else, is the only place where it is possible for a man to support himself by periodical writings. In our country an editor can get so much gratuitous and voluntary assistance, that he hardly cares to be at the expense of maintaining a regular corps of laborers. I shall be happy if Mr. Blackwood makes a distinction in your favor, were it but to give you some time to look round you, and to choose some more steady mode of life than the chance of this precarious mode of employment, which must necessarily make your comforts, if not your existence, dependent on the caprice of the public and tyranny of booksellers and editors.

"An expression in your letter leads me to think you have in your option some commercial situation, which you reject in consequence of your love for the Muses. If this be so, let me conjure you to pause and to recollect that independence, the only situation in which man's faculties have full scope, and his mind full enjoyment, can only be attained by considerable sacrifices. The commencement of every profession is necessarily dull and disagreeable to youths of lively genius; but every profession has its points of interest when the mind comes to view it divested of its technical details. I was as much disgusted with the introductory studies of the law as you can be with those of commerce, and it cost me many a bitter hour before I could bend my mind to them. But I made a virtue of necessity, and was in due time rewarded by finding that I could very well unite my love of letters

with my professional duty, and that, set at ease on the score of providing for my family, I had more respectability in the eyes of the public, more freedom of intellect and sunshine of mind, than I could have had with all the uncertainty, dependence, and precarious provision which are the lot of men of literature who have neither profession nor private fortune.

"What you mention frankly of your irregularities at college implies, I sincerely hope, the intention of repressing all tendency to such eccentricities in future. Take my advice, and carry your self-control a little further. Reconcile yourself with your father, and subdue your inclinations to his. Your road to distinction will be as easy from the counting-house as from a Welsh valley, for the world does not ask *where* but *what* a man writes. You will acquire a steady income, and in all probability an honorable independence, and when your head is gray, you may lay it on a pillow made soft by your own industry, and by the recollection that you have discharged the duty of a son, by the sacrifice of a predominant taste to the will of your parent. If I thought my own interference could be likely to be of use, I have so much regard for your situation as a young gentleman of talents, who seems too much disposed to give way to a generous but irregular love of literature, and so much for that of your father, whose feelings I can judge of by making his case my own, that if you choose to give me a direction and your permission, I would take the liberty to write to your father and try to make up matters betwixt you, an intrusion which my years and situation might perhaps induce him to excuse.

"Perhaps, sir, I may have exceeded the limits of the sphere to which you meant me to limit my opinion in offering it upon these points; but you must hold the intent, which is most sincerely kind, as an excuse,

"And, believe me, Sir,
"Your well-wisher and humble servant,
(Signed) "WALTER SCOTT.

"ABBOTSFORD, near MELBURN, N.B.,
"Sept. 1821."

MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.*

CHAPTER XXVIII.

MEANWHILE Harley had listened to Mr. Dale's vindication of Leonard with cold attention.

"Enough," said he at the close. "Mr. Fairfield (for so we will call him) shall see me to-night; and if apology be due to him, I will make it. At the same time, it shall be decided whether he continue this contest or retire. And now, Mr. Dale, it was not to hear how this young man wooed, or shrunk from wooing, my affianced bride, that I availed myself of your promise to visit me at this house. We agreed that the seducer of Nora Avenel deserved chastisement, and I promised that Nora Avenel's son should find a father. Both these assurances shall be fulfilled to-morrow. And you, sir," continued Harley, rising, his whole form gradually enlarged by the dignity of passion, "who wear the garb appropriated to the holiest office of Christian charity—you who have presumed to think that, before the beard had darkened my cheek, I could first betray the girl who had been reared under this roof, then abandon her—sneak like a dastard from the place in which my victim came to die—leave my own son, by the woman thus wronged, without thought or care, through the perilous years of tempted youth, till I found him, by chance, an outcast in a desert more dread than Hagar's—you sir, who have for long years thus judged of me, shall have the occasion to direct your holy anger toward the rightful head; and in me, you who have condemned the culprit, shall respect the judge!"

Mr. Dale was at first startled, and almost awed, by this unexpected burst. But, accustomed to deal with the sternest and the darkest passions, his calm sense and his habit of authority over those whose souls were bared to him, nobly recovered from their surprise. "My lord," said he, "first with humility I bow to your rebuke, and entreat your pardon for my erring, and, as you say, my uncharitable opinions. We, dwellers in a village, and obscure pastors of a humble flock—we, mercifully removed from temptation, are too apt, perhaps, to exaggerate its power over those whose lots are cast in that great world which has so many gates ever open to evil. This is my sole excuse, if I was misled by what appeared to me strong circumstantial evidence. But forgive me again if I warn you not to fall into an error perhaps little lighter than my own. Your passion, when you cleared yourself from reproach, became you. But ah! my lord, when, with that stern brow and those flashing eyes, you launched your menace upon another over whom you would constitute yourself the judge, forgetful of the divine precept, 'Judge not,' I felt that I was listening no longer to honest self-vindication—I felt that I was listening to fierce revenge."

"Call it revenge, or what you will," said Harley, with sullen firmness. "But I have been stung too deeply not to sting. Frank with all, till the last few days, I have ever been—frank to you, at least, even now. This much I tell you: I pretend to no virtue in what I still hold to be justice; but no declamations nor homilies tending to prove that justice is sinful, will move my resolves. As man I have been outraged, and as man I will retaliate. The way and the mode—the true criminal and his fitting sentence—you will soon learn, sir. I have much to do to-night; forgive me if I adjourn for the present all further conference."

"No, no; do not dismiss me. There is something, in spite of your present language, which so commands my interest, I see that there has been so much suffering where there is now so much wrath, that I would save you from the suffering worse than all—remorse. O pause, my dear lord, pause, and answer me but two questions; then I will leave your after course to yourself."

"Say on, sir," said Lord L'Estrange, touched, and with respect.

* Concluded from the January Number.

"First, then, analyze your own feelings. Is this anger merely to punish an offender and to right the living?—for who can pretend to right the dead? Or is there not some private hate that stirs and animates, and confuses all?"

Harley remained silent. Mr. Dale renewed:

"You loved this poor girl. Your language even now reveals it. You speak of treachery: perhaps you had a rival who deceived you; I know not—guess not—whom. But if you would strike the rival, must you not wound the innocent son? And, in presenting Nora's child to his father, as you pledge yourself to do, can you mean some cruel mockery that, under seeming kindness, implies some unnatural vengeance?"

"You read well the heart of man," said Harley; "and I have owned to you that I am but man. Pass on; you have another question."

Mr. Dale.—"And one more solemn and important. In my world of a village, revenge is a common passion; it is the sin of the uninstructed. The savage deems it noble; but Christ's religion, which is the Sublime Civilizer, emphatically condemns it. Why? Because religion ever seeks to ennoble man; and nothing so debases him as revenge. Look into your own heart, and tell me whether, since you have cherished this passion, you have not felt all sense of right and wrong confused—have not felt that whatever would before have seemed to you mean and base, appears now but just means to your heated end. Revenge is ever a hypocrite—rage, at least, strikes with the naked sword; but revenge, stealthy and patient, conceals the weapon of the assassin. My lord, your color changes. What is your answer to my question?"

"Oh," exclaimed Harley, with a voice thrilling in its mournful anguish, "it is not since I have cherished the revenge that I am changed—that right and wrong grow dark to me—that hypocrisy seems the atmosphere fit for earth. No; it is since the discovery that demands the vengeance. It is useless, sir," he continued, impetuously—"useless to argue with me. Were I to sit down patient and impotent, under the sense of the wrong which I have received, I should feel, indeed, that debasement which you ascribe to the gratification of what you term revenge. I should never regain the self-esteem which the sentiment of power now restores to me—I should feel as if the whole world could perceive and jeer at my meek humiliation. I know not why I have said so much—why I have betrayed to you so much of my secret mind, and stooped to vindicate my purpose. I never meant it. Again I say, we must close this conference." Harley here walked to the door, and opened it significantly.

"One word more, Lord L'Estrange—but one. You will not hear me. I am a comparative stranger, but you have a friend, a friend dear and intimate, now under the same roof. Will you consent, at least, to take counsel of Mr. Audley Egerton? None can doubt his friendship for you; none can doubt, that whatever he advises will be that which best becomes your honor. What, my lord, you hesitate?—you feel ashamed to confide to your dearest friend a purpose which his mind would condemn? Then I will seek him—I will implore him to save you from what can but entail repentance."

"Mr. Dale, I must forbid you to see Mr. Egerton. What has passed between us ought to be as sacred to you as a priest of Rome holds confession. This much, however, I will say to content you: I promise that I will do nothing that shall render me unworthy of Mr. Audley Egerton's friendship, or which his fine sense of honor shall justify him in blaming. Let that satisfy you."

"Ah, my lord," cried Mr. Dale, pausing irresolute at the doorway, and seizing Harley's hand, "I should indeed be satisfied if you would submit yourself to higher counsel than mine—than Mr. Egerton's—than man's. Have you never felt the efficacy of prayer?"

"My life has been wasted," replied Harley, "and I dare not, therefore, boast that I have found prayer efficacious. But, so far back as I can remember, it has at least been my habit to pray to Heaven, night and morning, until, at least—until"—The natural and obstinate candor of the man forced out the last words, which implied reservation. He stopped short.

"Until you have cherished revenge. You have not dared to pray since. Oh! reflect what evil there is within us, when we dare not come before Heaven—dare not pray for what we wish. You are moved—I leave you to your own thoughts."

Harley inclined his head, and the Parson passed him by, and left him alone—startled, indeed; but was he softened?

As Mr. Dale hurried along the corridor, much agitated, Violante stole from a recess formed by a large bay-window, and, linking her arm in his, said anxiously, but timidly: "I have been waiting for you, dear Mr. Dale; and so long! You have been with Lord L'Estrange?"

"Well."

"Why do you not speak? You have left him comforted—happier?"

"Happier! No."

"What!" said Violante, with a look of surprise, and a sadness not unmixed with petulance in her quick tone. "What! does he then so grieve that Helen prefers another?"

Despite the grave emotion that disturbed his mind, Mr. Dale was struck by Violante's question, and the voice in which it was said. He loved her tenderly. "Child, child," said he, "I am glad that Helen has escaped Lord L'Estrange. Beware, oh, beware! how he excite any gentler interest in yourself. He is a dangerous man—more dangerous for glimpses of a fine original nature. He may well move the heart of the innocent and inexperienced, for he has strangely crept into mine. But *his* heart is swollen with pride, and ire, and malice."

"You mistake; it is false!" cried Violante, impetuously. "I can not believe one word that

would asperse him who has saved my father from a prison, or from death. You have not treated him gently. He fancies he has been wronged by Leonard—received ingratitude from Helen. He has felt the sting in proportion to his own susceptible and generous heart, and you have chided where you should have soothed. Poor Lord L'Estrange! And you have left him still indignant and unhappy!"

"Foolish girl! I have left him meditating sin; I have left him afraid to pray; I have left him on the brink of some design—I know not what—but which involves more than Leonard in projects of revenge; I have left him so, that if his heart be really susceptible and generous, he will wake from wrath to be the victim of long and unavailing remorse. If your father has influence over him, tell Dr. Riccabocca what I say, and bid him seek, and in his turn save, the man who saved himself. He has not listened to religion—he may be more docile to philosophy. I can not stay here longer—I must go to Leonard."

Mr. Dale broke from Violante and hurried down the corridor; Violante stood on the same spot, stunned and breathless. Harley on the brink of some strange sin—Harley to wake the victim of remorse—Harley to be saved, as he had saved her father! Her breast heaved—her color went and came—her eyes were raised—her lips murmured. She advanced with soft footsteps up the corridor—she saw the lights gleaming from Harley's room, and suddenly they were darkened, as the inmate of the room shut-to the door with angry and impatient hand.

An outward act often betrays the inward mind. As Harley had thus closed the door, so had he sought to shut his heart from the intrusion of softer and holier thoughts. He had turned to his hearthstone, and stood on it, resolved and hardened. The man who had loved with such pertinacious fidelity for so many years, could not at once part with hate. A passion once admitted to his breast, clung to it with such rooted force! But woe, woe to thee, Harley L'Estrange, if to-morrow at this hour thou stand at the hearthstone, thy designs accomplished, knowing that, in the fulfillment of thy blind will, thou hast met falsehood with falsehood, and deception with deceit! What though those designs now seem to consummate so just, so appropriate, so exquisite a revenge—seem to thee the sole revenge wit can plan and civilized life allow—wilt thou ever wash from thy memory the stain that will sully thine honor? Thou, too, professing friendship still, and masking perfidy under smiles. Grant that the wrong be great as thou deem it—be ten times greater—the sense of thy meanness, O gentleman and soldier, will bring the blush to thy cheek in the depth of thy solitude. Thou, who now thinkest others unworthy a trustful love, wilt feel thyself forever unworthy theirs. Thy seclusion will know not repose. The dignity of man will forsake thee. Thy proud eye will quail from the gaze. Thy step will no longer spurn the earth that it treads on. He who has once done a base thing is never again wholly reconciled to honor. And woe—thrice woe, if thou learn too late that thou hast exaggerated thy fancied wrong; that there is excuse, where thou seest none; that thy friend may have erred, but that his error is venial compared to thy fancied retribution.

Thus, however, in the superb elation of conscious power, though lavished on a miserable object—a terrible example of what changes one evil and hateful thought, cherished to the exclusion of all others, can make in the noblest nature—stood, on the hearth of his fathers, and on the abyss of a sorrow and a shame from which there will be no recall—the determined and scornful man.

A hand is on the door—he does not hear it; a form passes the threshold—he does not see it; a light step pauses—a soft eye gazes. Deaf and blind still to both. Violante came on, gathering courage, and stood at the hearth, by his side.

CHAPTER XXIX.

"Lord L'Estrange—noble friend!"

"You!—and here—Violante? Is it I whom you seek? For what? Good heavens, what has happened? Why are you so pale—why tremble?"

"Have you forgiven Helen?" asked Violante, beginning with evasive question, and her cheek was pale no more.

"Helen—the poor child! I have nothing in her to forgive, much to thank her for. She has been frank and honest."

"And Leonard—whom I remember in my childhood—you have forgiven him?"

"Fair meditator," said Harley, smiling, though coldly, "happy is the man who deceives another; all plead for him. And if the man deceived can not forgive, no one will sympathize or excuse."

"But Leonard did not deceive you?"

"Yes, from the first. It is a long tale, and not to be told to you. But I can not forgive him."

"Adieu! my lord. Helen must, then, still be very dear to you!" Violante turned away. Her emotion was so artless, her very anger so charming, that the love, against which, in the prevalence of his later and darker passions, he had so sternly struggled, rushed back upon Harley's breast; but it came only in storm.

"Stay, but talk not of Helen?" he exclaimed. "Ah! if Leonard's sole offense had been what you appear to deem it, do you think I could feel resentment? No; I should have gratefully hailed the hand that severed a rash and ungenial tie. I would have given my ward to her lover with such a dower as it suits my wealth to bestow. But his offense dates from his very birth. To bless and to enrich the son of a man who—Violante, listen to me. We may soon part, and forever. Others may misconstrue my actions; you, at least, shall know from what just principle they spring. There was a man whom I singled out of the world as more than a brother. In the romance of my boyhood I saw one who dazzled my fancy,

captivated my heart. It was a dream of Beauty breathed into waking life. I loved—I believed myself beloved. I confided all my heart to this friend—this more than brother; he undertook to befriend and to aid my suit. On that very pretext he first saw this ill-fated girl;—saw—betrayed—destroyed her;—left me ignorant that her love, which I had thought mine, had been lavished so wildly on another;—left me to believe that my own suit she had fled, but in generous self-sacrifice—for she was poor and humbly born;—that—oh vain idiot that I was!—the self-sacrifice had been too strong for a young human heart, which had broken in the struggle;—left me to corrode my spring of life in remorse;—clasped my hand in mocking comfort; smiled at my tears of agony—not one tear himself for his own poor victim! And suddenly, not long since, I learned all this. And, in the father of Leonard Fairfield, you behold the man who has poisoned all the well-spring of joy to me. You weep! O Violante! the Past he has blighted and embittered—*that* I could forgive; but the Future is blasted too. For, just ere this treason was revealed to me, I had begun to awake from the torpor of my dreary penance, to look with fortitude toward the duties I had slighted—to own that the pilgrimage before me was not barren. And then, oh then, I felt that all love was not buried in a grave. I felt that you, had fate so granted, might have been all to my manhood which youth only saw through the delusion of its golden mists. True, I was then bound to Helen; true, that honor to her might forbid me all hope. But still, even to know that my heart was not all ashes—that I could love again—that that glorious power and privilege of our being was still mine, seemed to me so heavenly sweet. But then this revelation of falsehood burst on me, and all truth seemed blotted from the universe. I am freed from Helen; ah, freed, forsooth—because not even rank and wealth, and benefits and confiding tenderness, could bind to me one human heart! Free from her; but between me and your fresh nature stands Suspicion as an Upas tree. Not a hope that would pass through the tainted air, and fly to you, but falls dead under the dismal boughs. *I* love! Ha, ha! I—*I*, whom the past has taught the impossibility to be loved again. No: if those soft lips murmured 'Yes' to the burning prayer that, had I been free but two short weeks ago, would have rushed from the frank deeps of my heart, I should but imagine that you deceived yourself—a girl's first fleeting, delusive fancy—nothing more! Were you my bride, Violante, I should but debase your bright nature by my own curse of distrust. At each word of tenderness, my heart would say, 'How long will this last?—when will the deception come?' Your beauty, your gifts would bring me but jealous terror;—eternally I should fly from the Present to the Future, and say, 'These hairs will be gray, while flattering youth will surround her in the zenith of her charms.' Why then do I hate and curse my foe? Why do I resolve upon revenge? I comprehend it now. I knew that there was something more imperious than the ghost of the Past that urged me on. Looking on you, I feel that it was the dim sense of a mighty and priceless loss; it is not the lost Nora—it is the living Violante. Look not at me with those reproachful eyes; they can not reverse my purpose; they can not banish suspicion from my sickened soul; they can not create a sunshine in the midst of its ghastly twilight. Go, go; leave me to the sole joy that bequeathes no disappointment—the sole feeling that unites me to social man; leave me to my revenge."

"Revenge! Oh, cruel!" exclaimed Violante, laying her hand on his arm. "And in revenge, it is your own life that you will risk!"

"My life, simple child! This is no contest of life against life. Could I bare to all the world my wrongs for their ribald laughter, I should only give to my foe the triumph to pity my frenzy—to shun the contest; or grant it, if I could find a second—and then fire in the air. And all the world would say, 'Generous Egerton!—soul of honor!'"

"Egerton, Mr. Egerton! He can not be this foe? It is not on him you can design revenge?—you who spend all your hours in serving his cause—you to whom he trusts so fondly—you who leant yesterday on his shoulder, and smiled so cheeringly in his face?"

"Did I? Hypocrisy against hypocrisy—snare against snare; *that* is my revenge!"

"Harley, Harley! Cease, cease!"

The storm of passion rushed on unheeding.

"I seem to promote his ambition, but to crush it into the mire. I have delivered him from the gentler gripe of a usurer, so that he shall hold at my option alms or a prison—"

"Friend, friend! Hush, hush!"

"I have made the youth he has reared and fostered into treachery like his own (your father's precious choice—Randal Leslie), mine instrument in the galling lesson how ingratitude can sting. His very son shall avenge the mother, and be led to his father's breast as victor, with Randal Leslie, in the contest that deprives sire and benefactor of all that makes life dear to ambitious egotism. And if in the breast of Audley Egerton there can yet lurk one memory of what I was to him and to truth, not his least punishment will be the sense that his own perfidy has so changed the man whose very scorn of falsehood has taught him to find in fraud itself the power of retribution."

"If this be not a terrible dream!" murmured Violante, recoiling, "it is not your foe alone that you will deprive of all that makes life dear. Act thus—and what, in the future, is left to me?"

"To you! Oh, never fear. I may give Randal Leslie a triumph over his patron, but in the same hour I will unmask his villainy, and sweep him forever from your path. What in the future is left to you?—your birthright and your native land; hope, joy, love, felicity. Could it be possible that in the soft but sunny fancy which plays round the heart of maiden youth, but still sends

no warmth into its deeps—could it be possible that you had honored me with a gentler thought, it will pass away, and you will be the pride and delight of one of your own years, to whom the vista of Time is haunted by no chilling spectres—one who can look upon that lovely face, and not turn away to mutter: 'Too fair, too fair for me!'"

"Oh agony!" exclaimed Violante, with sudden passion. "In my turn hear me. If, as you promise, I am released from the dreadful thought that one, at whose touch I shudder, can claim this hand, my choice is irrevocably made. The altars which await me will not be those of a human love. But oh, I implore you—by all the memories of your own life, hitherto, if sorrowful, unsullied—by the generous interest you yet profess for me, whom you will have twice saved from a danger to which death were mercy—leave, oh leave to me the right to regard your image as I have done from the first dawn of childhood. Leave me the right to honor and revere it. Let not an act, accompanied with a meanness—oh that I should say the word!—a meanness and a cruelty that give the lie to your whole life—make even a grateful remembrance of you, an unworthy sin. When I kneel within the walls that divide me from the world, oh let me think that I can pray for you as the noblest being that the world contains! Hear me! hear me!"

"Violante!" murmured Harley, his whole frame heaving with emotion, "bear with me. Do not ask of me the sacrifice of what seems to me the cause of manhood itself—to sit down, meek and patient, under a wrong that debases me, with the consciousness that all my life I have been the miserable dupe to affections I deemed so honest—to regrets that I believed so holy. Ah! I should feel more mean in my pardon than you can think me in revenge! Were it an acknowledged enemy, I could open my arms to him at your bidding; but the perfidious friend!—ask it not. My cheek burns at the thought, as at the stain of a blow. Give me but to-morrow—one day—I demand no more—wholly to myself and to the past, and mould me for the future as you will. Pardon, pardon the ungenerous thoughts that extended distrust to *you*. I retract them; they are gone—dispelled before those touching words, those ingenuous eyes. At your feet, Violante, I repent and I implore! Your father himself shall banish your sordid suitor. Before this hour to-morrow you will be free. Oh, then, then! will you not give me this hand to guide me again into the paradise of my youth? Violante, it is in vain to wrestle with myself—to doubt—to reason—to be wisely fearful—I love, I love you. I trust again in virtue and faith. I place my fate in your keeping."

If at times Violante may appear to have ventured beyond the limit of strict maiden bashfulness, much may be ascribed to her habitual candor, her solitary rearing, and remoteness from the world—the very innocence of her soul, and the warmth of heart which Italy gives its daughters. But now that sublimity of thought and purpose which pervaded her nature, and required only circumstances to develop, made her superior to all the promptings of love itself. Dreams realized which she had scarcely dared to own—Harley free—Harley at her feet;—all the woman struggling at her heart, mantling in her blushes—still stronger than love—stronger than the joy of being loved again—was the heroic will—will to save him—who in all else ruled her existence—from the eternal degradation to which passion had blinded his own confused and warring spirit.

Leaving one hand in his impassioned clasp, as he still knelt before her, she raised on high the other. "Ah!" she said, scarce audibly—"ah! if Heaven vouchsafe me the proud and blissful privilege to be allied to your fate, to minister to your happiness, never should I know one fear of your distrust. No time, no change, no sorrow, not even the loss of your affection, could make me forfeit the right to remember that you had once confided to me a heart so noble. But—" Here her voice rose in its tone, and the glow fled from her cheek—"But, O Thou the Ever Present, hear and receive the solemn vow! If to me he refuse to sacrifice the sin that would debase him, that sin be the barrier between us evermore. And may my life, devoted to Thy service, atone for the hour in which he belied the nature he received from Thee. Harley, release me! I have spoken: firm as yourself, I leave the choice to you!"

"You judge me harshly," said Harley, rising, with sullen anger. "But at least I have not the meanness to sell what I hold as justice, though the bribe may include my last hope of happiness."

"Meanness! Oh, unhappy, beloved Harley!" exclaimed Violante, with such a gush of exquisite reproachful tenderness, that it thrilled him as the voice of the parting guardian-angel. "Meanness! But it is that from which I implore you to save yourself. You can not judge, you can not see. You are dark, dark. Lost Christian that you are, what worse than heathen darkness, to feign the friendship the better to betray—to punish falsehood by becoming yourself so false—to accept the confidence even of your bitterest foe, and then to sink below his own level in deceit? And, oh—worse, worse than all—to threaten that a son—son of the woman you professed to love—should swell your vengeance against a father. No! it was not you that said this—it was the Fiend!"

"Enough!" exclaimed Harley, startled, conscience-stricken, and rushing into resentment, in order to escape the sense of shame. "Enough! you insult the man you professed to honor."

"I honored the prototype of gentleness and valor. I honored one who seemed to me to clothe with life every grand and generous image that is born from the souls of poets. Destroy that ideal, and you destroy the Harley whom I honored. He is dead to me forever. I will mourn for him as his widow—faithful to his memory—weeping over the thought of what he was." Sobs choked

her voice; but as Harley, once more melted, sprang forward to regain her side, she escaped with a yet quicker movement, gained the door, and, darting down the corridor, vanished from his sight.

Harley stood still one moment, thoroughly irresolute—nay, almost all subdued. Then sternness, though less rigid than before, gradually came to his brow. The demon had still its hold in the stubborn and marvelous pertinacity with which the man clung to all that once struck root at his heart. With a sudden impulse, that still withheld decision, yet spoke of sore-shaken purpose, he strode to his desk, drew from it Nora's manuscript, and passed from his room.

Harley had meant never to have revealed to Audley the secret he had gained, until the moment when revenge was consummated. He had contemplated no vain reproach. His wrath would have spoken forth in deeds, and then a word would have sufficed as the key to all. Willing, perhaps, to hail some extenuation of perfidy, though the possibility of such extenuation he had never before admitted, he determined on the interview which he had hitherto so obstinately shunned, and went straight to the room in which Audley Egerton still sate solitary and fearful.

CHAPTER XXX.

Egerton heard the well-known step advancing near and nearer up the corridor—heard the door open and reclose—and he felt, by one of those strange and unaccountable instincts which we call forebodings, that the hour he had dreaded for so many secret years had come at last. He nerved his courage, withdrew his hands from his face, and rose in silence. No less silent, Harley stood before him. The two men gazed on each other; you might have heard their breathing.

"You have seen Mr. Dale?" said Egerton, at length. "You know—"

"All!" said Harley, completing the arrested sentence.

Audley drew a long sigh. "Be it so; but no, Harley; you deceive yourself; you can not know all, from any one living, save myself."

"My knowledge comes from the dead," answered Harley, and the fatal memoir dropped from his hand upon the table. The leaves fell with a dull low sound, mournful and faint as might be the tread of a ghost, if the tread gave sound. They fell, those still confessions of an obscure, uncomprehended life, amidst letters and documents eloquent of the strife that was then agitating millions, the fleeting, turbulent fears and hopes that torture parties and perplex a nation; the stormy business of practical public life, so remote from individual love and individual sorrow.

Egerton's eye saw them fall. The room was but partially lighted. At the distance where he stood, he did not recognize the characters, but involuntarily he shivered, and involuntarily drew near.

"Hold yet awhile," said Harley. "I produce my charge, and then I leave you to dispute the only witness that I bring. Audley Egerton, you took from me the gravest trust one man can confide to another. You knew how I loved Leonora Avenel. I was forbidden to see and urge my suit; you had the access to her presence which was denied to myself. I prayed you to remove scruples that I deemed too generous, and to woo her, not to dishonor, but to be my wife. Was it so? Answer."

"It is true," said Audley, his hand clenched at his heart.

"You saw her whom I thus loved—her thus confided to your honor. You wooed her for yourself. Is it so?"

"Harley, I deny it not. Cease here. I accept the penalty—I resign your friendship; I quit your roof; I submit to your contempt; I dare not implore your pardon. Cease—let me go hence, and soon!" The strong man gasped for breath.

Harley looked at him steadfastly, then turned away his eyes, and went on. "Nay," said he, "is that ALL? You wooed her for yourself—you won her. Account to me for that life which you wrenched from mine. You are silent. I will take on myself your task—you took that life, and destroyed it."

"Spare me, spare me!"

"What was the fate of her who seemed so fresh from heaven when these eyes beheld her last? A broken heart—a dishonored name—an early doom—a forgotten grave-stone."

"No, no—forgotten—no!"

"Not forgotten! Scarce a year passed, and you were married to another. I aided you to form those nuptials which secured your fortunes. You have had rank, and power, and fame. Peers call you the type of English gentlemen. Priests hold you as a model of Christian honor. Strip the mask, Audley Egerton; let the world know you for what you are!"

Egerton raised his head, and folded his arms calmly; but he said, with a melancholy humility, "I bear all from you; it is just. Say on."

"You took from me the heart of Nora Avenel. You abandoned her—you destroyed. And her memory cast no shadow over your daily sunshine; while over my thoughts—over my life—oh, Egerton—Audley, Audley—how could you have deceived me thus!" Here the inherent tenderness under all this hate—the fount imbedded under the hardening stone—broke out. Harley was ashamed of his weakness, and hurried on.

"Deceived—not for an hour, a day, but through blighted youth, through listless manhood—you suffered me to nurse the remorse that should have been your own; her life slain, mine wasted; and shall neither of us have revenge?"

"Revenge! Ah, Harley, you have had it!"

"No, but I await it! Not in vain from the charnel have come to me the records I produce. And whom did fate select to discover the wrongs of the mother? whom appoint as her avenger? Your son—your own son; your abandoned, nameless son!"

"Son! son!"

"Whom I delivered from famine, or from worse; and who, in return, has given into my hands the evidence which proclaims in you the perjured friend of Harley L'Estrange, and the fraudulent seducer, under mock marriage forms—worse than all franker sin—of Leonora Avenel."

"It is false—false!" exclaimed Egerton, all his stateliness, and all his energy restored to him. "I forbid you to speak thus to me. I forbid you by one word to sully the memory of my lawful wife."

"Ah!" said Harley, startled. "Ah! false! prove *that*, and revenge is over! Thank Heaven!"

"Prove it! What so easy? And wherefore have I delayed the proof—wherefore concealed, but from tenderness to you—dread, too—a selfish but human dread—to lose in you the sole esteem that I covet; the only mourner who would have shed one tear over the stone inscribed with some lying epitaph, in which it will suit a party purpose to proclaim the gratitude of a nation. Vain hope. I resign it! But you spoke of a son. Alas, alas! you are again deceived. I heard that I had a son—years, long years ago. I sought him, and found a grave. But bless you, Harley, if you succored one whom you even erringly suspect to be Leonora's child!" He stretched forth his hand as he spoke.

"Of your son we will speak later," said Harley, strangely softened. "But before I say more of him, let me ask you to explain—let me hope that you can extenuate what—"

"You are right," interrupted Egerton, with eager quickness. "You would know from my own lips at last the plain tale of my own offense against you. It is due to both. Patiently hear me out."

Then Egerton told all; his own love for Leonora—his struggles against what he felt as treason to his friend—his sudden discovery of Nora's love for him;—on that discovery, the overthrow of all his resolutions; their secret marriage—their separation—Nora's flight, to which Audley still assigned but her groundless, vague suspicion that their nuptials had not been legal; and her impatience of his own delay in acknowledging the rite.

His listener interrupted him here with a few questions; the clear and prompt replies to which enabled Harley to detect Levy's plausible perversion of the facts; and he vaguely guessed the cause of the usurer's falsehood, in the criminal passion which the ill-fated bride had inspired.

"Egerton," said Harley, stifling with an effort his own wrath against the vile deceiver, "if, on reading those papers, you find that Leonora had more excuse for her suspicions and flight than you now deem, and discover perfidy in one to whom you trusted your secret, leave his punishment to Heaven. All that you say convinces me more and more that we can not even see through the cloud, much less guide the thunderbolt. But proceed."

Audley, looked surprised and startled, and his eye turned wistfully toward the papers; but after a short pause he continued his recital. He came to Nora's unexpected return to her father's house—her death—his conquest of his own grief, that he might spare Harley the abrupt shock of learning her decease. He had torn himself from the dead, in remorseful sympathy with the living. He spoke of Harley's illness, so nearly fatal—repeated Harley's jealous words, "that he would rather mourn Nora's death, than take comfort from the thought that she had loved another." He spoke of his journey to the village where Mr. Dale had told him Nora's child was placed—and, hearing that child and mother were alike gone, "whom now could I right by acknowledging a bond that I feared would so wring your heart?" Audley again paused a moment, and resumed in short, nervous, impressive sentences. This cold, austere man of the world for the first time bared his heart—unconscious, perhaps, that he did so—unconscious that he revealed how deeply, amidst state cares and public distinctions, he had felt the absence of affections—how mechanical was that outer circle in the folds of life which is called "a career"—how valueless wealth had grown—none to inherit it. Of his gnawing and progressive disease alone he did not speak; he was too proud and too masculine to appeal to pity for physical ills. He reminded Harley how often, how eagerly, year after year, month after month, he had urged his friend to rouse himself from mournful dreams, devote his native powers to his country, or seek the surer felicity of domestic ties. "Selfish in these attempts I might be," said Egerton; "it was only if I saw you restored to happiness that I could believe you could calmly hear my explanation of the past, and on the floor of some happy home grant me your forgiveness. I longed to confess, and I dared not; often have the words rushed to my lips—as often some chance-sentence from you repelled me. In a word, with you were so entwined all the thoughts and affections of my youth—even those that haunted the grave of Nora—that I could not bear to resign your friendship, and, surrounded by the esteem and honor of a world I cared not for, to meet the contempt of your reproachful eye."

Amidst all that Audley said—amidst all that admitted of no excuse—two predominant sentiments stood clear, in unmistakable and touching pathos. Remorseful regret for the lost Nora—and self-accusing, earnest, almost feminine tenderness for the friend he had deceived. Thus, as he continued to speak, Harley more and more forgot even the remembrance of his own guilty and terrible interval of hate; the gulf that had so darkly yawned between the two closed up, leaving them still standing, as it were, side by side, as in their schoolboy days. But he remained silent, listening—shading his face from Audley, and as if under some soft, but enthralling spell, till Egerton thus closed—

"And now, Harley, all is told. You spoke of revenge?"

"Revenge!" muttered Harley, starting.

"And believe me," continued Egerton, "were revenge in your power, I should rejoice at it as an atonement. To receive an injury in return for that which, first from youthful passion, and afterward from the infirmity of purpose that concealed the wrong I have inflicted upon you—why, that would soothe my conscience, and raise my lost self-esteem. The sole revenge you can bestow takes the form which most humiliates me;—to revenge, is to pardon."

Harley groaned; and, still hiding his face with one hand, stretched forth the other, but rather with the air of one who entreats than who accords forgiveness. Audley took and pressed the hand thus extended.

"And now, Harley, farewell. With the dawn I leave this house. I can not now accept your aid in this election. Levy shall announce my resignation. Randal Leslie, if you so please it, may be returned in my stead. He has abilities which, under safe guidance, may serve his country; and I have no right to reject, from vain pride, whatever will promote the career of one whom I undertook, and have failed, to serve."

"Ay, ay," muttered Harley; "think not of Randal Leslie; think but of your son."

"My son! But are you sure that he still lives? You smile; you—you—oh, Harley—I took from you the mother—give to me the son; break my heart with gratitude. Your revenge is found!"

Lord L'Estrange rose with a sudden start—gazed on Audley for a moment—irresolute, not from resentment, but from shame. At that moment he was the man humbled; he was the man who feared reproach, and who needed pardon. Audley, not divining what was thus passing in Harley's breast, turned away. "You think that I ask too much; and yet all that I can give to the child of my love and the heir of my name, is the worthless blessing of a ruined man. Harley, I say no more. I dare not add, 'You too loved his mother! and with a deeper and a nobler love than mine.'" He stopped short, and Harley flung himself on his breast.

"Me—me—pardon me, Audley! Your offense has been slight to mine. You have told me your offense; never can I name to you my own. Rejoice that we have both to exchange forgiveness, and in that exchange we are equals still, Audley—brothers still. Look up—look up; think that we are boys now as we were once;—boys who have had their wild quarrel—and the moment it is over, feel dearer to each other than before."

"Oh, Harley, this *is* revenge! It strikes home," murmured Egerton, and tears gushed fast from eyes that could have gazed unwinking on the rack. The clock struck; Harley sprang forward.

"I have time yet," he cried. "Much to do and to undo. You are saved from the grasp of Levy—your election will be won—your fortunes in much may be restored—you have before you honors not yet achieved—your career as yet is scarce begun—your son you will embrace to-morrow. Let me go—your hand again! Ah, Audley, we shall be so happy yet!"

CHAPTER XXXI.

"THERE is a hitch," said Dick, pithily, when Randal joined him in the oak copse at ten o'clock. "Life is full of hitches."

RANDAL.—"The art of life is to smooth them away. What hitch is this, my dear Avenel?"

DICK.—"Leonard has taken huff at certain expressions of Lord L'Estrange's at the nomination to-day, and talks of retiring from the contest."

RANDAL (with secret glee).—"But his resignation would smooth a hitch—not create one. The votes promised to him would thus be freed, and go to—"

DICK.—"The Right Honorable Red-Tapist!"

RANDAL—"Are you serious?"

DICK.—"As an undertaker! The fact is, there are two parties among the Yellows as there are in the Church—High Yellow and Low Yellow. Leonard has made great way with the High Yellows, and has more influence with them than I; and the High Yellows infinitely prefer Egerton to yourself. They say, 'Politics apart, he would be an honor to the borough.' Leonard is of the same opinion; and if he retires, I don't think I could coax either him or the Highflyers to make you any the better by his resignation."

RANDAL.—"But surely your nephew's sense of gratitude to you would induce him not to go against your wishes?"

DICK.—"Unluckily the gratitude is all the other way. It is I who am under obligations to him—not he to me. As for Lord L'Estrange, I can't make head or tail of his real intentions; and why he should have attacked Leonard in that way, puzzles me more than all, for he wished Leonard to stand. And Levy has privately informed me that, in spite of my lord's friendship for the Right Honorable, you are the man he desires to secure."

RANDAL.—"He has certainly shown that desire throughout the whole canvass."

DICK.—"I suspect that the borough-mongers have got a seat for Egerton elsewhere; or, perhaps, should his party come in again, he is to be pitch-forked into the Upper House."

RANDAL (smiling).—"Ah, Avenel, you are so shrewd; you see through every thing. I will also add, that Egerton wants some short respite from public life in order to nurse his health and attend to his affairs, otherwise I could not even contemplate the chance of the electors preferring me to him, without a pang."

DICK.—"Pang!—stuff—considerable. The oak trees don't hear us! You want to come into Parliament, and no mistake. If I am the man to retire—as I always proposed, and had got Leonard to agree to, before this confounded speech of L'Estrange's—come into Parliament you will, for the Low Yellows I can twist round my finger, provided the High Yellows will not interfere;—in short, I could transfer to you votes promised to me, but I can't answer for those promised to Leonard. Levy tells me you are to marry a rich girl, and will have lots of money; so, of course,

you will pay my expenses, if you come in through my votes."

RANDAL.—"My dear Avenel, certainly I will."

DICK.—"And I have two private bills I want to smuggle through Parliament."

RANDAL.—"They shall be smuggled, rely on it. Mr. Fairfield being on one side the House, and I on the other, we two could prevent all unpleasant opposition. Private bills are easily managed—with that tact which I flatter myself I possess."

DICK.—"And when the bills are through the House, and you have had time to look about you, I daresay you will see that no man can go against Public Opinion, unless he wants to knock his own head against a stone wall; and that Public Opinion is decidedly Yellow."

RANDAL (with candor).—"I can not deny that Public Opinion is Yellow; and, at my age, it is natural that I should not commit myself to the policy of a former generation. Blue is fast wearing out. But, to return to Mr. Fairfield—you do not speak as if you had no hope of keeping him straight to what I understand to be his agreement with yourself. Surely his honor is engaged to it?"

DICK.—"I don't know as to honor; but he has now taken a fancy to public life; at least so he said no later than this morning before we went into the hall; and I trust that matters will come right. Indeed, I left him with Parson Dale, who promised me that he would use all his best exertions to reconcile Leonard and my lord, and that Leonard should do nothing hastily."

RANDAL.—"But why should Mr. Fairfield retire because Lord L'Estrange wounds his feelings? I am sure Mr. Fairfield has wounded mine, but that does not make me think of retiring."

DICK.—"Oh, Leonard *is* a poet, and poets are quite as crotchety as L'Estrange said they were. And Leonard is under obligations to Lord L'Estrange, and thought that Lord L'Estrange was pleased by his standing; whereas now—in short, it is all Greek to me, except that Leonard has mounted his high horse, and if that throws him, I am afraid it will throw you. But still I have great confidence in Parson Dale—a good fellow, who has much influence with Leonard. And though I thought it right to be above-board, and let you know where the danger lies, yet one thing I can promise—if I resign, you shall come in; so shake hands on it."

RANDAL.—"My dear Avenel! And your wish is to resign?"

DICK.—"Certainly. I should do so a little time after noon, contriving to be below Leonard on the poll. You know Emanuel Trout, the captain of the hundred and fifty 'waiters on Providence,' as they are called?"

RANDAL.—"To be sure I do."

DICK.—"When Emanuel Trout comes into the booth, you will know how the election turns. As he votes, all the Hundred and Fifty will vote. Now I must go back. Good-night. You'll not forget that my expenses are to be paid. Point of honor. Still, if they are *not* paid, the election can be upset—petition for bribery and corruption; and if they *are* paid, why, Lansmere may be your seat for life."

RANDAL.—"Your expenses shall be paid the moment my marriage gives me the means to pay them—and that must be very soon."

DICK.—"So Levy says. And my little jobs—the private bills?"

RANDAL.—"Consider the bills passed, and the jobs done."

DICK.—"And one must not forget one's country. One must do the best one can for one's principles. Egerton is infernally Blue. You allow Public Opinion—is—"

RANDAL.—"Yellow. Not a doubt of it."

DICK.—"Good-night. Ha—ha—humbug, eh?"

RANDAL.—"Humbug! Between men like us—oh, no. Good-night, my dear friend—I rely on you."

DICK.—"Yes; but mind. I promise nothing if Leonard Fairfield does not stand."

RANDAL.—"He must stand; keep him to it. Your affairs—your business—your mill—"

DICK.—"Very true. He *must* stand. I have great faith in Parson Dale."

Randal glided back through the park. When he came on the terrace, he suddenly encountered Lord L'Estrange. "I have just been privately into the town, my dear lord, and heard a strange rumor, that Mr. Fairfield was so annoyed by some remarks in your lordship's admirable speech, that he talks of retiring from the contest. That would give a new feature to the election, and perplex all our calculations. And I fear, in that case, there might be some secret coalition between Avenel's friends and our Committee, whom, I am told, I displeased by the moderate speech which your lordship so eloquently defended—a coalition by which Avenel would come in with Mr. Egerton; whereas, if we all four stand, Mr. Egerton, I presume, will be quite safe; and I certainly think I have an excellent chance."

LORD L'ESTRANGE.—"So Mr. Fairfield would retire in consequence of my remarks! I am going into the town, and I intend to apologize for those remarks and retract them."

RANDAL (joyously).—"Noble."

Lord L'Estrange looked at Leslie's face, upon which the stars gleamed palely. "Mr. Egerton has thought more of your success than of his own," said he gravely, and hurried on.

Randal continued on the terrace. Perhaps Harley's last words gave him a twinge of compunction. His head sank musingly on his breast, and he paced to and fro the long gravel walk, summoning up all his intellect to resist every temptation to what could injure his self-interest.

"Skulking knave!" muttered Harley. "At least there will be nothing to repent, if I can do justice on him. That is not revenge. Come, that must be fair retribution. Besides, how else can I deliver Violante?" He laughed gayly, his

heart was so light; and his foot bounded on as fleet as the deer that he startled among the fern.

A few yards from the turnstile, he overtook Richard Avenel, disguised in a rough greatcoat and spectacles. Nevertheless, Harley's eye detected the Yellow candidate at the first glance. He caught Dick familiarly by the arm. "Well met—I was going to you. We have the election to settle!"

"On the terms I mentioned to your lordship?" said Dick, startled. "I will agree to return one of your candidates; but it must not be Audley Egerton." Harley whispered close in Avenel's ear.

Avenel uttered an exclamation of amazement. The two gentlemen walked on rapidly, and conversing with great eagerness.

"Certainly," said Avenel, at length, stopping short, "one would do a great deal to serve a family connection—and a connection that does a man so much credit; and how can one go against one's own brother-in-law?—a gentleman of such high standing—pull up the whole family! How pleased Mrs. Richard Avenel will be! Why the devil did not I know it before? And poor—dear—dear Nora. Ah that she were living!" Dick's voice trembled.

"Her name will be righted; and I will explain why it was my fault that Egerton did not before acknowledge his marriage, and claim you as a brother. Come, then, it is all fixed and settled."

"No, my lord; I am pledged the other way. I don't see how I can get off my word—to Randal Leslie;—I'm not over nice, nor what is called Quixotic, but still my word is given, that if I retire from the election, I will do my best to return Leslie instead of Egerton."

"I know that through Baron Levy. But if your nephew retires?"

"Oh, that would solve all difficulties. But the poor boy has now a wish to come into Parliament; and he has done me a service in the hour of need."

"Leave it to me. And as to Randal Leslie, he shall have an occasion himself to acquit you and redeem himself; and happy, indeed, will it be for him if he has yet one spark of gratitude, or one particle of honor." The two continued to converse for a few moments—Dick seeming to forget the election itself, and ask questions of more interest to his heart, which Harley answered so, that Dick wrung L'Estrange's hand with great emotion—and muttered, "My poor mother! I understand now why she would never talk to me of Nora? When may I tell her the truth?"

"To-morrow evening, after the election, Egerton shall embrace you all."

Dick started, and, saying—"See Leonard as soon as you can—there is no time to lose," plunged into a lane that led toward the obscurer recesses of the town. Harley continued his way with the same light elastic tread which (lost during his abnegation of his own nature) was now restored to the foot, that seemed loth to leave a print upon the mire.

At the commencement of the High Street he encountered Mr. Dale and Fairfield, walking slowly, arm-in-arm.

HARLEY.—"Leonard, I was coming to you. Give me your hand. Forget for the present the words that justly stung and offended you. I will do more than apologize—I will repair the wrong. Excuse me, Mr. Dale—I have one word to say in private to Leonard." He drew Fairfield aside.

"Avenel tells me that if you were to retire from this contest, it would be a sacrifice of inclination. Is it so?"

"My lord, I have sorrows that I would fain forget; and, though I at first shrunk from the strife in which I have been since engaged, yet now a literary career seems to me to have lost its old charm; and I find that, in public life, there is a distraction to the thoughts which embitter solitude, that books fail to bestow. Therefore, if you still wish me to continue this contest, though I know not your motive, it will not be as it was to begin it—a reluctant and a painful obedience to your request."

"I understand. It was a sacifice of inclination to begin the contest—it would be now a sacrifice of inclination to withdraw?"

"Honestly—yes, my lord."

"I rejoice to hear it, for I ask that sacrifice; a sacrifice which you will recall hereafter with delight and pride; a sacrifice sweeter, if I read your nature aright—oh, sweeter far, than all which commonplace ambition could bestow! And when you learn why I make this demand, you will say, 'This, indeed, is reparation for the words that wounded my affections, and wronged my heart.'"

"My lord! my lord!" exclaimed Leonard, "the injury is repaired already. You give me back your esteem, when you so well anticipate my answer. Your esteem!—life smiles again. I can return to my more legitimate career without a sigh. I have no need of distraction from thought now. You will believe that, whatever my past presumption, I can pray sincerely for your happiness."

"Poet!—you adorn your career; you fulfill your mission, even at this moment; you beautify the world; you give to the harsh form of Duty the cestus of the Graces," said Harley, trying to force a smile to his quivering lips. "But we must hasten back to the prose of existence. I accept your sacrifice. As for the time and mode I must select, in order to insure its result, I will ask you to abide by such instructions as I shall have occasion to convey through your uncle. Till then, no word of your intentions—not even to Mr. Dale. Forgive me if I would rather secure Mr. Egerton's election than yours. Let that explanation suffice for the present. What think you, by the way, of Audley Egerton?"

"I thought when I heard him speak, and when he closed with those touching words—im-

plying that he left all of his life not devoted to his country—'to the charity of his friends'—how proudly, even as his opponent, I could have clasped his hand; and if he had wronged me in private life, I should have thought it ingratitude to the country he had so served, to have remembered the offense."

Harley turned away abruptly, and joined Mr. Dale.

"Leave Leonard to go home by himself; you see that I have healed whatever wounds I inflicted on him."

Parson.—"And your better nature thus awakened, I trust, my dear lord, that you have altogether abandoned the idea of—"

Harley.—"Revenge—no. And if you do not approve that revenge to-morrow, I will never rest till I have seen you—a bishop!"

Mr. Dale (much shocked).—"My lord, for shame!"

Harley (seriously).—"My levity is but lip-deep, my dear Mr. Dale. But sometimes the froth on the wave shows the change in the tide.

The Parson looked at him earnestly, and then seized him by both hands with holy gladness and affection.

"Return to the Park now," said Harley, smiling; "and tell Violante, if it be not too late to see her, that she was even more eloquent than you."

Lord L'Estrange bounded forward.

Mr. Dale walked back through the park to Lansmere House. On the terrace he found Randal, who was still pacing to and fro, sometimes in the starlight, sometimes in the shadow.

Leslie looked up, and seeing Mr. Dale, the close astuteness of his aspect returned; and stepping out of the twilight deep into the shadow, he said:

"I was sorry to learn that Mr. Fairfield had been so hurt by Lord L'Estrange's severe allusions. Pity that political differences should interfere with private friendships; but I hear that you have been to Mr. Fairfield—and, doubtless, as the peace-maker. Perhaps you met Lord L'Estrange by the way? He promised me that he would apologize and retract."

"Good young man," said the unsuspecting Parson, "he has done so."

"And Mr. Leonard Fairfield will, therefore, I presume, continue the contest?"

"Contest—ah, this election! I suppose so, of course. But I grieve that he should stand against you, who seem to be disposed toward him so kindly."

"Oh," said Randal, with a benevolent smile, "we have fought before, you know, and I beat him then. I may do so again!"

And he walked into the house, arm-in-arm with the Parson. Mr. Dale sought Violante—Leslie retired to his own room, and felt his election was secured.

Lord L'Estrange had gained the thick of the streets—passing groups of roaring enthusiasts—Blue and Yellow—now met with a cheer—now followed by a groan. Just by a public-house that formed the angle of a lane with the High Street, and which was all a-blaze with light, and all alive with clamor, he beheld the graceful Baron leaning against the threshold, smoking his cigar, too refined to associate its divine vapor with the wreaths of shag within, and chatting agreeably with a knot of females, who were either attracted by the general excitement, or waiting to see husband, brother, father, or son, who were now joining in the chorus of "Blue forever!" that rang from tap-room to attic of the illumined hostelry. Levy, seeing Lord L'Estrange, withdrew his cigar from his lips, and hastened to join him. "All the Hundred and Fifty are in there," said the Baron, with a backward significant jerk of his thumb toward the inn. "I have seen them all privately, in tens at a time; and I have been telling the ladies without, that it will be best for the interest of their families to go home, and let us lock up the Hundred and Fifty safe from the Yellows, till we bring them to the poll. But I am afraid," continued Levy, "that the rascals are not to be relied upon, unless I actually pay them beforehand; and that would be disreputable, immoral—and what is more, it would upset the election. Besides, if they are paid beforehand, query, is it quite sure how they will vote afterward?"

"Mr. Avenel, I daresay, can manage them," said Harley. "Pray, do nothing immoral, and nothing that will upset the election. I think you might as well go home."

"Home! No, pardon me, my lord; there must be some head to direct the committee, and keep our captains at their posts upon the doubtful electors. A great deal of mischief may be done between this and the morrow; and I would sit up all night—ay, six nights a week for the next three months—to prevent any awkward mistake by which Audley Egerton can be returned."

"His return would really grieve you so much," said Harley.

"You may judge of that by the zeal with which I enter into all your designs."

Here there was a sudden and wondrously loud shout from another inn—a Yellow inn, far down the lane, not so luminous as the Blue hostelry; on the contrary, looking rather dark and sinister, more like a place for conspirators or felons, than honest, independent electors—"Avenel forever! Avenel and the Yellows!"

"Excuse me, my lord, I must go back and watch over my black sheep, if I would have them Blue!" said Levy, and he retreated toward the threshold. But at that shout of "Avenel forever!" as if at a signal, various electors of the redoubted Hundred and Fifty rushed from the Blue hostelry, sweeping past Levy, and hurrying down the lane to the dark little Yellow inn, followed by the female stragglers, as small birds follow an owl. It was not, however, very easy to get into that Yellow inn. Yellow Reformers, eminent for their zeal on behalf of purity of election, were stationed outside the door, and only strained

in one candidate for admittance at a time "After all," thought the Baron, as he passed into the principal room of the Blue tavern, and proposed the national song of "Rule Britannia"—"after all, Avenel hates Egerton as much as I do, and both sides work to the same end." And thrumming on the table, he joined, with a fine bass, in the famous line,

"For Britons never will be slaves!"

In the interim, Harley had disappeared within the "Lansmere Arms," which was the head-quarters of the Blue committee. Not, however, mounting to the room in which a few of the more indefatigable were continuing their labors, receiving reports from scouts, giving orders, laying wagers, and very muzzy with British principles and spirits, Harley called aside the landlord, and inquired if the stranger, for whom rooms had been prepared, was yet arrived. An affirmative answer was given, and Harley followed the host up a private stair, to a part of the house remote from the rooms devoted to the purposes of the election. He remained with this stranger about half an hour, and then walked into the committee-room, got rid of the more excited, conferred with the more sober, issued a few brief directions to such of the leaders as he felt he could most rely upon, and returned home as rapidly as he had quitted it.

Dawn was gray in the skies when Harley sought his own chamber. To gain it, he passed by the door of Violante. His heart suffused with grateful, ineffable tenderness, he paused and kissed the threshold. When he stood within his room (the same that he had occupied in his early youth), he felt as if the load of years were lifted from his bosom. The joyous, divine elasticity of spirit, that in the morning of life springs toward the Future, as a bird soars into heaven, pervaded his whole sense of being. A Greek poet implies, that the height of bliss is the sudden relief of pain: there is a nobler bliss still—the rapture of the conscience at the sudden release from a guilty thought. By the bedside at which he had knelt in boyhood, Harley paused to kneel once more. The luxury of prayer, interrupted since he had nourished schemes of which his passions had blinded him to the sin, but which, nevertheless, he dared not confess to the All-Merciful, was restored to him. And yet, as he bowed his knee, the elation of spirits he had before felt forsook him. The sense of the danger his soul had escaped—the full knowledge of the guilt to which the fiend had tempted—came dread before his clearing vision; he shuddered in horror of himself. And he who, but a few hours before, had deemed it so impossible to pardon his fellow-man, now felt as if years of useful and beneficent deeds could alone purify his own repentant soul from the memory of one hateful passion.

CHAPTER XXXII.

But while Harley had thus occupied the hours of night with cares for the living, Audley Egerton had been in commune with the dead. He had taken from the pile of papers, amidst which it had fallen, the record of Nora's silenced heart. With a sad wonder, he saw how he had once been loved. What had all which successful ambition had bestowed on the lonely statesman, to compensate for the glorious empire he had lost—such realms of lovely fancy; such worlds of exquisite emotion; that infinite which lies within the divine sphere that unites spiritual genius with human love? His own positive and earthly nature attained, for the first time, and as if for its own punishment, the comprehension of that loftier and more ethereal visitant from the heavens, who had once looked with a seraph's smile through the prison-bars of his iron life; that celestial refinement of affection, that exuberance of feeling which warms into such varieties of beautiful idea, under the breath of the earth-beautifier, Imagination; all from which, when it was all his own, he had turned, half-weary and impatient, and termed the exaggerations of a visionary romance; now that the world had lost them evermore, he interpreted aright as truths. Truths they were, although illusions. Even as the philosopher tells us that the splendor of colors which deck the universe, is not on the surface whereon we think to behold them, but in our own vision; yet, take the colors from the universe, and what philosophy can assure us that the universe has sustained no loss?

But when Audley came to that passage in the fragment which, though but imperfectly, explained the true cause of Nora's flight; when he saw how Levy, for what purpose he was unable to conjecture, had suggested to his bride the doubts that had offended him—asserted the marriage to be a fraud—drawn from Audley's own brief resentful letters to Nora, proof of the assertion—misled so naturally the young wife's scanty experience of actual life, and maddened one so sensitively pure into the conviction of dishonor—his brow darkened and his hand clenched. He rose and went at once to Levy's room. He found it deserted—inquired—learned that Levy was gone forth, and had left word he might not be at home for the night. Fortunate, perhaps, for Audley—fortunate for the Baron—that they did not then meet. Revenge, in spite of his friend's admonition, might at that hour have been as potent an influence on Egerton as it had been on Harley, and not, as with the latter, to be turned aside.

Audley came back to his room and finished the tragic record. He traced the tremor of that beloved hand through the last tortures of doubt and despair; he saw where the hot tears had fallen; he saw where the hand had paused, the very sentence not concluded;—mentally he accompanied his fated bride in the dismal journey to her maiden home, and beheld her before him as he had last seen, more beautiful even in death than the face of living woman had ever since appeared to him;—and as he bent over the last words, the blank that they left on the leaf, stretching pale beyond the quiver of the characters and the blister of the tears—pale and blank as the void which departed love leaves behind it—he felt his heart sud-

denly stand still, its course arrested as the record closed. It beat again, but feebly—so feebly! His breath became labor and pain, his sight grew dizzy. But the constitutional firmness and fortitude of the man clung to him in the stubborn mechanism of habit—his will yet fought against his disease—life rallied as the light flickers up in the waning taper.

The next morning, when Harley came into his friend's room, Egerton was asleep. But the sleep seemed much disturbed; the breathing was hard and difficult; the bedclothes were partially thrown off, as if in the tossing of disturbed dreams; the sinewy strong arm, the broad athletic breast, were partly bare. Strange that so deadly a disease within should leave the frame such apparent power, that, to the ordinary eye, the sleeping sufferer seemed a model of healthful vigor. One hand was thrust with uneasy straining under the pillows; it had its hold on the fatal papers; a portion of the leaves was visible; and where the characters had been blurred by Nora's tears, were the traces, yet moist, of tears perhaps more bitter.

Harley felt deeply affected: and while he still stood by the bed, Egerton sighed heavily and woke. He stared round him, as if perplexed and confused—till his eyes resting on Harley, he smiled and said—

"So early! Ah—I remember, it is the day for our great boat-race. We shall have the current against us; but you and I together—when did we ever lose?"

Audley's mind was wandering; it had gone back to the old Eton days. But Harley thought that he spoke in metaphorical allusion to the present more important contest.

"True, my Audley—you and I together—when did we ever lose? But will you rise? I wish you would be at the polling-place to shake hands with your voters as they come up. By four o'clock you will be released, and the election won."

"The election! How!—what!" said Egerton, recovering himself. "I recollect now. Yes, I accept this last kindness from you. I always said I would die in harness. Public life—I have no other. Ah, I dream again! Oh, Harley!—my son—my son!"

"You shall see him after four oclock. You will be proud of each other. But make haste and dress. Shall I ring the bell for your servant?"

"Do," said Egerton briefly, and sinking back. Harley quitted the room, and joined Randal and some of the more important members of the Blue Committee, who were already hurrying over their breakfast.

All were anxious and nervous except Harley, who dipped his dry toast into his coffee, according to his ordinary abstemious Italian habit, with serene composure. Randal in vain tried for an equal tranquillity. But though sure of his election, there would necessarily follow a scene trying to the nerve of his hypocrisy. He would have to affect profound chagrin in the midst of vile joy; have to act the part of decorous high-minded sorrow, that by some untoward chance—some unaccountable cross-splitting, Randal Leslie's gain should be Audley Egerton's loss. Besides, he was flurried in the expectation of seeing the Squire, and of appropriating the money which was to secure the dearest object of his ambition. Breakfast was soon dispatched. The committee-men bustling for their hats, and looking at their watches, gave the signal for departure; yet no Squire Hazeldean had made his appearance. Harley, stepping from the window upon the terrace, beckoned to Randal, who took his hat and followed.

"Mr. Leslie," said Harley, leaning against the balustrade, and carelessly patting Nero's rough, honest head, "you remember that you were good enough to volunteer to me the explanation of certain circumstances in connection with the Count di Peschiera, which you gave to the Duke di Serrano; and I replied that my thoughts were at present engaged on the election, but as soon as that was over, I should be very willing to listen to any communications affecting yourself and my old friend the Duke with which you might be pleased to favor me."

This address took Randal by surprise, and did not tend to calm his nerves. However, he replied readily.

"Upon that, as upon any other matter that may influence the judgment you form of me, I shall be but too eager to remove a single doubt that, in your eyes, can rest upon my honor."

"You speak exceedingly well, Mr. Leslie; no man can express himself more handsomely; and I will claim your promise with the less scruple, because the Duke is powerfully affected by the reluctance of his daughter to ratify the engagement that binds his honor, in case your own is indisputably cleared. I may boast of some influence over the young lady, since I assisted to save her from the infamous plot of Peschiera; and the Duke urges me to receive your explanation, in the belief that, if it satisfy me, as it has satisfied him, I may conciliate his child in favor of the addresses of a suitor who would have hazarded his very life against so redoubted a duelist as Peschiera."

"Lord L'Estrange," replied Randal, bowing, "I shall indeed owe you much if you can remove that reluctance on the part of my betrothed bride, which alone clouds my happiness, and which would at once put an end to my suit, did I not ascribe it to an imperfect knowledge of myself, which I shall devote my life to improve into confidence and affection."

"No man *can* speak more handsomely," reiterated Harley, as if with profound admiration; and indeed he did eye Randal as we eye some rare curiosity. "I am happy to inform you, too," continued L'Estrange, "that if your marriage with the Duke of Serrano's daughter take place—"

"*If!*" echoed Randal.

"I beg pardon for making an hypothesis of what you claim the right to esteem a certainty

—I correct my expression: *when* your marriage with that young lady takes place, you will at least escape the rock on which many young men of ardent affections have split at the onset of the grand voyage. You will form no imprudent connection. In a word, I received yesterday a dispatch from Vienna, which contains the full pardon and formal restoration of Alphonso Duke di Serrano. And I may add, that the Austrian government (sometimes misunderstood in this country) is bound by the laws it administers, and can in no way dictate to the Duke, once restored, as to the choice of his son-in-law, or as to the heritage that may devolve on his child."

"And does the Duke yet know of his recall?" exclaimed Randal, his cheek flushed and his eyes sparkling.

"No. I reserve that good news, with other matters, till after the election is over. But Egerton keeps us waiting sadly. Ah, here comes his valet."

Audley's servant approached. "Mr. Egerton feels himself rather more poorly than usual, my lord; he begs you will excuse his going with you into the town at present. He will come later if his presence is absolutely necessary."

"No. Pray tell him to rest and nurse himself. I should have liked him to witness his own triumph—that is all. Say I will represent him at the polling place. Gentlemen, are you ready? We will go on."

The polling-booth was erected in the centre of the market-place. The voting had already commenced; and Mr. Avenel and Leonard were already at their posts, in order to salute and thank the voters in their cause who passed before them. Randal and L'Estrange entered the booth amidst loud hurrahs, and to the national air of "See the Conquering Hero comes." The voters defiled in quick succession. Those who voted entirely according to principle or color—which came to much the same thing—and were therefore above what is termed "management," flocked in first, voting straightforwardly for both Blues or both Yellows. At the end of the first half-hour, the Yellows were about ten ahead of the Blues. Then sundry split votes began to perplex conjecture of the result; and Randal, at the end of the first hour, had fifteen majority over Audley Egerton, two over Dick Avenel—Leonard Fairfield heading the poll by five. Randal owed his place in the lists to the voters that Harley's personal efforts had procured for him; and he was well pleased to see that Lord L'Estrange had not withdrawn from him a single promise so obtained. This augured well for Harley's ready belief in his appointed "explanations." In short, the whole election seemed going just as he had calculated. But by twelve o'clock there were some changes in the relative position of the candidates. Dick Avenel had gradually gained ground—passing Randal, passing even Leonard. He stood at the head of the poll by a majority of ten. Randal came next. Audley was twenty behind Randal, and Leonard four behind Audley.

More than half the constituency had polled, but none of the committee on either side, nor one of the redoubted corps of a Hundred and Fifty.

The poll now slackened sensibly. Randal, looking round, and longing for an opportunity to ask Dick whether he really meant to stand himself instead of his nephew, saw that Harley had disappeared; and presently a note was brought to him requesting his presence in the Committee-room. Thither he hastened.

As he forced his way through the bystanders in the lobby, toward the threshold of the room, Levy caught hold of him, and whispered: "They begin to fear for Egerton. They want a compromise in order to secure him. They will propose to you to resign, if Avenel will withdraw Leonard. Don't be entrapped. L'Estrange may put the question to you; but—a word in your ear—he would be glad enough to throw over Egerton. Rely upon this, and stand firm."

Randal made no answer, but, the crowd giving way for him, entered the room. Levy followed. The doors were instantly closed. All the Blue Committee were assembled. They looked heated, anxious, eager. Lord L'Estrange, alone calm and cool, stood at the head of the long table. Despite his composure, Harley's brow was thoughtful. "Yes, I will give this young man," said he to himself, "the fair occasion to prove gratitude to his benefactor; and if he here acquit himself, I will spare him at least public exposure of his deceit to others. So young, he must have some good in him—at least toward the man to whom he owes all."

"Mr. Leslie," said L'Estrange, aloud, "you see the state of the poll. Our Committee believe that, if you continue to stand, Egerton must be beaten. They fear that Leonard Fairfield having little chance, the Yellows will not waste their second votes on him, but will transfer them to you, in order to keep out Egerton. If you retire, Egerton will be safe. There is reason to suppose that Leonard would in that case also be withdrawn."

"You can hope and fear nothing more from Egerton," whispered Levy. "He is utterly ruined: and, if he lose, will sleep in a prison. The bailiffs are waiting for him."

Randal was still silent, and at that silence an indignant murmur ran through the more influential members of the Committee. For, though Audley was not personally very popular, still a candidate so eminent was necessarily their first object, and they would seem very small to the Yellows if their great man was defeated by the very candidate introduced to aid him—a youth unknown. Vanity and patriotism both swelled that murmur. "You see, young sir," cried a rich blunt master-butcher, "that it was an honorable understanding that Mr. Egerton was to be safe. You had no claim on us, except as fighting second to him. And we are all astonished that you don't say at once, 'Save Egerton, of course.' Excuse my freedom, sir. No time for palaver."

"Lord L'Estrange," said Randal, turning

mildly from the butcher, "do you, as the first here in rank and influence, and as Mr. Egerton's especial friend, call upon me to sacrifice my election, and what appear to be the inclinations of the majority of the constituents, in order to obtain what is, after all, a doubtful chance of returning Mr. Egerton in my room?"

"I do not call upon you, Mr. Leslie. It is a matter of feeling or of honor, which a gentleman can very well decide for himself."

"Was any such compact made between your lordship and myself, when you first gave me your interest and canvassed for me in person?"

"Certainly not. Gentlemen, be silent. No such compact was mentioned by me."

"Neither was it by Mr. Egerton. Whatever might be the understanding spoken of by the respected elector who addressed me, I was no party to it. I am persuaded that Mr. Egerton is the last person who would wish to owe his election to a trick upon the electors in the midst of the polling, and to what the world would consider a very unhandsome treatment of myself, upon whom all the toil of the canvass has devolved."

Again the murmur rose: but Randal had an air so determined, that it quelled resentment, and obtained a continued, though most chilling and half contemptuous hearing.

"Nevertheless," resumed Randal, "I would at once retire were I not under the firm persuasion that I shall convince all present, who now seem to condemn me, that I act precisely according to Mr. Egerton's own private inclinations. That gentleman, in fact, has never been among you—has not canvassed in person—has taken no trouble, beyond a speech, that was evidently meant to be but a general defense of his past political career. What does this mean? Simply that his standing has been merely a form, to comply with the wish of his party, against his own desire."

The committee-men looked at each other amazed and doubtful. Randal saw he had gained an advantage: he pursued it with a tact and ability which showed that, in spite of his mere oratorical deficiencies, he had in him the elements of a dexterous debater. "I will be plain with you, gentlemen. My character, my desire to stand well with you all, oblige me to be so. Mr. Egerton does not wish to come into Parliament at present. His health is much broken; his private affairs need all his time and attention. I am, I may say, as a son to him. He is most anxious for my success; Lord L'Estrange told me but last night, very truly, 'more anxious for my success than his own.' Nothing could please him more than to think I were serving in Parliament, however humbly, those great interests which neither health nor leisure will, in this momentous crisis, allow himself to defend with his wonted energy. Later, indeed, no doubt he will seek return to an arena in which he is so distinguished; and when the popular excitement, which produces the popular injustice of the day, is over, what constituency will not be proud to return such a man? In support and proof of what I have thus said, I now appeal to Mr. Egerton's own agent—a gentleman who, in spite of his vast fortune and the rank he holds in society, has consented to act gratuitously on behalf of that great statesman. I ask you, then, respectfully, Baron Levy—Is not Mr. Egerton's health much broken, and in need of rest?"

"It is," said Levy.

"And do not his affairs necessitate his serious and undivided attention?"

"They do, indeed," quoth the Baron. "Gentlemen, I have nothing to urge in behalf of my distinguished friend as against the statement of his adopted son, Mr. Leslie."

"Then all I can say," cried the butcher, striking his huge fist on the table, "is, that Mr. Egerton has behaved d—d unhandsome to us, and we shall be the laughing-stock of the borough."

"Softly, softly," said Harley. "There is a knock at the door behind. Excuse me."

Harley quitted the room, but only for a minute or two. On his return he addressed himself to Randal.

"Are we then to understand, Mr. Leslie, that your intention is not to resign?"

"Unless your lordship actually urge me to the contrary, I should say, 'Let the election go on, and all take our chance.' That seems to me the fair, manly, ENGLISH (great emphasis on the last adjective), honorable course."

"Be it so," replied Harley; "'let all take their chance.' Mr. Leslie, we will no longer detain you. Go back to the polling place—one of the candidates should be present; and you, Baron Levy, be good enough to go also, and return thanks to those who may yet vote for Mr. Egerton."

Levy bowed, and went out arm-in-arm with Randal.

"Capital, capital," said the Baron. "You have a wonderful head."

"I did not like L'Estrange's look, nevertheless. But he can't hurt me now; the votes he got for me instead of for Egerton have already polled. The Committee, indeed, may refuse to vote for me; but then there is Avenel's body of reserve. Yes, the election is virtually over. When we get back, Hazeldean will have arrived with the money for the purchase of my ancestral property; Dr. Riccabocca is already restored to the estates and titles of Serrano; what do I care farther for Lord L'Estrange? Still, I did not like his look."

"Pooh, you have done just what he wished. I am forbidden to say more. Here we are at the booth. A new placard since we left. How are the numbers? Avenel forty ahead of you; you thirty above Egerton; and Leonard Fairfield still last on the poll. But where are Avenel and Fairfield?"

Both those candidates had disappeared, perhaps gone to their own Committee-room.

Meanwhile, as soon as the doors had closed on Randal and the Baron, in the midst of the angry hubbub succeeding to their departure, Lord L'Estrange sprang upon the table. The action and his look stilled every sound.

"Gentlemen, it is in our hands to return one of our candidates, and to make our own choice between the two. You have heard Mr. Leslie and Baron Levy. To their statement I make but this reply—Mr. Egerton is needed by the country; and whatever his health or his affairs, he is ready to respond to that call. If he has not canvassed—if he does not appear before you at this moment, the services of more than twenty years plead for him in his stead. Which, then, of the two candidates do you choose as your member—a renowned statesman, or a beardless boy? Both have ambition and ability; the one has identified those qualities with the history of a country, and (as it is now alleged to his prejudice) with a devotion that has broken a vigorous frame and injured a princely fortune. The other evinces his ambition by inviting you to prefer him to his benefactor; and proves his ability by the excuses he makes for ingratitude. Choose between the two—an Egerton or a Leslie."

"Egerton for ever!" cried all the assembly, as with a single voice, followed by a hiss for Leslie.

"But," said a grave and prudent Committeeman, "have we really the choice?—does not that rest with the Yellows? Is not your lordship too sanguine?"

"Open that door behind; a deputation from our opponents waits in the room on the other side the passage. Admit them."

The Committee were hushed in breathless silence while Harley's order was obeyed. And soon, to their great surprise, Leonard Fairfield himself, attended by six of the principal members of the Yellow party, entered the room.

Lord L'Estrange.—"You have a proposition to make to us, Mr. Fairfield, on behalf of yourself and Mr. Avenel, and with the approval of your committee?"

Leonard (advancing to the table).—"I have. We are convinced that neither party can carry both its candidates. Mr. Avenel is safe. The only question is, which of the two candidates on your side it best becomes the honor of this constituency to select. My resignation, which I am about to tender, will free sufficient votes to give the triumph either to Mr. Egerton or to Mr. Leslie."

"Egerton for ever!" cried once more the excited Blues.

"Yes—Egerton for ever!" said Leonard, with a glow upon his cheek. "We may differ from his politics, but who can tell us those of Mr. Leslie? We may differ from the politician, but who would not feel proud of the senator? A great and incalculable advantage is bestowed on that constituency which returns to Parliament a distinguished man. His distinction ennobles the place he represents—it sustains public spirit—it augments the manly interest in all that affects the nation. Every time his voice hushes the assembled Parliament, it reminds us of our common country; and even the discussion among his constituents which his voice provokes—clears their perceptions of the public interest, and enlightens themselves, from the intellect which commands their interest and compels their attention. Egerton, then, for ever! If our party must subscribe to the return of one opponent, let all unite to select the worthiest. My Lord L'Estrange, when I quit this room, it will be to announce my resignation, and to solicit those who have promised me their votes to transfer them to Mr. Audley Egerton."

Amidst the uproarious huzzas which followed this speech, Leonard drew near to Harley: "My lord, I have obeyed your wishes, as conveyed to me by my uncle, who is engaged at this moment elsewhere in carrying them into effect."

"Leonard," said Harley, in the same undertone, "you have evinced to Audley Egerton what you alone could do—the triumph over a perfidious dependent—the continuance of the sole career in which he has hitherto found the solace or the zest of life. He must thank you with his own lips. Come to the Park after the close of the poll. There and then shall the explanations yet needful to both be given and received."

Here Harley bowed to the assembly and raised his voice: "Gentlemen, yesterday, at the nomination of the candidates, I uttered remarks that have justly pained Mr. Fairfield. In your presence I wholly retract and frankly apologize for them. In your presence I entreat his forgiveness, and say, that if he will accord me his friendship, I will place him in my esteem and affection side by side with the statesman whom he has given to his country."

Leonard grasped the hand extended to him with both his own, and then, overcome by his emotions, hurried from the room; while Blues and Yellows exchanged greetings, rejoiced in the compromise that would dispel all party irritation, secure the peace of the borough, and allow quiet men, who had detested each other the day before, and vowed reciprocal injuries to trade and custom, the indulgence of all amiable and fraternal feelings—until the next general election.

In the mean while the polling had gone on slowly as before, still to the advantage of Randal. "Not two-thirds of the constituency will poll," murmured Levy, looking at his watch. "The thing is decided. Aha, Audley Egerton! you who once tortured me with the unspeakable jealousy that bequeathes such implacable hate—you who scorned my society and called me 'scoundrel'—disdainful of the very power your folly placed within my hands—aha, your time is up!—and the spirit that administered to your own destruction strides within the circle to seize its prey."

"You shall have my first frank, Levy," said Randal, "to inclose your letter to Mr. Thornhill's solicitor. This affair of the election is over; we must now look to what else rests on our hands."

"What the devil is that placard?" cried Levy, turning pale.

Randal looked, and, right up the market-place, followed by an immense throng, moved, high over

the heads of all, a Yellow Board, that seemed marching through the air, comet-like:

Two o'clock, p.m.

RESIGNATION OF FAIRFIELD!

YELLOWS!
VOTE FOR
AVENEL AND EGERTON!

(Signed) TIMOTHY ALLJACK.

Yellow Committee-Room.

"What infernal treachery is this?" cried Randal, livid with honest indignation.

"Wait a moment; there is Avenel! exclaimed Levy; and at the head of another procession that emerged from the obscurer lanes of the town, walked with grave majesty the surviving Yellow candidate. Dick disappeared for a moment within a grocer's shop in the broadest part of the place, and then culminated, at the height of a balcony on the first story, just above an enormous yellow cannister, significant of the profession and the politics of the householder. No sooner did Dick, hat in hand, appear on this rostrum, than the two processions halted below, bands ceased, flags drooped round their staves, crowds rushed within hearing, and even the poll-clerks sprang from the booth. Randal and Levy themselves pressed into the throng. Dick on the balcony was the *Deus ex Machinâ*.

"Freemen and electors!" said Dick, with his most sonorous accents—"finding that the public opinion of this independent and enlightened constituency is so evenly divided, that only one Yellow candidate can be returned, and only one Blue has a chance, it was my intention last night to retire from the contest, and thus put an end to all bickerings and ill blood—(Hold your tongue there, can't you!)—I say honestly, I should have preferred the return of my distinguished and talented young nephew—honorable relation—to my own; but he would not hear of it; and talked all our Committee into the erroneous but high-minded notion, that the town would cry shame if the nephew rode into Parliament by breaking the back of the uncle." (Loud cheers from the mob, and partial cries of "We'll have you both!")

"You'll do no such thing, and you know it; hold your jaw," resumed Dick, with imperious good-humor. "Let me go on, can't you—time presses. In a word, my nephew resolved to retire, if, at two o'clock this day, there was no chance of returning both of us; and there is none. Now, then, the next thing for the Yellows, who have not yet voted, is, to consider how they will give their second votes. If I had been the man to retire, why, for certain reasons, I should have recommended them to split with Leslie—a clever chap, and pretty considerable sharp."

"Hear, hear, hear," cried the Baron, lustily.

"But I'm bound to say that my nephew has an opinion of his own—as an independent Britisher, let him be twice your nephew, ought to have; and his opinion goes the other way, and so does that of our Committee."

"Sold!" cried the Baron, and some of the crowd shook their heads, and looked grave—especially those suspected of a wish to be bought.

"Sold!—Pretty fellow you with the nosegay in your button-hole, to talk of selling! You who wanted to sell your own client—and you know it. (Levy recoiled.) Why, gentlemen, that's Levy the Jew who talks of selling! And if he asperses the character of this constituency, I stand here to defend it. And there stands the parish pump, with a handle for the arm of Honesty, and a spout for the lips of Falsehood!"

At the close of this magniloquent period, borrowed, no doubt, from some great American orator, Baron Levy involuntarily retreated toward the shelter of the polling-booth, followed by some frowning Yellows, with very menacing gestures.

"But the calumniator sneaks away; leave him to the reproach of his conscience," resumed Dick, with generous magnanimity.

"SOLD!—(the word rang through the place like the blast of a trumpet)—Sold! No, believe me, not a man who votes for Egerton instead of Fairfield will, so far as I am concerned, be a penny the better—(chilling silence)—or (with a scarce perceivable wink toward the anxious faces of the Hundred and Fifty who filled the background) or a penny the worse. (Loud cheers from the Hundred and Fifty, and cries of 'noble!') I don't like the politics of Mr. Egerton. But I am not only a politician—I am a MAN! The arguments of our respected Committee—persons in business, tender husbands, and devoted fathers—have a weight with me. I myself am a husband and a father. If a needless contest be prolonged to the last, with all the irritations it engenders, who suffer?—why, the tradesman and the operative. Partiality, loss of custom, tyrannical demands for house rent, notices to quit—in a word, the screw!"

"Hear, hear," and "Give us the Ballot!"

"The Ballot—with all my heart, if I had it about me! And if we had the Ballot, I should like to see a man dare to vote Blue. (Loud cheers from the Yellows.) But, as we have not got it, we must think of our families. And I may add, that though Mr. Egerton may come again into office, yet (added Dick, solemnly,) I will do my best as his colleague to keep him straight; and your own enlightenment (for the schoolmaster is abroad) will show him that no minister can brave public opinion, nor quarrel with his own bread and butter. (Much cheering.) In these times the aristocracy must endear themselves to the middle and working class; and a member in office has much to give away in the Stamps and Excise, in the Customs, the Post Office, and other State departments in this rotten old—I mean this magnificent empire—by which he can benefit his constituents, and reconcile the prerogatives of aristocracy with the claims of the people—more especially in this case, the people of the Borough of Lansmere. (Hear, hear.) And, therefore, sacrificing party inclinations (since it seems that I can in no way promote them) on the Altar of General Good Feeling, I can not oppose

the resignation of my nephew—honorable relation—nor blind my eyes to the advantages that may result to a borough so important to the nation at large, if the electors think fit to choose my right honorable broth—I mean the right honorable Blue candidate—as my brother colleague. Not that I presume to dictate, or express a wish one way or the other—only, as a Family Man, I say to you, Electors and Freemen, having served your country in returning me, you have nobly won the right to think of the little ones at home."

Dick put his hand to his heart, bowed gracefully, and retired from the balcony amidst unanimous applause.

In three minutes more, Dick had resumed his place in the booth in his quality of candidate. A rush of Yellow electors poured in, hot and fast. Up came Emanuel Trout, and, in a firm voice, recorded his vote—"Avenel and Egerton." Every man of the Hundred and Fifty so polled. To each question, "Whom do you vote for?"—"Avenel and Egerton" knelled on the ears of Randal Leslie with "damnable iteration." The young man folded his arms across his breast in dogged despair. Levy had to shake hands for Mr. Egerton, with a rapidity that took away his breath. He longed to slink away—longed to get at L'Estrange, whom he supposed would be as wroth at this turn in the wheel of fortune as himself. But how, as Egerton's representative, escape from the continuous gripes of those horny hands? Besides, there stood the parish pump, right in face of the booth, and some huge truculent-looking Yellows loitered round it, as if ready to pounce on him the instant he quitted his present sanctuary. Suddenly the crowd round the booth receded—Lord L'Estrange's carriage drove up to the spot, and Harley, stepping from it, assisted out of the vehicle an old, gray-headed, paralytic man. The old man stared round him, and nodded smilingly to the mob. "I'm here—I'm come; I'm but a poor creature, but I'm a good Blue to the last!"—"Old John Avenel—fine old John!" cried many a voice.

And John Avenel, still leaning on Harley's arm, tottered into the booth, and plumped for "Egerton."

"Shake hands, father," said Dick, bending forward, "though you'll not vote for me."

"I was a Blue before you were born," answered the old man, tremulously. "But I wish you success all the same, and God bless you, my boy."

Even the poll-clerks were touched; and when Dick, leaving his place, was seen by the crowd assisting Lord L'Estrange to place poor John again in the carriage—that picture of family love in the midst of political difference—of the prosperous, wealthy, energetic son, who, as a boy, had played at marbles in the very kennel, and who had risen in life by his own exertions, and was now virtually M.P. for his native town—tending on the broken-down aged father, whom even the interests of a son he was so proud of could not win from the colors which he associated with truth and rectitude—had such an effect upon the rudest of the mob there present, that you might have heard a pin fall—till the carriage drove away back to John's humble home, and then there rose such a tempest of huzzas! John Avenel's vote for Egerton gave another turn to the vicissitudes of that memorable election. As yet Avenel was ahead of Audley; but a plumper in favor of Egerton from Avenel's own father, set an example and gave an excuse to many a Blue who had not yet voted, and could not prevail on himself to split his vote between Dick and Audley; and, therefore, several leading tradesmen, who, seeing that Egerton was safe, had previously resolved not to vote at all, came up in the last hour, plumped for Egerton, and carried him to the head of the poll; so that poor John, whose vote, involving that of Mark Fairfield, had secured the first opening in public life to the young ambition of the unknown son-in-law, still contributed to connect with success and triumph, but also with sorrow, and, it may be, with death, the names of the high-born Egerton and the humble Avenel.

The great town-clock strikes the hour of four; the returning officer declares the poll closed; the formal announcement of the result will be made later. But all the town knows that Audley Egerton and Richard Avenel are the members for Lansmere. And flags stream, and drums beat, and men shake each other by the hand heartily; and there is talk of the chairing to-morrow; and the public-houses are crowded; and there is an indistinct hubbub in street and alley, with sudden bursts of uproarious shouting; and the clouds to the west look red and lurid round the sun, which has gone down behind the church tower—behind the yew trees that overshadow the quiet grave of Nora Avenel.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Amidst the darkening shadows of twilight, Randal Leslie walked through Lansmere Park toward the house. He had slunk away before the poll was closed—crept through by-lanes, and plunged amidst the leafless copses of the Earl's stately pasture-grounds. Amidst the bewilderment of his thoughts—at a loss to conjecture how this strange mischance had befallen him—inclined to ascribe it to Leonard's influence over Avenel—but suspecting Harley, and half doubtful of Baron Levy, he sought to ascertain what fault of judgment he himself had committed—what wile he had forgotten—what thread in his web had he left ragged and incomplete. He could discover none. His ability seemed to him unimpeachable—*totus, teres, atque rotundus.* And then there came across his breast a sharp pang—sharper than that of baffled ambition—the feeling that he had been deceived, and bubbled, and betrayed. For so vital a necessity to all living men is truth, that the vilest traitor feels amazed and wronged—feels the pillars of the world shaken when treason recoils on himself. "That Richard Avenel, whom I trusted, could so deceive me!" murmured Randal, and his lip quivered.

He was still in the midst of the park, when a

man with a yellow cockade in his hat, and running fast from the direction of the town, overtook him with a letter, on delivering which, the messenger waiting for no answer, hastened back the way he had come. Randal recognized Avenel's hand on the address—broke the seal, and read as follows:—

("*Private and Confidential.*)

"DEAR LESLIE—Don't be down-hearted—you will know to-night or to-morrow why I have had cause to alter my opinion as to the Right Honorable; and you will see that I could not, as a Family Man, act otherwise than I have done. Though I have not broken my word to you—for you remember that all the help I promised was dependent on my own resignation, and would go for nothing if Leonard resigned instead—yet I feel you must think yourself rather bamboozled. But I have been obliged to sacrifice you, from a sense of Family Duty, as you will soon acknowledge. My own nephew is sacrificed also; and I have sacrificed my own concerns, which require the whole man of me for the next year or two at Screwstown. So we are all in the same boat, though you may think you are set adrift by yourself. But I don't mean to stay in Parliament. I shall take the Chiltern Hundreds, pretty considerable soon. And if you keep well with the Blues, I'll do my best with the Yellows to let you walk over the course in my stead. For I don't think Leonard will want to stand again. And so a word to the wise—and you may yet be member for Lansmere.—R. A."

In this letter, Randal, despite all his acuteness, could not detect the honest compunction of the writer. He could at first only look at the worst side of human nature, and fancy that it was a paltry attempt to stifle his just anger and insure his discretion. But on second thoughts, it struck him that Dick might very naturally be glad to be released to his mill, and get *quid pro quo* out of Randal, under the comprehensive title—"repayment of expenses." Perhaps Dick was not sorry to wait until Randal's marriage gave him the means to make the repayment. Nay, perhaps Randal had been thrown over for the present, in order to wring from him better terms in a single election. Thus reasoning, he took comfort from his belief in the mercenary motives of another. True, it might be but a short disappointment. Before the next Parliament was a month old, he might yet take his seat in it as member for Lansmere. But all would depend on his marriage with the heiress; he must hasten that.

Meanwhile, it was necessary to knit and gather up all his thought, courage, and presence of mind. How he shrunk from return to Lansmere House—from facing Egerton, Harley—all. But there was no choice. He would have to make it up with the Blues—to defend the course he had adopted in the Committee-room. There, no doubt, was Squire Hazeldean awaiting him with the purchase-money for the lands of Rood—there was the Duke di Serrano restored to wealth and honor—there was his promised bride, the great heiress, on whom depended all that could raise the needy gentleman into wealth and position. Gradually, with the elastic temper that is essential to a systematic schemer, Randal Leslie plucked himself from the pain of brooding over a plot that was defeated, to prepare himself for consummating those that yet seemed so near success. After all, should he fail in regaining Egerton's favor, Egerton was of use no more. He might rear his head, and face out what some might call "ingratitude," provided he could but satisfy the Blue Committee. Dull dogs, how could he fail to do that! He could easily talk over the Machiavellian sage. He should have small difficulty in explaining all to the content of Audley's distant brother, the Squire. Harley alone—but Levy had so positively assured him that Harley was not sincerely anxious for Egerton; and as to the more important explanation relative to Peschiera, surely what had satisfied Violante's father, ought to satisfy a man who had no peculiar right to demand explanations at all; and if these explanations did not satisfy, the *onus* to disprove them must rest with Harley; and who or what could contradict Randal's plausible assertions—assertions, in support of which he himself could summon a witness, in Baron Levy? Thus nerving himself to all that could task his powers, Randal Leslie crossed the threshold of Lansmere House, and in the hall he found the Baron awaiting him.

LEVY.—"I can't account for what has gone so cross in this confounded election. It is L'Estrange that puzzles me; but I know that he hates Egerton. I know that he will prove that hate by one mode of revenge, if he has lost it in another. But it is well, Randal, that you are secure of Hazeldean's money and the rich heiress's hand; otherwise—"

"Otherwise, what?"

"I should wash my hands of you, *mon cher;* for in spite of all your cleverness, and all I have tried to do for you, somehow or other I begin to suspect that your talents will never secure your fortune. A carpenter's son beats you in public speaking, and a vulgar mill-owner tricks you in private negotiation. Decidedly, as yet, Randal Leslie, you are—a failure. And, as you so admirably said, 'a man from whom we have nothing to hope or fear, we must blot out of the map of the future.'"

Randal's answer was cut short by the appearance of the groom of the chambers.

"My lord is in the saloon, and requests you and Mr. Leslie will do him the honor to join him there." The two gentlemen followed the servant up the broad stairs.

The saloon formed the centre room of the suite of apartments. From its size, it was rarely used save on state occasions. It had the chilly and formal aspect of rooms reserved for ceremony.

Riccabocca, Violante, Helen, Mr. Dale, Squire Hazeldean, and Lord L'Estrange were grouped together by the cold Florentine marble table, not

ing it otherwise than a groundless hypothesis," said Randal, striving to rear his head.

"I understand, then, Mr. Leslie, that you scornfully reject such a supposition?"

"Scornfully—yes. And," continued Randal, advancing a step, "since the supposition has been made, I demand from Lord L'Estrange, as his equal (for all gentlemen are equals where honor is to be defended at the cost of life), either instant retractation or instant proof."

"That's the first word you have spoken like a man," cried the Squire. "I have stood my ground myself for a less cause. I have had a ball through my right shoulder."

"Your demand is just," said Harley, unmoved. "I can not give the retractation—I will produce the proof."

He rose, and rang the bell; the servant entered, received his whispered order, and retired. There was a pause painful to all. Randal, however, ran over in his fearful mind what evidence could be brought against him—and foresaw none. The folding doors of the saloon were thrown open, and the servant announced—

THE COUNT DI PESCHIERA.

A bombshell descending through the roof could not have produced a more startling sensation. Erect, bold, with all the imposing effect of his form and bearing, the Count strode into the centre of the ring; and, after a slight bend of haughty courtesy, which comprehended all present, reared up his lofty head, and looked round, with calm in his eye and a curve on his lip—the self-assured, magnificent, high-bred Daredevil.

"Monsieur le Duc," said the Count in English, turning toward his astounded kinsman, and in a voice that, slow, clear, and firm, seemed to fill the room, "I returned to England on the receipt of a letter from my Lord L'Estrange, and with a view, it is true, of claiming at his hands the satisfaction which men of our birth accord to each other, where affront, from what cause soever, has been given or received. Nay, fair kinswoman"—and the Count, with a slight but grave smile, bowed to Violante, who had uttered a faint cry—"that intention is abandoned. If I have adopted too lightly the old courtly maxim, that 'all stratagems are fair in love,' I am bound also to yield to my Lord L'Estrange's arguments, that the counter-stratagems must be fair also. And, after all, it becomes me better to laugh at my own sorry figure in defeat, than to confess myself gravely mortified by an ingenuity more successful than my own." The Count paused, and his eye lightened with sinister fire, which ill suited the raillery of his tone and the polished ease of his bearing. "*Ma foi!*" he continued, "it is permitted me to speak thus, since at least I have given proofs of my indifference to danger, and my good fortune when exposed to it. Within the last six years, I have had the honor to fight nine duels, and the regret to wound five, and dismiss from the world four, as gallant and worthy gentlemen as ever the sun shone upon."

"Monster!" faltered the Parson.

The Squire stared aghast, and mechanically rubbed the shoulder which had been lacerated by Captain Dashmore's bullet. Randal's pale face grew yet more pale, and the eye he had fixed upon the Count's hardy visage quailed and fell.

"But," resumed the Count, with a graceful wave of the hand, "I have to thank my Lord L'Estrange for reminding me that a man whose courage is above suspicion is privileged not only to apologize if he has injured another, but to accompany apology with atonement. Duke of Serrano, it is for that purpose that I am here. My lord, you have signified your wish to ask me some questions of serious import as regards the Duke and his daughter—I will answer them without reserve."

"*Monsieur le Comte*," said Harley, "availing myself of your courtesy, I presume to inquire who informed you that this young lady was a guest under my father's roof?"

"My informant stands yonder—Mr. Randal Leslie. And I call upon Baron Levy to confirm my statement."

"It is true," said the Baron, slowly, and as if overmastered by the tone and mien of an imperious chieftain.

There came a low sound like a hiss from Randal's livid lips.

"And was Mr. Leslie acquainted with your project for securing the person and hand of your young kinswoman?"

"Certainly—and Baron Levy knows it." The Baron bowed assent. "Permit me to add—for it is due to a lady nearly related to myself—that it was, as I have since learned, certain erroneous representations made to her by Mr. Leslie, which alone induced that lady, after my own arguments had failed, to lend her aid to a project which otherwise she would have condemned as strongly as, Duke di Serrano, I now with unfeigned sincerity do myself condemn it."

There was about the Count, as he thus spoke, so much of that personal dignity which, whether natural or artificial, imposes for the moment upon human judgment—a dignity so supported by the singular advantages of his superb stature, his handsome countenance, his patrician air, that the Duke, moved by his good heart, extended his hand to the perfidious kinsman, and forgot all the Machiavellian wisdom which should have told him how little a man of the Count's hardened profligacy was likely to be influenced by any purer motives, whether to frank confession or to manly repentance. The Count took the hand thus extended to him, and bowed his face perhaps to conceal the smile which would have betrayed his secret soul. Randal still remained mute and pale as death. His tongue clove to his mouth. He felt that all present were shrinking from his side. At last, with a violent effort, he faltered out, in broken sentences—

"A charge so sudden may well—may well confound me. But—but—who can credit it? Both the law and common sense presuppose

some motive for a criminal action; what could be my motive here? I—myself the suitor for the hand of the Duke's daughter—*I* betray her! Absurd—absurd. Duke—Duke, I put it to your own knowledge of mankind—who ever goes thus against his own interest—and—and his own heart?"

This appeal, however feebly made, was not without effect on the philosopher. "That is true," said the Duke, dropping his kinsman's hand; "I see no motive."

"Perhaps," said Harley, "Baron Levy may here enlighten us. Do you know of any motive of self-interest that could have actuated Mr. Leslie in assisting the Count's schemes?"

Levy hesitated. The Count took up the word. "*Pardieu!*" said he, in his clear tone of determination and will—"*Pardieu!* I can have no doubt thrown on my assertion, least of all by those who know of its truth; and I call upon you, Baron Levy, to state whether, in case of my marriage with the Duke's daughter, I had not agreed to present my sister with a sum, to which she alleged some ancient claim, which would have passed through your hands?"

"Certainly, that is true," said the Baron.

"And would Mr. Leslie have benefited by any portion of that sum?"

Levy paused again.

"Speak, sir," said the Count, frowning.

"The fact is," said the Baron, "that Mr. Leslie was anxious to complete a purchase of certain estates that had once belonged to his family, and that the Count's marriage with the signorina, and his sister's marriage with Mr. Hazeldean, would have enabled me to accommodate Mr. Leslie with a loan to effect that purchase."

"What! what!" exclaimed the Squire, hastily buttoning his breast pocket with one hand, while he seized Randal's arm with the other—"& my son's marriage! You lent yourself to that, too? Don't look so like a lashed hound! Speak out like a man, if man you be!"

"Lent himself to that, my good sir!" said the Count. "Do you suppose that the Marchesa di Negra could have condescended to an alliance with a Mr. Hazeldean—"

"Condescended!—a Hazeldean of Hazeldean!" exclaimed the Squire, turning fiercely, and half choked with indignation.

"Unless," continued the Count, imperturbably, "she had been compelled by circumstances to do that said Mr. Hazeldean the honor to accept a pecuniary accommodation, which she had no other mode to discharge. And here, sir, the family of Hazeldean, I am bound to say, owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Leslie; for it was he who most forcibly represented to her the necessity for this *mesalliance;* and it was he, I believe, who suggested to my friend, the Baron, the mode by which Mr. Hazeldean was best enabled to afford the accommodation my sister deigned to accept."

"Mode!—the *post-obit!*" ejaculated the Squire, relinquishing his hold of Randal, to lay his gripe upon Levy.

The Baron shrugged his shoulders. "Any friend of Mr. Frank Hazeldean's would have recommended the same as the most economical mode of raising money."

Parson Dale, who had at first been more shocked than any one present at these gradual revelations of Randal's treachery, now turning his eyes toward the young man, was so seized with commiseration at Randal's face, that he laid his hand on Harley's arm, and whispered him, "Look, look at that countenance!—and one so young! Spare him, spare him!"

"Mr. Leslie," said Harley, in softened tones, "believe me, that nothing short of justice to the Duke di Serrano—justice even to my young friend, Mr. Hazeldean, has compelled me to this painful duty. Here let all inquiry terminate."

"And," said the Count, with exquisite blandness, "since I have been informed by my Lord L'Estrange, that Mr. Leslie has represented as a serious act on his part, that personal challenge to myself, which I understood was but a pleasant and amicable arrangement in a part of our baffled scheme—let me assure Mr. Leslie, that if he be not satisfied with the regret that I now express for the leading share I have taken in these disclosures, I am wholly at Mr. Leslie's service."

"Peace, homicide," cried the Parson, shuddering; and he glided to the side of the detected sinner, from whom all else had recoiled in loathing.

Craft against craft, talent against talent, treason against treason—in all this Randal Leslie would have risen superior to Giulio di Peschiera. But what now crushed him, was not the superior intellect—it was the sheer brute power of audacity and nerve. Here stood the careless, unblushing villain, making light of his guilt, carrying it away from disgust itself, with resolute look, and front erect. There stood the abler, subtler, profounder criminal—cowering, abject, pitiful; the power of mere intellectual knowledge shivered into pieces against the brazen metal with which the accident of constitution often arms some ignobler nature.

The contrast was striking, and implied that truth so universally felt, yet so little acknowledged in actual life, that men with superior force of character can subdue and paralyze those far superior to themselves in ability and intelligence. It was that force which made Peschiera Randal's master—nay, the very physical attributes of the Count, his very voice and form, his bold front and unshrinking eye, overpowered the acuter mind of the refining schemer, as in a popular assembly some burly clown cowes into timorous silence every dissentient sage. But Randal turned in sullen impatience from the Parson's whisper, that breathed comfort or urged repentance; and at length said, with clearer tones than he had yet mustered—

"It is not a personal conflict with the Count

di Peschiera that can vindicate my honor; and I disdain to defend myself against the accusations of a usurer, and of a man who—"

"Monsieur!" said the Count, drawing himself up.

"A man who," persisted Randal, though he trembled visibly, "by his own confession, was himself guilty of all the schemes in which he would represent me as his accomplice, and who now, not clearing himself, would yet convict another—"

"*Cher petit Monsieur!*" said the Count, with his grand air of disdain, "when men like me make use of men like you, we reward them for a service if rendered, or discard them if the service be not done; and, if I condescend to confess and apologize for any act I have committed, surely Mr. Randal Leslie might do the same without disparagement to his dignity. But I should never, sir, have taken the trouble to appear against you, had you not, as I learn, pretended to the hand of the lady whom I had hoped, with less presumption, to call my bride; and in this, how can I tell that you have not tricked and betrayed me? Is there any thing in our past acquaintance that warrants me to believe that, instead of serving me, you sought but to serve yourself? Be that as it may, I had but one mode of repairing to the head of my house the wrongs I have done him—and that was by saving his daughter from a derogatory alliance with an impostor who had abetted my schemes for hire, and who now would filch for himself their fruit."

"Duke!" exclaimed Randal.

The Duke turned his back. Randal extended his hands to the Squire. "Mr. Hazledean—what? you, too, condemn me, and unheard!"

"Unheard!—zounds, no! If you have any thing to say, speak truth, and shame the devil."

"I abet Frank's marriage!—I sanction the *post-obit!*—Oh!" cried Randal, clinging to a straw, "if Frank himself were but here!"

Harley's compassion vanished before this sustained hypocrisy. "You wish for the presence of Frank Hazeldean. It is just. Mr. Dale, you may now leave that young man's side, and in your stead place there Frank Hazeldean himself. He waits in the next room—summon him."

At these words, the Squire cried out with a loud voice—"Frank! Frank!—my son! my poor son!"—and rushed from the apartment through the door toward which Harley had pointed.

This cry and this action gave a sudden change to the feelings of the audience, and for a moment Randal himself was forgotten. The young man seized that moment. Reprieved, as it were, from the glare of contemptuous, accusing eyes—slowly he crept to the door, slowly and noiselessly as the viper, when it is wounded, drops its crest and glides writhing through the grass. Levy followed him to the threshold, and whispered in his ear—

"I could not help it—you would have done the same by me. You see you have failed in every thing; and when a man fails completely, we both agree that we must give him up altogether."

Randal said not a word, and the Baron marked his shadow fall on the broad stairs, stealing down, down, step after step, till it faded from the stones.

"But he was of some use," muttered Levy. "His treachery and his exposure will gall the childless Egerton. Some little revenge still!"

The Count touched the arm of the musing usurer—

"*J'ai bien joué mon rôle, n'est ce pas?*"—(I have well played my part, have I not?)

"Your part! Ah! but, my dear Count, I do not quite understand it."

"*Ma foi*—you are passably dull. I had just been landed in France, when a letter from L'Estrange reached me. It was couched as an invitation, which I interpreted to—the duello. Such invitations I never refuse. I replied. I came hither—took my lodgings at an inn. My lord seeks me last night. I begin in the tone you may suppose. *Pardieu!* he is clever, *milord!* He shows me a letter from the Prince Von ——, Alphonso's recall, my own banishment. He places before me, but with admirable suavity, the option of beggary and ruin, or an honorable claim on Alphonso's gratitude. And as for that *petit Monsieur*, do you think I could quietly contemplate my own tool's enjoyment of all I had lost myself? Nay, more, if that young Harpagon were Alphonso's son-in-law, could the Duke have a whisperer at his ear more fatal to my own interests? To be brief, I saw at a glance my best course. I have adopted it. The difficulty was—to extricate myself as became a man '*de sang et de feu.*' If I have done so, congratulate me. Alphonso has taken my hand, and I now leave it to him—to attend to my fortunes, and clear up my repute."

"If you are going to London," said Levy, "my carriage, ere this, must be at the door, and I shall be proud to offer you a seat, and converse with you on your prospects. But, *peste! mon cher*, your fall has been from a great height, and any other man would have broken his bones."

"Strength is ever light," said the Count, smiling; "and it does not fall; it leaps down, and rebounds."

Levy looked at the Count, and blamed himself for having disparaged Peschiera and overrated Randal.

While this conference went on, Harley was by Violante's side.

"I have kept my promise to you," said he, with a kind of tender humility. "Are you still so severe on me?"

"Ah!" answered Violante, gazing on his noble brow, with all a woman's pride in her eloquent, admiring eyes—"I have heard from Mr. Dale that you have achieved a conquest over yourself, which makes me ashamed to think that I presumed to doubt how your heart would speak when a moment of wrath (though of wrath so just) had passed away."

"No, Violante—do not acquit me yet; witness

my revenge (for I have not forgone it), and then let my heart speak, and breathe its prayer that the angel voice, which it now beats to hear, may still be its guardian monitor."

"What is this!" cried an amazed voice; and Harley, turning round, saw that the Duke was by his side; and, glancing with ludicrous surprise, now to Harley, now to Violante, "Am I to understand that you—"

"Have freed you from one suitor for this dear hand, to become, myself, your petitioner!"

"*Corpo di Bacco!*" cried the sage, almost embracing Harley, "this, indeed, is joyful news. But I must not again make a rash pledge—not again force my child's inclinations. And Violante, you see, is running away. The Duke stretched out his arm, and detained his child. He drew her to his breast, and whispered in her ear. Violante blushed crimson, and rested her head on his shoulder. Harley eagerly pressed forward."

"There," said the Duke, joining Harley's hand with his daughter's—"I don't think I shall hear any more of the convent; but any thing of this sort I never suspected. If there be a language in the world for which there is no lexicon or grammar, it is that which a woman thinks in, but never speaks."

"It is all that is left of the language spoken in Paradise," said Harley.

"In the dialogue between Eve and the serpent—yes," quoth the incorrigible sage. "But who comes here?—our friend Leonard."

Leonard now entered the room; but Harley could scarcely greet him, before he was interrupted by the Count.

"*Milord*," said Peschiera, beckoning him aside, "I have fulfilled my promise, and I will now leave your roof. Baron Levy returns to London, and offers me a seat in his carriage, which is already, I believe, at your door. The Duke and his daughter will readily forgive me, if I do not ceremoniously bid them farewell. In our altered positions, it does not become me too intrusively to claim kindred; it became me only to remove, as I trust I have done, a barrier against the claim; if you approve my conduct, you will state your own opinion to the Duke." With a profound salutation the Count turned to depart; nor did Harley attempt to stay him, but attended him down the stairs with polite formality.

"Remember only, my lord, that I solicit nothing. I may allow myself to accept. *Voila tout.*" He bowed again, with the inimitable grace of the old *regime*, and stepped into the Baron's traveling-carriage.

Levy, who had lingered behind, paused to accost L'Estrange.

"Your lordship will explain to Mr. Egerton how his adopted son deserved his esteem, and repaid his kindness. For the rest, though you have bought up the more pressing and immediate demands on Mr. Egerton, I fear that even your fortune will not enable you to clear those liabilities, which will leave him perhaps a pauper!"

"Baron Levy," said Harley, abruptly, "if I have forgiven Mr. Egerton, can not you too forgive? Me he has wronged—you have wronged him, and more foully."

"No, my lord, I can not forgive him. You he has never humiliated—you he has never employed for his wants, and scorned as his companion. You have never known what it is to start in life with one whose fortunes were equal to your own, whose talents were not superior. Look you, Lord L'Estrange—in spite of this difference between me and Egerton, that he has squandered the wealth that he gained without effort, while I have converted the follies of others into my own ample revenues—the spendthrift in his penury has the respect and position which millions can not bestow upon me. You would say that I am an usurer, and he is a statesman. But do you know what I should have been had I not been born the natural son of a peer? Can you guess what I should have been if Nora Avenel had been my wife? The blot on my birth, and the blight on my youth—and the knowledge that he who was rising every year into the rank which entitled him to reject me as a guest at his table—he whom the world called the model of gentlemen—was a coward and a liar to the friend of his youth: all this made me look on the world with contempt, and despising Audley Egerton, I yet hated him and envied. You, whom he wronged, stretch your hand as before to the great statesman; from my touch you would shrink as pollution. My lord, you may forgive him whom you love and pity; I can not forgive him whom I scorn and envy. Pardon my prolixity. I now quit your house."

The Baron moved a step—then, turning back, said with a withering sneer:

"But you will tell Mr. Egerton how I helped to expose the son he adopted! I thought of the childless man when your lordship imagined I was but in fear of your threats. Ha! ha!—that will sting."

The Baron gnashed his teeth as, hastily entering the carriage, he drew down the blinds—the post-boys cracked their whips, and the wheels rolled away.

"Who can judge," thought Harley, "through what modes retribution comes home to the breast? That man is chastised in his wealth—ever gnawed by desire for that which his wealth can not buy!" He roused himself, cleared his brow, as from a thought that darkened and troubled; and, entering the saloon, passed his hand upon Leonard's shoulder, and looked, rejoicing, into the poet's mild, honest, lustrous eyes. "Leonard," said he, gently, "your hour is come at last."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AUDLEY EGERTON was alone in his apartment. A heavy sleep had come over him, shortly after Harley and Randal had left the house in the early morning; and that sleep continued till late in the day. All the while the town of Lansmere had been distracted in his cause—all the while

so many tumultuous passions had run riot in the contest that was to close or re-open, for the statesman's ambition, the Janus gates of political war—the object of so many fears and hopes, schemes and counter-schemes, had slumbered heavily as an infant in the cradle. He woke but in time to receive Harley's dispatch, announcing the success of his election; and adding, "Before the night you shall embrace your son. Do not join us below when I return. Keep calm—*we* will come to you."

In fact, though not aware of the dread nature of Audley's complaint, with its warning symptoms, Lord L'Estrange wished to spare to his friend the scene of Randal's exposure.

On the receipt of that letter Egerton rose. At the prospect of seeing his son—Nora's son—the very memory of his disease vanished. The poor, weary, over-labored heart indeed beat loud, and with many a jerk and spasm. He heeded it not. The victory, that restored him to the sole life for which he had hitherto cared to live, was clean forgotten. Nature claimed her own—claimed it in scorn of death, and in oblivion of renown.

There sate the man, dressed with his habitual precision; the black coat, buttoned across the broad breast; his countenance, so mechanically habituated to calm self-control, still revealing little of emotion, though the sickly flush came and went on the bronzed cheek, and the eye watched the hand of the clock, and the ear hungered for a foot-tread along the corridor. At length the sound was heard—steps—many steps. He sprung to his feet—he stood on the hearth. Was the hearth to be solitary no more? Harley entered first. Egerton's eyes rested on him eagerly for a moment, and strained onward across the threshold. Leonard came next—Leonard Fairfield, whom he had seen as his opponent! He began to suspect—to conjecture—to see the mother's tender eyes in the son's manly face. Involuntarily he opened his arms; but, Leonard remaining still, let them fall with a deep sigh, and fancied himself deceived.

"Friend," said Harley, "I give to you a son proved in adversity, and who has fought his own way to fame. Leonard, in the man to whom I prayed you to sacrifice your own ambition—of whom you have spoken with such worthy praise—whose career of honor you have promoted—and whose life, unsatisfied by those honors, you will soothe with your filial love—behold the husband of Nora Avenel! Kneel to your father! O Audley, embrace your son!"

"Here—here," exclaimed Egerton, as Leonard bowed his knee—"here to my heart! Look at me with those eyes!—kindly, forgivingly: they are your mother's!" His proud head sunk on his son's shoulder

"But this is not enough," said Harley, leading Helen, and placing her by Leonard's side. "You must open your heart for more. Take into its folds my sweet ward and daughter. What is a home without the smile of woman? They have loved each other from children. Audley, yours be the hand to join—yours be the lips that bless."

Leonard started anxiously. "Oh, sir!—oh, my father!—this generous sacrifice may not be; for he—he who has saved me for this surpassing joy—he too loves her!"

"Nay, Leonard," said Harley, smiling, "I am not so neglectful of myself. Another home woos you, Audley. He whom you long so vainly sought to reconcile to life, exchanging mournful dreams for happy duties—he, too, presents you to his bride. Love her for my sake—for your own. She it is, not I, who presides over this hallowed reunion. But for her, I should have been a blinded, vindictive, guilty, repentant man; and—" Violante's soft hand was on his lips.

"Thus," said the Parson, with mild solemnity, "man finds that the Saviour's precepts, 'Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath,' and 'Love one another,' are clews that conduct us through the labyrinth of human life, when the schemes of fraud and hate snap asunder, and leave us lost amid the maze."

Egerton reared his head, as if to answer; and all present were struck and appalled by the sudden change that had come over his countenance. There was a film upon the eye—a shadow on the aspect; the words failed his lips—he sunk on the seat beside him. The left hand rested droopingly upon the piles of public papers and official documents, and the fingers played with them, as the bed-ridden dying sufferer plays with the coverlid he will soon exchange for the winding-sheet. But his right hand seemed to feel, as through the dark, for the recovered son; and having touched what it sought, feebly drew Leonard near and nearer. Alas! that blissful PRIVATE LIFE—that close centre round the core of being in the individual man—so long missed and pined for—slipped from him, as it were, the moment it re-appeared; hurried away, as the circle on the ocean, which is scarce seen ere it vanishes amid infinity. Suddenly both hands were still; the head fell back. Joy had burst asunder the last ligaments, so fretted away in unrevealing sorrow. Afar, their sound borne into that room, the joy bells were pealing triumph; mobs roaring out huzzas; the weak cry of John Avenel might be blent in those shouts, as the drunken zealots reeled by his cottage door, and startled the screaming ravens that wheeled round the hollow oak. The boom which is sent from the waves on the surface of life, while the deeps are so noiseless in their march, was borne on the wintry air into the chamber of the statesman it honored, and over the grass sighing low upon Nora's grave. But there was one in the chamber, as in the grave for whom the boom on the wave had no sound, and the march of the deep had no tide. Amid promises of home, and union, and peace, and fame, Death strode into the household ring, and, seating itself, calm and still, looked life-like; warm hearts throbbing round it; lofty hopes fluttering upward; Love kneeling at its feet; Religion, with lifted finger, standing by its side.

FINAL CHAPTER.

Scene.—THE HALL IN THE OLD TOWER OF CAPTAIN ROLAND CAXTON.

"But you have not done?" said Augustine Caxton.

PISISTRATUS.—"What remains to do?"

MR. CAXTON.—"What!—why, the *Final Chapter!*—the last news you can give us of those whom you have introduced to our liking or dislike."

PISISTRATUS.—"Surely it is more dramatic to close the work with a scene that completes the main design of the plot, and leave it to the prophetic imagination of all whose flattering curiosity is still not wholly satisfied, to trace the streams of each several existence, when they branch off again from the lake in which their waters converge, and by which the sibyl has confirmed and made clear the decree, that 'Conduct is Fate.'"

MR. CAXTON.—"More dramatic, I grant; but you have not written a drama. A novelist should be a comfortable, garrulous, communicative, gossiping fortune-teller; not a grim, laconical, oracular sibyl. I like a novel that adopts all the old-fashioned customs prescribed to its art by the rules of the Masters, more especially a novel which you style 'My Novel' *par* emphasis."

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"A most vague and impracticable title, 'My Novel.' It must really be changed before the work goes in due form to the public."

MR. SQUILLS.—"Certainly the present title can not be even pronounced by many without inflicting a shock upon their nervous system. Do you think, for instance, that my friend Lady Priscilla Graves—who is a great novel reader indeed, but holds all female writers unfeminine deserters to the standard of man—could ever come out with 'Pray, sir, have you had time to look at—MY NOVEL?' She would rather die first. And yet to be silent altogether on the latest acquisition to the circulating libraries, would bring on a functional derangement of her ladyship's organs of speech. Or how could pretty Miss Dulcet—all sentiment, it is true, but all bashful timidity—appall Captain Smirke from proposing, with, 'Did not you think the Parson's sermon a little too dry in 'My Novel?' It will require a face of brass, or at least a long course of citrate of iron, before a respectable lady or unassuming young gentleman, with a proper dread of being taken for scribblers, could electrify a social circle with, 'The reviewers don't do justice to the excellent things in—*My* Novel.'"

CAPTAIN ROLAND.—"Awful consequences, indeed, may arise from the mistakes such a title gives rise to; Counselor Digwell, for instance—a lawyer of literary tastes, but whose career at the bar was long delayed by an unjust suspicion among the attorneys that he had written a 'Philosophical Essay'—imagine such a man excusing himself for being late at a dinner of big wigs, with, 'I could not get away from—My Novel.' It would be his professional ruin! I am not fond of lawyers in general, but still I would not be a party to taking the bread out of the mouth of those with a family; and Digwell has children—the tenth an innocent baby in arms."

MR. CAXTON.—"As to Digwell in particular, and lawyers in general, they are too accustomed to circumlocution, to expose themselves to the danger your kind heart apprehends, but I allow that a shy scholar like myself, or a grave college tutor, might be a little put to the blush if he were to blurt forth inadvertently with, 'Don't waste your time over trash like—My Novel.' And that thought presents to us another and more pleasing view of this critical question. The title you condemn places the work under universal protection. Lives there a man or a woman, so dead to self-love as to say, 'What contemptible stuff is—MY NOVEL?' Would he or she not rather be impelled by that strong impulse of an honorable and virtuous heart, which moves us to stand as well as we can with our friends, to say, 'Allow that there is really a good thing now and then in—*My* Novel.' Moreover, as a novel aspires to embrace most of the interests or the passions that agitate mankind—to generalize, as it were, the details of life that come home to us all—so, in reality, the title denotes that if it be such as the author may not unworthily call his Novel, it must also be such as the reader, whoever he be, may appropriate in part to himself—representing his own ideas—expressing his own experience—reflecting, if not in full, at least in profile, his own personal identity. Thus, when we glance at the looking-glass in another man's room, our likeness for the moment appropriates the mirror; and, according to the humor in which we are, or the state of our spirits and health, we say to ourselves, 'Bilious and yellow!—I might as well take care of my diet!' Or, 'Well, I've half a mind to propose to dear Jane; I'm not such an ill-looking dog as I thought for!' Still, whatever result from that glance at the mirror, we never doubt that 'tis our likeness we see; and each says to the phantom reflection, 'Thou art myself,' though the mere article of furniture that gives the reflection belongs to another. It is my likeness if it be his glass. And a narrative that is true to the Varieties of Life, is every Man's Novel, no matter from what shores, by what rivers, by what bays, in what pits were extracted the sands, and the silex, the pearl ash, the nitre and quicksilver, which form its materials; no matter who the craftsman who fashioned its form; no matter who the vendor that sold, or the customer who bought; still, if I but recognize some trait of myself, 'tis my likeness that makes it '*My* Novel.'"

MR. SQUILLS (puzzled, and therefore admiring)—"Subtle, sir—very subtle. Fine organ of comparison in Mr. Caxton's head, and much called into play this evening."

MR. CAXTON (benignly).—"Finally, the author, by this most admirable and much signifying title, dispenses with all necessity of preface. He need insinuate no merits—he need extenuate no faults, for by calling his work thus curtly,

'My Novel,' he doth delicately imply that it is no use wasting talk about faults or merits."

PISISTRATUS (amazed).—"How is that, sir?"

MR. CAXTON.—"What so clear? You imply that, though a better novel may be written by others, you do not expect to write a novel to which, taken as a novel, you would more decisively and unblushingly prefix that voucher of personal authorship and identity conveyed in the monosyllable 'My.' And if you have written your best, let it be ever so bad, what can any man of candor and integrity require more from you? Perhaps you will say that, if you had lived two thousand years ago, you might have called it *The* Novel, or the *Golden* Novel, as Lucius called his story, 'The Ass;' and Apuleius, to distinguish his own more elaborate ass from all asses preceding it, called his tale 'The Golden Ass.' But living in the present day, such a designation—implying a merit in general, not the partial and limited merit corresponding only with your individual abilities—would be presumptuous and offensive. True—I here anticipate the observation I see Squills is about to make."

SQUILLS.—"I, sir!"

MR. CAXTON.—"You would say that, as Scarron called his work of fiction 'The Comic Novel,' so Pisistratus might have called his 'The Serious Novel,' or 'The Tragic Novel.' But, Squills, that title would not have been inviting nor appropriate, and would have been exposed to comparison with Scarron, who being dead, is inimitable. Wherefore, to put the question on the irrefragable basis of mathematics—wherefore, as A B 'My Novel' is not equal to B C 'The Golden Novel,' nor to D E 'The Serious or Tragic Novel,' it follows that A B 'My Novel' is equal to 'Pisistratus Caxton,' and P C 'Pisistratus Caxton' must therefore be just equal, neither more nor less, to A B 'My Novel'—which was to be demonstrated." My father looked round triumphantly, and observing that Squills was dumbfounded, and the rest of his audience posed, he added, mildly:

"And so now, *non quieta movere*, proceed with the Final Chapter, and tell us first what became of that youthful Giles Overreach, who was himself his own Marrall?"

"Ay!" said the Captain, "what became of Randal Leslie? Did he repent and reform?"

"Nay," quoth my father, with a mournful shake of the head, "you can regulate the warm tide of wild passion—you can light into virtue the dark errors of ignorance; but where the force of the brain does but clog the free action of the heart—where you have to deal, not with ignorance misled, but intelligence corrupted—small hope of reform; for reform here will need reorganization. I have somewhere read (perhaps in Hebrew tradition) that of the two orders of fallen spirits—the Angels of Love, and the Angels of Knowledge—the first missed the stars they had lost, and wandered back through the darkness, one by one into heaven; but the last, lighted on by their own lurid splendors, said, "Wherever *we* go, there is heaven!" And deeper and lower descending, lost their shape and their nature, till, deformed and obscene, the bottomless pit closed around them."

MR. SQUILLS.—"I should not have thought, Mr. Caxton, that a book-man like you would be thus severe upon knowledge."

"MR. CAXTON (in wrath).—"Severe upon knowledge! O Squills—Squills—Squills! Knowledge perverted, is knowledge no longer. Vinegar, which, exposed to the sun, breeds small serpents, or at best slimy eels, not comestible, once was wine. If I say to my grandchildren, 'Don't drink that sour stuff, which the sun itself fills with reptiles;' does that prove me a foe to sound sherry? Squills, if you had but received a scholastic education, you would know the wise maxim that saith, 'All things the worst are corruptions from things originally designed as the best.' Has not freedom bred anarchy, and religion fanaticism? And if I blame Marat calling for blood, or Dominic racking a heretic, am I severe on the religion that canonized Francis de Sales, or the freedom that immortalized Thrasybulus?"

Mr. Squills, dreading a catalogue of all the saints in the Calendar, and an epitome of Ancient History, exclaimed eagerly—"Enough, sir—I am convinced!"

MR. CAXTON.—"Moreover, I have thought it a natural stroke of art in Pisistratus, to keep Randal Leslie, in his progress toward the rot of the intellect unwholesomely refined, free from all the salutary influences that keep ambition from settling into egotism. Neither in his slovenly home, nor from his classic tutor at his preparatory school, does he seem to have learned any truths, religious or moral, that might give sap to fresh shoots when the first rank growth was cut down by the knife; and I especially noted, as illustrative of Egerton, no less than of Randal, that though the statesman's occasional hints of advice to his *protégé* are worldly wise in their way, and suggestive of honor as befitting the creed of a gentleman, they are not such as much influence a shrewd reasoner like Randal, whom the example of the playground at Eton had not served to correct of the arid self-seeking, which looked to knowledge for no object but power. A man tempted by passions like Audley, or seduced into fraud by a cold subtle spirit like Leslie, will find poor defense in the elegant precepts, 'Remember to act as a gentleman.' Such moral embroidery adds a beautiful scarf to one's armor; but it is not the armor itself! Ten o'clock—as I live—Push on, O Pisistratus! and finish the chapter."

MRS. CAXTON (benevolently).—"Don't hurry. Begin with that odious Randal Leslie, to oblige your father; but there are others whom Blanche and I care much more to hear about.

Pisistratus, seeing there is no help for it, produces a supplementary manuscript, which proves that, whatever his doubt as to the artistic effect of a Final Chapter, he had foreseen that his audience would not be contented without one.

Randal Leslie, late at noon the day after he quitted Lansmere Park, arrived on foot at his

father's house. He had walked all the way, and through the solitudes of the winter night; but he was not sensible of fatigue till the dismal home closed round him, with its air of hopeless ignoble poverty; and then he sunk upon the floor, feeling himself a ruin amidst the ruins. He made no disclosure of what had passed to his relations. Miserable man, there was not one to whom he could confide, or from whom he might hear the truths that connect repentance with consolation! After some weeks past in sullen and almost unbroken silence, he left as abruptly as he had appeared, and returned to London. The sudden death of a man like Egerton had even in those excited times created intense though brief sensation. The particulars of the election that had been given in detail in the provincial papers, were copied into the London journals; among those details, Randal Leslie's conduct in the Committee-room, with many an indignant comment on selfishness and ingratitude. The political world of all parties formed one of those judgments on the great man's poor dependent, which fix a stain upon the character, and place a barrier in the career of ambitious youth. The important personages who had once noticed Randal for Audley's sake, and who on their subsequent and not long deferred restoration to power, could have made his fortune, passed him in the streets without a nod. He did not venture to remind Avenel of the promise to aid him in another election for Lansmere, nor dream of filling up the vacancy which Egerton's death had created. He was too shrewd not to see that all hope of that borough was over;—he would have been hooted in the streets and pelted from the hustings. Forlorn in the vast metropolis as Leonard had once been, in his turn he loitered on the bridge, and gazed on the remorseless river. He had neither money nor connections—nothing save talents and knowledge to force his way back into the lofty world in which all had smiled on him before; and talents and knowledge, that had been exerted to injure a benefactor, made him but the more despised. But even now, Fortune, that had bestowed on the pauper heir of Rood advantages so numerous and so dazzling, out of which he had cheated himself, gave him, a chance, at least, of present independence, by which, with patient toil, he might have won, if not to the highest places, at least to a position in which he could have forced the world to listen to his explanations, and perhaps receive his excuses. The £5000 that Audley designed for him, and which, in a private memorandum, the statesman had entreated Harley to see safely rescued from the fangs of the law, were made over to Randal by Lord L'Estrange's solicitor; but this sum seemed to him so small after the loss of such gorgeous hopes, and the up-hill path seemed so slow after such short cuts to power, that Randal looked upon the unexpected bequest simply as an apology for adopting no profession. Stung to the quick by the contrast between his past and his present place in the English world, he hastened abroad. There, whether in distraction from thought, or from the curiosity of a restless intellect to explore the worth of things yet untried, Randal Leslie, who had hitherto been so dead to the ordinary amusements of youth, plunged into the society of damaged gamesters and third-rate *roués*. In this companionship his very talents gradually degenerated, and their exercise upon low intrigues and miserable projects but abased his social character, till, sinking step after step as his funds decayed, he finally vanished out of the sphere in which even profligates still retain the habits, and cling to the *caste* of gentlemen. His father died; the neglected property of Rood devolved on Randal; but out of its scanty proceeds he had to pay the portions of his brother and sister, and his mother's jointure; the surplus left was scarcely visible in the executor's account. The hope of restoring the home and fortunes of his forefathers had long ceased. What were the ruined hall and its bleak wastes without that hope which had once dignified the wreck and the desert? He wrote from St. Petersburg, ordering the sale of the property. No one great proprietor was a candidate for the unpromising investment; it was sold in lots among small freeholders and retired traders. A builder bought the Hall for its materials. Hall, lands, and name were blotted out of the map and the history of the country.

The widow, Oliver, and Juliet removed to a provincial town in another shire. Juliet married an ensign in a marching regiment, and died of neglect after childbirth. Mrs. Leslie did not long survive her. Oliver added to his little fortune by marriage with the daughter of a retail tradesman, who had amassed a few thousand pounds. He set up a brewery, and contrived to live without debt, though a large family, and his own constitutional inertness, extracted from his business small profits and no savings. Nothing of Randal had been heard of for years after the sale of Rood, except that he had taken up his residence either in Australia or the United States; it was not known which, but presumed to be the latter. Still, Oliver had been brought up with so high a veneration of his brother's talents, that he cherished the sanguine belief that Randal would some day appear, wealthy and potent, like the uncle in a comedy; lift up the sunken family, and rear into graceful ladies and accomplished gentlemen the clumsy little boys and the vulgar little girls who now crowded round Oliver's dinner-table, with appetites altogether disproportioned to the size of the joints.

One winter day, when, from the said dinner-table wife and children had retired, and Oliver sate sipping his half-pint of bad port, and looking over unsatisfactory accounts, a thin terrier, lying on the threadbare rug by the niggard fire, sprang up and barked fiercely. Oliver lifted his dull blue eyes, and saw opposite to him, at the window, a human face. The face was pressed close to the panes, and was obscured by the haze which the breath of its lips drew forth from the frosty rime that had gathered on the glass.

Oliver, alarmed and indignant, supposing this intrusive spectator of his privacy to be some bold and lawless tramper, stepped out of the room, opened the front door, and bade the stranger go about his business; while the terrier, still more inhospitably yelped and snapped at the stranger's heels. Then a hoarse voice said, "Don't you know me, Oliver? I am your brother Randal! Call away your dog, and let me in." Oliver stared aghast—he could not believe his slow senses—he could not recognize his brother in the gaunt, grim apparition before him. But, at length, he came forward, gazed into Randal's face, and, grasping his hand in amazed silence, led him into the little parlor. Not a trace of the well-bred refinement, which had once characterized Randal's air and person, was visible. His dress bespoke the last stage of that terrible decay which is significantly called, the "shabby genteel." His mien was that of the skulking, timorous, famished vagabond. As he took off his greasy tattered hat, he exhibited, though still young in years, the signs of premature old age. His hair, once so fine and silken, was of a harsh iron gray, bald in ragged patches: his forehead and visage were plowed into furrows; intelligence was still in the aspect, but an intelligence that instinctively set you on your guard—sinister—gloomy—menacing.

Randal stopped short all questioning. He seized the small modicum of wine on the table, and drained it at a draught. "Pooh!" said he, "have you nothing that warms a man better than this?" Oliver, who felt as if under the influence of a frightful dream, went to a cupboard, and took out a bottle of brandy, three-parts full. Randal snatched at it eagerly, and put his lips to the neck of the bottle. "Ah," said he, after a short pause, "this comforts; now, give me food." Oliver hastened himself to serve his brother; in fact, he felt ashamed that even the slip-shod maid-servant should see his visitor. When he returned with such provisions as he could extract from the larder, Randal was seated by the fire, spreading over the embers emaciated bony hands, like the talons of a vulture.

He devoured the cold meat set before him with terrible voracity, and nearly finished the spirits left in the bottle; but the last had no effect in dispersing his gloom. Oliver stared at him in fear—the terrier continued to utter a low, suspicious growl.

"You would know my history?" at length said Randal, bluntly. "It is short. I have tried for fortune and failed—I am without a penny and without a hope. You seem poor—I suppose you can not much help me. Let me at least stay with you for a time—I know not where else to look for bread and for shelter."

Oliver burst into tears, and cordially bade his brother welcome. Randal remained some weeks at Oliver's house, never stirring out of the doors, and not seeming to notice, though he did not scruple to use, the new habiliments which Oliver procured ready-made, and placed, without remark, in his room. But his presence soon became intolerable to the mistress of the house, and oppressive even to its master. Randal, who had once been so abstemious that he had even regarded the most moderate use of wine as incompatible with clear judgment and vigilant observation, had contracted the habit of drinking spirits at all hours of the day; but though they sometimes intoxicated him into stupor, they never unlocked his heart, nor enlivened his sullen mood. If he observed less acutely than of old, he could still conceal just as closely. Mrs. Oliver Leslie, at first rather awed and taciturn, grew cold and repelling, then pert and sarcastic, at last undisguisedly and vulgarly rude. Randal made no retort; but his sneer was so galling that the wife flew at once to her husband and declared that either she or his brother must leave the house. Oliver tried to pacify and compromise, with partial success; and, a few days afterward, he came to Randal and said, timidly, "You see, my wife brought me nearly all I possess, and you don't condescend to make friends with her. Your residence here must be as painful to you as to me. But I wish to see you provided for; and I could offer you something—only it seems, at first glance so beneath—"

"Beneath what?" interrupted Randal, witheringly. "What I was—or what I am? Speak out!"

"To be sure you are a scholar; and I've heard you say fine things about knowledge and so forth; and you'll have plenty of books at your disposal, no doubt; and you are still young, and may rise—and—"

"Hell and torments! Be quick—say the worst or the best!" cried Randal, fiercely.

"Well, then," said poor Oliver, still trying to soften the intended proposal, "you must know that our sister's husband was nephew to Dr. Felpem, who keeps a very respectable school. He is not learned himself, and attends chiefly to arithmetic and book-keeping, and such matters—but he wants an usher to teach the classics; for some of the boys go to college. And I have written to him, just to sound—I did not mention your name till I knew if you would like it; but he will take my recommendation. Board—lodging—fifty pounds a year; in short, the place is yours if you like it."

Randal shivered from head to foot, and was long before he answered. "Well, be it so; I have come to that. Ha, ha! yes, knowledge is power!" he paused a few moments. "So the old Hall is razed to the ground, and you are a tradesman in a small country town, and my sister is dead, and I henceforth am—John Smith! You say that you did not mention my name to the school-master—still keep it concealed; forget that I once was a Leslie. Our tie of brotherhood ceases when I go from your hearth. Write, then, to your head master, who attends to arithmetic, and secure the rank of his usher in Latin and Greek for—John Smith."

Not many days afterward, the *protégé* of Audley Egerton entered on his duties as usher in one

of those large, cheap schools, which comprise a sprinkling of the sons of gentry and clergymen designed for the learned professions, with a far larger proportion of the sons of traders, intended some for the counting-house, some for the shop and the till. There, to this day, under the name of John Smith, lives Randal Leslie.

It is probably not pride alone that induces him to persist in that change of name, and makes him regard as perpetual the abandonment of the one that he took from his forefathers, and with which he had once identified his vaulting ambition; for shortly after he had quitted his brother's house, Oliver read in the weekly newspaper, to which he bounded his lore of the times in which he lived, an extract from an American journal, wherein certain mention was made of an English adventurer who, among other aliases, had assumed the name of Leslie—that extract caused Oliver to start, turn pale, look round, and thrust the paper into the fire. From that time he never attempted to violate the condition Randal had imposed on him—never sought to renew their intercourse, nor to claim a brother. Doubtless, if the adventurer thus signalized was the man Oliver suspected, whatever might be imputed to Randal's charge that could have paled a brother's cheek, it was none of the more violent crimes to which law is inexorable, but rather (in that progress made by ingratitude and duplicity, with Need and Necessity urging them on) some act of dishonesty, which may just escape from the law, to sink, without redemption, the name. However this be, there is nothing in Randal's present course of life which forebodes any deeper fall. He has known what it is to want bread, and his former restlessness subsides into cynic apathy.

He lodges in the town near the school, and thus the debasing habit of unsocial besotment is not brought under the eyes of his superior. The dram is his sole luxury—if it be suspected, it is thought to be his sole vice. He goes through the ordinary routine of tuition with average credit; his spirit of intrigue occasionally shows itself in attempts to concilitate the favor of the boys whose fathers are wealthy—who are born to higher rank than the rest; and he lays complicated schemes to be asked home for the holidays. But when the schemes succeed, and the invitation comes, he recoils and shrinks back—he does not dare to show himself on the borders of the brighter world he once hoped to sway; he fears that he may be discovered to be—a Leslie! On such days, when his task work is over, he shuts himself up in his room, locks the door, and drugs himself into insensibility.

Once he found a well-worn volume running the round of delighted school-boys—took it up, and recognized Leonard's earliest popular work, which had once seduced himself into pleasant thoughts and gentle emotions. He carried the book to his own lodgings—read it again; and when he returned it to its young owner, some of the leaves were stained with tears. Alas! perhaps but the maudlin tears of broken nerves, not of the awakened soul—for the leaves smelt strongly of whisky. Yet, after that re-perusal, Randal Leslie turned suddenly to deeper studies than his habitual drudgeries required. He revived and increased his early scholarship; he chalked the outline of a work of great erudition, in which the subtlety of his intellect found field in learned and acute criticism. But he has never proceeded far in this work. After each irregular and spasmodic effort, the pen drops from his hand, and he mutters, "But to what end? I can never *now* raise a name. Why give reputation to—John Smith?"

Thus he drags on his life; and perhaps, when he dies, the fragments of his learned work may be discovered in the desk of the usher, and serve as hints to some crafty student, who may filch ideas and repute from the dead Leslie, as Leslie had filched them from the living Burley.

While what may be called poetical justice has thus evolved itself from the schemes in which Randal Leslie had wasted rare intellect in baffling his own fortunes, no outward signs of adversity evince the punishment of Providence on the head of the more powerful offender, Baron Levy. No fall in the Funds has shaken the sumptuous fabric, built from the ruined houses of other men. Baron Levy is still Baron Levy the *millionaire;* but I doubt if at heart he be not more acutely miserable than Randal Leslie, the usher. For Levy is a man who has admitted the fiercer passions into his philosophy of life; he has not the pale blood and torpid heart which allow the scotched adder to doze away its sense of pain. Just as old age began to creep upon the fashionable usurer, he fell in love with a young opera-dancer, whose light heels had turned the lighter heads of half the *élégans* of Paris and London. The craft of the dancer was proof against all lesser bribes than that of marriage; and Levy married her. From that moment his house, *Louis Quinze*, was more crowded than ever by the high-born dandies whose society he had long so eagerly courted. That society became his curse. The Baroness was an accomplished *coquette;* and Levy—with whom, as we have seen, jealousy was the predominant passion—was stretched on an eternal rack. His low estimate of human nature—his disbelief in the possibility of virtue—added strength to the agony of his suspicions, and provoked the very dangers he dreaded. His sole self-torturing task was that of the spy upon his own hearth. His banquets were haunted by a spectre; the attributes of his wealth were as the goad and the scourge of Nemesis. His gay cynic smile changed into a sullen scowl—his hair blanched into white—his eyes were hollow with one consuming care. Suddenly he left his costly house—left London, abjured all the society which it had been the joy of his wealth to purchase; buried himself and his wife in a remote corner of the provinces; and there he still lives. He seeks in vain to occupy his days with rural pursuits; he to whom the excitements of a metropolis, with all its corruption and its vices, were the sole sources of the turbid stream

that he called "pleasure!" There, too, the fiend of jealousy still pursues him; he prowls round his demesnes with the haggard eye and furtive step of a thief; he guards his wife as a prisoner, for she threatens every day to escape. The life of the man who had opened the prison to so many is the life of a jailer. His wife abhors him, and does not conceal it; and still slavishly he dotes on her. Accustomed to the freest liberty—demanding applause and admiration as her rights—wholly uneducated, vulgar in mind, coarse in language, violent in temper—the beautiful Fury he has brought to his home makes that home a hell. Thus, what might seem to the superficial most enviable, is to their possessor most hateful. He dares not ask a soul to see how he spends his gold—he has shrunk into a mean and niggardly expenditure, and complains of reverse and poverty, in order to excuse himself to his wife for debarring her of the enjoyments which she anticipated from the Money-Bags she had married. A vague consciousness of retribution has awakened remorse, to add to his other stings. And the remorse coming from superstition, not religion—sent from below, not descending from above—brings with it none of the consolations of a genuine repentance. He never seeks to atone—never dreams of some redeeming good action. His riches flow around him, spreading wider and wider—out of his own reach.

The Count di Peschiera was not deceived in the calculations which had induced him to affect repentance, and establish a claim upon his kinsman. He received from the generosity of the Duke di Serrano an annuity not disproportioned to his rank, and no order from his court forbade his return to Vienna. But, in the very summer that followed his visit to Lansmere, his career came to an abrupt close. At Baden-Baden he paid court to a wealthy and accomplished Polish widow: and his fine person and terrible repute awed away all rivals save a young Frenchman, as daring as himself, and much more in love. A challenge was given and accepted. Peschiera appeared on the fatal ground, with his customary *sang-froid*, humming an opera air, and looking so diabolically gay that the Frenchman's nerves were affected in spite of his courage. And, the trigger going off before he had even taken aim, to his own ineffable astonishment, he shot the Count, through the heart, dead.

Beatrice di Negra lived for some years, after her brother's death, in strict seclusion, lodging within a convent—though she did not take the vail, as she at first proposed. In fact, the more she saw of the sisterhood, the more she found that human regrets and human passions (save in some rarely-gifted natures) find their way through the barred gates and over the lofty walls. Finally, she took up her abode in Rome, where she is esteemed for a life not only marked by strict propriety, but active benevolence. She can not be prevailed on to accept from the Duke more than a fourth of the annuity that had been bestowed on her brother; but she has few wants, save those of charity; and when charity is really active, it can do so much with so little gold! She is not known in the gayer circles of the city; but she gathers around her a small society, composed chiefly of artists and scholars, and is never so happy as when she can aid some child of genius—more especially if his country be England.

The Squire and his wife still flourish at Hazeldean, where Captain Barnabas Higginbotham has taken up his permanent abode. The Captain is a confirmed hypochondriac, but he brightens up now and then when he hears of any illness in the family of Mr. Sharpe Currie, and is then heard to murmur, "If those seven sickly children should go off, I might still have very great—EXPECTATIONS." For the which he has been roundly scolded by the Squire, and gravely preached at by the Parson. Upon both, however, he takes his revenge in a fair and gentlemanlike way three times a week at the whist-table, the Parson no longer having the Captain as his constant partner, since a fifth now generally cuts in at the table—in the person of that old enemy and neighbor, Mr. Sticktorights. The Parson thus fighting his own battles unallied to the Captain, observes with melancholy surprise that there is a long run of luck against him, and that he does not win so much as he used to do. Fortunately that is the sole trouble—except Mrs. Dale's little tempers, to the which he is accustomed—that ever disturbs the serene tenor of the Parson's life. We must now explain how Mr. Sticktorights came to cut in at the Hazeldean whist-table. Frank has settled at the Casino with a wife who suits him exactly, and that wife was Miss Sticktorights. It was two years before Frank recovered the disappointment with which the loss of Beatrice saddened his spirits, but sobered his habits and awoke his reflection. An affection, however misplaced and ill requited, if honestly conceived and deeply felt, rarely fails to advance the self-education of man. Frank became steady and serious; and, on a visit to Hazeldean, met at a county ball Miss Sticktorights, and the two young persons were instantly attracted toward each other, perhaps by the very feud that had so long existed between their houses. The marriage settlements were nearly abandoned, at the last moment, by a discussion between the parents as to the Right of Way. But the dispute was happily appeased by Mr. Dale's suggestion, that as both properties would be united in the children of the proposed marriage, all cause for litigation would naturally cease, since no man would go to law with himself. Mr. Sticktorights and Mr. Hazeldean, however, agreed in the precaution of inserting a clause in the settlements (though all the lawyers declared that it could not be of any legal avail), by which it was declared that if, in default of heritable issue by the said marriage, the Sticktorights' estate devolved on some distant scion of the Sticktorights' family, the right of way from the wood across the waste land would still remain in the same state of delectable dispute in which it then stood. There seems, however, little chance of a lawsuit thus

providently bequeathed to the misery of distant generations—since two sons and two daughters are already playing at hide-and-seek on the terrace where Jackeymo once watered the orange trees, and in the Belvidere where Riccabocca had studied his Machiavel.

Riccabocca was long before he reconciled himself to the pomp of his principalities and his title of Duke. Jemima accommodated herself much more readily to greatness, but she retained all her native Hazeldean simplicity at heart, and is adored by the villagers around her, especially by the young of both sexes, whom she is always ready to marry and to portion;—convinced, long ere this, of the redeemable qualities of the male sex, by her reverence for the Duke, who continues to satirize women and wedlock, and deem himself —thanks to his profound experience of the one, and his philosophical endurance of the other—the only happy husband in the world. His chief amusement of late has been in educating the son with whom, according to his scientific prognostics, Jemima presented him shortly after his return to his native land. The sage began betimes with his Italian proverbs full of hard-hearted worldly wisdom, and the boy was scarce out of the hornbook before he was introduced to Machiavel. But somehow or other the simple goodness of the philosopher's actual life, with his high-wrought patrician sentiments of integrity and honor, so counteract the theoretical lessons, that the Heir of Serrano is little likely to be made more wise by the proverbs, or more wicked by the Machiavel, than those studies have practically made the progenitor, whose opinions his countrymen still shame with the title of "Alphonso the Good."

The Duke long cherished a strong curiosity to know what had become of Randal. He never traced the adventurer to his closing scene. But once (years before Randal had crept into his present shelter) in a visit of inspection to the hospital of Genoa, the Duke, with his peculiar shrewdness of observation in all matters except those which concerned himself, was remarking to the officer in attendance, "that for one dull honest man, whom fortune drove to the hospital or the jail, he had found, on investigation of their antecedents, three sharp-witted knaves who had hitherto reduced themselves"—when his eye fell upon a man asleep in one of the sick wards, and recognizing the face, not then so changed as Oliver had seen it, he walked straight up and gazed upon Randal Leslie.

"An Englishman," said the official. "He was brought hither insensible, from a severe wound on the head, inflicted, as we discovered by a well-known *chevalier d'industrie*, who declared that the Englishman had outwitted and cheated him. That was not very likely, for a few crowns were all we could find on the Englishman's person, and he had been obliged to leave his lodgings for debt. He is recovering—but there is fever still."

The Duke gazed silently on the sleeper, who was tossing restlessly on his pallet, and muttering to himself; then he placed his purse in the official's hand. "Give this to the Englishman," said he; "but conceal my name. It is true—it is true—the proverb is very true"—resumed the Duke, descending the stairs—"*Più pelli di volpi che di asini vanno in Pellicciaria.*" (More hides of foxes than of asses find their way to the tanner's.)

Dr. Morgan continues to prescribe globules for grief, and to minister infinitesimally to a mind diseased. Practicing what he prescribes, he swallows a globule of "*caustic*" whenever the sight of a distressed fellow-creature moves him to compassion—a constitutional tendency which, he is at last convinced, admits of no radical cure. For the rest, his range of patients has notably expanded; and under his sage care his patients unquestionably live as long—as Providence pleases. No allopathist can say more.

The death of poor John Burley found due place in the obituary of "literary men." Admirers, unknown before, came forward, and subscribed for a handsome monument to his memory in Kensall Green. They would have subscribed for the relief of his widow and children if he had left any. Writers in magazines thrived for some months on collections of his humorous sayings, anecdotes of his eccentricities, and specimens of the eloquence that had lightened through the tobacco-reek of tavern and club-room. Leonard ultimately made a selection from his scattered writings, which found place in standard libraries, though their subjects were either of too fugitive an interest, or treated in too capricious a manner, to do more than indicate the value of the ore had it been purified from its dross and subjected to the art of the mint. These specimens could not maintain their circulation as the coined money of Thought, but they were hoarded by collectors as rare curiosities. Alas, poor Burley!

The Pompleys sustained a pecuniary loss by the crash of a railway company, in which the Colonel had been induced to take several shares by one of his wife's most boasted "connections," whose estate the said railway proposed to traverse, on paying £400 an acre, in that golden age when railway companies respected the rights of property. The Colonel was no longer able, in his own country, to make both ends meet at Christmas. He is now straining hard to achieve that feat in Boulogne, and has in the process grown so red in the face, that those who meet him in his morning walk on the pier, bargaining for fish, shake their heads and say, "Old Pompley will go off in a fit of apoplexy; a great loss to our society; genteel people the Pompleys! and very highly 'connected.'"

The vacancy created in the borough of Lansmere by Audley Egerton's death, was filled up by our old acquaintance Haveril Dashmore, who had unsuccessfully contested that seat on Egerton's first election. The naval officer was now an admiral, and perfectly reconciled to the constitution, with all its alloy of aristocracy.

Dick Avenel did not retire from Parliament so soon as he had anticipated. He was not able to

persuade Leonard, whose brief fever of political ambition was now quenched in the calm fountain of the Muse, to supply his place in the senate; and he felt that the house of Avenel needed one representative. He contrived, however, to devote, for the first year or two, much more of his time to his interests at Screwstown than to the affairs of his country, and succeeded in baffling the over-competition to which he had been subjected, by taking the competitor into partnership. Having thus secured a monopoly at Screwstown, Dick, of course, returned with great ardor to his former enlightened opinions in favor of free trade. He remained some years in Parliament; and though far too shrewd to venture out of his depth as an orator, distinguished himself so much by his exposure of "humbug" on an important Committee, that he acquired a very high reputation as a man of business, and gradually became so in request among all members who moved for "Select Committees," that he rose into consequence; and Mrs. Avenel, courted for his sake, more than her own, obtained the wish of her heart, and was received as an acknowledged *habituée* into the circles of fashion. Amidst these circles, however, Dick found that his home entirely vanished; and when he came from the House of Commons, tired to death, at two in the morning, disgusted at hearing forever that Mrs. Avenel was not yet returned from some fine lady's ball, he formed a sudden resolution of cutting Parliament, Fashion, and London altogether; withdrew his capital, now very large, from his business; bought the remaining estates of Squire Thornhill; and his chief object of ambition is in endeavoring to coax or bully out of their holdings all the small freeholders round, who had subdivided among them, into poles and furlongs, the fated inheritance of Randal Leslie. An excellent justice of the peace, though more severe than your old family proprietors generally are; a spirited landlord, as to encouraging and making, at a proper percentage, all permanent improvements on the soil, but formidable to meet if the rent be not paid to the day, or the least breach of covenant be heedlessly incurred on a farm that he could let for more money; employing a great many hands in productive labor, but exacting rigorously from all the utmost degree of work at the smallest rate of wages which competition and the poor-rate permit; the young and robust in his neighborhood never stinted in work, and the aged and infirm, as lumber worn out, stowed away in the workhouse; Richard Avenel holds himself an example to the old race of landlords; and, taken altogether, is no very bad specimen of the rural civilizers whom the application of spirit and capital raise up in the new.

From the wrecks of Egerton's fortune, Harley, with the aid of his father's experience in business, could not succeed in saving, for the statesman's sole child and heir, more than a few thousand pounds; and but for the bonds and bills which, when meditating revenge, he had bought from Levy, and afterward thrown into the fire—paying dear for that detestable whistle—even this surplus would not have been forthcoming.

Harley privately paid out of his own fortune the £5000 Egerton had bequeathed to Leslie; perhaps not sorry, now that the stern duty of exposing the false wiles of the schemer was fulfilled, to afford some compensation even to the victim who had so richly deserved his fate; and pleased, though mournfully, to comply with the solemn request of the friend whose offense was forgotten in the remorseful memory of his own projects of revenge.

Leonard's birth and identity were easily proved, and no one appeared to dispute them. The balance due to him as his father's heir, together with the sum Avenel ultimately paid to him for the patent of his invention, and the dowry which Harley insisted upon bestowing on Helen, amounted to that happy competence which escapes alike the anxieties of poverty and (what to one of contemplative tastes and retired habits are often more irksome to bear) the show and responsibilities of wealth. His father's death made a deep impression upon Leonard's mind; but the discovery that he owed his birth to a statesman of so great a repute, and occupying a position in society so conspicuous, contributed not to confirm, but to still, the ambition which had for a short time diverted him from his more serene aspirations. He had no longer to win a rank which might equal Helen's. He had no longer a parent, whose affections might be best won through pride. The memories of his earlier peasant-life, and his love for retirement—in which habit confirmed the constitutional tendency—made him shrink from what a more worldly nature would have considered the enviable advantages of a name that secured the entrance into the loftiest sphere of our social world. He wanted not that name to assist his own path to a rank far more durable than that which kings can confer. And still he retained in the works he had published, and still he proposed to bestow on the works more ambitious that he had, in leisure and competence, the facilities to design with care, and complete with patience, the name he had himself invented, and linked with the memory of the low-born mother. Therefore, though there was some wonder, in drawing-rooms and clubs, at the news of Egerton's first unacknowledged marriage, and some curiosity expressed as to what the son of that marriage might do—and great men were prepared to welcome, and fine ladies to invite and bring out, the heir to the statesman's grave repute—yet wonder and curiosity soon died away; the repute soon passed out of date, and its heir was soon forgotten. Politicians who fall short of the highest renown are like actors; no applause is so vivid while they are on the stage—no oblivion so complete when the curtain falls on the last farewell.

Leonard saw a fair tomb rise above Nora's grave, and on the tomb was engraved the word of WIFE, which vindicated her beloved memory. He felt the warm embrace of Nora's mother, no longer ashamed to own her grandchild; and even

old John was made sensible that a secret weight of sorrow was taken from his wife's stern silent heart. Leaning on Leonard's arm, the old man gazed wistfully on Nora's tomb, and muttering —"Egerton! Egerton! 'Leonora, the first wife of the Right Honorable Audley Egerton!' Ha! I voted for him. She married the right color. Is that the date? Is it so long since she died? Well, well! I miss her sadly. But wife says we shall both now see her soon; and wife once thought we should never see her again—never; but I always knew better. Thank you, sir. I'm a poor creature, but these tears don't pain me—quite otherwise. I don't know why, but I'm very happy. Where's my old woman? She does not mind how much I talk about Nora now. Oh, there she is! Thank you, sir, humbly; but I'd rather lean on my old woman—I'm more used to it; and—wife, when shall we go to Nora?"

Leonard had brought Mrs. Fairfield to see her parents, and Mrs. Avenel welcomed her with unlooked-for kindness. The name inscribed upon Nora's tomb softened the mother's heart to her surviving daughter. As poor John had said—"She could *now* talk about Nora;" and in that talk, she and the child she had so long neglected, discovered how much they had in common. So when, shortly after his marriage with Helen, Leonard went abroad, Jane Fairfield remained with the old couple. After their death, which was within a day of each other, she refused, perhaps from pride, to take up her residence with Leonard, but she settled near the home which he subsequently found in England. Leonard remained abroad for some years. A quiet observer of the various manners and intellectual development of living races—a rapt and musing student of the monuments that revive the dead—his experience of mankind grew large in silence, and his perceptions of the Sublime and Beautiful brightened into tranquil art under their native skies.

On his return to England he purchased a small house amidst the most beautiful scenes of Devonshire, and there patiently commenced a work in which he designed to bequeath to his country his noblest thoughts in their fairest forms. Some men best develop their ideas by constant exercise; their thoughts spring from their brain ready-armed, and seek, like the fabled goddess, to take constant part in the wars of men. And such are, perhaps, on the whole, the most vigorous and lofty writers; but Leonard did not belong to this class. Sweetness and serenity were the main characteristics of his genius; and these were deepened by his profound sense of his domestic happiness. To wander alone with Helen by the banks of the murmurous river—to gaze with her on the deep still sea—to feel that his thoughts, even when most silent, were comprehended by the intuition of love, and reflected on that translucent sympathy so yearned for and so rarely found by poets—these were the Sabbaths of his soul, necessary to fit him for its labors: For the Writer has this advantage over other men, that his repose is not indolence. His duties, rightly fulfilled, are discharged to earth and men in other capacities than those of action. If he is not seen among those who act, he is all the while maturing some noiseless influence, which will guide or illumine, civilize or elevate, the restless men whose noblest actions are but the obedient agencies of the thoughts of writers. Call not then the Poet, whom we place amid the Varieties of Life, the sybarite of literary ease, if, returning on summer eves, with Helen's light footstep by his musing side, he greets his sequestered home, with its trellised flowers smiling out from amid the lonely cliffs in which it was embedded;—while lovers still, though wedded long, they turn to each other, with such deep joy in their speaking eyes, grateful that the world, with its various distractions and noisy conflicts, lay so far from their actual existence—only united to them by the happy link that the writer weaves invisibly with the hearts that he moves and the souls that he inspires. No! Character and circumstance alike unfitted Leonard for the strife of the thronged literary democracy; they led toward the development of the gentler and purer portions of his nature—to the gradual suppression of the more combative and turbulent. The influence of the happy light under which his genius so silently and calmly grew, was seen in the exquisite harmony of its colors, rather than the gorgeous diversities of their glow. His contemplation, intent upon objects of peaceful beauty, and undisturbed by rude anxieties and vehement passions, suggested only kindred reproductions to the creative faculty by which it was vivified; so that the whole man was not only a poet, but, as it were, a poem—a living idyl, calling into pastoral music every reed that sighed and trembled along the stream of life. And Helen was so suited to a nature of this kind, she so guarded the ideal existence in which it breathes! All the little cares and troubles of the common practical life she appropriated so quietly to herself—the stronger of the two, as should be a poet's wife, in the necessary household virtues of prudence and forethought. Thus, if the man's genius made the home a temple, the woman's wisdom gave to the temple the security of a fortress. They have only one child—a girl; they call her Nora. She has the father's soul-lit eyes, and the mother's warm human smile. She assists Helen in the morning's noiseless domestic duties; she sits in the evening at Leonard's feet, while he reads or writes. In each light grief of childhood she steals to the mother's knee, but in each young impulse of delight, or each brighter flash of progressive reason, she springs to the father's breast. Sweet Helen, thou hast taught her this, taking to thyself the shadows even of thine infant's life, and leaving to thy partner's eyes only its rosy light!

But not here shall this picture of Helen close. Even the Ideal can only complete its purpose by connection with the Real. Even in solitude the writer must depend upon Mankind.

Leonard at last has completed the work, which

has been the joy and the labor of so many years —the work which he regards as the flower of all his spiritual being, and to which he has committed all the hopes that unite the creature of to-day with the generations of the future. The work has gone through the press, each line lingered over with the elaborate patience of the artist, loth to part with the thought he has sculptured into form while an improving touch can be imparted by the chisel. He has accepted an invitation from Norreys. In the restless excitement (strange to him since his first happy maiden effort), he has gone to London. Unrecognized in the huge metropolis, he has watched to see if the world acknowledge the new tie he has woven between its busy life and his secluded toil. And the work came out in an unpropitious hour; other things were occupying the public; the world was not at leisure to heed him, and the book did not penetrate into the great circle of readers. But a savage critic has seized on it, and mangled, distorted, deformed it, confounding together defect and beauty in one mocking ridicule; and the beauties have not yet found an exponent, nor the defects a defender; and the publisher shakes his head, points to groaning shelves, and delicately hints that the work which was to be the epitome of the sacred life within life, does not hit the taste of the day. Leonard thinks over the years that his still labor has cost him, and knows that he has exhausted the richest mines of his intellect, and that long years will elapse before he can recruit that capital of ideas which is necessary to sink new shafts and bring to light fresh ore; and the deep despondency of intellect, frustrated in its highest aims, has seized him, and all he has before done is involved in failure by the defeat of the crowning effort. Failure, and irrecoverable, seems his whole ambition as writer; his whole existence in the fair Ideal seems to have been a profitless dream, and the face of the Ideal itself is obscured. And even Norreys frankly, though kindly, intimates that the life of a metropolis is essential to the healthful intuition of a writer in the intellectual wants of his age. For every great writer supplies a want in his own generation, for some feeling to be announced, some truth to be revealed; and as this maxim is generally sound, as most great writers have lived in cities, Leonard dares not dwell on the exceptions; it is only success that justifies the attempt to be an exception to the common rule; and with the blunt manhood of his nature, which is not a poet's, Norreys sums up with "What then? One experiment has failed; fit your life to your genius, and try again." Try again! Easy counsel enough to the man of ready resource and quick combative mind; but to Leonard, how hard and how harsh! "Fit his life to his genius!"—renounce Contemplation and Nature for the jostle of Oxford Street!—would that life not scare away the genius forever? Perplexed and despondent, though still struggling for fortitude, he returns to his home, and there at his hearth awaits the Soother, and there is the voice that repeats the passages most beloved, and prophesies so confidently of future fame; and gradually all around smiles from the smile of Helen. And the profound conviction that Heaven places human happiness beyond the reach of the world's contempt or praise, circulates through his system and restores its serene calm. And he feels that the duty of the intellect is to accomplish and perfect itself—to harmonize its sounds into music that may be heard in heaven, though it wake not an echo on the earth. If this be done, as with some men, best amid the din and the discord, be it so; if, as with him, best in silence, be it so too. And the next day he reclines with Helen by the sea-shore, gazing calmly as before on the measureless sunlit ocean; and Helen, looking into his face, sees that it is sunlit as the deep. His hand steals within her own, in the gratitude that endears beyond the power of passion and he murmurs gently, "Blessed be the woman who consoles."

The work found its way at length into fame, and the fame sent its voices loud to the poet's home. But the applause of the world had not a sound so sweet to his ear, as, when in doubt, humiliation, and sadness, the lips of his Helen had whispered, "Hope! and believe."

Side by side with this picture of Woman the Consoler, let me place the companion sketch. Harley L'Estrange, shortly after his marriage with Violante, had been induced, whether at his bride's persuasions, or to dissipate the shadow with which Egerton's death still clouded his wedded felicity, to accept a temporary mission, half-military, half-civil, to one of our colonies. On this mission he had evinced so much ability, and achieved so signal a success, that on his return to England he was raised to the peerage, while his father yet lived to rejoice that the son who would succeed to his honors had achieved the nobler dignity of honors not inherited but won. High expectations were formed of Harley's parliamentary success; but he saw that such success, to be durable, must found itself on the knowledge of wearisome details, and the study of that practical business which jarred on his tastes, though it suited his talents. Harley had been indolent for so many years—and there is so much to make indolence captivating to a man whose rank is secured, who has nothing to ask from fortune, and who finds at his home no cares from which he seeks a distraction;—so he laughed at ambition in the whim of his delightful humors, and the expectations formed from his diplomatic triumph died away. But then came one of those political crises, in which men ordinarily indifferent to politics rouse themselves to the recollection that the experiment of legislation is not made upon dead matter, but the living form of a noble country. And in both Houses of Parliament the strength of party is put forth. It was a lovely day in spring, and Harley was seated by the window of his old room at Knightsbridge—now glancing to the lively green of the budding trees—now idling with Nero, who, though in canine old age, enjoys the sun like his master

—now repeating to himself, as he turns over the leaves of his favorite Horace, some of those lines that make the shortness of life the excuse for seizing its pleasures and eluding its fatigues, which form the staple morality of the polished epicurean—and Violante (into what glorious beauty her maiden bloom has matured!) comes softly into the room, seats herself on a low stool beside him, leaning her face on her hands, and looking up at him through her dark, clear, spiritual eyes; and, as she continues to speak, gradually a change comes over Harley's aspect—gradually the brow grows thoughtful, and the lips lose their playful smile. There is no hateful assumption of the would-be "superior woman"—no formal remonstrance, no lecture, no homily which grates upon masculine pride, but the high theme and the eloquent words elevate unconsciously of themselves, and the Horace is laid aside—a Parliamentary Blue Book has been, by some marvel or other, conjured there in its stead—and Violante now moves away as softly as she entered. Harley's hand detains her.

"Not so. Share the task, or I quit it. Here is an extract I condemn you to copy. Do you think I would go through this labor if you were not to halve the success?—halve the labor as well!"

And Violante, overjoyed, kisses away the implied rebuke, and sits down to work, so demure and so proud, by his side, I do not know if Harley made much way in the Blue Book that morning; but a little time after, he spoke in the Lords, and surpassed all that the most sanguine had hoped from his talents. The sweetness of fame and the consciousness of utility once fully tasted, Harley's consummation of his proper destinies was secure. A year later, and his voice was one of the influences of England. His boyish love of glory revived; no longer vague and dreamy, but ennobled into patriotism, and strengthened into purpose. And one evening, after a signal triumph, when his father returned home with him, and Violante—who, all lovely, all brilliant though she was, never went forth in her lord's absence, to lower, among fops and flatterers, the dignity of the name she so aspired to raise—sprang to meet him. Harley's eldest son—a boy yet in the nursery—had been kept up later than usual; perhaps Violante had anticipated her husband's triumph, and wished the son to share it. The old Earl beckoned the child to him, and, laying his hand on the infant's curly locks, said, with unusual seriousness:

"My boy, you may see troubled times in England before these hairs are as gray as mine; and your stake in England's honor and peace will be great. Heed this hint from an old man who had no talents to make a noise in the world, but who yet has been of some use in his generation. Neither sounding titles, nor wide lands, nor fine abilities will give you real joy, unless you hold yourself responsible for all to your God and to your country; and when you are tempted to believe that the gifts you may inherit from both entail no duties, or that duties are at war with true pleasure, remember how I placed you in your father's arms, and said, 'Let him be as proud of you some day, as I at this hour am of him.'"

The boy clung to his father's breast, and said, manfully, "I will try!" Harley bent his fair, smooth brow over the young earnest face, and said, softly, "Your mother speaks in you!"

Then the old Countess, who had remained silent and listening on her elbow chair, rose and kissed the Earl's hand reverently. Perhaps in that kiss there was the repentant consciousness how far the active goodness she had often secretly undervalued had exceeded, in its fruits, her own cold unproductive powers of will and mind. Then, passing on to Harley, her brow grew elate, and the pride returned to her eye.

"At last," she said, laying on his shoulder that light firm hand, from which he no longer shrunk—"at last, O my noble son, you have fulfilled all the promise of your youth!"

"If so," answered Harley, "it is because I have found what I then sought in vain." He drew his arm around Violante, and added, with half-tender, half-solemn smile—"Blessed is the woman who exalts!"

So, symboled forth in these twin and fair flowers which Eve saved for Earth out of Paradise, each with the virtue to heal or to strengthen, stored under the leaves that give sweets to the air;—here, soothing the heart when the world brings the trouble—here recruiting the soul which our sloth or our senses enervate, leave we Woman, at least, in the place Heaven assigns to her amidst the multiform "Varieties of Life."

Farewell to thee, gentle Reader; and go forth to the world, O My Novel!

THE LIVING AUTHORS OF ENGLAND.

BY SIR ARCHIBALD ALLISON.*

MACAULAY.

MACAULAY, as an essayist early began to give tokens of the vast and deserved reputation which he afterward acquired. Nature had singled him out for a great man: she had impressed the signet mark of genius on his mind. Endowed with vast powers of application and an astonishing memory, an accomplished scholar and erudite antiquarian, he had, at the same time, the brilliant genius which can apply the stores of learning to useful purposes, and the moving eloquence which can render them permanently attractive to mankind. It is hard to say whether his poetry, his speeches in Parliament, or his more brilliant essays, are the most charming; each has raised him to very great eminence, and would be sufficient to constitute the reputation of any ordinary man. That he was qualified to have taken a very high place in

* From the History of Europe from 1815 to 1852, &c., by Sir Archibald Alison, just published by Harper and Brothers.

oratory, is proved by many of his speeches in the House of Commons, particularly those on the Reform Bill . that he was a brilliant essayist will be doubted by none who have read his reviews of Lord Clive and Warren Hastings, perhaps the most perfect compositions of the kind in the English language; that he was imbued with the very soul of poetry is sufficiently evinced by his "Battle of the Lake Regillus," and his moving "Legends of Rome." Rarely, indeed, does a single mind exhibit a combination of such remarkable and opposite qualities. But perfection was never yet given to a child of Adam, and the traces of the weakness common to all may be discerned in him in the very brilliancy of the qualities which render him so attractive. His imagination often snatches the reins from his reason; his ardor dims his equanimity. His views, always ingenious, generally eloquently supported, are not uniformly just; his powers as a rhetorician sometimes make him forget his duties as a judge; he is too often splendid rather than impartial. The reader will never fail to be interested by his narrative; but he is not equally certain to be instructed: the impression left, however brilliant, is often fallacious; and the fascinating volume is often closed with regret that the first pleader at the bar of posterity has not yet been raised to the bench. . . . . Genius the most transcendent, eloquence the most captivating, graphic power the most brilliant, shine forth in all his pages, united to learning the most extensive, and research the most unwearied. It is this combination of the imaginative with the laborious qualities, of the flights of fancy with the solidity of information, which renders his works so remarkable, and in that respect unrivaled in modern literature. If their calmness of judgment and impartiality of statement were equal to their profusion of learning and brilliancy of style, they would be without a parallel in modern historical literature. His mind is not merely poetical but systematic, and where not influenced by the zeal of a partisan, no one can exhibit more of the wisdom of a statesman, or the far-seeing glance of a philosopher. Unfortunately, however the ardor of his mind has sometimes disturbed its equanimity; his learning is greater than his impartiality, his power of description than his equity of judgment. He has given, so far as he has yet gone, the most brilliant and fascinating, but not the most trustworthy or impartial history in the English language. It is not by the allegations of any thing which is erroneous or can be disproved by authentic evidence, so much as by keeping out of view what is equally true but adverse to the side which he has espoused, that this is done. He is more a brilliant barrister than an upright judge. Instances of this disposition appear in many parts of his writings. His style, always condensed and pregnant, is sometimes labored; his ideas often succeed each other too rapidly; the mind of the reader can scarcely keep pace with the rapidity of thought in the writer. Filled to repletion with a succession of striking thoughts and brilliant images, the student of his History sometimes sighs for the repose, even the tedium, of ordinary narrative. The immortal episodes of Livy owe much of their charm to the simplicity of the narrative with which they are environed; the fascination of Scottish scenery is heightened by the long tracts of dusky moor which separate its sequestered glens and glassy lakes.

JAMES.

If Mr James's works have not all equal merit, and frequent repetition of images and scenes is to be found in them, they are entirely exempt from many of the blemishes which disfigure some of those of his contemporaries which, in the outset, have acquired greater popularity. There is a constant appeal in his brilliant pages not only to the pure and generous, but to the elevated and noble sentiments; he is imbued with the very soul of chivalry, and all his stories turn on the final triumph of those who are influenced by such feelings over such as are swayed by selfish or base desire. He possesses great pictorial powers, and a remarkable facility of turning his graphic pen at will to the delineation of the most distant and opposite scenes, manners, and social customs. His best novels—*Attila*, *Philip Augustus*, *Mary of Burgundy*, and the *Robbers*—must ever hold a very high place in English literature. In his works may be discerned the varied capabilities of the HISTORICAL ROMANCE of which Sir Walter Scott was the great founder, and which has so immensely augmented both the interest and utility of works of imagination, by at once extending the sphere of their scenes and rendering them the vehicles of information as well as amusement. Not a word or a thought which can give pain to the purest heart ever escapes from his pen; and the mind wearied with the cares, and grieved at the self ishness of the world, reverts with pleasure to his varied compositions, which carry it back, as it were, to former days, and portray, perhaps in too brilliant colors, the ideas and manners of the olden time. But, with these great and varied merits, he can not be placed in the first rank of romance writers; he wants the chief qualities requisite for its attainment. He has no dramatic powers: his dialogue is seldom brilliant, often tedious, and totally deficient in the brevity and antithesis which is the very soul of conversational success. His mind is pictorial more than reflecting, his descriptions rather of external objects than internal feelings. It is in the last, however, that the greatest charm of romance is to be found: it is not so much by describing physical nature as by reopening the fountains of tenderness, which once have gushed forth in every bosom, that the wand of the intellectual magician, like that of Moses, refreshes the soul. wearied amidst the wilderness of life, and carries it back, perhaps only for a few minutes, to the brightest moments on which memory can dwell

BULWER.

If the romances of Mr. James are deficient in the delineation of the secret feelings that dwell

in the recesses of the heart, the same can not be said of the next great novelist whose genius has adorned English literature. In the highest qualities required in this branch of composition, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton stands pre-eminent, and entitled to a place beside Scott himself, at the very head of the prose writers of works of imagination in our country. Born of a noble family, the inheritor of ancestral halls of uncommon splendor and interest, he has received from his Norman forefathers the qualities which rendered them noble. No man was ever more thoroughly imbued with the elevated thoughts, the chivalrous feelings, which are the true mark of patrician blood; and which, however they may be admired by others, never perhaps exist in such purity as in those who, like the Arab steeds of high descent, can trace their pedigree back through a long series of ancestors. In delineating the passion of love, and unfolding its secret feelings, as well in his own as the opposite sex, he is unrivaled in English literature; Madame de Staël herself has not portrayed it with greater truth or beauty. In that respect he is greatly superior to Scott, who cared little for sentiment, and when he did paint the tender feelings, did so from their external symptoms, and from the observation of others only. Bulwer would seem to have drawn his pictures from a much truer and wider source—his own experience. He describes so powerfully and so well because he has felt so deeply. There is no portrait so faithful as that which is drawn by a great master of himself. *Rienzi* is one of the most perfect historical romances—*Godolphin* and *Ernest Maltravers* among the most interesting and charming novels in the English language. Nor is he only remarkable as a novel-writer—he is at the same time a successful poet and dramatist. He has inhaled the kindred spirit of Schiller in the translation of his ballads. His *Timon* is by far the most brilliant satire, his plays the most popular dramatic compositions, of the age in which he lives.

If some of his other works are not of equal merit, it is only the usual fate of genius to be more happy in some conceptions than in others. In all, the marks of deep reflection and profound thought are to be seen, as well as great observation of, and power in delineating character. A more serious defect is to be found in the occasional choice of his subject, and the charms with which his magic pencil has sometimes environed vice. The greatest admirer of his genius can not but feel surprised that he should have chosen as the heroine of one of his novels a woman who commits three murders, including that of her own husband and son; or regret that one so capable of charming the world by pictures of romance in its most elevated form, should ever have exerted his powers on the description of low life, or characters and scenes of the most shocking depravity. It is true he never makes licentiousness in the end successful, and the last impression in his works, as well as innumerable exquisite reflections, are all on the side of virtue; but in intermediate stages it appears often so attractive that no final catastrophe can counteract the previous impression. Every one knows that this is no more than what occurs in real life; but that is just the reason why additional force should not be given to it by the charms of imagination. It is true painting requires contrast, and the mixture of light and shade is requisite to bring out the forms and illustrate the beauty of nature; but the painter of the mind, not less than material objects, would do well to recollect the rule of Titian, that the greater part of every picture should be in mezzotinto, and a small portion only in deep shade.

DISRAELI.

Disraeli, long known as a brilliant satirist and romance-writer, before he was elevated to the lead of the House of Commons, is an author different from either Mr. James or Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, but with merits of a very high description. He is not feudal and pictorial, like the first—nor profound and tender, like the last; he is more political and discursive than either. He has great powers of description, an admirable talent for dialogue, and remarkable force, as well as truth, in the delineation of character. His novels are constructed, so far as the story goes, on the true dramatic principles, and the interest sustained with true dramatic effect. His mind is essentially of a reflecting character; his novels are, in a great degree, pictures of public men or parties in political life. He has many strong opinions—perhaps some singular prepossessions—and his imaginative works are, in a great degree, the vehicle for their transmission. To any one who studies them with attention, it will not appear surprising that he should be even more eminent in public life than in the realms of imagination; that the brilliant author of *Coningsby* should be the dreaded debater in the House of Commons—of *Vivian Grey*, the able and lucid Chancellor of the Exchequer. His career affords a striking example of the truth of Dr. Johnson's observation, that what is usually called particular genius, is nothing but strong natural parts accidentally turned into one direction; and that when nature has conferred powers of the highest description, chance or supreme direction alone determines what course their possessor is to follow.

DICKENS.

The strong turn which romance and novel-writing, in the first half of the nineteenth century, took to the delineation of high life with its charms, its vices, and its follies, naturally led to a reaction, and a school arose, the leaders of which, discarding all attempts at patrician painting, aimed at the representation of the manners, customs, ideas, and habits of middle and low life. The field thus opened was immense, and great abilities were early turned to its cultivation. At the very head of this school, both in point of time and talents, must be placed Mr. Dickens, whose works early rose into great, it may be said, unexampled celebrity. That they possess very high merits, is obvious from this circum-

stance. No one ever commands, even for a time, the suffrages of the multitude without the possession, in some respects at least, of remarkable powers. Nor is it difficult to see what, in Mr. Dickens' case, these powers are. To extraordinary talents for the delineation of the manners and ideas of middle life, and a thorough acquaintance with them in all their stages below the highest, he unites a feeling and sensitive heart, a warm interest in social happiness and improvement, and most remarkable powers for the pathetic. To this must be added, that he is free from the principal defects of the writers who have preceded him in the same line, and which have now banished their works from our drawing-rooms. Though treating of the same subjects and grades in society, he has none of the indelicacy of our older novelists. We see in him the talent of Fielding, without his indecency—the humor of Smollett, without his grossness. These brilliant qualities, joined to the novelty and extent of the field on which he entered, early secured for him a vast circulation and wide-spread reputation. It was founded on more than the merit, great as it was, of the author—selfish feelings in the readers combined with genius in the writer in working out his success The great and the affluent rejoiced in secret at beholding the manners of the middle class so graphically drawn. To them it was a new world: it had the charm of foreign traveling They said in their inmost hearts, "How different they are from us!" The middle class were equally charmed with the portrait; every one recognized in it the picture of his neighbor —none of himself.

SAMUEL WARREN.

Mr. Warren has taken a lasting place among the imaginative writers of this period of English history. He possesses, in a remarkable manner, the tenderness of heart and vividness of feeling, as well as powers of description, which are essential to the delineation of the pathetic, and which, when existing in the degree in which he enjoys them, fill his pages with scenes which can never be forgotten. His *Diary of a Physician* and *Ten Thousand a Year* are a proof of this; they are, and chiefly for this reason, among the most popular works of imagination that this age has produced Mr. Warren, like so many other romance-writers of the age, has often filled his canvas with pictures of middle and humble life to an extent which those whose taste is fixed on the elevating and the lofty will not altogether approve. But that is the fault of the age rather than the man It is amply redeemed, even in the eyes of those who regard it as a blemish, by the gleams of genius which shine through the dark clouds of melancholy with which his conceptions are so often invested—by the exquisite pathetic scenes with which they abound—and the pure and ennobling objects to which his compositions, even when painting ordinary life, are uniformly directed.

CARLYLE.

Carlyle is the object of impassioned admiration, not only to a large class of readers, but to many whose taste and acquirements entitle their opinions to the very highest respect. Nature has impressed upon his mind the signet-mark of genius. A sure test of it is, that there is perhaps no writer of the age who has made so many original and profound remarks, or ones which strike you so much when transplanted into the comparatively commonplace pages of ordinary writers. But it is to his detached and isolated thoughts that this high praise chiefly applies; as a whole, his ideas are not calculated to command equal respect, at least with the generality of men. He is essentially a "Hero-worshiper," and the defects as well as the merits of that disposition are strongly marked in his writings. He has made strenuous efforts to glorify several doubtful, and write down several celebrated characters recorded in history; and that is always a perilous attempt;—for the voice of ages arising from the general opinion and experience of men is, in the ordinary case, founded in truth; and the author who attempts to gainsay it, runs the risk, when "he meant to commit murder, of only committing suicide." Mr. Carlyle has great powers in the delineation of the terrible and the pathetic; numerous instances of both in his history of the French Revolution, will immediately recur to the recollection of every reader. But his style, founded upon an unbounded admiration and undue imitation of the German idiom, appears often harsh and discordant to the reader; and this peculiarity will probably prevent his writings from ever acquiring the popularity of standard works with the great body of English readers.

CHALMERS.

Chalmers, though his name is attached to no work commensurate to the great fame he enjoyed during his life, has made a vast impression on the minds of his countrymen, and deservedly earned a high place in the bright assembly of Scottish Worthies. He was gifted with very great natural powers, which had been scattered rather than condensed by the style of education then generally given in his country. He was not very learned; his information was various rather than extensive on any one subject; and we shall look in vain in his writings for those stores of erudition, which, when brought forth by genius, and arranged by philosophy, form the only true foundation for lasting fame in the mental or social concerns of men. But Chalmers, notwithstanding, was a great man. Within the limits which nature or education had prescribed to him, he did great things The fervor of his mind, the brilliancy of his genius, overcame every obstacle, supplied every deficiency, at least for the purposes of present gratification to his audience or his readers. His oratorical powers were very great—greater, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries. No one so entirely thrilled the hearts of his audience, or swept away every mind in one irresistible burst of common emotion. His judgment, however, was not so strong as his fancy; his opinions are not to be so implicitly relied on as his genius is to be admired. If his writings,

however, often do not materially inform the understanding, or safely regulate the judgment, they never fail to charm the imagination, and move the feelings by the fervent piety, benevolent spirit, and enlarged understanding which they evince, and the brilliant eloquence in which they are always couched.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Interlopers.

NOW do these two gentlemen not very neat about the cuffs and buttons, who attended the last Coroner's Inquest at the Sol's Arms, reappear in the precincts with surprising swiftness (being, in fact, breathlessly fetched by the active and intelligent beadle), and institute perquisitions through the court, and dive into the Sol's parlor, and write with ravenous little pens on tissue-paper. Now do they note down, in the watches of the night, how the neighborhood of Chancery Lane was yesterday, at about midnight, thrown into a state of the most intense agitation and excitement by the following alarming and horrible discovery. Now do they set forth how it will doubtless be remembered, that some time back a painful sensation was created in the public mind, by a case of mysterious death from opium occurring in the first floor of the house occupied as a rag, bottle, and general marine store-shop, by an eccentric individual of intemperate habits, far advanced in life, named Krook; and how, by a remarkable coincidence, Krook was examined at the inquest, which, it may be recollected, was held on that occasion at the Sol's Arms, a well-conducted tavern, immediately adjoining the premises in question, on the west side, and licensed to a highly respectable landlord, Mr. James George Bogsby. Now do they show (in as many words as possible), how during some hours of yesterday evening a very peculiar smell was observed by the inhabitants of the court, in which the tragical occurrence which forms the subject of that present account transpired; and which odor was at one time so powerful, that Mr. Swills, a comic vocalist, professionally engaged by Mr. J. G. Bogsby, has himself stated to our reporter that he mentioned to Miss M. Melvilleson, a lady of some pretensions to musical ability, likewise engaged by Mr. J. G. Bogsby to sing at a series of concerts called Harmonic Assemblies or Meetings, which it would appear are held at the Sol's Arms, under Mr. Bogsby's direction, pursuant to the Act of George the Second, that he (Mr. Swills) found his voice seriously affected by the impure state of the atmosphere; his jocose expression, at the time, being, "that he was like an empty post-office, for he hadn't a single note in him." How this account of Mr. Swills is entirely corroborated by two intelligent married females residing in the same court, and known respectively by the names of Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Perkins; both of whom observed the fœtid effluvia, and regarded them as being emitted from the premises in the occupation of Krook, the unfortunate deceased. All this and a great deal more, the two gentlemen, who have formed an amicable partnership in the melancholy catastrophe, write down on the spot; and the boy population of the court (out of bed in a moment) swarm up the shutters of the Sol's Arm's parlor, to behold the tops of their heads while they are about it.

The whole court, adult as well as boy, is sleepless for that night, and can do nothing but wrap up its many heads, and talk of the ill-fated house, and look at it. Miss Flite has been bravely rescued from her chamber, as if it were in flames, and accommodated with a bed at the Sol's Arms. The Sol neither turns off its gas nor shuts its door, all night; for any kind of public excitement makes good for the Sol, and causes the court to stand in need of comfort. The house has not done so much in the stomachic article of cloves, or in brandy and water warm, since the Inquest. The moment the potboy heard what had happened, he rolled up his shirt-sleeves tight to his shoulders, and said, "There'll be a run upon us!" In the first outcry, Young Piper dashed off for the fire-engines; and returned in triumph at a jolting gallop, perched up aloft on the Phœnix, and holding on to that fabulous creature with all his might, in the midst of helmets and torches. One helmet remains behind, after careful investigation of all chinks and crannies; and slowly paces up and down before the house, in company with one of the two policemen who have been likewise left in charge thereof. To this trio, every body in the court, possessed of sixpence, has an insatiate desire to exhibit hospitality in a liquid form.

Mr. Weevle and his friend Mr. Guppy are within the bar at the Sol, and are worth any thing to the Sol that the bar contains, if they will only stay there. "This is not a time," says Mr. Bogsby, "to haggle about money," though he looks something sharply after it, over the counter; "give your orders, you two gentlemen, and you're welcome to whatever you put a name to."

Thus entreated, the two gentlemen (Mr. Weevle especially) put names to so many things, that in course of time they find it difficult to put a name to any thing quite distinctly; though they still relate, to all new-comers, some version of the night they have had of it, and of what they said, and what they thought, and what they saw. Meanwhile, one or other of the policemen often flits about the door, and, pushing it open a little way at the full length of his arm, looks in from outer gloom. Not that he has any suspicions, but that he may as well know what they are up to in there.

Thus, night pursues its leaden course; finding the court still out of bed through the unwonted hours, still treating and being treated, still conducting itself similarly to a court that has had a little money left it unexpectedly. Thus, night at length with slow-retreating steps departs, and the lamp-lighter going his rounds, like an executioner to a despotic king, strikes off the little

* Continued from the January Number.

heads of fire that have aspired to lessen the darkness. Thus, the day cometh, whether or no.

And the day may discern, even with its dim London eye, that the court has been up all night. Over and above the faces that have fallen drowsily on tables, and the heels that lie prone on hard floors instead of beds, the brick and mortar physiognomy of the very court itself looks worn and jaded. And now the neighborhood waking up, and beginning to hear of what has happened, comes streaming in, half-dressed, to ask questions; and the two policemen and the helmet (who are far less impressible externally than the court) have enough to do to keep the door.

"Good gracious, gentlemen!" says Mr. Snagsby, coming up. "What's this I hear?"

"Why, it's true," returns one of the policemen. "That's what it is. Now move on here, come!"

"Why, good gracious, gentlemen," says Mr. Snagsby, somewhat promptly backed away, "I was at this door last night betwixt ten and eleven o'clock, in conversation with the young man who lodges here."

"Indeed?" returns the policeman. "You will find the young man next door, then. Now move on here, some of you."

"No hurt, I hope?" says Mr. Snagsby.

"Hurt? No. What's to hurt him!"

Mr. Snagsby, wholly unable to answer this, or any other question, in his troubled mind, repairs to the Sol's Arms, and finds Mr. Weevle languishing over tea and toast; with a considerable expression on him of exhausted excitement, and exhausted tobacco-smoke.

"And Mr. Guppy likewise!" quoth Mr. Snagsby. "Dear, dear, dear! What a Fate there seems in all this! And my lit—"

Mr. Snagsby's power of speech deserts him in the formation of the words "my little woman." For, to see that injured female walk into the Sol's Arms at that hour of the morning and stand before the beer-engine, with her eyes fixed upon him like an accusing spirit, strikes him dumb.

"My dear," says Mr. Snagsby, when his tongue is loosened, "will you take any thing? A little—not to put too fine a point upon it—drop of shrub?"

"No," says Mrs. Snagsby.

"My love, you know these two gentlemen?"

"Yes!" says Mrs. Snagsby; and in a rigid manner acknowledges their presence, still fixing Mr. Snagsby with her eye.

The devoted Mr. Snagsby can not bear this treatment. He takes Mrs. Snagsby by the hand, and leads her aside to an adjacent cask.

"My little woman, why do you look at me in that way? Pray, don't do it."

"I can't help my looks," says Mrs. Snagsby, "and if I could I wouldn't."

Mr. Snagsby, with his cough of meekness, rejoins—"Wouldn't you really, my dear?" and meditates. Then coughs his cough of trouble, and says, "This is a dreadful mystery, my love!" still fearfully disconcerted by Mrs. Snagsby's eye.

"It *is*," returns Mrs. Snagsby, shaking her head, "a dreadful mystery."

"My little woman," urges Mr. Snagsby, in a piteous manner, "don't, for goodness sake, speak to me with that bitter expression, and look at me in that searching way! I beg and entreat of you not to do it. Good Lord, you don't suppose that I would go spontaneously combusting any person, my dear?"

"I can't say," returns Mrs. Snagsby.

On a hasty review of his unfortunate position, Mr. Snagsby "can't say," either. He is not prepared positively to deny that he may have had something to do with it. He has had something—he don't know what—to do with so much in this connection that is mysterious, that it is possible he may even be implicated, without knowing it, in the present transaction. He faintly wipes his forehead with his handkerchief, and gasps.

"My life," says the unhappy stationer, "would you have any objections to mention why, being in general so delicately circumspect in your conduct, you come into a Wine Vaults before breakfast?"

"Why do *you* come here?" inquires Mrs. Snagsby.

"My dear, merely to know the rights of the fatal accident which has happened to the venerable party who has been—combusted." Mr. Snagsby has made a pause to suppress a groan. "I should then have related them to you, my love, over your French roll."

"I dare say you would! You relate every thing to me, Mr. Snagsby."

"Every—my lit—"

"I should be glad," says Mrs. Snagsby, after contemplating his increased confusion with a severe and scornful smile, "if you would come home with me; I think you may be safer there, Mr. Snagsby, than any where else."

"My love, I don't know but what I may be, I am sure. I am ready to go."

Mr. Snagsby casts his eyes forlornly round the bar, gives Messrs. Weevle and Guppy good-morning, assures them of the satisfaction with which he sees them uninjured, and accompanies Mrs. Snagsby from the Sol's Arms. Before night, his doubt whether he may not be responsible for some inconceivable part in the catastrophe which is the talk of the whole neighborhood, is almost resolved into certainty by Mrs. Snagsby's pertinacity in that fixed gaze. His mental sufferings are so great, that he entertains wandering ideas of delivering himself up to justice, and requiring to be cleared, if innocent, and punished with the utmost rigor of the law, if guilty.

Mr. Weevle and Mr. Guppy, having taken their breakfast, step into Lincoln's Inn to take a little walk about the square, and clear as many of the dark cobwebs out of their brains as a little walk may.

"There can be no more favorable time than the present, Tony," says Mr. Guppy, after they have broodingly made out the four sides of the square, "for a word or two between us, upon a

point on which we must, with very little delay, come to an understanding."

"Now, I tell you what, William G.!" returns the other, eying his companion with a bloodshot eye. "If it's a point of conspiracy, you needn't take the trouble to mention it. I have had enough of that, and I ain't going to have any more. We shall have *you* taking fire next, or blowing up with a bang."

This supposititious phenomenon is so very disagreeable to Mr. Guppy that his voice quakes, as he says in a moral way, "Tony, I should have thought that what we went through last night, would have been a lesson to you never to be personal any more as long as you lived." To which Mr. Weevle returns, "William, I should have thought it would have been a lesson to *you* never to conspire any more as long as you lived." To which Mr. Guppy says, "Who's conspiring?" To which Mr. Jobling replies, "Why, *you* are!" To which Mr. Guppy retorts, "No, I am not." To which Mr. Jobling retorts again, "Yes, you are!" To which Mr. Guppy retorts, "Who says so?" To which Mr. Jobling retorts, "*I* say so!" To which Mr. Guppy retorts, "Oh, indeed?" To which Mr. Jobling retorts, "Yes, indeed!" And both being now in a heated state, they walk on silently for a while, to cool down again.

"Tony," says Mr. Guppy, then, "if you heard your friend out, instead of flying at him, you wouldn't fall into mistakes. But your temper is hasty, and you are not considerate. Possessing in yourself, Tony, all that is calculated to charm the eye—"

"Oh! Blow the eye!" cries Mr. Weevle, cutting him short. "Say what you have got to say. Get on with your barrow!"

Finding his friend in this morose and material condition, Mr. Guppy only expresses the finer feelings of his soul through the tone of injury in which he recommences:

"Tony, when I say there is a point on which we must come to an understanding pretty soon, I say so quite apart from any kind of conspiring, however innocent. You know it is professionally arranged beforehand, in all cases that are tried, what facts the witnesses are to prove. Is it, or is it not, desirable that we should know what facts we are to prove, on the inquiry into the death of this unfortunate old Mo— gentleman?" (Mr. Guppy was going to say, Mogul, but thinks gentleman better suited to the circumstances).

"What facts? *The* facts."

"Exactly. The facts bearing on that inquiry. Those are—" Mr. Guppy tells them off on his fingers—"what we knew of his habits; when you saw him last; what his condition was then; the discovery that we made, and how we made it."

"Yes," says Mr. Weevle. "Those are about the facts."

"We made the discovery, in consequence of his having, in his eccentric way, an appointment with you for twelve o'clock at night, when you were to explain some writing to him, as you had often done before, on account of his not being able to read. I, spending the evening with you, was called down—and so forth. The inquiry being only into the circumstances touching the death of the deceased, it's not necessary to go beyond these facts, I suppose you'll agree?"

"No!" returns Mr. Weevle. "I suppose not."

"And this is not a conspiracy, perhaps?" says the injured Guppy.

"No," returns his friend; "if it's nothing worse than this, I withdraw the observation."

"Now, Tony," says Mr. Guppy, taking his arm again, and walking him slowly on, "I should like to know, in a friendly way, whether you have yet thought over the many advantages of your continuing to live at that place?"

"What do you mean?" says Tony, stopping.

"Whether you have yet thought over the many advantages of your continuing to live at that place?" repeats Mr. Guppy, walking him on again.

"At what place? *That* place?" pointing in the direction of the rag and bottle shop.

Mr. Guppy nods.

"Why, I wouldn't pass another night there, for any consideration that you could offer me," says Mr. Weevle, haggardly staring.

"Do you mean it though, Tony?"

"Mean it! Do I look as if I meant it? I feel as if I do; I know that," says Mr. Weevle, with a very genuine shudder.

"Then the possibility, or probability—for such it must be considered—of your never being disturbed in possession of those effects, lately belonging to a lone old man who seemed to have no relation in the world; and the certainty of your being able to find out what he really had got stored up there; don't weigh with you at all against last night, Tony, if I understand you?" says Mr. Guppy, biting his thumb with the appetite of vexation.

"Certainly not. Talk in that cool way of a fellow's living there?" cries Mr. Weevle, indignantly. "Go and live there yourself."

"O! I, Tony!" says Mr. Guppy, soothing him. "I have never lived there, and couldn't get a lodging there now; whereas you have got one."

"You are welcome to it," rejoins his friend, "and—ugh!—you may make yourself at home in it."

"Then you really and truly at this point," says Mr. Guppy, "give up the whole thing, if I understand you, Tony?"

"You never," returns Tony, with a most convincing steadfastness, "said a truer word in all your life. I do!"

While they are so conversing, a hackney-coach drives into the square, on the box of which vehicle a very tall hat makes itself manifest to the public. Inside the coach, and consequently not so manifest to the multitude, though sufficiently so to the two friends, for the coach stops almost at their feet, are the venerable Mr. Smallweed and Mrs. Smallweed, accompanied by their

grand-daughter Judy. An air of haste and excitement pervades the party; and as the tall hat (surmounting Mr. Smallweed the younger) alights, Mr. Smallweed the elder pokes his head out of window, and bawls to Mr. Guppy, "How de do, sir! How de do!"

"What do Chick and his family want here at this time of the morning, I wonder!" says Mr. Guppy, nodding to his familiar.

"My dear sir," cries Grandfather Smallweed, "would you do me a favor? Would you and your friend be so very obleeging as to carry me into the public-house in the court, while Bart and his sister bring their grandmother along? Would you do an old man that good turn, sir?"

Mr. Guppy looks at his friend, repeating inquiringly, "the public-house in the court?" And they prepare to bear the venerable burden to the Sol's Arms.

"There's your fare!" says the Patriarch to the coachman with a fierce grin, and shaking his incapable fist at him. "Ask me for a penny more, and I'll have my lawful revenge upon you. My dear young men, be easy with me, if you please. Allow me to catch you round the neck. I won't squeeze you tighter than I can help. O Lord! O dear me! O my bones!"

It is well that the Sol is not far off, for Mr. Weevle presents an apoplectic appearance before half the distance is accomplished. With no worse aggravation of his symptoms, however, than the utterance of divers croaking sounds, expressive of obstructed respiration, he fulfills his share of the porterage, and the benevolent old gentleman is deposited by his own desire in the parlor of the Sol's Arms.

"O Lord!" gasps Mr. Smallweed, looking about him, breathless, from an arm-chair. "O dear me! O my bones and back! O my aches and pains! Sit down, you dancing, prancing, shambling, scrambling poll parrot! Sit down!"

This little apostrophe to Mrs. Smallweed is occasioned by a propensity on the part of that unlucky old lady, whenever she finds herself on her feet, to amble about, and "set" to inanimate objects, accompanying herself with a chattering noise, as in a witch dance. A nervous affection has probably as much to do with these demonstrations, as any imbecile intention in the poor old woman; but on the present occasion they are so particularly lively in connection with a Windsor arm-chair, fellow to that in which Mr. Smallweed is seated, that she only quite desists when her grandchildren have held her down in it: her lord in the mean while bestowing upon her, with great volubility, the endearing epithet of "a pig-headed Jackdaw," repeated a surprising number of times.

"My dear sir," Grandfather Smallweed then proceeds, addressing Mr. Guppy, "there has been a calamity here. Have you heard of it, either of you?"

"Heard of it, sir! Why, we discovered it."

"You discovered it. You two discovered it! Bart, *they* discovered it!"

They two discoverers stare at the Smallweeds, who return the compliment.

"My dear friends," whines Grandfather Smallweed putting out both his hands, "I owe you a thousand thanks for discharging the melancholy office of discovering the ashes of Mrs. Smallweed's brother."

"Eh?" says Mr. Guppy.

"Mrs. Smallweed's brother, my dear friend—her only relation. We were not on terms, which is to be deplored now, but he never *would* be on terms. He was not fond of us. He was eccentric—he was very eccentric. Unless he has left a will (which is not at all likely) I shall take out letters of administration. I have come down to look after the property; it must be sealed up, it must be protected. I have come down," repeats Grandfather Smallweed, hooking the air toward him with all his ten fingers at once, "to look after the property."

"I think, Small," says the disconsolate Mr. Guppy, "you might have mentioned that the old man was your uncle."

"You two were so close about him that I thought you would like me to be the same," returns that old bird, with a secretly glistening eye. "Besides, I wasn't proud of him."

"Besides which, it was nothing to you, you know, whether he was or not," says Judy. Also with a secretly glistening eye.

"He never saw me in his life, to know me," observes Small; "I don't know why I should introduce *him*, I am sure!"

"No, he never communicated with us—which is to be deplored," the old gentleman strikes in; "but I have come to look after the property—to look over the papers, and to look after the property. We shall make good our title. It is in the hands of my solicitor. Mr. Tulkinghorn, of Lincoln's Inn Fields, over the way there, is so good as to act as my solicitor; and grass don't grow under *his* feet, I can tell ye. Krook was Mrs. Smallweed's only brother; she had no relation but Krook, and Krook had no relation but Mrs. Smallweed. I am speaking of your brother, you brimstone black-beetle, that was seventy-six years of age."

Mrs. Smallweed instantly begins to shake her head, and pipe up, "Seventy-six pound seven and sevenpence! Seventy-six thousand bags of money! Seventy-six hundred thousand million of parcels of bank notes!"

"Will somebody give me a quart pot?" exclaims her exasperated husband, looking helplessly about him, and finding no missile within his reach. "Will somebody obleege me with a spittoon? Will somebody hand me any thing hard and bruising to pelt at her? You hag, you cat, you dog, you brimstone barker!" Here Mr. Smallweed, wrought up to the highest pitch by his own eloquence, actually throws Judy at her grandmother in default of any thing else, by butting that young virgin at the old lady with such force as he can muster, and then dropping into his chair in a heap.

"Shake me up, somebody, if you'll be so good," says the voice from within the faintly struggling bundle into which he has collapsed. "I have come to look after the property. Shake me up; and call in the police on duty at the next house, to be explained to about the property. My solicitor will be here presently to protect the property. Transportation or the gallows for any body who shall touch the property!" As his dutiful grandchildren set him up, panting, and put him through the usual restorative process of shaking and punching, he still repeats like an echo, "the—the property! The property!—property!"

Mr. Weevle and Mr. Guppy look at each other; the former as having relinquished the whole affair; the latter with a discomfited countenance, as having entertained some lingering expectations yet. But there is nothing to be done in opposition to the Smallweed interest. Mr. Tulkinghorn's clerk comes down from his official pew in the chambers, to mention to the police that Mr. Tulkinghorn is answerable for its being all correct about the next of kin, and that the papers and effects will be formally taken possession of in due time and course. Mr. Smallweed is at once permitted so far to assert his supremacy as to be carried on a visit of sentiment into the next house, and up-stairs into Miss Flite's deserted room, where he looks like a hideous bird of prey newly added to her aviary.

The arrival of this unexpected heir soon taking wind in the court, still makes good for the Sol, and keeps the court upon its mettle. Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Perkins think it hard upon the young man if there really is no will, and consider that a handsome present ought to be made him out of the estate. Young Piper and Young Perkins, as members of that restless juvenile circle which is the terror of the foot-passengers in Chancery Lane, crumble into ashes behind the pump and under the archway, all day long; where wild yells and hootings take place over their remains. Little Swills and Miss M. Melvilleson enter into affable conversation with their patrons, feeling that these unusual occurrences level the barriers between professionals and non-professionals. Mr. Bogsby puts up "The popular song of KING DEATH! with chorus by the whole strength of the company," as the great Harmonic feature of the week; and announces in the bill that "J. G. B. is induced to do so at a considerable extra expense, in consequence of a wish which has been very generally expressed at the bar by a large body of respectable individuals and in homage to a late melancholy event which has aroused so much sensation." There is one point connected with the deceased, upon which the court is particularly anxious; namely, that the fiction of a full-sized coffin should be preserved, though there is so little to put in it. Upon the undertaker's stating in the course of the day, that he has received orders to construct "a six-footer," the general solicitude is much relieved, and it is considered that Mr. Smallweed's conduct does him great honor.

Out of the court, and a long way out of it, there is considerable excitement too; for men of science and philosophy come to look, and carriages set down doctors at the corner who arrive with the same intent, and there is more learned talk about inflammable gases and phosphuretted hydrogen than the court has ever imagined. Some of these authorities (of course the wisest) hold with indignation that the deceased had no business to die in the alleged manner; and being reminded by other authorities of a certain inquiry into the evidence for such deaths, reprinted in the sixth volume of the Philosophical Transactions; and also of a book not quite unknown, on English Medical Jurisprudence; and likewise of the Italian case of the Countess Cornelia Baudi, as set forth in detail by one Bianchini, prebendary of Verona, who wrote a scholarly work or so, and was occasionally heard of in his time as having gleams of reason in him; and also of the testimony of Messrs. Foderé and Mere, two pestilent Frenchmen who *would* investigate the subject; and further, of the corroborative testimony of Monsieur Le Cat, a rather celebrated French surgeon once upon a time, who had the unpoliteness to live in a house where such a case occurred, and even to write an account of it;—still they regard the late Mr. Krook's obstinacy, in going out of the world by any such by-way, as wholly unjustifiable and personally offensive. The less the court understands of all this, the more the court likes it; and the greater enjoyment it has in the stock in trade of the Sol's Arms. Then, there comes the artist of a picture newspaper, with a foreground and figures ready drawn for any thing, from a wreck on the Cornish coast to a review in Hyde Park, or a meeting at Manchester—and in Mrs. Perkins's own room, memorable evermore, he then and there throws in upon the block, Mr. Krook's house, as large as life; in fact, considerably larger, making a very Temple of it. Similarly, being permitted to look in at the door of the fatal chamber, he depicts that apartment as three quarters of a mile long, by fifty yards high; at which the court is particularly charmed. All this time, the two gentlemen before mentioned pop in and out of every house, and assist at the philosophical disputations—go every where, and listen to every body—and yet are always diving into the Sol's parlor, and writing with the ravenous little pens on the tissue-paper.

At last come the coroner and his inquiry, like as before, except that the coroner cherishes this case as being out of the common way, and tells the gentlemen of the Jury, in his private capacity, that "that would seem to be an unlucky house next door, gentlemen, a destined house; but so we sometimes find it, and these are mysteries we can't account for!" After which the six-footer comes into action, and is much admired.

In all these proceedings Mr. Guppy has so slight a part, except when he gives his evidence, that he is moved on like a private individual, and can only haunt the secret house on the outside; where he has the mortification of seeing Mr.

Smallweed padlocking the door, and of bitterly knowing himself to be shut out. But before these proceedings draw to a close, that is to say, on the night next after the catastrophe, Mr. Guppy has a thing to say that must be said to Lady Dedlock.

For which reason, with a sinking heart, and with that hang-dog sense of guilt upon him which dread and watching, enfolded in the Sol's Arms, have produced, the young man of the name of Guppy presents himself at the town mansion at about seven o'clock in the evening, and requests to see her ladyship. Mercury replies that she is going out to dinner: don't he see the carriage at the door? Yes, he does see the carriage at the door; but he wants to see my lady too.

Mercury is disposed, as he will presently declare to a fellow-gentleman in waiting, "to pitch into the young man;" but his instructions are positive. Therefore he sulkily supposes that the young man must come up into the library. There he leaves the young man in a large room, not over-light, while he makes report of him.

Mr. Guppy looks into the shade in all directions, discovering every where a certain charred and whitened little heap of coal or wood. Presently he hears a rustling. Is it—? No, it's no ghost; but fair flesh and blood, most brilliantly dressed.

"I have to beg your ladyship's pardon," Mr. Guppy stammers, very downcast. "This is an inconvenient time—"

"I told you, you could come at any time." She takes a chair, looking straight at him as on the last occasion.

"Thank your ladyship. Your ladyship is very affable."

"You can sit down." There is not much affability in her tone.

"I don't know, your ladyship, that it's worth while my sitting down and detaining you, for I —I have not got the letters that I mentioned when I had the honor of waiting on your ladyship."

"Have you come merely to say so?"

"Merely to say so, your ladyship." Mr. Guppy, besides being depressed, disappointed, and uneasy, is put at a further disadvantage by the splendor and beauty of her appearance. She knows its influence perfectly; has studied it too well to miss a grain of its effect on any one. As she



THE OLD MAN OF THE NAME OF TULKINGHORN.

looks at him so steadily and coldly, he not only feels conscious that he has no guide, in the least perception of what is really the complexion of her thoughts; but also that he is being every moment, as it were, removed further and further from her.

She will not speak, it is plain. So he must.

"In short, your ladyship," says Mr. Guppy, like a meanly penitent thief, "the person I was to have had the letters of, has come to a sudden end, and —" He stops. Lady Dedlock calmly finishes the sentence.

"And the letters are destroyed with the person?"

Mr. Guppy would say no, if he could—as he is unable to hide.

"I believe so, your ladyship."

If he could see the least sparkle of relief in her face now? No, he could see no such thing, even if that brave outside did not utterly put him away, and he were not looking beyond it and about it.

He falters an awkward excuse or two for his failure.

"Is this all you have to say?" inquires Lady Dedlock, having heard him out—or as nearly out as he can stumble.

Mr. Guppy thinks that's all.

"You had better be sure that you wish to say nothing more to me; this being the last time you will have the opportunity."

Mr. Guppy is quite sure. And indeed he has no such wish at present, by any means.

"That is enough. I will dispense with excuses. Good-evening to you!" and she rings for Mercury to show the young man of the name of Guppy out.

But in that house, in that same moment, there happens to be an old man of the name of Tulkinghorn. And that old man, coming with his quiet footstep to the library, has his hand at that moment on the handle of the door—comes in—and comes face to face with the young man as he is leaving the room.

One glance between the old man and the lady; and for an instant the blind that is always down flies up. Suspicion, eager and sharp, looks out. Another instant; close again.

"I beg your pardon, Lady Dedlock. I beg your pardon a thousand times. It is so very unusual to find you here at this hour. I supposed the room was empty. I beg your pardon!"

"Stay!" She negligently calls him back. "Remain here, I beg. I am going out to dinner. I have nothing more to say to this young man!"

The disconcerted young man bows, as he goes out, and cringingly hopes that Mr. Tulkinghorn of the Fields is well.

"Ay, ay?" says the lawyer, looking at him from under his bent brows; though he has no need to look again—not he. "From Kenge and Carboy's, surely?"

"Kenge and Carboy's, Mr. Tulkinghorn. Name of Guppy, sir."

"To be sure. Why, thank you, Mr. Guppy, I am very well."

"Happy to hear it, sir. You can't be too well, sir, for the credit of the profession."

"Thank you, Mr. Guppy!"

Mr. Guppy sneaks away. Mr. Tulkinghorn, such a foil in his old-fashioned rusty black to Lady Dedlock's brightness, hands her down the staircase to her carriage. He returns rubbing his chin, and rubs it a good deal in the course of the evening.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A Turn of the Screw.

"Now, what," says Mr. George, "may this be? Is it blank cartridge, or ball? A flash in the pan, or a shot?"

An open letter is the subject of the trooper's speculations, and it seems to perplex him mightily. He looks at it at arm's length, brings it close to him, holds it in his right hand, holds it in his left hand, reads it with his head on this side, with his head on that side, contracts his eyebrows, elevates them; still, can not satisfy himself. He smooths it out upon the table with his heavy palm, and thoughtfully walking up and down the gallery, makes a halt before it every now and then, to come upon it with a fresh eye. Even that won't do. "Is it," Mr. George still muses, "blank cartridge or ball?"

Phil Squod, with the aid of a brush and paint-pot, is employed in the distance whitening the targets; softly whistling, in quick march time, and in drum-and-fife manner, that he must and he will go back again to the girl he left behind him.

"Phil!" The trooper beckons as he calls him.

Phil approaches in his usual way; sidling off at first as if he were going any where else, and then bearing down upon his commander like a bayonet-charge. Certain splashes of white show in high relief upon his dirty face, and he scrapes his one elbow with the handle of his brush.

"Attention, Phil! Listen to this."

"Steady, commander, steady."

"'Sir. Allow me to remind you (though there is no legal necessity for my doing so, as you are aware) that the bill at two months' date, drawn on yourself by Mr. Mathew Bagnet, and by you accepted, for the sum of ninety-seven pounds four shillings and ninepence, will become due to-morrow, when you will please be prepared to take up the same on presentation. Yours, Joshua Smallweed.'—What do you make of that, Phil?"

"Mischief, guv'ner."

"Why?"

"I think," replies Phil, after pensively tracing out a cross-wrinkle in his forehead with the brush-handle, "that mischeevious consequences is always meant when money's asked for."

"Lookye, Phil," says the trooper, sitting on the table. "First and last, I have paid, I may say, half as much again as this principal, in interest and one thing and another."

Phil intimates, by sidling back a pace or two, with a very unaccountable wrench of his wry face, that he does not regard the transaction as being made more promising by this incident.

"And lookye further, Phil," says the trooper, staying his premature conclusions with a wave of his hand. "There has always been an understanding that this bill was to be what they call Renewed. And it has been renewed, no end of times. What do you say now?"

"I say that I think the times is come to an end at last."

"You do? Humph! I am much of the same mind myself."

"Joshua Smallweed is him that was brought here in a chair?"

"The same."

"Guv'ner," says Phil, with exceeding gravity, "he's a leech in his dispositions, he's a screw and a wice in his actions, a snake in his twistings, and a lobster in his claws."

Having thus expressively uttered his sentiments, Mr. Squod, after waiting a little to ascertain if any further remark be expected of him, gets back, by his usual series of movements, to the target he has in hand; and vigorously signifies, through his former musical medium, that he must and he will return to that ideal young lady. George having folded the letter walks in that direction.

"There *is* a way, commander," says Phil, looking cunningly at him, "of settling this."

"Paying the money, I suppose? I wish I could."

Phil shakes his head. "No, guv'ner, no; not so bad as that. There *is* a way," says Phil, with a highly artistic turn of his brush—"what I'm a-doing at present."

"Whitewashing?"

Phil nods.

"A pretty way that would be! Do you know what would become of the Bagnets in that case? Do you know they would be ruined to pay off my old scores? *You're* a moral character," says the trooper, eying him in his large way with no small indignation, "upon my life you are, Phil!"

Phil, on one knee at the target, is in course of protesting earnestly, though not without many allegorical scoops of his brush, and smoothings of the white surface round the rim with his thumb, that he had forgotten the Bagnet responsibility, and would not so much as injure a hair of the head of any member of that worthy family, when steps are audible in the long passage without, and a cheerful voice is heard to wonder whether George is at home. Phil, with a look at his master, hobbles up, saying, "Here's the guv'ner, Mrs. Bagnet! Here he is!" and the old girl herself, accompanied by Mr. Bagnet, appears.

The old girl never appears in walking trim, in any season of the year, without a gray cloth cloak, coarse and much worn but very clean, which is, undoubtedly, the identical garment rendered so interesting to Mr. Bagnet by having made its way home to Europe from another quarter of the globe, in company with Mrs. Bagnet and an umbrella. The latter faithful appendage is also invariably a part of the old girl's presence out of doors. It is of no color known in this life, and has a corrugated wooden crook for a handle, with a metallic object let into its prow or beak, resembling a little model of a fan-light over a street door, or one of the oval glasses out of a pair of spectacles: which ornamental object has not that tenacious capacity of sticking to its post that might be desired in an article long associated with the British army. The old girl's umbrella is of a flabby habit of waist, and seems to be in need of stays—an appearance that is possibly referable to its having served, through a series of years, at home as a cupboard, and on journeys as a carpet bag. She never puts it up, having the greatest reliance on her well-proved cloak with its capacious hood; but generally uses the instrument as a wand with which to point out joints of meat or bunches of greens in marketing, or to arrest the attention of tradesmen by a friendly poke. Without her market-basket, which is a sort of wicker well with two flapping lids, she never stirs abroad. Attended by these her trusty companions, therefore, her honest sunburnt face looking cheerily out of a rough straw bonnet, Mrs. Bagnet now arrives, fresh-colored and bright, in George's Shooting Gallery.

"Well, George, old fellow," says she, "and how do *you* do, this sunshiny morning?"

Giving him a friendly shake of the hand, Mrs. Bagnet draws a long breath after her walk, and sits down to enjoy a rest. Having a faculty, matured on the tops of baggage-wagons, and in other such positions, of resting easily any where, she perches on a rough bench, unties her bonnet-strings, pushes back her bonnet, crosses her arms, and looks perfectly comfortable.

Mr. Bagnet, in the mean time, has shaken hands with his old comrade, and with Phil: on whom Mrs. Bagnet likewise bestows a good-humored nod and smile.

"Now, George," says Mrs. Bagnet, briskly, "here we are, Lignum and myself;" she often speaks of her husband by this appellation, on account, as it is supposed, of Lignum Vitæ having been his old regimental nickname when they first became acquainted, in compliment to the extreme hardness and toughness of his physiognomy; "just looked in, we have, to make it all correct as usual about that security. Give him the new bill to sign, George, and he'll sign it like a man."

"I was coming to you this morning," observes the trooper, reluctantly.

"Yes, we thought you'd come to us this morning, but we turned out early, and left Woolwich, the best of boys, to mind his sisters, and came to you instead—as you see! For Lignum, he's tied so close now, and gets so little exercise, that a walk does him good. But what's the matter, George?" asks Mrs. Bagnet, stopping in her cheerful talk. "You don't look yourself."

"I am not quite myself," returns the trooper; "I have been a little put out, Mrs. Bagnet."

"Her quick bright eye catches the truth directly. "George!" holding up her forefinger. "Don't tell me there's any thing wrong about

that security of Lignum's! Don't do it, George, on account of the children!"

The trooper looks at her with a troubled visage.

"George," says Mrs. Bagnet, using both her arms for emphasis, and occasionally bringing down her open hands upon her knees. "If you have allowed any thing to come to that security of Lignum's, and if you have let him in for it, and if you have put us in danger of being sold up—and I see sold up in your face, George, as plain as print—you have done a shameful action, and have deceived us cruelly. I tell you, cruelly, George. There!"

Mr. Bagnet, otherwise as immovable as a pump or a lamp-post, puts his large right hand on the top of his bald head, as if to defend it from a shower-bath, and looks with great uneasiness at Mrs. Bagnet.

"George!" says that old girl. "I wonder at you! George, I am ashamed of you! George, I couldn't have believed you would have done it! I always knew you to be a rolling stone that gathered no moss; but I never thought you would have taken away what little moss there was for Bagnet and the children to lie upon. You know what a hard-working, steady-going chap he is. You know what Quebec and Malta and Woolwich are—and I never did think you would, or could, have had the heart to serve us so. O George!" Mrs. Bagnet gathers up her cloak to wipe her eyes on, in a very genuine manner, "How could you do it?"

Mrs. Bagnet ceasing, Mr. Bagnet removes his hand from his head as if the shower-bath were over, and looks disconsolately at Mr. George; who has turned quite white, and looks distressfully at the gray cloak and straw bonnet.

"Mat," says the trooper, in a subdued voice, addressing him, but still, looking at his wife; "I am sorry you take it so much to heart, because I do hope it's not so bad as that comes to. I certainly have, this morning, received this letter;" which he reads aloud; "but I hope it may be set right yet. As to a rolling stone, why, what you say is true. I *am* a rolling stone; and I never rolled in any body's way, I fully believe, that I rolled the least good to. But it's impossible for an old vagabond comrade to like your wife and family better than *I* like 'em, Mat, and I trust you'll look upon me as forgivingly as you can. Don't think I've kept any thing from you. I haven't had the letter more than a quarter of an hour."

"Old girl!" murmurs Mr. Bagnet, after a short silence, "will you tell him my opinion?"

"Oh! Why didn't he marry," Mrs. Bagnet answers, half laughing and half crying, "Joe Pouch's widder in North America? Then he wouldn't have got himself into these troubles."

"The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "puts it correct—why didn't you?"

"Well, she has a better husband by this time, I hope," returns the trooper. "Any how, here I stand, this present day, *not* married to Joe Pouch's widder. What shall I do? You see all I have got about me. It's not mine; it's yours. Give the word, and I'll sell off every morsel. If I could have hoped it would have brought in nearly the sum wanted, I'd have sold all long ago. Don't believe that I'll leave you or yours in the lurch, Mat. I'd sell myself first. I only wish," says the trooper, giving himself a disparaging blow in the chest, "that I knew of any one who'd buy such a second-hand piece of old stores."

"Old girl," murmurs Mr. Bagnet, "give him another bit of my mind."

"George," says the old girl, "you are not so much to be blamed, on full consideration, except for ever taking this business without the means."

"And that was like me!" observes the penitent trooper, shaking his head. "Like, me, I know."

"Silence! The old girl," says Mr. Bagnet, "is correct—in her way of giving my opinions hear me out!"

"That was when you never ought to have asked for the security, George, and when you never ought to have got it, all things considered. But what's done can't be undone... You are always an honorable and straight-forward fellow, as far as lays in your power, though a little flighty. On the other hand, you can't but admit but what it's natural in us to be anxious, wit hsuch a thing hanging over our heads. So forget and forgive all round, George, Come! Forget and forgive all round!"

Mrs. Bagnet giving him one of her honest hands, and giving her husband the other, Mr. George gives each of them one of his, and holds them while he speaks.

"I do assure you both, there's nothing I wouldn't do to discharge this obligation. But whatever I have been able to scrape together, has gone every two months in keeping it up. We have lived plainly enough here, Phil and I. But the Gallery dont' quite do what was expected of it, and it's not—in short, it's not the Mint. It was wrong in me to take it? Well, so it was. But I was in a manner drawn into that step, and I thought it might steady me, and set me up, and you'll try to overlook my having such expectations, and upon my soul, I am very much obliged to you, and very much ashamed of myself." With these concluding words, Mr. George gives a shake to each of the hands he holds, and, relinquishing them, backs a pace or two, in a broad-chested upright attitude, as if he had made a final confession, and were immediately going to to be shot with all military honors.

"George, hear me out!" says Mr. Bagnet, glancing at his wife. "Old girl, go on!"

Mr. Bagnet, being in this singular manner heard out, has merely to observe that the letter must be attended to without any delay; that it is advisable that George and he should immediately wait on Mr. Smallweed in person; and that the primary object is to save and hold harmless Mr. Bagnet, who had none of the money. Mr. George entirely assenting, puts on his hat, and prepares to march with Mr. Bagnet to the enemy's camp.

"Don't you mind a woman's hasty word, George," says Mrs. Bagnet, patting him on the shoulder. "I trust my old Lignum to you, and I am sure you'll bring him through it."

The trooper returns, that this is kindly said, and that he *will* bring Lignum through it somehow. Upon which Mrs. Bagnet, with her cloak, basket, and umbrella, goes home, bright-eyed again, to the rest of her family; and the comrades sally forth on the hopeful errand of mollifying Mr. Smallweed.

Whether there are two people in England less likely to come satisfactorily out of any negotiation with Mr. Smallweed than Mr. George and Mr. Matthew Bagnet, may be very reasonably questioned. Also, notwithstanding their martial appearance, broad square shoulders, and heavy tread, whether there are, within the same limits, two more simple and unaccustomed children, in all the Smallweedy affairs of life. As they proceed with great gravity through the streets toward the region of Mount Pleasant, Mr. Bagnet, observing his companion to be thoughtful, considers it a friendly part to refer to Mrs. Bagnet's late sally.

"George, you know the old girl—she's as sweet and as mild as milk. But touch her on the children—or myself—and she's off like gunpowder."

"It does her credit, Mat."

"George," says Mr. Bagnet, looking straight before him, "the old girl—can't do any thing—that don't do her credit. More or less. I never say so. Discipline must be maintained."

"She's worth her weight in gold," returns the trooper.

"In gold?" says Mr. Bagnet. "I'll tell you what. The old old girl's weight—is twelve stone six. Would I take that weight—in any metal—*for* the old girl? No. Why not? Because the old girl's metal is far more precious than the preciousest metal. And she's *all* metal."

"You are right, Mat!"

"When she took me—and accepted of the ring—she 'listed under me and the children—heart and head; for life. She's that earnest," says Mr. Bagnet, "and that true to her colors—that, touch us with a finger—and she turns out—and stands to her arms. If the old girl fires wide—once in a way—at the call of duty—look over it, George. For she's loyal!"

"Why, bless her, Mat!" returns the trooper, "I think the higher of her for it!"

"You are right!" says Mr. Bagnet, with the warmest enthusiasm, though without relaxing the rigidity of a single muscle. "Think as high of the old girl—as the rock of Gibraltar—and still you'll be thinking low—of such merits. But I never own to it before her. Discipline must be maintained."

These encomiums bring them to Mount Pleasant, and to Grandfather Smallweed's house. The door is opened by the perennial Judy, who, having surveyed them from top to toe with no particular favor, but indeed with a malignant sneer, leaves them standing there, while she consults the oracle as to their admission. The oracle may be inferred to give consent, from the circumstance of her returning with the words on her honey lips "that they can come in if they want to it." Thus privileged, they come in, and find Mr. Smallweed with his feet in the drawer of his chair, as if it were a paper footbath, and Mrs. Smallweed obscured with the cushion like a bird that is not to sing.

"My dear friend," says Grandfather Smallweed, with those two lean, affectionate arms of his stretched forth. "How de do? How de do? Who is our friend, my dear friend?"

"Why this," returns George, not able to be very conciliatory at first, "is Matthew Bagnet, who has obliged me in that matters of ours, you know."

"Oh! Mr. Bagnet? Surely!" The old man looks at him under his hand. "Hope you're well, Mr. Bagnet? Fine man, Mr. George!—Military air, sir!"

No chairs being offered, Mr. George brings one forward for Bagnet, and one for himself. They sit down; Mr. Bagnet, as if he had no power of bending himself, except at the hips, for that purpose.

"Judy," says Mr. Smallweed, "bring the pipe."

"Why, I don't know," Mr. George interposes, "that the young woman need give herself that trouble, for, to tell you the truth, I am not inclined to smoke it to-day."

"Ain't you?" returns the old man. "Judy, bring the pipe."

"The fact is, Mr. Smallweed," proceeds George, "that I find myself in rather an unpleasant state of mind. It appears to me, sir, that your friend in the City has been playing tricks."

"O dear, no!" says Grandfather Smallweed. "He never does that!"

"Don't he? Well, I am glad to hear it, because I thought it might be *his* doing. This, you know, I am speaking of. This letter."

Grandfather Smallweed smiles, in a very ugly way, in recognition of the letter.

"What does it mean?" asks Mr. George.

"Judy," says the old man, "have you got the pipe? Give it to me. Did you say what does it mean, my good friend?"

"Ay! Now, come, come, you know, Mr. Smallweed," urges the trooper, constraining himself to speak as smoothly and confidentially as he can, holding the open letter in one hand, and resting the broad knuckles of the other on his thigh; "a good lot of money has passed between us, and we are face to face at the present moment, and are both well aware of the understanding there has always been. I am prepared to do the usual thing which I have done regularly, and to keep this matter going. I never got a letter like this from you before, and I have been a little put about by it this morning; because here's my friend, Matthew Bagnet, who, you know, had none of the money—"

"I *don't* know it, you know," says the old man, quietly.

"Why, con-found you—it, I mean—I tell you so; don't I?"

"Oh, yes, you tell me so," returns Grandfather Smallweed. "But I don't know it."

"Well!" says the trooper, swallowing his fire. "*I* know it."

Mr. Smallweed replies with excellent temper, "Ah! that's quite another thing!" And adds, "but it don't matter. Mr. Bagnet's situation is all one, whether or no."

The unfortunate George makes a great effort to arrange the affair comfortably, and to propitiate Mr. Smallweed by taking him upon his own terms.

"That's just what I mean. As you say, Mr. Smallweed, here's Matthew Bagnet liable to be fixed whether or no. Now, you see, that makes his good lady very uneasy in her mind, and me, too; for, whereas I'm a harum-scarum sort of a good-for-naught, that more kicks than halfpence come natural to, why he's a steady family man, don't you see? Now, Mr. Smallweed," says the trooper, gaining confidence as he proceeds in this soldierly mode of doing business; "although you and I are good friends enough in a certain sort of a way, I am well aware that I can't ask you to let my friend Bagnet off entirely."

"O dear, you are too modest. You can *ask* me any thing, Mr. George." (There is an Ogreish kind of jocularity in Grandfather Smallweed to-day.)

"And you can refuse, you mean, eh? Or not you so much, perhaps, as your friend in the City? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoes Grandfather Smallweed. In such a very hard manner, and with eyes so particularly green, that Mr. Bagnet's natural gravity is much deepened by the contemplation of that venerable man.

"Come!" says the sanguine George, "I am glad to find we can be pleasant, because I want to arrange this pleasantly. Here's my friend Bagnet, and here am I. We'll settle the matter on the spot, if you please, Mr. Smallweed, in the usual way. And you'll ease my friend Bagnet's mind, and his family's mind, a good deal, if you'll just mention to him what our understanding is."

Here some shrill spectre cries out in a mocking manner, "O good gracious! O!"—unless, indeed, it be the sportive Judy, who is found to be silent when the startled visitors look round, but whose chin has received a recent toss, expressive of derision and contempt. Mr. Bagnet's gravity becomes yet more profound.

"But I think you asked me, Mr. George;" old Smallweed, who all this time has had the pipe in his hand, is the speaker now; "I think you asked me, what did the letter mean?"

"Why, yes, I did," returns the trooper, in his off-hand way: "but I don't care to know particularly, if it's all correct and pleasant."

"Mr. Smallweed, purposely balking himself in an aim at the trooper's head, throws the pipe on the ground, and breaks it to pieces.

"That's what it means, my dear friend. I'll smash you. I'll crumble you. I'll powder you. Go to the devil!"

The two friends rise and look at one another. Mr. Bagnet's gravity now has attained its profoundest point.

"Go to the devil!" repeats the old man. "I'll have no more of your pipe-smokings and swaggerings. What? You're an independent dragoon, too! Go to my lawyer (you remember where; you have been there before), and show your independence now, will you? Come, my dear friend, there's a chance for you. Open the street door, Judy; put these blusterers out! Call in help if they don't go. Put 'em out!"

He vociferates this so loudly, that Mr. Bagnet, laying his hands on the shoulders of his comrade, before the latter can recover from his amazement, gets him on the outside of the street door, which is instantly slammed by the triumphant Judy. Utterly confounded, Mr. George awhile stands looking at the knocker. Mr. Bagnet, in a perfect abyss of gravity, walks up and down before the little parlor-window, like a sentry, and looks in every time he passes; apparently revolving something in his mind.

"Come, Mat!" says Mr. George, when he has recovered himself, "we must try the lawyer. Now, what do you think of this rascal?"

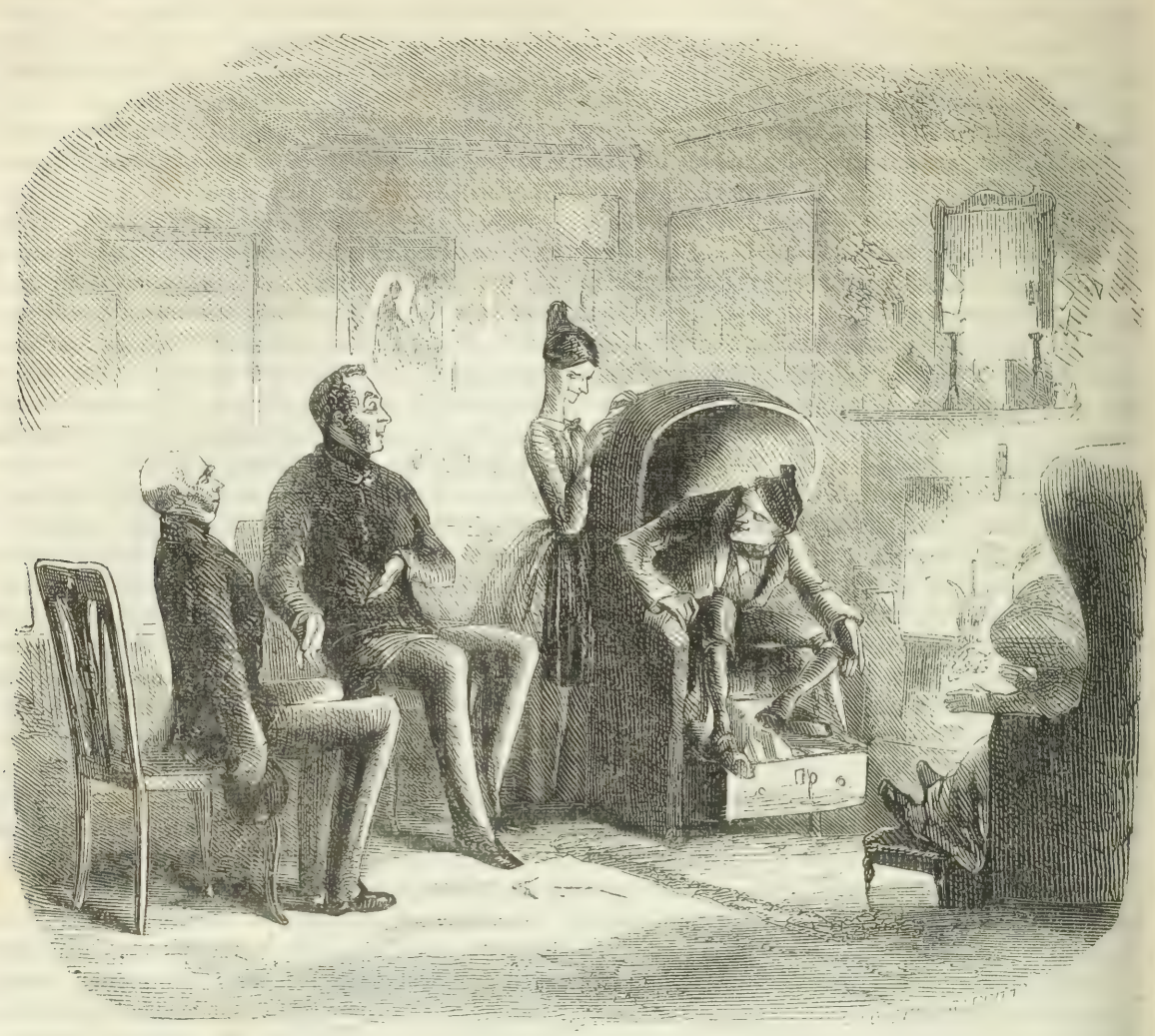
Mr. Bagnet, stopping to take a farewell look into the parlor, replies, with one shake of his head directed at the interior, "If my old girl had been here—I'd have told him!" Having so discharged himself of the subject of his cogitations, he falls into step, and marches off with the trooper, shoulder to shoulder.

When they present themselves in Lincoln's Inn Fields, Mr. Tulkinghorn is engaged, and not to be seen. He is not at all willing to see them; for when they have waited a full hour, and the clerk, on his bell being rung, takes the opportunity of mentioning as much, as he brings forth no more encouraging message than that Mr. Tulkinghorn has nothing to say to them, and they had better not wait. They do wait, however, with the perseverance of military tactics; and at last the bell rings again, and the client in possession comes out of Mr. Tulkinghorn's room.

The client is a handsome old lady; no other than Mrs. Rouncewell, housekeeper at Chesney Wold. She comes out of the sanctuary with a fair old-fashioned courtesy, and softly shuts the door. She is treated with some distinction there; for the clerk steps out of his pew to show her through the outer office, and to let her out. The old lady is thanking him for his attention, when she observes the comrades in waiting.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I think those gentlemen are military?"

The clerk referring the question to them with his eye, and Mr. George not turning round from the almanac over the fire-place, Mr. Bagnet



MR. SMALLWEED BREAKS THE PIPE OF PEACE.

takes upon himself to reply, "Yes, ma'am. Formerly."

"I thought so. I was sure of it. My heart warms, gentlemen, at the sight of you. It always does at the sight of such. God bless you, gentlemen! You'll excuse an old woman; but I had a son once who went for a soldier. A fine handsome youth he was, and good in his bold way, though some people did disparage him to his poor mother. I ask your pardon for troubling you, sir. God bless you, gentlemen!"

"Same to you, ma'am!" returns Mr. Bagnet, with right good-will.

There is something very touching in the earnestness of the old lady's voice, and in the tremble that goes through her quaint old figure. But Mr. George is so occupied with the almanac over the fire-place (calculating the coming months by it perhaps), that he does not look round until she has gone away, and the door is closed upon her.

"George," Mr. Bagnet gruffly whispers, when he does turn from the almanac at last. "Don't be cast down! 'Why, soldiers, why—should we be melancholy, boys?' Cheer up, my hearty!"

The clerk having now again gone in to say that they are still there, and Mr. Tulkinghorn being heard to return with some irascibility, "Let 'em come in then!" they pass into the great room with the painted ceiling, and find him standing before the fire.

"Now, you men, what do you want? Sergeant, I told you the last time I saw you that I don't desire your company here."

Sergeant replies—dashed within the last few minutes as to his usual manner of speech, and even as to his usual carriage—that he has received this letter, has been to Mr. Smallweed about it, and has been referred there.

"I have nothing to say to you," rejoins Mr. Tulkinghorn. "If you get into debt, you must pay your debts, or take the consequences. You have no occasion to come here to learn that, I suppose?"

Sergeant is sorry to say that he is not prepared with the money.

"Very well! Then the other man—this man, if this is he—must pay it for you."

Sergeant is sorry to add that the other man is not prepared with the money either.

"Very well! Then you must pay it between you, or you must both be sued for it, and both suffer. You have had the money and must refund it. You are not to pocket other people's pounds, shillings, and pence, and escape scot free."

The lawyer sits down in his easy chair and stirs the fire. Mr. George hopes he will have the goodness to—

"I tell you, Sergeant, I have nothing to say to you. I don't like your associates, and don't want you here. This matter is not at all in my course of practice, and is not in my office. Mr. Smallweed is good enough to offer these affairs to me, but they are not in my way. You must go to Melchisedech's in Clifford's Inn."

"I must make an apology to you, sir," says Mr. George, "for pressing myself upon you with so little encouragement—which is almost as unpleasant to me as it can be you; but would you let me say a private word to you?"

Mr. Tulkinghorn rises with his hands in his pockets, and walks into one of the window recesses. "Now! I have no time to waste." In the midst of his perfect assumption of indifference, he directs a sharp look at the trooper; taking care to stand with his own back to the light, and to have the other with his face toward it.

"Well, sir," says Mr. George, "this man with me is the other party implicated in this unfortunate affair—nominally, only nominally—and my sole object is to prevent his getting into trouble on my account. He is a most respectable man with a wife and family; formerly in the Royal Artillery—"

"My friend, I don't care a pinch of snuff for the whole Royal Artillery establishment—officers, men, tumbrils, wagons, horses, guns, and ammunition."

"'Tis likely, sir. But I care a good deal for Bagnet and his wife and family being injured on my account. And if I could bring them through this matter, I should have no help for it but to give up, without any other consideration, what you wanted of me the other day."

"Have you got it here?"

"I have got it here, sir."

"Sergeant," the lawyer proceeds in his dry, passionless manner, far more hopeless in the dealing with, than any amount of vehemence, "make up your mind while I speak to you, for this is final. After I have finished speaking I have closed the subject, and I won't re-open it. Understand that. You can leave here, for a few days, what you say you have brought here, if you choose; you can take it away at once, if you choose. In case you choose to leave it here, I can do this for you—I can replace this matter on its old footing, and I can go so far besides as to give you a written undertaking that this man Bagnet shall never be troubled in any way until you have been proceeded against to the utmost—that your means shall be exhausted before the creditor looks to his. This is in fact all but freeing him. Have you decided?"

The trooper puts his hand into his breast, and answers with a long breath, "I must do it, sir."

So Mr. Tulkinghorn, putting on his spectacles, sits down and writes the undertaking; which he slowly reads and explains to Bagnet, who has all this time been staring at the ceiling, and who puts his hand on his bald head again, under this new verbal shower-bath, and seems exceedingly in need of the old girl through whom to express his sentiments. The trooper then takes from his breast-pocket a folded paper, which he lays with an unwilling hand at the lawyer's elbow. "'Tis only a letter of instructions, sir. The last I ever had from him."

Look at a millstone, Mr. George, for some change in its expression, and you will find it quite as soon as in the face of Mr. Tulkinghorn when he opens and reads the letter! He re-folds it and lays it in his desk, with a countenance as imperturbable as Death.

Nor has he any thing more to say or do, but to nod once in the same frigid and discourteous manner, and to say briefly, "You can go. Show these men out, there!" Being shown out, they repair to Mr. Bagnet's residence to dine.

Boiled beef and greens constitute the day's variety on the former repast of boiled pork and greens; and Mrs. Bagnet serves out the meal in the same way, and seasons it with the best of temper: being that rare sort of old girl that she receives Good to her arms without a hint that it might be Better; and catches light from any little spot of darkness near her. The spot on this occasion is the darkened brow of Mr. George; he is unusually thoughtful and depressed. At first Mrs. Bagnet trusts to the combined endearments of Quebec and Malta to restore him; but finding those young ladies sensible that their existing Bluffy is not the Bluffy of their usual frolicsome acquaintance, she winks off the light infantry, and leaves him to deploy at leisure on the open ground of the domestic hearth.

But he does not. He remains in close order, clouded and depressed. During the lengthy cleaning up and pattening process, when he and Mr. Bagnet are supplied with their pipes, he is no better than he was at dinner. He forgets to smoke, looks at the fire and ponders, lets his pipe out, fills the breast of Mr. Bagnet with perturbation and dismay, by showing that he has no enjoyment of tobacco.

Therefore when Mrs. Bagnet at last appears, rosy from the invigorating pail, and sits down to her work, Mr. Bagnet growls "Old girl!" and winks monitions to her to find out what's the matter.

"Why, George!" says Mrs. Bagnet, quietly threading her needle. "How low you are!"

"Am I? Not good company? Well, I am afraid I am not."

"He ain't at all like Bluffy, mother!" cries little Malta.

"Because he ain't well, *I* think, mother!" adds Quebec.

"Sure that's a bad sign not to be like Bluffy, too!" returns the trooper, kissing the young damsels. "But it's true," with a sigh—"true, I am afraid. These little ones are always right!"

"George," says Mrs. Bagnet, working busily, "if I thought you cross enough to think of any thing that a shrill old soldier's wife—who could

have bitten her tongue off afterward, and ought to have done it almost—said this morning, I don't know what I shouldn't say to you now."

"My kind soul of a darling," returns the trooper. "Not a morsel of it."

"Because really and truly, George, what I said and meant to say was, that I trusted Lignum to you, and was sure you'd bring him through it. And you *have* brought him through it, noble!"

"Thank'ee, my dear," says George. "I am glad of your good opinion."

In giving Mrs. Bagnet's hand, with her work in it, a friendly shake—for she took her seat beside him—the trooper's attention is attracted to her face. After looking at it for a little while as she plies her needle, he looks to young Woolwich, sitting on his stool in the corner, and beckons that fifer to him.

"See there, my boy," says George, very gently smoothing the mother's hair with his hand, "there's a good loving forehead for you! All bright with love of you, my boy. A little touched by the sun and the weather through following your father about, and taking care of you, but as fresh and wholesome as a ripe apple on a tree."

Mr. Bagnet's face expresses, so far as in its wooden material lies, the highest approbation and acquiescence.

"The time will come, my boy," pursues the trooper, "when this hair of your mother's will be gray, and this forehead all crossed and re-crossed with wrinkles—and a fine old lady she'll be then. Take care, while you are young that you can think in those days, '*I* never whitened a hair of her dear head, *I* never marked a sorrowful line in her face!' For of all the many things that you can think of when you are a man, you had better have *that* by you, Woolwich!"

Mr. George concludes by rising from his chair, seating the boy beside his mother in it, and saying, with something of a hurry about him, that he'll smoke his pipe in the street a bit.

CHAPTER XXXV.—Esther's Narrative.

I LAY ill through several weeks, and the usual tenor of my life became like an old remembrance. But this was not the effect of time so much as of the change in all my habits, made by the helplessness and inaction of a sick room. Before I had been confined to it many days, every thing else seemed to have retired into a remote distance, where there was little or no separation between the various stages of my life which had been really divided by years. In falling ill, I seemed to have crossed a dark ocean, and to have left all my experiences mingled together by the great distance, on the healthy shore.

My housekeeping duties, though at first it caused me great anxiety to think that they were unperformed, were soon as far off as the oldest of the old duties at Greenleaf, or the summer afternoons when I went home from school with my portfolio under my arm, and my childish shadow at my side, to my godmother's house. I had never known before how short life really was, and into how small a space the mind could put it.

While I was very ill, the way in which these divisions of time were lost, and became confused with one another, distressed my mind exceedingly. At once a child, an elder girl, and the little woman I had been so happy as: I was not only oppressed by cares and difficulties adapted to each station, but by the great perplexity of endlessly trying to reconcile them. I suppose that few who have not been in such a condition can quite understand what I mean, or what painful unrest arose from this source.

For the same reason I am almost afraid to hint at that time in my disorder; it seemed one long night, but I believe there were both nights and days in it—when I labored up colossal staircases, contriving to reach the top, and ever turned, as I have seen a worm in a garden path by some obstruction, and laboring again. I knew perfectly at intervals, and I think vaguely at most times, that I was in my bed, and talked with Charley, and felt her touch, and knew her very well; yet I would find myself complaining "more of these never-ending stairs, Charley—more and more—piled up to the sky, I think!" and laboring on again.

Dare I hint at that worse time when, strung together somewhere in great black space, there was a flaming necklace or ring, or starry circle of some kind, of which I was one of the beads! And when my only prayer was to be taken off from the rest, and when it was such inexplicable agony and misery to be a part of the dreadful thing?

Perhaps the less I say of these sick experiences, the less tedious and the more intelligible I shall be. I do not recall them to make others unhappy, or because I am now the least unhappy in remembering them. It may be that if we knew more of such strange afflictions we might be better able to alleviate their intensity.

The repose that succeeded, the long delicious sleep, the blissful rest, when in my weakness I was too calm to have any care for myself, and could have heard (or so I think now) that I was dying with no other emotion than with a pitying love for those I left behind—this state can be perhaps more widely understood. I was in this state when I first shrunk from the light as it twinkled on me once more, and I knew with a boundless joy for which no words are raptures enough, that I should see again.

I had heard my Ada crying at the door, day and night; I had heard her calling to me that I was cruel and did not love her; I had heard her praying and imploring to be let in to nurse and comfort me, and to leave my bedside no more; but I had only said, when I could speak, "Never, my sweet girl, never!" and I had over and over again reminded Charley that she was to keep my darling from the room, whether I lived or died. Charley had been true to me in that time of need,

and with her little hand and her great heart had kept the door fast.

But now, my sight strengthening and the glorious light coming every day more fully and brightly on me, I could read the letters that my dear wrote to me every morning and evening, and could put them to my lips and lay my cheek upon them with no fear of hurting her. I could see my little maid, so tender and so careful, going about the two rooms setting every thing in order and speaking cheerfully to Ada from the open window again. I could understand the stillness in the house and the thoughtfulness it expressed on the part of all those who had always been so good to me. I could weep in the exquisite felicity of my heart, and be as happy in my weakness as ever I had been in my strength.

By-and-by, my strength began to be restored. Instead of lying with so strange a calmness watching what was done for me, as if it were done for some one else whom I was greatly sorry for, I helped it a little, and so on to a little more and much more, until I became useful to myself, and interested, and attached to life again.

How well I remember the pleasant afternoon when I was raised in bed with pillows for the first time, to enjoy a great tea-drinking with Charley! The little creature—sent into the world surely to minister to the weak and sick—was so happy, and so busy, and stopped so often in her preparations to lay her head upon my bosom and fondle me and cry, with joyful tears, she was so glad, she was so glad! that I was obliged to say, "Charley, if you go on in this way, I must lie down again, my darling, for I am weaker than I thought I was!" So Charley became as quiet as a mouse, and took her bright face here and there, across and across the two rooms, out of the shade into the divine sunshine, and out of the sunshine into the shade, while I watched her peacefully. When all her preparations were concluded and the pretty tea-board with its little delicacies to tempt me, and its white cloth, and its flowers, and every thing so lovingly and beautifully arranged for me by Ada down-stairs, was ready on the little table at the bed-side, I felt sure I was steady enough to say something to Charley that was not new to my thoughts.

First I complimented Charley on the room; and indeed, it was so fresh and airy, so spotless and neat, that I could scarce believe I had been lying there so long. This delighted Charley, and her face was brighter than before.

"Yet, Charley," said I, looking round, "I miss something, surely, that I am accustomed to!"

Poor little Charley looked round too, and pretended to shake her head, as if there was nothing absent.

"Are the pictures all as they used to be?" I asked her.

"Every one of them, miss," said Charley.

"And the furniture, Charley?"

"Except where I have moved it about to make more room, miss."

"And yet," said I, "I miss some familiar object. Ah, I know what it is, Charley! It's the looking-glass."

Charley got up from the table, making as if she had forgotten something, and went into the next room; and I heard her sob there.

I had thought of this very often. I was now certain of it. I could thank God that it was not a shock to me now. I called Charley back, and when she came—at first pretending to smile, but as she drew nearer to me, looking grieved—I took her in my arms, and said, "It matters very little, Charley. I hope I can do without my old face very well."

I was frequently so far advanced as to be able to sit up in a great chair, and even giddily to walk into the adjoining room, leaning on Charley. The mirror was gone from its usual place in that room too; but what I had to bear was none the harder to bear for that.

My Guardian had throughout been earnest to visit me, and there was now no good reason why I should deny myself that happiness. He came one morning, and when he first came in could only hold me in his embrace, and say, "My dear, dear girl!" I had long known—who could know better!—what a deep fountain of affection and generosity his heart was; and was it not worth my trivial suffering and change to fill such a place in it? "Oh, yes!" I thought. "He has seen me, and he loves me better than he did; he has seen me, and is even kinder to me than he was before; and what have I to mourn for!"

He sat down by me on the sofa, supporting me with his arm. For a little while he sat with his hand over his face, but when he removed it, fell into his usual manner. There never can have been, there never can be, a pleasanter manner.

"My little woman," said he, "what a sad time this has been. Such an inflexible little woman, too, through all!"

"Only for the best, Guardian," said I.

"For the best?" he repeated, tenderly. "Of course, for the best. Every thing she does is for the best, and of the best. But here have Ada and I been perfectly forlorn and miserable; here has your friend Caddy been coming and going late and early; here has every one about the house been utterly lost and dejected; here has even poor Rick been writing—to *me*, too—in his anxiety for you!"

I had read of Caddy in Ada's letters, but not of Richard. I told him so.

"Why, no, my dear," he replied. "I have thought it better not to mention it to her."

"And you speak of his writing to *you*," said I, repeating his emphasis. "As if it were not natural for him to do so, Guardian; as if he could write to a better friend!"

"He thinks he could, my love," returned my Guardian, "and to many a better. The truth is, he writes to me under a sort of protest, while unable to write to you with any hope of an answer—wrote coldly, haughtily, distantly, resentfully. Well, dearest little woman, we must look forbearingly on it. He is not to blame. Jarndyce and

Jarndyce has warped him out of himself, and perverted me in his eyes. I have known it do as bad deeds, and worse, many and many a time. If two angels could be concerned in it, I believe it would change their nature."

"It has not changed yours, Guardian."

"Oh, yes, it has, my dear," he said, laughingly. "It has made the south wind easterly, I don't know how often. Rick mistrusts and suspects me—goes to lawyers, and is taught to mistrust and suspect me. Hears I have conflicting interests; claims clashing against his, and what not. Whereas, Heaven knows, that if I could get out of the mountains of Wiglomeration on which my unfortunate name has been so long bestowed (which I can't), or could level them by the extinction of my own original right (which I can't, either, and no human power ever can, anyhow, I believe; to such a pass have we got), I would do it this hour. I would rather restore to poor Rick his proper nature, than be endowed with all the money that dead suitors, broken, heart and soul, upon the wheel of Chancery, have left unclaimed with the Accountant-General, and that's money enough, my dear, to be cast into a pyramid in memory of Chancery's transcendent wickedness."

"Is it possible, Guardian," I asked, amazed, "that Richard can be suspicious of you?"

"Ah, my love, my love," he said, "it is in the subtle poison of such abuses to breed such diseases. His blood is infected, and objects lose their natural aspects in his sight. It is not *his* fault."

"But it is a terrible misfortune, Guardian."

"It is a terrible misfortune, little woman, to be ever drawn within the influences of Jarndyce and Jarndyce. I know none greater. By little and little he has been induced to trust in that rotten reed, and it communicates some portion of its rottenness to every thing around him. But again, I say, with all my soul, we must be patient with poor Rick, and not blame him. What a troop of fine fresh hearts like his have I seen in my time turned by the same means!"

I could not help expressing something of my wonder and regret that his benevolent, disinterested intentions had prospered so little.

"We must not say so, Dame Durden," he cheerfully replied; "Ada is the happier, I hope; and that is much. I did think that I and both these young creatures might be friends, and not distrustful foes, and we might so far counteract the suit and prove too strong for it. But it was too much to expect. Jarndyce and Jarndyce was the curtain of Rick's cradle."

"But, Guardian, may we not hope that a little experience will teach him what a false and wretched thing it is?"

"We *will* hope so, my Esther," said Mr. Jarndyce, "and it may not teach him so too late. In any case we must not be hard on him. There are not many grown and matured men living while we speak—good men, too, who, if they were thrown into this same court as suitors, would not be vitally changed and depreciated within three years—within two—within one. How can we stand amazed at poor Rick? A young man so unfortunate," here he fell into a lower tone, as if he were thinking aloud, "can not at first believe (who could?) that Chancery is what it is. He looks to it, flushed and fitfully, to do something with his interests, and bring them to some settlement. It procrastinates, disappoints, tries, tortures him, and wears out his sanguine hopes and patience, thread by thread; but he still looks to it, and hankers after it, and finds his whole world treacherous and hollow. Well, well, well! Enough of this, my dear!"

He had supported me, as at first, all this time; and his tenderness was so precious to me that I leaned my head upon his shoulder and loved him as if he had been my father. I resolved in my own mind in this little pause, by some means, to see Richard when I grew strong, and try to set him right.

"There are better subjects than these," said my Guardian, "for such a joyful time as the time of our dear girl's recovery. And I had a commission to broach one of them as soon as I should begin to talk. When shall Ada come to see you, my love?"

I had been thinking of that, too. A little in connection with the absent mirrors, but not much; for I knew my loving girl would be changed by no change in my looks.

"Dear Guardian," said I, "as I have shut her out so long—though, indeed, indeed, she is like the light to me—"

"I know it well, Dame Durden, well."

He was so good, his touch expressed such endearing compassion and affection, and the tone of his voice carried such comfort into my heart, that I stopped for a little while, quite unable to go on. "Yes, yes, you are tired," said he. "Rest a little."

"As I have kept Ada out so long," I began afresh after a short while, "I think I should like to have my own way a little longer, Guardian. It would be best to be away from here before I see her. If Charley and I were to go to some country lodging as soon as I can move, and if I had a week there, in which to grow stronger and to be revived by the sweet air, and to look forward to the happiness of having Ada with me again, I think it would be better for us."

I hope it was not a poor thing in me to wish to be a little more used to my altered self before I met the eyes of the dear girl I longed so ardently to see; but it is the truth. I did. He understood me, I was sure, but I was not afraid of that. If it were a poor thing, I knew he would pass it over.

"Our spoilt little woman," said my Guardian, "shall have her own way even in her inflexibility though at the price, I know, of tears down stairs. And see here! Here is Boythorn, heart of chivalry, breathing such precious vows as never were breathed on paper before, that if you don't go and occupy his whole house, he having already turned out of it expressly for that purpose, by

Heaven and by earth he'll pull it down and not leave one brick standing on another!"

And my Guardian put a letter in my hand; without any ordinary beginning such as "My dear Jarndyce," but rushing at once into the words, "I swear if Miss Summerson do not come down and take possession of my house, which I vacate for her this day at one o'clock, P.M.," and then with the utmost seriousness, and in the most emphatic terms, going on to make the extraordinary declaration he had quoted. We did not appreciate the writer the less for laughing heartily over it; and we settled that I should write him a letter of thanks on the morrow, and accept his offer. It was a most agreeable one to me, for of all the places I could have thought of, I should have liked to go to none so well as Chesney Wold.

"Now, little housewife," said my Guardian, looking at his watch, "I was strictly timed before I came up-stairs, for you must not be tired too soon; and my time has waned away to the last minute. I have one other petition. Little Miss Flite, hearing a rumor that you were ill, made nothing of walking down here—twenty miles, poor soul, in a pair of dancing shoes—to inquire. It was Heaven's mercy we were at home, or she would have walked back again."

The old conspiracy to make me happy? Every body seemed to be in it!

"Now, pet," said my Guardian, "if it would not be irksome to you to admit the harmless little creature one afternoon before you save Boythorn's otherwise devoted house from demolition, I believe you would make her prouder and better pleased with herself than I—though my eminent name *is* Jarndyce—could do in a lifetime."

I have no doubt he knew there would be something in the simple image of the poor afflicted creature that would fall gently on my mind with a good influence. I felt it as he spoke to me. I could not tell him heartily enough how ready I was to receive her. I had always pitied her; never so much as now. I had always been glad of my little power to soothe her under her calamity; but never, never half so glad before.

We arranged a time for Miss Flite to come out by the coach, and share my early dinner. When my Guardian left me, I turned my face away upon my couch, and prayed to be forgiven if I, surrounded by such blessings, had magnified to myself the little trial that I had to undergo. The childish prayer of that old birthday, when I had aspired to be industrious, contented, and true-hearted, and to do some good to some one, and win some love to myself if I could, came back into my mind with a reproachful sense of all the happiness I had since enjoyed, and all the affectionate hearts that had been turned toward me. If I were weak now, what had I profited by these mercies? I repeated the old childish prayer in its old childish words, and found that its old peace had not departed from it.

My Guardian now came every day. In a week or so more, I could walk about our rooms, and hold long talks with Ada from behind the window-curtain. Yet I never saw her, for I had not as yet the courage to look at the dear face, though I could have done so easily without her seeing me.

On the appointed day Miss Flite arrived. The poor little creature ran into my room quite forgetful of her usual dignity, and crying from her very heart of hearts, "My dear Fitz Jarndyce!" fell upon my neck and kissed me twenty times.

"Dear me!" said she, putting her hand into her reticule, "I have nothing here but documents, my dear Fitz Jarndyce; I must borrow a pocket-handkerchief."

Charley gave her one, and the good creature certainly made use of it, for she held it to her eyes with both hands, and sat so shedding tears for the next ten minutes.

"With pleasure, my dear Fitz Jarndyce," she was careful to explain. "Not the least pain. Pleasure to see you well again. Pleasure at having the honor of being admitted to see you. I am so much fonder of you, my love, than of the Chancellor. Though I *do* attend court regularly. By-the-by, my dear, mentioning pocket-handkerchiefs—"

Miss Flite here looked at Charley, who had been to meet her at the place where the coach stopped. Charley glanced at me, and looked unwilling to pursue the suggestion.

"Ve-ry right!" said Miss Flite, "ve-ry correct. Truly? Highly indiscreet of me to mention it; but my dear Miss Fitz Jarndyce, I am afraid I am at times (between ourselves, you wouldn't think it) a little—rambling you know," said Miss Flite, touching her forehead. "Nothing more."

"What were you going to tell me?" said I, smiling, for I saw she wanted to go on. "You have roused my curiosity, and now you must gratify it."

Miss Flite looked to Charley for advice in this important crisis, who said, "If you please, ma'am, you had better tell then," and therein gratified Miss Flite beyond measure.

"So sagacious, our young friend," said she, in her mysterious way. "Diminutive. But ve-ry sagacious! Well, my dear, it's a pretty anecdote. Nothing more. Still I think it charming. Who should follow us down the road from the coach, my dear, but a poor person in a very ungenteel bonnet—"

"Jenny, if you please, miss," said Charley.

"Just so!" Miss Flite acquiesced with the greatest suavity. "Jenny. Ye-es! And what does she tell our young friend, but that there has been a lady with a vail inquiring at her cottage after my dear Fitz Jarndyce's health, and taking a handkerchief away with her as a little keepsake, merely because it was my amiable Fitz Jarndyce's. Now, you know, so very prepossessing in the lady with the vail!"

"If you please, miss," said Charley, to whom I looked in some astonishment, "Jenny says that when her baby died, you left a handkerchief there, and that she put it away and kept it with the

baby's little things. I think, if you please, partly because it was yours, miss, and partly because it had covered the baby."

"Diminutive," whispered Miss Flite, making a variety of motions about her own forehead to express intellect in Charley. "But ex-ceedingly sagacious! And so clear! My love, she's clearer than any counsel I ever heard!"

"Yes, Charley," I returned. "I remember it. Well?"

"Well, miss," said Charley, "and that's the handkerchief the lady took. And Jenny wants you to know that she wouldn't have made away with it herself for a heap of money, but that the lady took it, and left some money instead. Jenny don't know her at all, if you please, miss."

"Why, who can she be?" said I.

"My love," Miss Flite suggested, advancing her lips to my ear, with her most mysterious look, "in *my* opinion—don't mention this to our diminutive friend—she's the Lord Chancellor's wife. He's married, you know. And I understand she leads him a terrible life. Throws his lordship's paper into the fire, my dear, if he won't pay the jeweler!"

I did not think very much about this lady then, for I had an impression that it might be Caddy. Besides, my attention was diverted by my visitor, who was cold after her ride, and looked hungry; and who, our dinner being brought in, required some little assistance in arraying herself with great satisfaction in a pitiable old scarf and a much-worn and often-mended pair of gloves, which she had brought down in a paper parcel. I had to preside, too, over the entertainment, consisting of a dish of fish, a roast fowl, a sweetbread, vegetables, pudding, and Madeira; and it was so pleasant to see how she enjoyed it, and with what state and ceremony she did honor to it, that I was soon thinking of nothing else.

When we had finished, and had our little dessert before us, embellished by the hands of my dear, who would yield the superintendence of every thing prepared for me to no one—Miss Flite was so very chatty and happy, that I thought I would lead her to her own history, as she was always pleased to talk about herself. I began by saying, "You have attended on the Lord Chancellor many years, Miss Flite?"

"O many, many, many years, my dear. But I expect a judgment shortly."

There was an anxiety even in her hopefulness, that made me doubtful if I had done right in approaching the subject. I thought I would say no more about it.

"My father expected a judgment," said Miss Flite. "My brother. My sister. They all expected a judgment. The same that I expect."

"They are all—"

"Ye-es, dead of course, my dear," said she.

As I saw she would go on, I thought it best to try to be serviceable to her by meeting the theme, rather than avoiding it.

"Would it not be wiser," said I, "to expect this judgment no more?"

"Why, my dear," she answered promptly, "of course it would!"

"And to attend the court no more?"

"Equally, of course," said she. "Very wearing to be always in expectation of what never comes, my dear Fitz Jarndyce! Wearing, I assure you, to the bone!"

She slightly showed me her arm, and it was fearfully thin indeed.

"But, my dear," she went on, in her mysterious way, "there's a dreadful attraction in the place. Hush! Don't mention it to our diminutive friend, when she comes in. Or it may frighten her. With good reason. There's a cruel attraction in the place. You *can't* leave it And you *must* expect."

I tried to assure her that this was not so. She heard me patiently and smilingly, but was ready with her own answer.

"Ay, ay, ay! You think so, because I am a little rambling. Ve-ry absurd, to be a little rambling, is it not? Ve-ry confusing, too. To the head. I find it so. But, my dear, I have been there many years, and I have noticed. It's the Mace and Seal upon the table."

"What could they do, did she think?" I mildly asked her.

"Draw," returned Miss Flite. "Draw people on, my dear. Draw peace out of them. Sense out of them. Good looks out of them. Good qualities out of them. I have felt them drawing my rest away in the night. Cold and glittering devils!"

She touched me several times upon the arm, and nodded good-humoredly, as if she were anxious I should understand that I had no cause to fear her, though she spoke so gloomily, and confided these awful secrets to me.

"Let me see," said she. "I'll tell you my own case. Before they ever drew me—before I had ever seen them—what was it I used to do? tambourine playing? No. Tambour work. I and my sister worked at tambour work. Our father and our brother had a builder's business. We all lived together. Ve-ry respectably, my dear! First, our father was drawn—slowly. Home was drawn with him. In a few years, he was a fierce, sour, angry bankrupt, without a kind word or a kind look for any one. He had been so different, Fitz Jarndyce. He was drawn to a debtor's prison. There he died. Then our brother was swiftly drawn to drunkenness and rags. And death. Then my sister was drawn. Hush! Never ask to what! Then I was ill, and in misery, and heard, as I had often heard before, that this was all the work of Chancery. When I got better, I went to look at the Monster, and then I found out how it was, and I was drawn to stay there."

Having got over her own short narrative, in the delivery of which she had spoken in a low, strained voice, as if the shock were fresh upon her, she gradually resumed her usual air of amiable importance.

"You don't quite credit me, my dear! Well, well! You will, some day. I am a little ram-

bling. But I have noticed. I have seen many new faces come, unsuspicious, within the influence of the Mace and Seal in these many years. As my father's came there. As my brother's. As my sister's. As my own. I hear conversation Kenge and the rest of them say to the new faces, 'Here's little Miss Flite. O, you are new here; and you must come and be presented to little Miss Flite!' Ve-ry good. Proud I am sure to have the honor! And we all laugh. But Fitz Jarndyce knows what will happen; I know, far better than they do, when the attraction has begun. I know the signs, my dear. I saw them begin in Gridley. And I saw them end. Fitz Jarndyce, my love," speaking low again. "I saw them beginning in our friend the Ward in Jarndyce. Let some one hold him back. Or he'll be drawn to ruin."

She looked at me in silence for some moments, with her face gradually softening into a smile. Seeming to fear that she had been too gloomy, and seeming also to lose the connection in her mind, she said, politely, as she sipped her glass of wine, "Yes, my dear, as I was saying, I expect a judgment shortly. Then I shall release my birds, you know, and confer estates."

I was very much impressed by her allusion to Richard, and by the sad meaning, so sadly illustrated in her poor pinched form, that made its way through all her incoherence. But happily for her, she was quite complacent again now, and beamed with nods and smiles.

"But, my dear," she said, gayly, reaching another hand to put it upon mine. "You have not congratulated me on my physician. Positively not once, yet!"

I was obliged to confess that I did not quite know what she meant.

"My physician, Mr. Woodcourt, my dear, who was so exceedingly attentive to me. Though his services were rendered quite gratuitously, I assure you! Until the Day of Judgment—I mean *the* judgment that will dissolve the spell upon me of the Mace and Seal."

"Mr. Woodcourt is so far away, now," said I, "that I thought the time for such congratulations was past, Miss Flite."

"But, my child," she returned, "is it possible that you don't know what has happened?"

"No," said I.

"Not what every body has been talking of, my beloved Fitz Jarndyce?"

"No," said I. "You forget how long I have been here."

"True! my dear, for the moment—true. I blame myself. But my memory has been drawn out of me, with every thing else, by what I mentioned. Ve-ry strong influence, is it not? Well my dear, there has been a terrible shipwreck over in those East-Indian seas."

"Mr. Woodcourt shipwrecked!"

"Don't be agitated, my dear. He is safe. An awful scene. Death in all shapes. Hundreds of dead and dying. Fire, storm, and darkness. Numbers of the drowning thrown upon a rock. There, and through it all, my dear physician was a hero. Calm and brave through every thing. Saved many lives; never complained in hunger and thirst, wrapped naked people in his spare clothes, took the lead, showed them what to do, governed them, tended the sick, buried the dead and brought the poor survivors safely off at last! My dear, the poor emaciated creatures all but worshiped him. They fell down at his feet when they got to the land and blessed him. The whole country rings with it. Stay! where's my bag of documents? I have got it there, and you shall read it.—You shall read it!"

And I *did* read all the noble history; though very slowly, and imperfectly then, for my eyes were so dimmed that I could not see the words, and I cried so much that I was many times obliged to lay down the long account she had cut out of the newspaper. I felt so triumphant ever to have known the man who had done such generous and gallant deeds, I felt such glowing exultation in his renown, I so admired and loved what he had done that I envied the storm-worn people who had fallen down at his feet and blessed him as their preserver. I could myself have kneeled down then, so far away, and blessed him, in my rapture, that he should be so truly good and brave. I felt that no one—mother, sister, wife—could honor him more than I. I did, indeed!

My poor little visitor made me a present of the account, and when, as the evening began to close in, she rose to take her leave, lest she should miss the coach by which she was to return, she was still full of the shipwreck, which I had not yet sufficiently composed myself to understand in all its details.

"My dear," said she, as she carefully folded up her scarf and gloves, "my brave physician ought to have a title bestowed upon him. And no doubt he will. You are of that opinion?"

That he will deserve one, yes. That he would ever have one, no.

"Why not, Fitz Jarndyce?" she asked, rather sharply.

I said it was not the custom in England to confer titles on men distinguished by peaceful services, however good and great; unless occasionally, when they were distinguished by the accumulation of some very large amount of money.

"Why, good gracious," said Miss Flite, "how can you say that? Surely you know, my dear, that all the greatest ornaments of England, in knowledge, imagination, active humanity, and improvement of every kind, are among its nobility; look round you, my dear, and consider. *You* must be rambling a little now, I think, if you don't know that this is the great reason why titles will always last in the land."

I am afraid she believed what she said; for there were moments when she was very mad indeed.

And now I must part with a little secret I have thus far tried to keep. I had thought, sometimes, that Mr. Woodcourt loved me, and

that if he had been richer, he would perhaps have told me that he loved me, before he went away. I had thought, sometimes, that if he had done so, I should have been glad of it. But how much better it was now, that this had never happened! What should I have suffered, if I had had to write to him, and tell him that the poor face he had known as mine was quite gone from me, and that I freely released him from his bondage to one whom he had never seen!

O it was so much better as it was! With a great pang mercifully spared me, I could take back to my heart my childish prayer to be all he had so brightly shown himself; and there was nothing to be undone: no chain for me to break, or for him to drag; and I could go, please God, my lonely way along the path of duty, and he could go his nobler way upon its broader road; and though we were apart upon the journey I might aspire to meet him unselfishly, innocently, better far than he had thought me when I found some favor in his eyes, at the journey's end.

CHRISTMAS STORIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

THE POOR RELATION'S STORY.

HE was very reluctant to take precedence of so many respected members of the family, by beginning the round of stories they were to relate as they sat in a goodly circle by the Christmas fire; and he modestly suggested that it would be more correct if "John our esteemed host" (whose health he begged to drink) would have the kindness to begin. For as to himself, he said, he was so little used to lead the way, that really— But as they all cried out here, that he must begin, and agreed with one voice that he might, could, would, and should begin, he left off rubbing his hands, and took his legs out from under his arm-chair, and did begin.

I have no doubt (said the poor relation) that I shall surprise the assembled members of our family, and particularly John our esteemed host to whom we are so much indebted for the great hospitality with which he has this day entertained us, by the confession I am going to make. But, if you do me the honor to be surprised at any thing that falls from a person so unimportant in the family as I am, I can only say that I shall be scrupulously accurate in all I relate.

I am not what I am supposed to be. I am quite another thing. Perhaps before I go further, I had better glance at what I *am* supposed to be.

It is supposed, unless I mistake—the assembled members of our family will correct me if I do, which is very likely (here the poor relation looked mildly about him for contradiction); that I am nobody's enemy but my own. That I never met with any particular success in any thing. That I failed in business because I was unbusiness-like and credulous—in not being prepared for the interested designs of my partner. That I failed in love, because I was ridiculously trustful—in thinking it impossible that Christiana could deceive me. That I failed in my expectations from my uncle Chill, on account of not being as sharp as he could have wished in worldly matters. That, through life, I have been rather put upon and disappointed, in a general way. That I am at present a bachelor of between fifty-nine and sixty years of age, living on a limited income in the form of a quarterly allowance, to which I see that John our esteemed host wishes me to make no further allusion.

The supposition as to my present pursuits and habits is to the following effect.

I live in a lodging in the Clapham Road—a very clean back room, in a very respectable house—where I am expected not to be at home in the day-time, unless poorly; and which I usually leave in the morning at nine o'clock, on pretense of going to business. I take my breakfast—my roll and butter, and my half-pint of coffee—at the old established coffee-shop near Westminster Bridge; and then I go into the City—I don't know why—and sit in Garraway's Coffee House, and on 'Change, and walk about, and look into a few offices and counting-houses where some of my relations or acquaintances are so good as to tolerate me, and where I stand by the fire if the weather happens to be cold. I get through the day in this way until five o'clock, and then I dine: at a cost, on the average, of one and threepence. Having still a little money to spend on my evening's entertainment, I look into the old-established coffee-shop as I go home, and take my cup of tea, and perhaps my bit of toast. So, as the large hand of the clock makes its way round to the morning hour again, I make my way round to the Clapham Road again, and go to bed when I get to my lodging—fire being expensive, and being objected to by the family on account of its giving trouble and making a dirt.

Sometimes, one of my relations or acquaintances is so obliging as to ask me to dinner. Those are holiday occasions, and then I generally walk in the Park. I am a solitary man, and seldom walk with any body. Not that I am avoided because I am shabby; for I am not at all shabby, having always a very good suit of black on (or rather Oxford mixture, which has the appearance of black and wears much better); but I have got into a habit of speaking low, and being rather silent, and my spirits are not high, and I am sensible that I am not an attractive companion.

The only exception to this general rule is the child of my first cousin, little Frank. I have a particular affection for that child, and he takes very kindly to me. He is a diffident boy by nature; and in a crowd he is soon run over, as I may say, and forgotten. He and I, however, get on exceedingly well. I have a fancy that the poor child will in time succeed to my peculiar position in the family. We talk but little; still, we understand each other. We walk about, hand in hand; and without much speaking he knows what I mean, and I know what he means When he was very little indeed, I used to take

him to the windows of the toy-shops, and show him the toys inside. It is surprising how soon he found out that I would have made him a great many presents if I had been in circumstances to do it.

Little Frank and I go and look at the outside of the Monument—he is very fond of the Monument—and at the Bridges, and at all the sights that are free. On two of my birth-days, we have dined on a-la-mode beef, and gone at half-price to the play, and been deeply interested. I was once walking with him in Lombard-street, which we often visit on account of my having mentioned to him that there are great riches there—he is very fond of Lombard-street—when a gentleman said to me as he passed by, "Sir, your little son has dropped his glove." I assure you, if you will excuse my remarking on so trivial a circumstance, this accidental mention of the child as mine, quite touched my heart and brought the foolish tears into my eyes.

When little Frank is sent to school in the country, I shall be very much at a loss what to do with myself, but I have the intention of walking down there once a month and seeing him on a half holiday. I am told he will then be at play upon the Heath; and if my visits should be objected to, as unsettling the child, I can see him from a distance without his seeing me, and walk back again. His mother comes of a highly genteel family, and rather disapproves, I am aware, of our being too much together. I know that I am not calculated to improve his retiring disposition; but I think he would miss me beyond the feeling of the moment, if we were wholly separated.

When I die in the Clapham Road, I shall not leave much more in this world than I shall take out of it; but, I happen to have a miniature of a bright-faced boy, with a curling-head, and an open shirt-frill waving down his bosom (my mother had it taken for me, but I can't believe that it was ever like), which will be worth nothing to sell, and which I shall beg may be given to Frank. I have written my dear boy a little letter with it, in which I have told him that I felt very sorry to part from him, though bound to confess that I knew no reason why I should remain here. I have given him some short advice, the best in my power, to take warning of the consequences of being nobody's enemy but his own; and I have endeavored to comfort him for what I fear he will consider a bereavement, by pointing out to him that I was only a superfluous something to every one but him, and that having by some means failed to find a place in this great assembly, I am better out of it.

Such (said the poor relation, clearing his throat and beginning to speak a little louder) is the general impression about me. Now, it is a remarkable circumstance which forms the aim and purpose of my story, that this is all wrong. This is not my life, and these are not my habits. I do not even live in the Clapham Road. Comparatively speaking, I am very seldom there. I reside, mostly, in a—I am almost ashamed to say the word, it sounds so full of pretension—in a Castle. I do not mean that it is an old baronial habitation, but still it is a building always known to every one by the name of a Castle. In it, I preserve the particulars of my history; they run thus:

It was when I first took John Spatter (who had been my clerk) into partnership, and when I was still a young man of not more than five-and-twenty, residing in the house of my uncle Chill, from whom I had considerable expectations, that I ventured to propose to Christiana. I had loved Christiana, a long time. She was very beautiful, and very winning in all respects. I rather mistrusted her widowed mother, who I feared was of a plotting and mercenary turn of mind; but, I thought as well of her as I could, for Christiana's sake. I never had loved any one but Christiana, and she had been all the world, and O far more than all the world, to me, from our childhood!

Christiana accepted me, with her mother's consent, and I was rendered very happy indeed. My life at my Uncle Chill's was of a spare dull kind, and my garret chamber was as dull, and bare, and cold, as an upper prison room in some stern northern fortress. But, having Christiana's love, I wanted nothing upon earth. I would not have changed my lot with any human being.

Avarice was, unhappily, my Uncle Chill's master-vice. Though he was rich, he pinched, and scraped, and clutched, and lived miserably. As Christiana had no fortune, I was for some time a little fearful of confessing our engagement to him; but, at length I wrote him a letter, saying how it all truly was. I put it into his hand one night, on going to bed.

As I came down stairs next morning, shivering in the cold December air; colder in my uncle's unwarmed house than in the street, where the winter sun did sometimes shine, and which was at all events enlivened by cheerful faces and voices passing along; I carried a heavy heart toward the long, low breakfast-room in which my uncle sat. It was a large room with a small fire, and there was a great bay window in it which the rain had marked in the night as if with the tears of houseless people. It stared upon a raw yard, with a cracked stone pavement, and some rusted iron railings half uprooted, whence an ugly out-building that had once been a dissecting-room (in the time of the great surgeon who had mortgaged the house to my uncle), stared at it.

We rose so early always, that at that time of the year we breakfasted by candle-light. When I went into the room, my uncle was so contracted by the cold, and so huddled together in his chair behind the one dim candle, that I did not see him until I was close to the table.

As I held out my hand to him, he caught up his stick (being infirm, he always walked about the house with a stick), and made a blow at me, and said, "You fool!"

"Uncle," I returned, "I didn't expect you to

be so angry as this." Nor had I expected it, though he was a hard and angry old man.

"You didn't expect!" said he; "when did you ever expect? When did you ever calculate, or look forward, you contemptible dog?"

"These are hard words, uncle!"

"Hard words! Feathers, to pelt such an idiot as you with," said he. "Here! Betsy Snap! Look at him!"

Betsy Snap was a withered, hard-favored, yellow old woman—our only domestic—always employed, at this time of the morning, in rubbing my uncle's legs. As my uncle adjured her to look at me, he put his lean grip on the crown of her head, she kneeling beside him, and turned her face toward me. An involuntary thought connecting them both with the Dissecting Room, as it must often have been in the surgeon's time, passed across my mind in the midst of my anxiety.

"Look at the sniveling milksop!" said my uncle. "Look at the baby! This is the gentleman who, people say, is nobody's enemy but his own. This is the gentleman who can't say no. This is the gentleman who was making such large profits in his business that he must needs take a partner, t'other day. This is the gentleman who is going to marry a wife without a penny, and who falls into the hands of Jezabels who are speculating on my death!"

I knew, now, how great my uncle's rage was; for nothing short of his being almost beside himself would have induced him to utter that concluding word, which he held in such repugnance that it was never spoken or hinted at before him on any account.

"On my death," he repeated, as if he were defying me by defying his own abhorrence of the word. "On my death—death—Death! But I'll spoil the speculation. Eat your last under this roof, you feeble wretch, and may it choke you!"

You may suppose that I had not much appetite for the breakfast to which I was bidden in these terms; but, I took my accustomed seat. I saw that I was repudiated henceforth by my uncle; still I could bear that very well, possessing Christiana's heart.

He emptied his basin of bread and milk as usual, only that he took it on his knees with his chair turned away from the table where I sat. When he had done, he carefully snuffed out the candle; and the cold, slate-colored, miserable day looked in upon us.

"Now, Mr. Michael," said he, "before we part, I should like to have a word with these ladies in your presence."

"As you will, sir," I returned; "but you deceive yourself, and wrong us, cruelly, if you suppose that there is any feeling at stake in this contract but pure, disinterested, faithful love."

To this, he only replied, "You lie!" and not one other word.

We went, through half-thawed snow and half-frozen rain, to the house where Christiana and her mother lived. My uncle knew them very well. They were sitting at their breakfast, and were surprised to see us at that hour.

"Your servant, ma'am," said my uncle, to the mother, "You divine the purpose of my visit, I dare say, ma'am. I understand there is a world of pure, disinterested, faithful love cooped up here. I am happy to bring it all it wants, to make it complete. I bring you your son-in-law, ma'am—and you, your husband, miss. The gentleman is a perfect stranger to me, but I wish him joy of his wise bargain."

He snarled at me as he went out, and I never saw him again.

It is altogether a mistake (continued the poor relation) to suppose that my dear Christiana, over-persuaded and influenced by her mother, married a rich man, the dirt from whose carriage wheels is often, in these changed times, thrown upon me as she rides by. No, no. She married me.

The way we came to be married rather sooner than we intended, was this. I took a frugal lodging and was saving and planning for her sake, when, one day, she spoke to me with great earnestness, and said:

"My dear Michael, I have given you my heart. I have said that I loved you, and I have pledged myself to be your wife. I am as much yours through all changes of good and evil as if we had been married on the day when such words passed between us. I know you well, and know that if we should be separated and our union broken off, your whole life would be shadowed, and all that might, even now, be stronger in your character for the conflict with the world would then be weakened to the shadow of what it is!"

"God help me, Christiana!" said I. "You speak the truth."

"Michael!" said she, putting her hand in mine, in all maidenly devotion, "let us keep apart no longer. It is but for me to say that I can live contented upon such means as you have, and I well know you are happy. I say so from my heart. Strive no more alone; let us strive together. My dear Michael, it is not right that I should keep secret from you what you do not suspect, but what distresses my whole life. My mother; without considering that what you have lost, you have lost for me, and on the assurance of my faith: sets her heart on riches, and urges another suit upon me, to my misery. I can not bear this, for to bear it is to be untrue to you. I would rather share your struggles than look on. I want no better home than you can give me. I know that you will aspire and labor with a higher courage if I am wholly yours, and let it be so when you will!"

I was blest indeed, that day, and a new world opened to me. We were married in a very little while, and I took my wife to our happy home. That was the beginning of the residence I have spoken of; the Castle we have ever since inhabited together, dates from that time. All our children have been born in it. Our first child—

now married—was a little girl, whom we called Christiana. Her son is so like little Frank, that I hardly know which is which.

The current impression as to my partner's dealings with me is also quite erroneous. He did not begin to treat me coldly, as a poor simpleton, when my uncle and I so fatally quarrelled; nor did he afterward gradually possess himself of our business and edge me out. On the contrary, he behaved to me with the utmost good faith and honor.

Matters between us, took this turn:—On the day of my separation from my uncle, and even before the arrival at our counting-house of my trunks (which he sent after me, *not* carriage paid), I went down to our room of business, on our little wharf, overlooking the river; and there I told John Spatter what had happened. John did not say, in reply, that rich old relatives were palpable facts, and that love and sentiment were moonshine and fiction. He addressed me thus:

"Michael!" said John. "We were at school together, and I generally had the knack of getting on better than you, and making a higher reputation."

"You had, John," I returned.

"Although," said John, "I borrowed your books, and lost them; borrowed your pocket-money, and never repaid it; got you to buy my damaged knives at a higher price than I had given for them new; and to own to the windows that I had broken."

"All not worth mentioning, John Spatter," said I, "but certainly true."

"When you were first established in this infant business, which promises to thrive so well," pursued John, "I came to you, in my search for almost any employment, and you made me your clerk."

"Still not worth mentioning, my dear John Spatter," said I; "still, equally true."

"And finding that I had a good head for business, and that I was really useful *to* the business, you did not like to retain me in that capacity, and thought it an act of justice soon to make me your partner."

"Still less worth mentioning than any of those other little circumstances you have recalled, John Spatter," said I; "for I was, and am, sensible of your merits and my deficiencies."

"Now my good friend," said John, drawing my arm through his, as he had had a habit of doing at school; while two vessels outside the windows of our counting-house—which were shaped like the stern windows of a ship—went lightly down the river with the tide, as John and I might then be sailing away in company, and in trust and confidence, on our voyage of life; "let there, under these friendly circumstances, be a right understanding between us. You are too easy, Michael. You are nobody's enemy but your own. If I were to give you that damaging character among our connection, with a shrug, and a shake of the head, and a sigh; and if I were further to abuse the trust you place in me—"

"But you never will abuse it at all, John," I observed.

"Never!" said he, "but I am putting a case—I say, and if I were further to abuse that trust by keeping this piece of our common affairs in the dark, and this other piece in the light, and again this other piece in the twilight, and so on, I should strengthen my strength, and weaken your weakness, day by day, until at last I found myself on the high road to fortune, and you left behind on some bare common, a hopeless number of miles out of the way."

"Exactly so," said I.

"To prevent this, Michael," said John Spatter, "or the remotest chance of this, there must be perfect openness between us. Nothing must be concealed, and we must have but one interest."

"My dear John Spatter," I assured him, "that is precisely what I mean."

"And when you are too easy," pursued John, his face glowing with friendship, "you must allow me to prevent that imperfection in your nature from being taken advantage of, by any one; you must not expect me to humor it—"

"My dear John Spatter," I interrupted, "I *don't* expect you to humor it. I want to correct it."

"And I, too," said John.

"Exactly so!" cried I. "We both have the same end in view; and, honorably seeking it, and fully trusting one another, and having but one interest, ours will be a prosperous and happy partnership."

"I am sure of it!" returned John Spatter And we shook hands most affectionately.

I took John home to my Castle, and we had a very happy day. Our partnership throve well. My friend and partner supplied what I wanted, as I had foreseen that he would; and by improving both the business and myself, amply acknowledged any little rise in life to which I had helped him.

I am not (said the poor relation, looking at the fire, as he slowly rubbed his hands), not very rich, for I never cared to be that; but I have enough, and am above all moderate wants and anxieties. My Castle is not a splendid place, but it is very comfortable, and it has a warm and cheerful air, and is quite a picture of Home.

Our eldest girl, who is very like her mother, married John Spatter's eldest son. Our two families are closely united in other ties of attachment. It is very pleasant of an evening, when we are all assembled together—which frequently happens—and when John and I talk over old times, and the one interest there has always been between us.

I really do not know, in my Castle, what loneliness is. Some of our children or grandchildren are always about it, and the young voices of my descendants are delightful—O, how delightful!—to me to hear. My dearest and most devoted wife, ever faithful, ever loving, ever helpful and sustaining, and consoling, is the

priceless blessing of my house; from whom all its other blessings spring. We are rather a musical family, and when Christiana sees me, at any time, a little weary or depressed, she steals to the piano and sings a gentle air she used to sing when we were first betrothed. So weak a man am I, that I can not bear to hear it from any other source. They played it once at the Theatre, when I was there with little Frank; and the child said, wondering, "Cousin Michael, whose hot tears are these that have fallen on my hand?"

Such is my Castle, and such are the real particulars of my life therein preserved. I often take little Frank home there. He is very welcome to my grandchildren, and they play together. At this time of the year—the Christmas and New Year time—I am seldom out of my Castle. For the associations of the season seem to hold me there, and the precepts of the season seem to teach me that it is well to be there.

"And the Castle is—" observed a grave, kind voice among the company.

"Yes. My Castle," said the poor relation, shaking his head as he still looked at the fire, "is in the Air. John our esteemed host suggests its situation accurately. My Castle is in the Air! I have done. Will you be so good as to pass the story."

THE CHILD'S STORY.

Once upon a time, a good many years ago, there was a traveler, and he set out upon a journey. It was a magic journey, and was to seem very long when he began it, and very short when he got half way through.

He traveled along a rather dark path for some little time, without meeting any thing, until at last he came to a beautiful child. So he said to the child "What do you do here?" And the child said, "I am always at play. Come and play with me!"

So he played with that child the whole day long, and they were very merry. The sky was so blue, the sun was so bright, the water was so sparkling, the leaves were so green, the flowers were so lovely, and they heard such singing-birds, and saw so many butterflies, that every thing was beautiful. This was in fine weather. When it rained, they loved to watch the falling drops, and to smell the fresh scents. When it blew, it was delightful to listen to the wind, and fancy what it said, as it came rushing from its home—where was that, they wondered!—whistling and howling, driving the clouds before it, bending the trees, rumbling in the chimneys, shaking the house, and making the sea roar in fury. But, when it snowed, that was best of all; for they liked nothing so well as to look up at the white flakes falling fast and thick, like down from the breasts of millions of white birds; and to see how smooth and deep the drift was; and to listen to the hush upon the paths and roads.

They had plenty of the finest toys in the world, and the most astonishing picture-books: all about scimitars and slippers and turbans, and dwarfs and giants and genii and fairies, and blue-beards and bean-stalks and riches and caverns and forests and Valentines and Orsons: and all new and all true.

But one day, of a sudden, the traveler lost the child. He called to him over and over again, but got no answer. So he went upon his road, and went on for a little while without meeting any thing, until at last he came to a handsome boy. So he said to the boy "What do you do here?" And the boy said, "I am always learning. Come and learn with me."

So he learned with that boy about Jupiter and Juno, and the Greeks and the Romans, and I don't know what, and learned more than I could tell—or he either, for he soon forgot a great deal of it. But they were not always learning; they had the merriest games that ever were played. They rowed upon the river in summer, and skated on the ice in winter; they were active afoot, and active on horseback; at cricket, and all games at ball; the prisoners' base, hare and hounds, follow my leader, and more sports than I can think of; nobody could beat them. They had holidays, too, and Twelfth cakes, and parties where they danced all night till midnight, and real Theatres where they saw palaces of real gold and silver rise out of the real earth, and saw all the wonders of the world at once. As to friends, they had such dear friends and so many of them, that I want the time to reckon them up. They were all young, like the handsome boy, and were never to be strange to one another all their lives through.

Still, one day, in the midst of all these pleasures, the traveler lost the boy as he had lost the child; and, after calling to him in vain, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing any thing, until at last he came to a young man. So he said to the young man "What do you do here?" And the young man said, "I am always in love. Come and love with me."

So, he went away with that young man, and presently they came to one of the prettiest girls that ever was seen—just like Fanny in the corner there—and she had eyes like Fanny, and hair like Fanny, and dimples like Fanny's, and she laughed and colored just as Fanny does while I am talking about her. So, the young man fell in love directly—just as Somebody I won't mention, the first time he came here, did with Fanny. Well! He was teased sometimes—just as Somebody used to be by Fanny; and they quarreled sometimes—just as Somebody and Fanny used to quarrel; and they made it up, and sat in the dark, and wrote letters every day, and never were happy asunder, and were always looking out for one another and pretending not to, and were engaged at Christmas time, and sat close to one another by the fire, and were going to be married very soon—all exactly like Somebody I won't mention, and Fanny!

But the traveler lost them one day, as he had

lost the rest of his friends, and, after calling to them to come back, which they never did, went on upon his journey. So, he went on for a little while without seeing any thing, until at last he came to a middle-aged gentleman. So, he said to the gentleman, "What are you doing here?" And his answer was, "I am always busy. Come and be busy with me!"

So, he began to be very busy with that gentleman, and they went on through the wood together. The whole journey was through a wood, only it had been open and green at first, like a wood in spring; and now began to be thick and dark, like a wood in summer; some of the little trees that had come out earliest, were even turning brown. The gentleman was not alone, but had a lady of about the same age with him, who was his wife; and they had children, who were with them too. So, they all went on together through the wood, cutting down the trees, and making a path through the branches and the fallen leaves, and carrying burdens, and working hard.

Sometimes, they came to a long green avenue that opened into deeper woods. Then they would hear a very little distant voice crying, "Father, father, I am another child! Stop for me!" And presently they would see a very little figure, growing larger as it came along, running to join them. When it came up, they all crowded round it, and kissed and welcomed it; and then they all went on together.

Sometimes, they came to several avenues at once, and then they all stood still, and one of the children said, "Father, I am going to sea," and another said, "Father, I am going to India;" and another, "Father, I am going to seek my fortune where I can;" and another, "Father, I am going to Heaven!" So, with many tears at parting, they went, solitary, down those avenues, each child upon its way; and the child who went to Heaven, rose into the golden air and vanished.

Whenever these partings happened, the traveler looked at the gentleman, and saw him glance up at the sky above the trees, where the day was beginning to decline, and the sunset to come on. He saw, too, that his hair was turning gray. But, they never could rest long, for they had their journey to perform, and it was necessary for them to be always busy.

At last, there had been so many partings that there were no children left, and only the traveler, the gentleman, and the lady, went upon their way in company. And now the wood was yellow, and now brown; and the leaves, even of the forest trees, began to fall.

So, they came to an avenue that was darker than the rest, and were pressing forward on their journey without looking down it when the lady stopped.

"My husband," said the lady, "I am called."

They listened, and they heard a voice, a long way down the avenue, say, "Mother, mother!"

It was the voice of the first child who had said, "I am going to Heaven!" and the father said, "I pray not yet. The sunset is very near. I pray not yet!"

But, the voice cried "Mother, mother!" without minding him, though his hair was now quite white, and the tears were on his face.

Then, the mother, who was already drawn into the shade of the dark avenue, and moving away with her arms still round his neck, kissed him, and said, "My dearest, I am summoned, and I go!" And she was gone. And the traveler and he were left alone together.

And they went on and on together, until they came to very near the end of the wood: so near, that they could see the sunset shining red before them through the trees.

Yet, once more, while he broke his way among the branches, the traveler lost his friend. He called and called, but there was no reply, and when he passed out of the wood, and saw the peaceful sun going down upon a wide purple prospect, he came to an old man sitting on a fallen tree. So, he said to the old man "What do you do here?" And the old man said, with a calm smile, "I am always remembering. Come and remember with me!"

So, the traveler sat down by the side of that old man, face to face, with the serene sunset; and all his friends came softly back and stood around him. The beautiful child, the handsome boy, the young man in love, the father, mother, and children: every one of them was there, and he had lost nothing. So, he loved them all, and was kind and forbearing with them all, and was always pleased to watch them all, and they all honored and loved him. And I think the traveler must be yourself, dear Grandfather, because that is what you do to us, and what we do to you.

THE GRANDFATHER'S STORY.

When I first took my seat as a clerk in our Bank, the state of the country was far less safe than it is now. The roads were not only unconscious of Macadam, and fatal in many places to wheels and springs, but dangerous to a still more alarming degree from the outrages and robberies to which travelers were exposed. Men's minds were unsettled by the incidents of the war on which we had just entered; commerce was interrupted, credit was at an end, and distress began to be discovered among whole classes of the population who had hitherto lived in comfort. However harshly the law was administered, it seemed to have no terrors for the evil-doer, and, indeed, the undiscerning cruelty of the Statute-book defeated its own object, by punishing all crimes alike. But, a time of pecuniary pressure is not a bad season for a bank. The house flourished, though the country was in great straits; and the enormous profits at that time realized by bankers—which enabled them to purchase large estates and outshine the old territorial aristocracy—made the profession as unpopular among the higher classes as it had already become among the unreasoning masses. By them, a banker was looked upon as a sort of licensed

forger, who created enormous sums of money by merely signing square pieces of flimsy paper; and I am persuaded the robbery of a bank would have been considered by many people quite as meritorious an action as the dispersal of a band of coiners. These, however, were not the sentiments of us bankers' clerks. We felt that we belonged to a mighty corporation, on whose goodwill depended the prosperity of half the farms in the county. We considered ourselves the executive government, and carried on the business of the office with a pride and dignity that would have fitted us for Secretaries of State. We used even to walk the streets with a braggadocio air, as if our pockets were loaded with gold; and if two of us hired a gig for a country excursion, we pretended to look under the driving-seat as if to see to the safety of inconceivable amounts of money: ostentatiously examining our pistols, to show that we were determined to defend our treasure or die. Not seldom these precautions were required in reality; for, when a pressure for gold occurred among our customers, two of the most courageous of the clerks were dispatched with the required amount, in strong leathern bags deposited under the seat of the gig, which bags they were to guard at the risk of their lives. Whether from the bodily strength I was gifted with, or from some idea that as I was not given to boasting, I might really possess the necessary amount of boldness, I do not know, but I was often selected as one of the guards to a valuable cargo of this description; and as if to show an impartiality between the most silent and the most talkative of their servants, the partners united with me in this service the most blustering, boastful, good-hearted and loud-voiced young gentleman I have ever known. You have most of you heard of the famous electioneering orator, Tom Ruddle—who stood at every vacancy for county and borough, and passed his whole life between the elections in canvassing for himself or friends. Tom Ruddle was my fellow clerk at the time I speak of, and generally the companion of my drives in charge of treasure.

"What would you do," I said to Tom, "in case we are attacked?"

"Tell ye what!" said Tom, with whom that was a favorite way of beginning almost every sentence, "Tell ye what! I'll shoot 'em through the head."

"Then you expect there will be more than one?"

"I should think so," said Tom; "if there was only one, I'd jump out of the gig and give him a precious licking. Tell ye what! 'Twould be a proper punishment for his impertinence."

"And if half-a-dozen should try it?"

"Shoot 'em all!"

Never was there such a determined custodier as the gallant Tom Ruddle.

One cold December evening we were suddenly sent off, in charge of three bags of coin, to be delivered into customers' hands within ten or twelve miles of the town. The clear frosty sky was exhilarating, our courage was excited by the speed of the motion, the dignity of our responsible office, and a pair of horse-pistols which lay across the apron.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom, taking up one of the pistols and (as I afterward found) full-cocking it, "I should rather like to meet a few robbers. I would serve them as I did those three disbanded soldiers."

"How was that?"

"Oh! it's as well," said Tom, pretending to grow very serious, "to say nothing about these unfortunate accidents. Blood is a frightful thing on the conscience, and a bullet through a fellow's head is a disagreeable sight; but—tell ye what!—I'd do it again. Fellows who risk their lives must take their chance, my boy."

And here Tom put the other pistol on full-cock, and looked audaciously on both sides of the road, as if daring the lurking murderers to come forth and receive the reward of their crimes. As to the story of the soldiers, and the fearful insinuations of a bloody deed executed on one or all, it was a prodigious rhodomontade—for Tom was such a tender-hearted individual, that if he had shot a kitten, it would have made him unhappy for a week. But, to hear him talk, you would have taken him for a civic Richard the Third—one who had "neither pity, love, nor fear." His whiskers also were very ferocious, and suggestive of battle, murder, and ruin. So, he went on playing with his pistol, and giving himself out for an unpitying executioner of vengeance on the guilty, until we reached the small town where one of our customers resided, and it was necessary for one of us to carry one of the bags to its destination. Tom undertook this task. As the village at which the remaining parcels were to be delivered was only a mile further on, he determined to walk across the fields, and join me after he had executed his commission. He looked carefully at the priming of his pistol, stuck it ostentatiously in the outside breast-pocket of his great-coat; and, with stately steps, marched off with the heavy money-bag in his hand. I put the whip to the horse, and trotted merrily forward, thinking nothing whatever of robbery or danger, in spite of the monitory conversation of Tom Ruddle.

Our first customer resided at the outskirts of the village—a farmer who required a considerable amount in gold. I pulled up at the narrow dark entrance of the lane that led up to his house, and as my absence couldn't be for more than a few minutes, I left the gig, and proceeded up the lane with my golden treasure. I delivered it into the hands of its owner; and, manfully resisting all his hospitable invitations, I took my leave, and walked rapidly toward the gig. As I drew near, I perceived in the clear starlight a man mounted on the step, and groping under the seat. I ran forward, and the man, alarmed by my approach, rapidly raised himself from his stooping position, and, presenting a pistol, fired it so close to my eyes that the flash blinded me for a moment; the action was so sudden, and my surprise so great, that for a short time too I was bewil-

dered, and scarcely knew whether I was alive or dead.

The old horse never started at the report, and I rested my hand on the rim of the wheel, while I endeavored to recover my scattered thoughts. The first thing I ascertained was that the man had disappeared. I then hurriedly examined under the seat; and, to my intense relief, perceived the remaining money-bag still in its place. There was a slit in it, however, near the top, as if made by a knife—the robber probably resolving merely to possess himself of the coin, without the dangerous accompaniment of the leathern sack, by which he might have been traced.

"Tell ye what!" said a voice close beside me, as I concluded my scrutiny; "I don't like practical jokes like that—firing off pistols to frighten folks. You'll alarm the whole village."

"Tom," I said, "now's the time to show your courage. A man has robbed the gig—or tried to do it—and has fired at me within a yard of my face."

Tom grew perceptibly pale at this information. "Was there only one?"

"Only one."

"Then the accomplices are near. What's to be done? Shall we rouse farmer Malins, and get his men to help?"

"Not for the world," I said: "I would rather face a dozen shots than have my carelessness known at the Bank. It would ruin me for life. Let us count the money in this bag, quietly deliver it if it be correct, and then follow the robber's course."

It was only a hundred guinea bag, that one, but the counting was nervous work. We found three guineas wanting. We were luckily able to supply them from our own pockets (having just received our quarter's salaries), and I left Tom there, delivered the bag at its destination, very near at hand, without a word of the robbery, and went back to him.

"Now, which way did he go?" said Tom, resuming a little of his former air, and clutching his pistol like the chief of a chorus of banditti in a melodrama.

I told him I had been so confused that I had not observed which way he had retreated. Tom was an old hand at poaching—though he was a clergyman's son, and ought to have set a better example.

"I have heard a hare stir at a hundred yards," he said, and laid his ear close to the frosty ground. "If he's within a quarter of a mile, I shall hear him move." I lay also down on the ground. There was silence for a long time. We heard nothing but our breathing and the breathing of the horse.

"Hush!" said Tom at last. "He has come out of hiding. I hear a man's step far away to the left; bring your pistol, and let us follow." I took the pistol and found the flint down on the pan. The man had fired at me with my own weapon, and no wonder he had fired so suddenly; for Tom now acknowledged to his belief that he had forgotten to uncock it.

"Never mind," said Tom, "I'll blow his brains out with mine, and you can split his skull with the butt end of yours. Tell ye what! It's of no use to spare those malefactors. I'll fire, the moment I see him."

"Not till I tell you whether it is the robber or not."

"Should you know him, do you think?"

"In the flash of the powder I saw a pair of haggard and amazed eyes which I shall never forget."

"On, then!" said Tom; "we'll have a three hundred pound reward, and see the rascal hanged besides."

"We set off, slowly and noiselessly, in the direction Tom had pointed out. Occasionally he applied his ear to the ground, and always muttering, "We have him! we have him!" proceeded in the same careful manner as before. Suddenly Tom said, "He's doubling. He has been leading us on the wrong scent all this time; he has turned toward the village."

"Then our plan," I said, "should be to get there before him. If we intercept him in that way, he can't escape; and I feel sure I could identify him if I saw him by candle-light."

"Tell ye what!—that's the plan," replied my companion. "We'll watch at the entrance of the village, and arrest him the moment he comes in."

We crept through an opening of the hedge, and got once more in the straight lane that led to the village. It was now very late, and the cold was so intense that it kept every person within-doors; for, we heard no sound in the whole hamlet, except, high up in the clear air, the ticking of the church clock, and the loud jangle of the quarters that seemed like peals of artillery in the excited state of our minds and senses. Close to the church—which appeared to guard the entrance of the village, with its low buttressed walls, and its watch-tower of a steeple—there was a wretched ruined-looking cottage, which projected so far into the lane that the space between it and the church was not more than eight or nine feet. It struck us both at the same moment that if we could effect a lodgment here, it was impossible for the man to slip into the village without our observation.

After listening for a while at the windows and doors of the building, we concluded it was uninhabited; gently pushing open the door, we climbed a narrow stone staircase, and were making for a gable end window which we had observed from the road, and which commanded the whole approach to the village, when we heard a voice say in a whisper, as we attained the garret we were in search of, "Is that you, William?"

We stopped for a minute or two and the speaker's expectation was disappointed. We now placed ourselves at the window, and listened for the slightest sound. We remained there, listening, for a long time. Several quarters had died off into "the eternal melodies," far up in the church tower, and we were just beginning

to despair of seeing the object of our search, when Tom nudged me noiselessly with his elbow.

"Tell ye what!" he whispered very softly, "there's a footstep round the corner. See! There's a man under the hedge looking up at the next window. There—he moves! We must be after him. Hallo! Stop—he crosses the lane. He's coming into this very house!"

I certainly did see a figure silently steal across the road and disappear under the doorway of the building we were in. But, we had no light; and we knew nothing of the arrangement of the rooms. Another quarter thrown off from the old church clock, warned us that the night was rapidly passing away. We had almost resolved to retrace our steps if possible, and get back to where we had left our unfortunate horse, when I was again nudged by my friend's elbow.

"Tell ye what!" he whispered. "Something's going on;" and he pointed to a feeble glimmer on the rafters of the roof above us.

The light proceeded from the next room, which had not been built up above the height of the ceiling joists, so that the roof was common to both chambers—the adjoining one, and that in which we were—the partition-wall being only seven or eight feet high. We could have heard any thing that was said, but we listened in vain for the slightest sound. The light, however, continued to burn; we saw it flickering across the top of the habitation, and dimly playing far up among the dark thatch of the roof.

"Tell ye what!" said Tom. "If we could get up, on these old joists, we could see into the next room. Hold my pistol till I get up and—tell ye what!—then I can shoot 'em easy."

"For Heaven's sake, Tom!" I said, "be careful. Let me see whether it is the man."

"Come up, then," said Tom, who now bestrode one of the main beams and gave me a hand to aid my ascent. We were both on the level of the dividing wall, and, by placing our heads a little forward, could see every portion of the neighboring room. A miserable room it was. There was a small round table, there were a couple of old chairs; but utter wretchedness was the characteristic of the cheerless and fireless apartment.

There was a person, apparently regardless of the cold, seated at the table and reading a book. The little taper which had been lighted without any noise, was only sufficient to throw its illumination on the features and figure of the reader, and on the table at which she sat. They were wasted and pallid features—but she was young, and very pretty; or the mystery and strangeness of the incident threw such an interest around her, that I thought so. Her dress was very scanty, and a shawl, wrapped closely round her shoulders, perhaps displayed, rather than concealed the deficiency of her clothing in other respects. Suddenly we saw at the farther end of the room a figure emerge from the darkness; Tom grasped his pistol more firmly, and put the cock back, preventing it from making any noise with his thumb. The man stood in the doorway, as if uncertain whether to enter or not. He looked for a long time at the woman, who still continued her reading; and then silently advanced. She heard his step, and lifted up her head, and looked in his face without saying a word. Such a face, so pale, so agitated, I never in my life saw.

"We shall go to-morrow," he said; "I have got some money as I expected." And with these words he laid three golden guineas on the table before her. Still, she said nothing—but watched his countenance with her lips apart. .

"Tell ye what!" said Tom; "that's the money. Is that the man?"

"I don't know yet, till I see his eyes." In the mean time, the conversation went on below.

"I borrowed these pieces from a friend," continued the man, as if in answer to the look she bent on him; "a friend, I tell you. I might have had more, but I would take only three. They are enough to carry us to Liverpool, and, once there, we are sure of a passage to the West. Once in the West, the world is before us. I can work, Mary. We are young—a poor man has no chance here, but we can go to America with fresh hopes—"

"And a good conscience?" said the woman, in a whisper like Lady Macbeth's.

The man was silent. At last he seemed to grow angry at the steadiness of her gaze. "Why do you look at me in that manner? I tell you we shall start to-morrow."

"And the money?" said the woman.

"I will send it back to my friend from whom I borrowed it, out of my first earnings. I took only three, in case it should incommode him to lend me more."

"I must see that friend myself," said Mary, "before I touch the money."

"Tell ye what! Is it the man?" again asked Tom.

"Hush!" I said; "let us listen."

"I recognized a friend of mine in one of the clerks in the Melfield Bank. I give you my word I got the coins from him."

"Tell ye what! He confesses," said Tom; "let us spring on him by surprise—an ugly ruffian as ever I saw!"

"And with that sum," he continued, "see what we can do. It will relieve us from our distress, which has come upon us—Mary, you know I speak the truth in this—from no other fault of mine than too much confidence in a treacherous friend. I can't see you starve. I can't see the baby reduced from our comfortable keeping to lie on straw at the end of a barn like this. I can't do it—I won't!" he went on, getting more impassioned in his words. "At whatever cost, I *will* give you a chance of comfort and independence."

"And peace of mind?" replied Mary. "Oh, William, I must tell you what terrible fears have been in my heart, all this dreary night, during your absence; I have read, and prayed, and turned for comfort to Heaven. Oh, William, give the money back to your friend—I say no-

thing about the loan—take it back; I can't look at it! Let us starve—let us die, if it must be so—but take that money away."

Tom Ruddle gently put down the cock of his pistol, and ran the sleeve of his coat across his eyes.

"Let us trust, William," the woman went on, "and deliverance will be found. The weather is very cold," she added. "There seems no visible hope; but I can not altogether despair at this time of the year. This barn is not more humble than the manger at Bethlehem, which I have been reading about all night."

At this moment, a great clang of bells pealed from the old church tower; it was so near that it shook the rafters on which we sat, and filled all the room with the sharp ringing sound. "Hark!" cried the man, startled, "What's that?" "It is Christmas morning," said the woman. "Ah, William, William, what a different spirit we should welcome it with; in what a different spirit we *have* welcomed it, many and many a happy time!"

He listened for a moment or two to the bells. Then he sank on his knees, and put his head on her lap; and there was perfect silence except the Christmas music. "Tell ye what!" said Tom. "I remember we always sang a hymn at this hour, in my father's house. Let us be off—I wouldn't disturb these people for a thousand guineas."

Some little noise was made by our preparations to descend. The man looked up, while the woman still continued absorbed in prayer. My head was just on the level of the wall. Our eyes met. They were the same that had flashed so wildly when the pistol was fired from the gig. We continued our descent. The man rose quietly from his knees, and put his finger to his lip. When we got down-stairs, he was waiting for us at the door. "Not before *her*," he said. "I would spare her the sight, if I could. I am guilty of the robbery, but I wouldn't have harmed you, sir. The pistol went off the moment I put my hand upon it. For God's sake, tell her of it gently, when you have taken me away!"

"Tell ye what!" said Tom Ruddle—whose belligerent feelings had entirely disappeared—"the pistol was my mistake, and it's all a mistake together. Come to my friend and me, at the Bank, the day after to-morrow, and—tell ye what! the sharp wind brings water to my eyes—we'll manage to lend you some more."

So the bells still rang clear in the midnight air; and our drive home through the frosty lanes, was the pleasantest drive we ever had in our lives.

THE DEAF PLAYMATE'S STORY.

I DON'T know how you have all managed, or what you have been telling. I have been thinking all this time, what I could tell that was interesting; and I don't know any thing very particular that has happened to me, except all about Charley Felkin, and why he has asked me to go and stay there. I will tell you that story, if you like.

You know Charley is a year younger than I am, and I had been at Dr. Owen's a year when he came. He was to be in my room; and he did not know any thing about school; and he was younger, and uncomfortable at first; and altogether he fell to my share; and so we saw a great deal of each other. He soon cheered up, and could stand his ground; and we were great friends. He soon got to like play, and left off moping; and we used to talk a great deal in wet weather, and out on long walks. Our best talks, though, were after we were gone to bed. I was not deaf then; and we used to have such talks about home, and ghosts, and all sorts of things; and nobody ever overheard us that we know of, but once; and then we got nothing worse than a tremendous rap at the door, and the doctor bidding us go to sleep directly.

Well, we went on just so for a good while, till I began to have the ear-ache. At first, Charley was very kind to me. I remember his asking me once to lean my head on his shoulder, and his keeping my head warm till the pain got better; and he sat quite still the whole time. But perhaps he got tired; or—I don't know—perhaps I grew cross. I used to try not; but sometimes the pain was so bad, and lasted so long, that I used to wish I was dead; and I dare say I might be cross enough then, or dismal, which boys like worse. Charley used to seem not to believe there was any thing the matter with me. I used to climb up the apple-tree, and get on the wall, and pretend to be asleep, to get out of their way; and then the boys used to come running that way, and say, "Humpty Dumpty sat on the wall!" and one day when I heard Charley say it, I said, "Oh, Charley!" and he said, "Well, why do you go dumping there?" and he pretended that I made a great fuss about nothing. I know he did not really think so, but wanted to get rid of it all. I know it, because he was so kind always, and so merry when I got well again, and went to play with the rest. And then I was pleased, and thought I must have been cross, to have thought the things I had; and so we never explained. If we had, it might have saved a great deal that happened afterward. I am sure I wish we had.

When Charley came, he was a good deal behind me—being a year younger, and never having been to school. I used to think I could keep ahead of all but three boys in my class; and I used to try hard to keep ahead of them. But, after a time I began to go down. I used to learn my lessons as hard as ever; still, somehow the boys were quicker in answering, and half-a-dozen of them used to get my place, before I knew what it was all about. Dr. Owen saw me, one day, near the bottom of the class; and he said he never saw me there before; and the usher said I was stupid; and the doctor said, then I must be idle. And the boys said so, too, and gave me nicknames about it; I even thought so myself, too, and I was very miserable. Charley got into our class before I got out of it; and indeed I never did get out of it. I believe his

father and mother used to hold me up to him—for he might easily speak well of me while he was fond of me. At least, he seemed bent upon getting above me in class. I did try hard against that; and he saw it, and tried his utmost. I could not like him much then. I dare say I was very ill-tempered, and that put him out. After I had tried till I was sick to learn my lesson perfect, and then to answer questions, Charley would get the better of me; and then he would triumph over me. I did not like to fight him, because he could not have stood up against me: and besides it was all true—he did beat me at lessons. So we used to go to bed without speaking. We had quite left off telling stories at night, some time before. One morning, Charley said, when we got up, that I was the most sulky fellow he ever saw. I had been afraid, lately, that I *was* growing rather sulky, but I did not know of any particular reason that he had for saying so just then (though he had a reason, as I found out afterward). So I told him what I thought—that he had grown very unkind, and that I would not bear with it if he did not behave as he used to do. He said that whenever he tried to do so, I sulked. I did not know, then, what reason he had to say that, nor what this was all about. The thing was, he had felt uncomfortable the night before about something in his behavior to me, and he had whispered to me to ask me to forgive him. It was quite dark, and I never heard him: he asked me to turn and speak to him; but I never stirred, of course; and no wonder he supposed I was sulking. But all this is very disagreeable; and so I will go on to other things.

Mrs. Owen was in the orchard one day, and she chanced to look over the hedge, and she saw me lying on my face on the ground. I used often to be so then, for I was stupid at play, where there was any calling out, and the boys used to make game of me. Mrs. Owen told the Doctor, and the Doctor said there must be something wrong, and he should be better satisfied if Mr. Pratt, the surgeon, saw me. Mr. Pratt found out that I was deaf, though he could not tell what was the matter with my ears. He would have put on blisters, and I don't know what else; but the Doctor said it was so near the holidays, I had better wait till I had got home. There was an end to taking places, however. The Doctor told them all that it was clear now why I had seemed to go back so much; and that he reproached himself and wondered at every body—that the reason had not been found out before. The top of the class was nearest to the usher, or the Doctor, when he heard us; and I was to stand there always, and not take places with the rest. After that, I heard the usher very well, and got on again. And after that, the boys, and particularly Charley, were kinder again; and if I had been good-tempered, I dare say all would have gone right. But, somehow, every thing seemed to go wrong and be uncomfortable wherever I might be, and I was always longing to be somewhere else. I was longing now for the holidays. I dare say every boy was longing for the holidays; but I was particularly, because every thing at home was so bright, and distinct, and cheerful, compared with school, that half-year. Every body seemed to have got to speak thick and low; most of the birds seemed to have gone away; and this made me long more to see my turtle-doves, which Peggy had promised to take care of for me. Even the church-bell seemed as if it was muffled; and when the organ played, there were great gaps in the music, which was so spoiled that I used to think I had rather there had been no music at all. But all this is disagreeable, too; so I will go on about Charley.

His father and mother asked me to go home with him to stay for a week; and father said I might; so I went—and I never was so uncomfortable in my life. I did not hear what they said to each other, unless I was quite in the middle of them, and I knew I looked stupid when they were all laughing, and I did not know what it was about. I was sure that Charley's sisters were quizzing me—Kate particularly. I felt always as if every body was looking at me; and I know they talked about me sometimes. I know it, because I heard something that Mrs. Felkin said one day, when there was a noise in the street, and she spoke loud without knowing it. I heard her say, "He never told us the poor child was deaf." I don't know why, but I could not bear this. And, after that, some of them were always telling me things in a loud voice, so that every body turned and looked at me; and then I made a mistake sometimes about what they told me; and one mistake was so ridiculous that I saw Kate turn her back to laugh, and she laughed for ever so long after. Altogether, I could not bear it, and so I ran away. It was all very silly of me, and I know I was very ill-tempered, and I know how Mr. and Mrs. Felkin must have found themselves mistaken about me, as a friend for Charley; but I did not see any use in staying longer, just to be pitied and laughed at, without doing any good to any body; so I ran away at the end of three days. I did so long to come home; for I never had any doubt that every thing would be comfortable at home. I knew where the coach passed—a mile and a half from Mr. Felkin's—very early in the morning, and I got out of the study-window and ran. Nobody was up, though, and I need not have been afraid. I had to ask the gardener for the key of the back gate, and he threw it to me from his window. When I was outside, I called to him to bid him ask Charley to send my things after me to my father's house. By the road-side, there was a pond, under a high hedge, and with some dark trees bending over it. It just came into my head to drown myself there, and I should be out of every body's way, and all this trouble would be at an end. But, ah! when I saw our church-steeple, I was happy! When I saw our own gate, I thought I should go on to be happy.

But I did not. It was all over directly. I could not hear what my mother whispered when

she kissed me; and all their voices were confused, and every thing else seemed to have grown still and dull. I might have known all that; but somehow I did not expect it. I had been vexed that the Felkins called me deaf; and now I was hurt at the way in which my brothers and sisters used to find fault with me for not hearing things. Ned said once, "None are so deaf as those that won't hear;" and my mother told me every day that it was inattention; that if I were not so absent I should hear as much as any body else. I don't think I was absent. I know I used to long and to try to hear till I could not help crying; and then I ran and bolted myself into my own room. I think I must have been half-crazy then, judging by what I did to my turtle-doves. Peggy had taken very good care of them; and they soon knew me again, and used to perch on my head and my shoulder, as if I had never been away. But their cooing was not the least like what it used to be. I could not hear it at all, unless I put my head against the cage. I could hear some other birds very well; so I fancied it must, somehow, be the fault of the doves that they would not coo to me. One day I took one of them out of the cage, and coaxed her at first, and tried every way; and at last I squeezed her throat a little. I suppose I got desperate because she would not coo as I wanted; and I killed her—broke her neck. You all remember about that—how I was punished, and so on: but nobody knew how miserable I was. I will not say any more about that: and I would not have mentioned it but for what it led to.

The first thing that it led to, was, that the whole family were, in a way, afraid of me. The girls used to slink away from me; and never let me play with the baby—as if I should strangle that! I used to pretend not to care for being punished; and I know I behaved horridly. One thing was—a very disagreeable thing—that I found father and mother did not know every thing. Till now, I had always thought they did: but, now, they did not know me at all; and that was no great wonder, behaving as I did then. But they used to advise things that were impossible. They used to desire me to ask always what every body said: but we used to pass, every Sunday, the tombstone of old Miss Chapman; and I remembered how it used to be when any body saw her coming in at the gate. They used to cry out "O dear, here comes Miss Chapman! what *shall* we do? She will stay till dinner-time, and we shall not get back our voices for a week. Well, don't tell her all she asks for. She is never satisfied. Really it is a most dreadful bore," and so on, till she was at the room door. This was because she *would* know every thing that every body said. I could not bear to be like her; and I could not bear now to think how we all used to complain of her. It was only from a sort of feeling then that I did not do what my father and mother told me, and that I was sure they did not understand about it: but now, I see why, and so do they. One can't tell what is worth repeating and what is not. If one never asks, somebody always tells what it is best to tell; but if one is always asking and teasing, people must get as tired of one as we were of poor Miss Chapman.

So, I had to get on all alone. I used to read in a corner great part of the day; and I used to walk by myself—long walks over the common, while the others used to go together to the meadows, or through the lanes. My father commanded me to go with the rest; and then I used to get another ramble by myself. There was a pond on the common, so far like that one in the lane I spoke of, that it put me in mind of what I mentioned. I used to sit and look into the pond and throw stones in. I began to fancy, now, that I should be happier when I got back to school again. It was very silly when I had once been so disappointed about home; but, I suppose every body is always hoping for something or other—and I did not know what else to hope. But I keep getting into disagreeable things and forgetting Charley.

One night, when the elder ones were just thinking of going to bed, I came down in my night-clothes, walking in my sleep with my eyes wide open, The stone hall, so cold to my bare feet awoke me; but yet I could not have been quite awake, for I went into the kitchen instead of up to bed again, and I remember very little about that night. They say I stared at the candles the whole time; but I remember Dr. Robinson being there. I seldom slept well then. I was always dreaming and starting—dreaming of all sorts of music, and of hearing the wind, and people talking; and then of all sorts of trouble from not being able to hear any body; and it always ended with a quarrel with Charley, and my knocking him down. But my mother knew nothing of this, and she was as frightened that night as if I had been crazy. The Doctor advised them to send me to school again for one half-year, and see how I got on after some experiments had been tried with my ears. But I want to get on about Charley.

Charley arrived at school two hours after me. He seemed not to like to shake hands, and he walked away directly. I saw he did not mean to be friends; and I supposed he felt his father's house insulted by my running away. But I did not know all the reason he had—neither then, nor for some time after. When we became friends again, I found that Kate had seen how hurt I was at her laughing at me, and that she was so sorry that she went up to my room-door several times, and knocked, and begged that I would forgive her; or that I would open my door, and speak to her at least. She knocked so loud that she never doubted my hearing her; but I never did, and the next thing was that I ran away. Of course Charley could not forgive this; he was my great enemy now. In school he beat me, of course; every body might do that: but I had a chance in things that were not done in class—such as the Latin essay for a prize, for instance. Charley was bent upon getting that

prize, and he thought he should, because, though he was younger than I, he was a good deal before me in school. However, I got the prize; and some of the boys said it was a shame. They thought it was through favor, because I had grown stupid. They said so, and Charley said so; and he provoked me all he could—more on Kate's account than his own, though, as he told me afterward. One day, he insulted me so in the play-ground, that I knocked him down. There was no reason why I should not now; for he had grown very much, and was as strong as I had ever been, while I was nothing like so strong as I had been, or as I am now. The moment he was up, he flew at me in the greatest rage that ever you saw. I was the same: and we were hurt enough, I can tell you—both of us—so much, that Mrs. Owen came to see us in our own rooms (for we had not the same room this half-year). We did not want to tell her any thing, or to seem to make a party. But she somehow found out that I felt very lonely, and was very unhappy. I am sure it was her doing that the dear, considerate, wise Doctor was so kind to me when I went into the school again—being very kind to Charley, too. He asked me one afternoon to go for a drive with him in his gig. The reason he gave was, that his business took him near the place where my father and he used to go to school together; but I believe it was more that we might have a long talk, all by ourselves.

We talked a good deal about some of the fine old heroes, and then about some of the martyrs; and he said, what to be sure is true, that it is an advantage for any one to know clearly, from beginning to end, what his heroism is to be about, that he may arm himself with courage and patience, and be secure against surprises. I began thinking of myself; but I did not suppose *he* did, till it came out by degrees. He thought that deafness and blindness were harder to bear than almost any thing. He called them calamities. I can't tell you all he said; he never meant that I should: but he told me the very worst; and he said that he did it on purpose. He told me what a hopeless case he believed mine to be, and what it would cut me off from; but he said that nothing of the sort could cut a person off from being a hero, and here was the way wide open for me: not for the fame of it, but for the thing itself. I wondered that I had never thought of all that before; but I don't think I shall ever forget it.

Well! When we came back there was Charley loitering about—looking for us, clearly. He asked me whether we should be friends. I was very willing, of course: and it was still an hour to supper; so we went and sat on the wall under the apple-tree, and talked over every thing. There, we found how much we had both been mistaken, and that we did not really hate one another at all. Ever since that, I have liked him better than ever I did before, and that is saying a great deal. He never triumphs over me now; and he tells me fifty things a day that he never used to think of. He says I used to look as if I did not like to be spoken to; but that I have chipped up wonderfully. And I know that he has given up his credit and his pleasure many a time, to help me, and to stay by me. He will not have that trouble at school again, as I am not going back; but I know how it will be at Charley's home, this time. I know it, by his saying that Kate will never laugh at me again. I believe she might, for that matter. At least, I think I could stand most people's laughing, now. Father and mother, and every body, know that the whole thing is quite altered now, and that Charley and I shall never quarrel again. I shall not run away from that house again—nor from any other house. It is so much better to look things in the face! How you all nod and agree with me!

INSTINCT IN A HYENA.

DURING the mission with which I was charged in 1848 to Algeria, some of the natives gave me a young hyena, which soon became attached to me, after the manner of a faithful and gentle dog. This creature became the inseparable companion of my rambles. With an instinct aided by her uncommonly acute sense of smell, she served me as a guide, and with her I felt certain of never going astray, to whatever distance I might penetrate, either into a forest or a mountain ravine, or among those immense sandy plains which so much resemble the sea. As soon as I wished to return—or even before it, if she herself felt weary—the hyena, with dilated nostrils, snuffed the soil; and after a few moments spent in careful investigation, she used to walk rapidly on before me. Never did she deviate from the track by which we had come, as I constantly perceived by the mark which my foot had made in stopping to pluck some rare herb, or the evidence of where my hand had broken a branch from some stunted shrub. From time to time she used to stop, and seat herself on her haunches like a dog, fawning for a caress, and after having obtained it, she would trot on again. If any noise were heard in the midst of the profound silence of the desert, she used to erect her ears, and make inquisition with her quick scent and hearing. If the result produced nothing alarming, she would gayly pursue her route. If an Arab appeared, she bristled up her long mane, took refuge between my legs, and remained there until she saw him pass on, after exchanging with me the salutation which every native bestows on the traveler whom he meets on the way.

One morning, enticed onward by the strange phantasmagoria of a mirage, in the sandy plain near Thebessa, I found myself at length in the midst of a desert. I could see nothing on every side but sand, heaped up like waves, and over which the burning heat of the atmosphere formed that sort of undulating reflection which produces the illusions of the mirage. Fatigue at length overcame me: suddenly I fell on the ground without strength, my head burning, and ready

to perish with thirst. The panting hyena came up to me, and smelt to me with apparent disquietude. Suddenly she darted off so abruptly, and with such rapidity, that I thought she had left me to my fate. I tried to rise and follow her, but I could not. Ten minutes passed, and I saw my faithful pet returning. She rushed toward me, and began to lick my hands with her cool tongue, while her lips were dripping with fresh water. I observed that her track through the sand was marked by drops of moisture.

The certainty of finding water restored my strength. I arose, and managed to follow the hyena, who walked on slowly in advance, turning her head from time to time toward me. Ere long I reached a hole scooped out of the sand; its bottom was moist, but contained no water. I tried to dig it deeper, but my hands, scorched by the sand, reached no water. Meantime the hyæna wandered about scenting the ground. Suddenly she began to work with her paws, and made a small hole, which speedily became filled with water. Although somewhat brackish, it seemed to me delicious; I drank of it freely, bathed my hands and face, and then proceeded homeward, following my faithful guide.

Such was the extreme acuteness of this creature's sense of smell, that at the distance of five or six leagues from the house which I inhabited at Philippeville, she used to discover the existence of the carcass of a dead animal. Then the natural instinct of the wild beast awoke, and would not be restrained. She used to manage to elude my vigilance, dart off with marvelous rapidity, and ere long return, gorged with flesh and half dead from fatigue. It was in one of these gastronomic excursions that I lost her. A panther, who had committed great ravages in the district, attacked and wounded her so severely, that she died in a few hours after her return home.

THE OLD SOLDIER'S STORY.

IT was in a stirring time of the Duke of Wellington's wars, after the French had retreated through Portugal, and Badajos had fallen, and we had driven them fairly over the Spanish frontier, the light division was ordered on a few of their long leagues further, to occupy a line of posts among the mountains which rise over the northern banks of the Guadiana. A few companies of our regiment advanced to occupy a village which the French had just abandoned.

We had had a brisk march over a scorched and rugged country, which had already been ransacked of all that could have supplied us with fresh provisions; it was many days since we had heard the creak of the commissary's wagon, and we had been on very short commons. There was no reason to expect much in the village we were now ordered to. The French, who had just marched out, would, of course, have helped themselves to whatever was portable, and must have previously pretty well drained the place. We made a search, however, judging that, possibly, something might have been concealed from them by the peasants; and we actually soon discovered several houses where skins of wine had been secreted. A soldier, sir, I take it, after hot service or fatigue, seldom thinks of much beyond the comfort of drinking to excess; and I freely own that our small party soon caused a sad scene of confusion.

Every house and hovel was searched, and many a poor fellow, who had contrived to hide his last skin of wine from his enemies, was obliged to abandon it to his allies. You might see the poor natives on all sides running away; some with a morsel of food, others with a skin of wine in their arms, and followed by the menaces and staggering steps of the weary and half-drunken soldiers.

"*Vino! vino!*" was the cry in every part of the village. An English soldier, sir, may be for months together in a foreign land, and have a pride in not knowing how to ask for any thing but liquor. I was no better than the rest.

"*Vino! quiero vino!*" said I, to a poor, half-starved, and ragged native, who was stealing off, and hiding something under his torn cloak; "*Vino!* you beggarly scoundrel! give me *vino!*" said I.

"*Vino no tengo!*" he cried, as he broke from my grasp, and ran quickly and fearfully away.

I was not very drunk—I had not had above half my quantity—and I pursued him up a street. But he was the fleeter; and I should have lost him, had I not made a sudden turn, and come right upon him in a forsaken alley, where I supposed the poor thing dwelt. I seized him by the collar. He was small and spare, and he trembled under my gripe; but still he held his own, and only wrapped his cloak the closer round his property.

"*Vino! quiero vino!*" said I; "give me *vino!*"

"*Nada, nada tengo!*" he repeated.

I had already drawn my bayonet. I am ashamed, sir, to say, that we used to do that to terrify the poor wretches, and make them the sooner give us their liquor. As I held him by the collar with one hand, I pointed the bayonet at his breast with the other, and I again cried, "*Vino!*"

"*Vino no tengo—nino, nino es!*"—and he spoke the words with such a look of truth and earnestness that, had I not fancied I could trace through the folds of his cloak the very shape of a small wine-skin I should have believed him.

"Lying rascal!" said I, "so you won't give me the liquor? Then the dry earth shall drink it!" and I struck the point of my bayonet deep into that which he was still hugging to his breast.

Oh, sir! it was not wine that trickled down—it was blood, warm blood!—and a piteous wail went like a chill across my heart! The poor Spaniard opened his cloak; he pointed to his wounded child; and his wild eye asked me plainer than words could have done, "Monster! are you satisfied?"

I was sobered in a moment. I fell upon my

knees beside the infant, and I tried to stanch the blood. Yes, the poor fellow understood the truth: he saw, and he accepted my anguish; and we joined in our efforts to save the little victim. Oh! it was too late!

The little boy had fastened his small, clammy hands round a finger of each of us. He looked at us alternately; and seemed to ask, alike from his father and his murderer, that help which it was beyond the power of one of earth to give. The changes in the poor child's countenance showed that it had few minutes to live. Sometimes it lay so still I thought the last pang was over; when a slight convulsion would agitate its frame, and a momentary pressure of its little hands would give the gasping father a short, vain ray of hope.

You may believe, sir, that an old soldier, who has only been able to keep his own life at the expense of an eye and two of his limbs—who has lingered out many a weary day in a camp hospital after a hot engagement—must have learnt to look on death without any unnecessary concern. I have sometimes wished for it myself; and often have felt thankful when my poor wounded comrades have been released by it from pain. I have seen it, too, in other shapes. I have seen the death-blow dealt, when its effects have been so instant that the brave heart's blood has been spilt, and the pulses have ceased to beat, while the streak of life and health was still fresh upon the cheek—when a smile has remained upon the lips of my brother-soldier, even after he had fallen a corpse across my path. But, oh! sir, what is all this compared with what I suffered as I watched life ebb slowly from the wound which I had myself so wantonly inflicted in the breast of a helpless, innocent child! It was by mistake—by accident. Oh, yes! I know it, I know it well; and day and night I have striven to forget that hour. But it is of no use; the cruel recollection never leaves my mind—that piteous wail is ever in my ears! The father's agony will follow me to the grave!

Monthly Record of Current Events.

THE UNITED STATES.

THE only proceedings of Congress, during the month, of special interest, have been the debates upon the foreign policy of the country: and these are unimportant, except as indicating the views of individual members. Hon. W. R. KING, President of the Senate and Vice-President elect, has resigned his seat, in consequence of ill health, and on the 20th of December, Senator Atchison of Missouri, was elected in his place. On the 23d, Senator Mason of Virginia offered a resolution, calling on the President for copies of the correspondence between England, France, and the United States, upon the proposition to form a Tripartite Convention guaranteeing Cuba to Spain. He advocated its adoption at some length, and was followed by Senator Cass, who took occasion to speak of the general foreign relations of the country. He regretted that our government had not protested, by a solemn public act, against the intervention of Russia in the affairs of Hungary, and declared that we should ere long come up to this participation in the public law of the world, and also fully adopt the policy that no European nation shall hereafter colonize any part of this continent. With regard to Cuba, he declared his opposition to all schemes of violence and invasion, but expressed his cordial sympathy with any effort its people might make to secure their independence, and his belief that the possession of Cuba by the United States as a point of military defense, was a matter of high importance to this country. Senator Underwood of Kentucky replied to Mr. Cass, urging the necessity of confining our efforts to the proper development of our own resources, and opposing all projects of annexation and extension. The resolution was debated subsequently, and, finally, adopted. The correspondence called for was sent to the Senate, on the 5th of January. The Earl of Malmesbury, on behalf of the English government, in a note, dated April 8, 1852, transmitted to Mr. Crampton the draft of a Convention to which the French government had assented, and to which he was instructed to ask the assent of the United States. It contained a clause in which the high contracting parties severally and collectively "disclaimed now and forever hereafter, all intention to obtain possession of the Island of Cuba," and bound themselves "to discountenance all such attempts to that effect on the part of any power or individual whatever." In a letter, dated Dec. 1, 1852, Mr. Everett, Secretary of State, replied to the proposition of the representatives of England and France. In that paper he stated, that the President fully concurred with his predecessors, who had repeatedly declared that the United States could not see with indifference the Island of Cuba fall into the hands of any other European government than Spain—not, however, because we should be dissatisfied with any natural increase of power and territory on the part of France or England. France, England, and the United States have all very greatly increased their domains within the last twenty years, by natural causes, without any disturbance of the international relations of the principal states, and with a very great increase of their commercial intercourse. But the case would be different in reference to the transfer of Cuba from Spain to any other European power. That is not solely or mainly, as it is regarded by both France and England, a European question: on the contrary, it is an American question, and to be decided as such. The President declines the proposed Convention, therefore, because: 1. If concluded, it would certainly be rejected by the Senate, and that would leave the condition of Cuba in a worse state than it is at present. 2. In the next place, the convention would be of no use

unless it were lasting; and it was at least doubtful whether it were within the competence of either government to bind its action for all coming time upon such a subject. 3. There was, moreover, a very strong aversion on the part of the United States to political alliances with European powers. 4. The contract, if entered into, would be very unequal in substance. France and England, by entering into it, would "disable themselves from obtaining possession of an island remote from their own governments, in another hemisphere, and one which, by no ordinary or peaceful course of things, could ever belong to either of them." The United States, on the other hand, would, "by the proposed Convention, disable themselves from making an acquisition which might take place without any disturbance of existing foreign relations and in the natural order of things. The Island of Cuba lies at our doors—it commands the approach to the Gulf of Mexico, which washes the shores of five of our States—it bars the entrance to that great river which drains half the North American Continent, and with its tributaries, forms the largest system of internal water communication in the world—it keeps watch at the doorway of our intercourse with California, by the Isthmus route. If an island like Cuba, belonging to the Spanish Crown, guarded the entrance to the Thames or the Seine, and the United States should propose a Convention like this to France and England, these powers would assuredly feel that the disability assumed by ourselves was far less serious than that which we asked them to assume." Territorially and commercially Cuba, in our hands, would be a very valuable possession—under certain contingencies, indeed it might be almost essential to our safety. Still the President has thrown the whole force of his power against the attacks made upon the island, and has even patiently submitted to the injuries inflicted upon the United States by the arbitrary conduct of the Cuban authorities, rather than permit any suspicion to be cast upon his intentions in this respect. This conduct of the Captain-General, however, is among the many incidents which point decisively to the expediency of some change in the relations of Cuba. Mr. Everett sketches the comparative history of Europe and America for the purpose of showing the steady and natural march of events by which the dominion of the United States has been so greatly extended, and of proving that its consequences have been in the highest degree beneficial to both continents. He expresses the belief that it can not be for the interest of Spain to cling to a possession which it costs her so much to retain, and which is of so little advantage to her, and says, there can be no doubt that were it peacefully transferred to the United States, a prosperous commerce between Cuba and Spain, resulting from ancient associations and common language, and tastes, would be far more productive than the best contrived system of colonial taxation. Such, notoriously, has been the result to Great Britain, of the establishment of the independence of the United States. These considerations render it impossible to believe that such a Convention, if concluded, could arrest the laws of American growth and progress. In the judgment of the President, it would be as easy to throw a dam from Cape Florida to Cuba, in the hope of stopping the flow of the Gulf stream, as to attempt, by a compact like this, to fix the fortune of Cuba forever. 5. And a closing reason against the acceptance of the proposition is found in the fact that it would strike a deathblow to the conservative policy hitherto pursued in this country toward Cuba. "No Administration of this Government, however strong in the public confidence in other respects, could stand a day under the odium of having stipulated with the great powers of Europe, that in no future time, under no change of circumstances, by no amicable arrangement with Spain, by no act of lawful war, should that calamity unfortunately occur, by no consent of the inhabitants of the islands, should they, like the possessions of Spain on the American Continent, succeed in rendering themselves independent—in fine, that by no overruling necessity of self-preservation, should the United States ever make the acquisition of Cuba." Mr. Everett's letter has been received by Congress and the country as a very able exposition of the American sentiment in regard to Cuba. No further debates upon the subject have been held in the Senate. In the House of Representatives, on the 3d of January, Mr. Venable spoke upon it, strenuously opposing all attempts at invading Cuba, and expressing the opinion that further accessions of territory to the United States are not desirable. Several other members participated in the discussion.——On the 3d of January, Senator Cass presented a petition from a Baptist Society in Maryland, asking the interposition of the American government to secure liberty of religious worship to American citizens in Europe; and took occasion to express himself very warmly in behalf of the prayer of the petitioners.

The New York Legislature met on the 4th of January. The Assembly was organized by the election of W. S. Ludlow, of Suffolk County, Speaker, and John S. Nafew, Clerk. The message of Governor Seymour sets forth the condition of State affairs at length. Out of 2806 insane persons in the State, only 1106 were within Asylums provided for their care. There were 1783 convicts in State prisons. There are 2027 miles of railroad in the State. The finances of the State are represented as being in an unsatisfactory condition—the annual expenditures exceeding the income by nearly $200,000. In regard to the completion of the State Canals the Governor recommends the appropriation of one million of dollars annually for six years to this object—which he thinks will be sufficient to bring the enlarged canal into use. About half a million will be required every year, for this purpose, beyond the amount of surplus tolls. This may be raised by direct taxation, by a loan, or by amending the Constitution; but the Governor makes no specific recommendations as to the mode. The report of the Superintendent of Common Schools states the number of schools in the State at 11,587, which have been kept at a cost of $1,771,895, exclusive of $477,918 expended for school houses.

MEXICO.

Our accounts from Mexico continue to exhibit the same lamentable confusion in public affairs, which we recorded in our last Number. In the course of the month, the revolution had extended itself into several of the northern States, a *pronunciamiento* at Tampico, having proved successful; and Vittoria, the capital of Tamaulipas, falling into the hands of the insurgents. In no part of the Republic has a contest occurred between the government and revolutionary troops. The former have been too weak, numerically, to venture the hazards of battle. Each day, by the constant desertions which marked it, has added to this disinclination; and the success of the insurgents in capturing specie conductas, has only served to intimidate the government officers still more seriously. General Valdez, the fed-

eral general-in-chief, had accordingly assumed a defensive attitude, fortifying his camp near Orizaba. General Uraga, the revolutionary leader, with forces steadily augmenting, was hailed on all sides with extreme enthusiasm. His military chest, at the latest advices, was said to be amply supplied; his men in the highest spirits; and the declarations in favor of the movement pouring in upon him from all directions. We are not reliably informed as to the rumored presence of General Santa Anna at the head-quarters of the revolution.

In the mean time, the Government of Mexico has realized no aid whatever from the session of the National Congress. An appropriation of $600,000 to meet current expenses has been made, but the inability of the legislature to indicate the fund from which the appropriation is to be derived, leaves the treasury as helpless as before. It is apprehended that the government will have to abdicate through sheer inability to meet the expenses of civil affairs; and that the revolution will be permitted to have undisputed way to power. In the mean time, struggles are not intermitted for the invention of means of relief. The cabinet undergoes almost weekly changes. Señor Yanez, who vainly endeavored to "take arms against the sea of troubles," has been obliged to yield, and resign the portfolio of foreign affairs. The President having tendered the post to Señors Olaquibel and Bar, is still unsuccessful in his pursuit of a ministry. The Tehuantepec question, the only one which Congress could safely postpone, is the only one it chooses to discuss. On the 10th of December, by a vote of 46 to 40, it was decided to concede the route to the combination known as the Guadalajara Company. It was supposed that this fact precipitated the retirement of Señor Yanez, and once more ranged the Government in direct hostility with the Chamber of Deputies, and that a cabinet would be sought, whose adhesion to the proposition of Mons. Bellangé would better suit the predilections of the President. Judge Conkling, the new American Minister, arrived at the city of Mexico in the midst of these nuances, and was cordially received.

The reported triumph of Count Raousset de Boulbon, in the State of Sonora, referred to in our last Number, proves to have been any thing else. After using every means to procure a negotiation favorable to his objects, which he explicitly defined to be peaceful colonization, and submission to Mexican authority, the French company advanced toward Guyamas, early in November. At Hermosilla, they were encountered by the Mexicans under General Blanco. A sharp conflict occurred. Count Raousset was unable to participate, in consequence of an attack of dysentery, which obliged him to accompany the march in a litter; and his men having fared badly in the conflict, losing every officer save the Count himself, propositions for withdrawal were dispatched to the Mexican commander. Eleven thousand dollars were demanded as partial indemnity for expenses, the French agreeing to seek a sea-port forthwith, and retire to California. The proposition was accepted; and on the 15th of November, the Count and his volunteers, the former in a dying condition, embarked at Mazatlan for San Francisco.

SOUTH AMERICA.

Buenos Ayres, since the termination of the dictatorial rule of General Urquiza, has exhibited commendable liberality in its commercial system. On the 18th of October a decree throwing open the waters of the Parana to the traffic of the world, was promulgated, and a new impetus thus given to a trade in that vast inland region, which the conservative policy of Rosas had shut up from the world. Policy, perhaps, had a share in this measure. Apprehensive of an attack from the banished chief, the people of Buenos Ayres are anxious to conciliate every possible means of strengthening themselves; and the free trade of the La Plata's tributaries will go far to secure the friendship of Great Britain, France, and the United States, the supposed arbiters of their political fate. The same motives have dictated the most friendly overtures to the other States of the Argentine. The independence of Paraguay has been acknowledged. Corrientes and Santa Fé have been induced to assume a neutral posture; and thus the security of the newly emancipated state from further molestation may be regarded as ascertained. General Urquiza has manifested no disposition to resume a position of which, doubtless, he was as thoroughly weary as the Buenos Ayreans themselves. The latest accounts left him in his own government of Entre Rios, where his popularity is unbounded.——The subject of slave-trade abolition has been pressed upon public attention in *Brazil*, by two or three recent occurrences. One was the banishment of Anthony de Fonseca, a distinguished merchant of Rio, for alleged participation in the traffic. Another was the reception of messengers from the London yearly meeting of Friends, sent out for the purpose of encouraging the labor of suppression. They were warmly received by the Emperor, and indulged with a prolonged audience. Subsequently, they held public meetings on the subject in several of the Brazilian towns, where they were treated with entire respect. A third fact, indicating the present good faith and success of government in its exertions to repress the trade, is the recall of the British fleet, hitherto stationed on the coast, for the purpose of insuring a thorough compliance with the treaty. The latest advices from Rio Janeiro apprise us of yet more extended measures on the part of the Imperial government, for enlarging its foreign and domestic steam marine.——The government of *Chili* is busy with projects of internal reform—the substitution of a direct, for the veteran tithe tax, being one of its latest measures. The project, for it is still nothing more, meets with the liveliest opposition of the agricultural interest, which, like that of England, will eventually have to yield to the progress of free trade and its correlative, direct taxation.——Much interest is also felt in the state of relations between *Peru* and its northern neighbors. All the conservative sympathies of Chili are with Peru, in the contest which imminently threatens between that republic and the States of Ecuador and New Granada. The refusal of the Peruvian government to indemnify that of Ecuador for the cost of repelling the expedition of General Flores, excites the bitterest animosity of the Ecuadoreans. The National Congress authorized President Urbina to declare war forthwith—an authority which had not been exerted when our latest accounts departed; but it was presumed the delay would only continue long enough to enable General Urbina to assure himself of the assistance of New Granada and Bolivia before solemn proclamation should be made. Peru in the meantime arms herself as rapidly as possible for the contest, hopeful, doubtless, of aid from Chili, from England (whose relations at Lima are the most intimate), and from the United States, conciliated by the liberality of the conditions affixed in the recent treaty to the use of Lobos guano.——The annual budget of *New Granada* estimates the probable income of the ensuing fiscal year at 721,732 reals, or $90,511; and the probable ex-

penditure at nearly double that amount, viz., 1,438,-805 reals, or $179,850. This is the estimate for a peace establishment; no calculations are made for the probable contingency of war, and no means are pointed out for meeting the formidable deficit.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The settlement of the free-trade question, on the 25th November, by the adoption of Lord Palmerston's Resolution, was followed only by a momentary pause, the annual budget having been introduced to the House on the 3d December. The leading provisions were the following:

Shipping to be relieved, and only to pay for lights which benefit it. This relief will cost the country £100,000 per annum. Select Committees on pilotage and ballasting.

Royal Navy Salvage abolished.

Important measures for manning the Navy and merchant service.

Stamps used for shipping to be considered.

No change in sugar duties.

Colonies may refine sugar in bond.

Duties on rum and molasses used in breweries to be considered.

Measures of highway rates to be introduced.

No change in county rates or local taxes.

Malt duties to be reduced one half, from 10th of October next.

Drawback upon malt spirits in Scotland to be done away with.

Tea duties reduced. First year, a reduction of 4½d., and the five following years 2d. per year until the duty reaches a shilling.

Hop duty reduced one half.

Exemption of industrial incomes, to commence at £100 per year.

On property, income exemption to commence at £50 per annum.

Property and income tax to extend to Ireland.

Increase in estimate for Army and Navy £600,000.

Surplus on the year would be about £1,400,000.

The subject of Administrative reform to be introduced.

The house tax to be extended and increased.

Mr. Disraeli, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, advocated these measures, *seriatim*, in a speech of the usual length, and of much more than usual ability, avowing the determination of the Ministry to stand or fall by the whole budget, and not to make the slightest concession in the least important particular. The most obvious feature of the document was the reduction of the hop and malt duties one half, which would cause a deficit of five or six millions in the annual revenue, to be met by a corresponding increase in the house tax. The free trade party justly regarded this as an attempt of the Ministry to redeem its influence with the agriculturists, so seriously imperiled by its abandonment of protective duties a few days before, and at once the whole force of opposition was mustered against it. Common consent seemed to select the proposed increase of the house tax as the issue upon which the permanence of the Cabinet should be made to depend. The contest lasted, with varying phases, until Thursday night, December 16th. In vain was the Chancellor of the Exchequer urged to withdraw the budget. His resolution to abide by it was not to be shaken, and the night we have named was pre-announced as that upon which a division would take place, and the fate of the Ministry be finally determined. The speech of Mr. Disraeli on that occasion bristled with all the peculiar attributes of his mind and rhetoric. Refusing to debate at length the obnoxious house duty, against which the assaults of opposition had been mainly directed, he turned upon Sir Charles Wood and Sir James Graham, who had leveled their attacks upon the proposed diversion of the Public Works Fund to the indemnification of the reduced shipping dues, and made a sarcastic and vehement charge upon the whole conduct of the late Whig Ministry. He began by declaring that after listening attentively to a four nights' debate, he had not listened to one good reason for amending one of the propositions he had originally offered. The Public Works Loan Fund, he contended, was nothing more than a vast and independent resource for ministerial corruption; that it had been originally created at the conclusion of war, for the employment of the 200,000 seamen then discharged from the service; and that its application to that use, or indeed to any other promotion of public welfare, had become traditional. He especially charged the Whig administration with mal-appropriation of this fund, entering into tedious details; and then, shifting his ground, recalled the history of the window-tax reduction, effected by Sir C. Wood. This was done to show, that the charge of unreasonably augmenting direct taxation, which the budget had provoked, was much more applicable to those measures upon which the Whigs had chosen to test the merits of their administration. The Minister then proceeded to justify the principles upon which the budget was founded, and, after launching his diatribes with the utmost impartiality upon both Whigs and Conservatives, he concluded with a prediction, that the Coalition Ministry, which should succeed him, would be temporarily triumphant—but short-lived. The spirited but vanquished statesman sat down, amid prolonged and deafening cheers. The sympathy of every Englishman, of whatever party, was with the man who so thoroughly illustrated the national disposition for "dying game;" and while the ministry to which he belonged, and the objectionable measures it resorted to, in order to prolong its hold upon power, met with general contempt; the meed of applause could not be withheld from the political gladiator, who had played his part so manfully. Mr. Gladstone followed Mr. Disraeli in a temperate address, rebuking the indiscriminate rancor, as he regarded it, of the latter, and justifying the position of himself and friends with reference to several measures. The division, which ensued, resulted:

For Ministers	286
Against them	305
Adverse majority	19

The announcement of the defeat, carried Lord Derby at once to the Queen, who accepted the resignation of himself and his colleagues. No notable effect was produced on the money market by the event. It was too apparent that the out-going government had no stronger hold upon popular confidence than upon that of the House: and that any change would be welcome. Lord Aberdeen, the confidential friend and associate of Peel, was sent for by the Queen, and forthwith entered upon the duty of forming a new administration, drawing its elements from the two leading parties, who had taken a prominent part in the recent contest; and within a week the cabinet was completed as follows:

Earl of Aberdeen	First Lord of the Treasury.
Lord Cranworth	Lord Chancellor.
Mr. Gladstone	Chancellor of Exchequer.
Lord Palmerston	Home Secretary.
Lord John Russell	Foreign Secretary.
Duke of Newcastle	Colonial Secretary

Sir James Graham	First Lord of the Admiralty.
Earl Granville	President of the Council.
Duke of Argyle	Lord Privy Seal.
Hon. Sydney Herbert	Secretary at War.
Sir C. Wood	Pres't. of Board of Control.
Sir W. Molesworth	First Comm'r. Public Works.
Marquis of Lansdowne	A seat in the Cabinet, without office.

FRANCE.

The *Senatus Consultum* of November 4th, named the 21st and 22d of that month for a popular vote on the *Plebiscitum*, establishing the Empire. The vote was accordingly taken throughout France on those days, and without disturbance or remarkable incident. Such opposition as ventured to display itself, was chiefly exhibited in the southern provinces and in La Vendée. On the 1st of December, the *Corps Legislatif* repaired in full equipage and state to the Hotel de Ville, where the President was in waiting, and through M. Billault, their presiding officer, announced the result, in a speech remarkable only for its ardent expressions of devotion to the new order of things. The vote was reported as follows:

For the Empire	7,864,189
Against it	253,145
Votes canceled as illegal	63,326
Majority for Louis Napoleon as Emperor	7,547,718

The Prince, in reply, disclaimed for the new reign any pretensions to legitimate right, notwithstanding he had chosen to assume a title, Napoleon III., significant of dynastic succession. He felicitated himself on having acquired his throne by the volition of a free people, rather than by fraud, conquest, or violence; and that he was fortunately surrounded by wise and independent men, who would be enabled to bring back his authority within just limits, should he ever quit them. Contrasting his own conduct with that of the restored Bourbons, he expressed his determination to recognize every preceding government as legitimate, and its acts as surviving and valid; preferring to date his reign from the passing day, rather than from the year 1815. In conclusion, he solemnly recorded an oath that no sacrifice should be wanting on his part to insure the prosperity of the country; and that while he maintained peace, he would yield in nothing touching the honor and dignity of France. The Senate was convened next day, and proceeded to determine the Civil List of the new monarchy. A general amnesty was declared. M. Achille Fould was declared Minister of State. The presumptive inheritance of the crown was settled upon Prince Jerome Bonaparte. Prince Napoleon Bonaparte, the cousin of the Emperor, has been appointed Viceroy of the kingdom of Algeria. The coronation is announced to take place in the month of May, and vast preparations are on foot to make it a resplendent affair. Such are some of the items of domestic arrangement, by which the fruits of the Emperor's shrewd and masterly policy are secured to himself and family, and the questionable means shut from sight by the splendor of the consummation.

There was no hesitation on the part of the foreign powers to acknowledge the Empire. The acquiescence of England, indeed, was so promptly accorded as to excite the "most vivid satisfaction" of his Imperial Majesty; and, at the same time, the most animated reproaches of the British public against Lord Malmesbury, the Foreign Secretary, whose personal prepossessions were said to have overcome all regard to national dignity and propriety. Our own Minister acted with the others, in deference to the established usage of this government recognizing the government *de facto*. His Holiness, Pope Pius IX., conveyed to the Emperor expressions of his entire satisfaction with the new order of things. It was for some time a problem, whether the Pontiff would accede to the filial wish of the Prince, to have him present at the approaching ceremony of coronation; but it is now understood that his Holiness has consented to attend the rite, and consecrate the *nouveau régime* with the apostolic benediction.

Our latest intelligence from France, shows that the Senate has been quite liberal in its construction of the inaugural speech, so far as its conservative check to the Imperial will was referred to. The Emperor submitted to that body certain amendments to the Constitution of February 14th, 1852, whereby the prerogatives of granting amnesties, making treaties, and decreeing public works, and the right of the Ministers to vote upon the budget were assured to him. The Senate debated the propositions at some length, and eventually named a committee to wait upon the Emperor, and beg some modifications. The Emperor only replied, by repeating that the Senate merely desired a conflict, as a salvo to its own dignity, and that his demands would be neither withdrawn or abated. Of course, the amendments were adopted without further discussion.—— Among other displays of the Imperial clemency, the release of Abd-el-Kader occupies a prominent place. After being royally entertained at Paris, where for some weeks he was the cynosure of all eyes, he sailed on the 21st December for Broussa, in Asia Minor, where he is to enjoy the reluctant hospitality of the Porte, as a prisoner within the walls of that city.

SPAIN.

The progress of European reaction has been notably illustrated in Spain since our last issue. In the course of November, a new Constitution was promulgated by the Queen, making the Senate hereditary, and restricting the right of suffrage to a very limited number of electors, determined by a high property qualification. The popular discontent with this alteration disclosed itself in a flood of petitions, deprecating the measure, and praying a return to the previous organic law. General Narvaez, the most popular of Spanish statesmen, General Concha, the former liberal Governor of Cuba, and other prominent public men, threw themselves at once into opposition. The former was ordered to convey himself beyond the frontiers. The Ministry, notwithstanding the withdrawal of the veteran Martinez de la Rosa from the Council, expressed its resolution to persist; but since that time, the discontent has proved to be so general, that Bravo Murillo, has handed in the resignations of himself and his colleagues, and been replaced by General Roncali, whose views we are not apprised of. It is hoped that her Most Catholic Majesty may be prevailed upon to recall the obnoxious instrument.

The rest of Europe presents no feature of marked importance. A measure similar to that proposed in Spain has been introduced into the Prussian Chambers, without meeting the least opposition. The Emperor of Austria, at recent advices, was at Berlin, visiting his royal brother, the King of Prussia. Austrian finances continue to haunt the money markets of Europe, recently, in the shape of an application for a loan of ten millions sterling. While the army remains undiminished—and it is presumed that no reduction will be thought of, so long as the foreign policy of Napoleon III. remains undecided—there is little prospect of the loan being taken, unless at most extraordinary usury.——Turkey has produced no fresh phenomena since our last.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WRITING, as we now do, upon the heel of December, it seems as if the Seasons had changed their places, and as if the weeks, in all the merriment of the Christmas scene, were giving us a May-day dance. Old men's memories are mustered, to match us such a winter of open windows and of bloom: the camellias are before their time; the roses of summer are showing flowers; and they tell us (who are favored with the sight and the odor of such things) that the violets are showing their blue banners through the frost-crimpen leaves; and the girls are making Christmas nosegays from northern gardens.

Last year, at a date not far off from this, and we spent a few icy periods upon the East River bridge of glass, where people traveled on foot to Brooklyn, and shivered in the sunshine. The contrast is as great as could be fancied: and the twin winters when fifty-two and fifty-three drifted up—the one in frozen spray, and the other in clouds of flowers—will prove most excellent marking years, by which to score the couplet of twelvemonths which gave to our Magazine a hundred thousand of subscribers.

Nor are the blessings of the year narrowed to the North. The Southern winter is but a prolonged October, with the warm autumn haze hanging lovingly over the rice stubble and the cane fields, and the withered remnants of cotton. The japonica flaunts in open gardens; and the moss-rose, Lamarque, sweetens the Georgian fields in January. Even the geranium in our office window wears the sun that steals through the dusty panes with a grace, and a gratitude of blossom, that returns thanks in perfume; and the white bells of a frail heather stir as we open the casement, and welcome with full cups of pollen the blithe December.

As for the town, it has felt the sunshine too pleasantly to seek other pleasure in the fêtes that outlast the night; and balls have been at a discount. The short sittings upon Lecture benches, have chimed more nearly with the enjoyment of the soft moonshine, under which whispering couples of lecture-goers have talked of Dr. Kane and the ice, or of the naughty Swift, and the suffering Vanessa and Stella. We may say, indeed, that the repeated lectures of our guest, Mr. Thackeray, have quickened a literary inquiry, and promoted a Gulliver-like reading that is most strange and notable. Editor as we are, and thriving as we do on the dry meal of books, we find ourselves hardly posted enough in the witticisms and humor of good Queen Anne's time, to cope with the lady conversationists who beset us at every hand. Time and again have we been compelled to yield the floor and the argument, and to go back to our study for a fresh reading of the matter in dispute. Our only resource, to sustain our reputation as literary purveyor, has been to shift the topic upon times more near, or more remote; and to beleaguer our fair tempters with quotations, out of the present tide of their study.

Henry Esmond is the tea-table staple: Fitz-Boodle belongs to bar-room chat; and romantic young men, in emulation of the valorous hero of Swift's time, are even thinking of transferring their attentions from Beatrix-like daughters to their widowed mothers. The engagements of the winter if the present fever continues, will undoubtedly show a great galaxy of widow names; and flirts, we are sorry to say, are at a corresponding discount.

Who indeed, with half an eye, but must perceive, that the attention heretofore lavished upon coquettish young girls is a most idle and absurd employment, only bringing regrets and disappointment, and all manner of uneasiness? And who does not further perceive, that an experienced woman of five-and-thirty, or two-and-forty, well preserved, skilled in the management of refractory husbands, delicate in her impulses, refined in her expression, generous in her widowhood, and captivating in her weeds, is the very ideal of most rational hopes, and the proper recipient of all those romantic charities which abound in the youthful heart?

For our own part, if we were young and unhappy, we would marry a widow.

ASIDE from the Henry Esmond and Thackeray fever of the winter, we do not know that we have any particular contagion to speak of. New York ladies are certainly literary the present season, just as they were Kossuth-y and Jenny Lind-y a few seasons ago. The taste for German, Hungarian, and music, has yielded to a taste for old English literature; and the number of "British Essayists," and "Addison's Works," and "Gulliver's Travels," and Steele's "Christian Hero," which have this year been done up in calf and gilt, and sold for Christmas *cadeaux*, is, we are told, most surprising; and far exceeds the number for any previous year.

We do not know but old English literature is absolutely driving out of the market Uncle Tom's Cabin, and that fervor, and passion, and strong expression, will yield to the quiet simplicity of such gentlemen as Addison and Temple. If booksellers could only foresee these shifts in the town taste, they would make their fortune. But like the changes in Wall Street, our literary taste is exceedingly spasmodic and whimsical. One day, Shakespeare is above par, and there are large sales on time; the next, a few outsiders, set on by a corner movement in Scott or Bulwer, will bid heavily on the Waverley and Pelham Novels. Yet at the end of the week it often happens that these are both down; and that some "Thackeray" Exhibit of worth and wit (corresponding to an ingenious annual statement of the Delaware and Hudson) will carry Swift to the very top of the market.

It is perhaps worth suggestion, that Messrs. Bangs and Brother issue from month to month a table of the comparative range of the different authors who are in favor with the ladies of New York. It would serve not only as a guide to those desirous of making library investments, but would make a permanent and philosophic history of the march of mind.

As an aid to this hint, we will venture to sum up what we think would be the proper mode of statement; at the same time giving the average rate of current literary stocks.

STATE OF THE MARKET FOR DECEMBER, 1852.

There was considerable movement the past month in literary stocks, and prices ruled steady. The greatest fluctuation we have to note is in Uncle Tom's Cabin—opening at 170 and closing at 150, with a downward tendency.

Thackeray was active: Sales at 162½, buyer's option. Steele in demand; quotations at 125 to 128. We hear of a large sale, six months paper, at 131.

Mrs. Kirkland (Gift-Book) 106 to 112. Domestics generally rather dull.

Homes of American Authors fair to middling. A few sales at 90 to 92. (Chiefly by manufacturers.)

Napoleon and his Marshals, being an old stock, was

rather heavy. Closed, however, with an upward tendency.

Ticknor and Bancroft steady; purchased generally for investment.

Addison and Swift have been lively. Shrewd capitalists are, however, cautious about large investments at present prices.

With this gratuitous hint, we commend the matter to those more immediately concerned.

A FRIEND in the South drops us a line—as we sum up what we can, to amuse our readers of every zone—"that the winter, saving an overplus of rain, is the merest bagatelle of a winter; and I am writing by an open window, although it is well past the middle of December. The boys, black and white, are playing at marbles in the streets; and of the night-time are throwing off all manner of stray fireworks, in anticipation of the coming Christmas. It is rather a funny way, you may think, of ushering in the great festive season of the year: but it is our way of proving a youthful light-heartedness that is earnest to make itself heard.

"By the way," he continues, "I can't say we altogether relish the manner in which 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' appears to be making its way, not only in England, but also, by last advices, upon the Continent. I don't wish you at all to think that we are insensible to such literary merit as certainly belongs to the book; but it is natural enough surely, that we, tied as we are by apparently insoluble ties to an institution that belongs to our families, and hearths, and childhood, and that has a sort of antiquity which commands reverence almost, in the persons of our old household servants, should look a little askance at such exhibition of it, as makes us play the monster in the eyes of all the society of Europe.

"I don't mean to enter now any special plea in favor of the system. But I want you, at least, and such as we have regard for in your whereabouts, to believe that we have hearts of flesh, like the rest of the world; and that we know how to be kind, and careful, and considerate toward those who, by the dispensation of Providence, are thrown under our hands and ownership.

"Pray, what can I do? Here are some thirty or forty poor fellows who have fallen to my lot, with a fair extent of ground in our pleasant pine country. They have been in my father's and grandfather's family for years. They are attached not only to the place, but to myself and to my wife. They throng about us when we go away, to bid us adieu; and they throng about us when we come back, to shout a most cordial welcome. Even 'Mamma,' the old nurse of the family, who held me for years in her arms, and John and Arthur who are now in their graves, scarce forbears to kiss me.

"They all work well, and they all live well; and it would sadly run against my better judgment to make sale of a single one, even to the kindest of masters. I believe sincerely that some of them would rather die than to leave me. Yet perhaps some people would count it virtuous in me to sell all of them, and go away from a country where this old 'plague-spot' is lingering. But I can not, and could not satisfy my conscience in doing this.

"What then can I do?

"Nothing, sir, as it seems to me, save to make them as happy as possible, by encouraging systematic habits of industry, of cleanliness, and correct moral action. To tell the truth, I am hoping very much for the time, when a little fuller and more complete civilization in the midst of our pine woods, will draw very many people of the North to a winter residence under our balmy atmosphere; and then, please God, when we talk as friends about common grievances, over a common table, we may hope to lay our shoulders together in a brotherly way for the amendment of whatever is wrong in our common country, whether it be Northward or Southward."

WASHINGTON, the papers tell us, is even now filling up with the firstlings of that tribe of office-seekers, who will presently overrun the capital. The old clerks who have fattened on the public granary, winning their insecure earnings by hard labor, are girding themselves up for a new cast upon the tide of life. It is at best a sorry maintenance for a man, which, at the longest, can barely outreach the four years of Presidential life; and which at the expiration of such term leaves him, with mind and hand attuned to a clerkly organization that he can transplant nowhere.

Within our knowledge, we can recall the scant figure of an old gentleman of sixty, who, by courtesy and attention, had managed to retain place through three successive administrations—who had reared his family through a dozen of years upon the small income belonging to his post—saving nothing, and yielding much of independence in his endeavor to retain the place that gave bread to his household; and, at the opening of the fourth administration, when his head was white with labors, and his hand and brain cramped to his tread-mill offices, turned carelessly adrift, an aimless and almost hopeless wreck of a man. We can imagine no position more disconsolate, or more full of harassment; and we beg those concerned in the ordering of such matters, if it be possible, to arrange such disposition of the metropolitan clerkships, pertaining to the cabinets, as shall have some measure of permanence; and not invite that heedless scrambling for place, which breeds unwise expectation, and which entails desertion and destitution.

WE hear latterly of a pretty game upon the vanity of our provincial great men, which has greatly amused us, and which has greatly profited the projectors of the enterprise. Vanity is a capital mine to work; and cautiously drained, and dug over, it will yield equally well with any of the Sonora or Quartz-mining companies.

Mr. A. B. (the projector in question) who is largely concerned in the arts of mezzotint and line engraving, writes a most pleasant and voluble letter to a buxom country gentleman of large means, stating in most delicate formula, that he has conceived the design of giving to the world a *repertoire* of the lives and likenesses of distinguished Americans. He dilates upon the duty such individuals owe to their country, and their kin, and their children; their portraits ought to be handed down; their lives ought to be snatched from obscurity. In this view he urges their compliance with his request to forward a daguerreotype, and a well-written biography; he has applied to them at the instigation of a distinguished countryman of theirs; he hopes that no foolish views of delicacy will prevent their compliance.

Mr. C. D. (the gentleman addressed in this strain) becomes happy—suddenly happy; happy in a way he hardly dares mention to his wife; he feels his vanity growing by ells; he wakes in the night with the pleasant conviction that renown has lighted on his hearth and head. He meets his fellow townsmen with a patronizing air; anticipating their in

creased regard at finding him enrolled (as he thinks privately, he deserves to be) with distinguished Americans. If a member of Congress, he looks round upon his brothers of the benches with a complacent smile; thinking that in time they may possibly work up to his standard.

He naturally secures the writing of the biography, and dispatches the daguerreotype. He finds himself, however, after the lapse of a few weeks, in the acceptance of a memorandum of the probable cost of the engraving, stating that the expenses of the proposed work are extravagantly large, and hoping that eighty or a hundred dollars, more or less, will not forbid the distinguished gentleman from fulfilling an obligation which he owes to his country (if a bachelor), or to his posterity (if married).

Now, such is the pleasant buoyancy of most men's vanity, that in nine cases out of ten, eighty or a hundred dollars do *not* stand in the way of a sort of distinction, at once modestly acquired, and most popularly and publicly recorded.

The consequence is, in our day, that we are enjoying a vast galaxy of distinguished men, in all the chiaro-scuro of Sartain, and of Sadd. The result is only unfortunate, as calculated to perplex the compilers of biographical dictionaries of the next generation. It surely encourages the arts; it promotes warmth of feeling; it inspires courage; and—we are happy to learn—that it proves richly remunerative to the projectors.

We are ourselves strongly in hopes of receiving a lithographed letter of proposals; and inasmuch as we have gratuitously given this publicity to the design we shall expect to escape at "half-cost of plate." As a matter of gratification to our children, we should feel gratified to that limit of expenditure.

As for French affairs, they have gone on, as the "Current Events" of our Table will tell the reader, most swimmingly. The new Emperor has put on his honors, as if he were born to them; and that happy French people has slipped into the livelihood of imperial rule as gayly, and fondly, and quietly, and (to all appearance) as lovingly as they ever slipped before into Kingship, or Republic, or Consulate, or the Rule of Red. God grant them patience, and long-suffering; and with these, a kindling of individual effort and manly independence, which, when they be ripened with reading and with thought, will, we trust, bring down from heaven upon their stricken and thirsty land some manna of Freedom, and some dews of Christian grace!

Balls and theatric shows are deadening all grumbles of malcontent, and the throng of strangers who fill the Boulevards and the shops, fill up the tills of the *Bourgeoisie*, and take off the edge of tyranny, with the round rim of the tinkling coin.

As with us, they tell us that the rains have soaked the city and the country, spoiling the last of the Southern vintage, and making the Macadam of the Boulevards a waste of mud.

Among the new things which have amused the new-born imperialists, has been the story of an Imperial hunt in the forests of Fontainebleau. Nor must the untraveled reader imagine the forest to be merely a caged park, or Boston Common. Thousands of acres lie in it; and the boles of the hoary sycamores, and lime-trees, and beeches, would show proudly even beside the most gigantic that stretch their shadows upon the waters of Ontario. Moreover, they stand at proud intervals apart, as you ride through the noble forest glades, and the wild grass and anemones grow abundantly, giving open and ravishing distances to the eyes, and offering fair riding for a cohort of hunters geared after the olden time.

And in such guise, with outriders and attendant ladies in green velvet riding-dresses trimmed with gold, and with hats looped up with golden-braid and overhung with dark ostrich plumes, Louis Napoleon went out to his Imperial hunting fête. The dresses of the cavaliers were in full keeping with what we read of the knights of a royal household, when the dastard and slobbering Louis XI. rode gayly through the same forest in chase of the wild-boar.

The new Emperor is both a better shot and a better horseman than Louis XI.; and they tell us that he surprised even the best equipped men of his company. Good shooting tells well in France, whether it be in the forest or the street; Louis Napoleon has found his account in it before in the street, and now he has balanced the account in the forest.

Akin to this marching up of the old-time manœuvres in the field, we may record the fact announced in a blaze by the Paris modistes, that the evening-dresses of the time of the first Napoleon's court have been revived, both to the sleeve and the shortened waist. Let our lady-readers look up a portrait of Josephine, or an old family-picture painted by Waldo at the opening of the present century, and they may fancy how they will appear—perhaps in less than a year, when our good ladies above Bleecker-street shall have countenanced the Imperial novelty, and have grown as stingy of waist as they will be generous of bosom.

Nor is pleasant story wanting in these imperial days to point the periods of our favorite Guinot. We can not forbear to render into English this one, which shows a better turn of French sentiment than we are in the way of recounting:

Monsieur D—— and wife were rich to luxuriance; but they had a daughter, the eldest, in whom their pride had once centred, who, by a sad dispensation of Providence, was rendered a cripple for life. No marriage-fête and no gay betrothment lay before her desolate and widowed maidenhood. But the parents, with a tenderness worthy of all emulation, atoned for the lack of wooers by the constancy and delicacy of their devotion; and as her age drew on to majority, they determined to surprise their unfortunate child with such show of splendor and such token of their love as should keep the smiles upon her pale face, and lend such relief as friends could lend to the desolation of her lot.

A new suite of apartments was added to their rooms, unknown to her, and furnished with the richest of Parisian decorations. New jewels were purchased and displayed upon the delicately-wrought toilet-tables; a new portrait of her pale face, done at the hands of the most distinguished artist, hung upon the wall; and chairs and lounges, rich with brocade, invited to repose and languor. Garlands and vases of orange flowers perfumed the air; gifts from scores of friends were scattered around; and every thing bespoke the apparel and the pleasures of a bride.

Upon the expected birthday all the dearest friends of the poor girl were invited to a fête; and, by magic, as it seemed, the new apartments were thrown open to her bewildered gaze, and every article of luxury was blazoned with her cipher.

The child turned inquiringly to her parents, and by their caresses was taught that this was her bridal day; since now she was wedded anew, by all these tokens, to her father's and her mother's love, which

would watch over her in the new and brilliant home always. Here, too, she could invite, when and as she chose, the friends of her girlhood: and if fate had made her lot one of maidenly retirement, it was yet quickened with all the luxuries of wealth, and the better wealth of parental tenderness.

Say what we will of the French, there is very much in their domestic relations to be zealously admired. Not any where in the wide world does a son so cling to the father, or the father to the son.

Editor's Drawer.

In resuming our "Drawer," let us say a word or two in explanation of what is intended to be, and what has heretofore been, its character. And we address ourselves more particularly to the very many thousands who most probably have not seen the opening Number, which set forth what it purported to be.

"The Drawer," then, is a place into which has fallen, from year to year, and month to month, for a very long time past, such things, in prose or verse, anecdote or incident, wit or sober thought, fun or pathos; some old, some new, but *all* placed there because it was deemed that there was *something* in each deposit, selected or original, that would reward perusal. A thing may be so old that it shall be new to one in a hundred at the present day; and all will agree that a good *old* thing is better than a poor *new* one.

Having said thus much to our great cloud of new subscribers, touching this particular department of our Magazine, we enter upon the new year that has just commenced with the desire and the intention to satisfy all reasonable minds with our unpretending Salmagundi.

In the way of a "coolness" that may be said to be fairly "iced," we know of nothing more striking than the following passages of a letter from a "gentleman" to his tailor, in reply to an epistle asking him for "the amount of his bill:"

"Mr. Stitchington—Is it indeed five years that I have 'graced your books?' How fleet is life! It scarcely appeared to me as many months. Although I have never given you a note for the amount, how have the years passed by! You will guess my meaning, when I assure you it is a theory of mine that the "wings of time" are no other than two large notes, duly drawn and accepted. With these he brings his three, six, or nine months into as many weeks. He is continually wasting the sand from his glass, drying the wet ink of promissory notes. But let me not moralize.

"You 'want money,' you say, Mr. Stitchington. As I am in the like predicament, you are in a capital condition to sympathize with me. You say 'you never recollect so bad a season as the present.' Of course not: no tailor ever did. The present season is invariably the worst of the lot, no matter how bad the others may have been. It says much for the moral and physical strength of tailors, to see them still flourishing on from worse to worse: they really seem, like church-yard grass, to grow fat and rank upon decay.

"You touchingly observe, 'that present profits do not pay for taking down the shutters.' My good sir, then why proceed in a ruinous expense? In the name of prudence, why not keep them constantly up?

"You say 'you never press a gentleman.' Now, in familiar phrase, we never 'press a lemon;' but then we *squeeze* it most inexorably. That men should go into bankruptcy, yet live and laugh afterward, is a great proof of the advancing philosophy of our times. A Roman tailor, incapable of meeting his debts, would, heathen-like, have fallen upon his own needle, or hung himself. . . . . .

"P.S. My humanity suggests this advice to you: Don't go to any law expenses, as your letter found me making up my schedule. An odd coincidence—I had just popped down your name as your letter arrived!"

An early temperance reformer, when the great subject of temperance began first to occupy the serious attention of the community, spoke in this odd and amusing way of the effect of rum upon the "ideas of professional men, newspaper editors, poets, and the like:"

"You pour rum in among your ideas, and the way they hurry out then is similar to hornets with their nest a-fire. But I tell you, my friends, it kills them all off in time. These little mental children won't stand liquor, any how you can arrange it. They are too delicate to bear it. Being naturally spiritual and spirited, they don't want any spirituous stimulant to excite them. After a few sprees, they sicken, droop, and die; and as for trying to restore them to their former freshness, life, and vigor, by enlarging the dram, you might as well attempt to resuscitate a dead language with a vial of smelling-salts!"

Now this may not be as profoundly argumentative as many a speaker would have been, but upon the minds of many hearers, whose attention its very oddity would arrest, it might not have proved "of none effect."

The quaint Chinese letters, quoted in the December Number, as having been addressed to Dr. J. H. Bradford, as tokens of gratitude for having restored the writer to sight, that gentleman informs us by letter, from Westchester (Penn.), are "justly due to his friend, Mr. T. R. Cooledge, a native of England, and in 1833 surgeon of the British factory in China." The letter of Dr. Bradford is accompanied by a pamphlet, written by Sir Andrew Youngstead, the last chief of the Swedish Company in China, detailing the origin of that system of gratuitous treatment of the diseases of China by foreigners, which has since been so successfully carried out by the Rev. Dr. Parker, and other missionaries to the Celestial Empire. The pamphlet alluded to we had never before seen; and in the paragraph from an old paper, from which the "Drawer" passage was quoted, Dr. Bradford's name alone was mentioned. We make the correction with pleasure.

A Correspondent in the northern part of the State sends us an epitaph, which he declares to be veritable, and which he thinks quite as striking as those in the "Drawer" for December. It runs thus:

> "Sally Thomas is here, and that's enough:
> The candle is out—also the snuff;
> Her soul's with God, you need not fear—
> And what remains is interred here."

There was some unconscious wit and a deal of childish philosophy, in the reply which a little girl (a pretty, bright child, not quite four years old) made to her father. She was annoyed at some old shoes, which she was anxious should be replaced by new ones, and was venting her indignation in rather a more boisterous manner than her father thought proper.

"What's the matter, there, Cora? have you got a *fit?*"

"No, papa—they don't *fit* me at all," said she. And then she enumerated all the faults of the shoes in set terms; and reached the climax thus: "They are the meanest shoes I ever saw; why, they won't even squeak when I walk out!"

Some years ago, the Yankee schooner, "Sally Ann," under command of one Captain Spooner, was beating up the Connecticut River. Mr. Comstock, the mate, was at his station forward. According to *his* notion of things, the schooner was geting a little too near to certain "flats," which lay along the larboard shore. So aft he goes to the Captain, and with his hat cocked on one side, says:

"Cap'n Spooner, you're gettin' leetle too close to them flats: hadn't you better go abeout?"

To which Captain Spooner replied:

"Mr. Comstock, jest you go for'ard and 'tend to your part of the skuner, and I'll 'tend to mine!"

Mr. Comstock went "for'ard" in high dudgeon, and hallooed out:

"Boys, see that 'are mud-hook all clear for lettin' go!"

"Ay, ay, sir—all clear!"

"Let go then!" said he.

Down went the anchor, out rattled the chain, and like a flash the "Sally-Ann" came luffing into the wind and then brought up all standing.

Mr. Comstock walked aft, and touching his hat very cavalierly, said:

"Well, Cap'n, *my* part of the skuner is to-anchor!"

There is a natural and just exception taken against the use of terms, too common with American biographers, in the remarks which follow:

"'*Born of Poor but Honest Parents!*'

"Whenever I read the above words as the introduction of a biography, I pronounce the author lacking in good common sense, as well as politeness. Just as if the parents must especially be exempt from dishonesty. Just as if it were necessary to inform the reader that, *although* the parents were poor, they had the exceptional and unusual merit, worthy of particular notation, that they were honest!

"This is one of the occasional libels upon the poor. Nothing but a purse-proud and money-honoring intellect would be guilty of such nonsense. It would answer when the reading of the world was confined to the rich. But when the poor, as well as the wealthy, constitute a large proportion of the readers, it is a direct insult, as well as a miserable falsehood. Who does not know that there is as much dishonesty among the higher classes as the lower? Who does not know that a community made up mainly of the hard sons of toil, and gentle daughters of industry, is quite as honest, as virtuous, as manly, as lovely, and as noble as the scions of bloated wealth, or the boasters of a noble heritage of name and blood?

"How would it appear to the rich, if a writer should speak of his hero as having been 'born of *rich* but honest parents?' It would certainly be quite as near the point as the converse."

Every body—at least, every American—has heard of Lorenzo Dow; the eccentric wandering preacher, who, while living, traveled on foot over almost every State and Territory in this vast republic; fording rivers, sleeping in the forests, in perils often, but always at the places where he had appointed to address the people, though his appointment had been made, perhaps, a year or more before. A great number of anecdotes are related of him, which are familiar to most readers; but the following, a passage from one of his odds-and-ends sermons, it is believed, is less known to the public. At any rate, the lesson which it inculcates is well worth heeding, at a period when there is so much "marrying and giving in marriage." Nothing could more forcibly illustrate the folly of family disagreements, and the fact that violent quarrels are frequently the effect of passionate and unyielding tempers, excited by incidents of the most trivial nature

"I knew," said Lorenzo, in the course of one of his strangely-compounded discourses, "an exceedingly happy and affectionate young couple, who had but recently commenced house-keeping in all the luxury of newly-wedded love and elegant plenty.

"As they sat one evening in their parlor, exchanging the little tender nothings of reciprocal affection, a sleek little mouse ran across the room.

"'My dear,' cried the lady, 'did you see that mouse?'

"'Yes, I saw it, my dear; but it was a rat.'

"'Oh, no, love,' said the wife, 'it was certainly a mouse.'

"'Madam, I tell you that it was *a rat!*' replied the husband, sternly.

"'It was *a mouse!*' reiterated the lady: '*I saw it* very distinctly. I think I should know what I *see!*'

"'*I* saw it also, madam; and *my* eyes are as good as *yours.*'

"'Your *eyes* may be as good, sir; but your *judgment* is not!' retorted the lady.

"And so," continued Lorenzo, "the quarrel went on, until they so incensed each other that neither spoke to the other for a week. At length, tired of glooming away the hours, they became reconciled; and one evening, soon afterward, as they sat chatting and toying together, and expressing for each other unbounded affection, the wife casually remarked:

"'How foolish it was in us to quarrel so about a little mouse!'

"'Mouse? my dear: you mean a rat!' exclaimed the husband.

"'No; when I say *mouse*, I *mean* a mouse!' replies the wife; and thus the quarrel was renewed, and a second breach of domestic peace was the consequence."

What a lesson to the quarrelsome is this ill-judged contest about a matter of not the slightest consequence!

A Correspondent to the Drawer, residing in a flourishing village in Central New York, mentions an amusing circumstance that seems worth recording. The lad's father had become somewhat addicted to "imbibing" rather too freely; and when his son came home one evening he was asked by his mother if he had seen his father.

"Yes, mother, I saw him at the —— House," naming one of the principal hotels of the place.

"What was he *doing* there?" asked the mother.

"Well," said the little boy, "I don't know exactly; but I *guess* he was taking a 'dissolving view' of a lump of sugar in the bottom of a tumbler!"

"This incident," adds our informant, "was told to his father on his return home that night; and it so affected him, that he has been a strenuous advocate of the 'Maine Temperance Law' ever since."

The same correspondent gives the following legal "incident," as occurring at the same place, before an eccentric but honest and upright judge:

"During a protracted trial which elicited a good deal of feeling, Mr. R——, one of the counsel engaged (somewhat intoxicated), in response to an ungenerous allusion of the "opposite counsel" to his condition, caught up an ink-stand and hurled it at the opposer's head. The Court immediately committed the belligerent Blackstone for a contempt, and imposed a fine of twenty-five dollars.

Mr. R—— (in explanation).—"If the Court please, I confess myself guilty of a gross breach of decorum but I hope—

THE JUDGE (interrupting).—"Thus far, sir, the Court agrees with you cheerfully; but your remorse comes too late, for you stand convicted of a contempt of court.

MR. R—— (meekly).—"I hope the Court will spare me the disgrace of a fine, for I was under the influence of——"

THE JUDGE (impetuously).—"Sit down, sir; you are already fined."

MR. R—— (persistingly).—"I was, as I said, under the influence of strong drink, and I think that circum—"

THE JUDGE (indignantly).—"Sit *down*, sir! Does the counsel consider this Court a mere *quack-doctor*, who does not know what ails a lawyer, without *seeing his tongue?*"

The convulsion of laughter which followed convinced the Judge that he had been indulging in repartee.

THE following anecdote is said to be "founded." It is certainly too good to be lost:

"A few miles below Poughkeepsie there lived some years ago, if he does not now live there, a very worthy clergyman, but very short in stature. On a certain Sunday, about eight years ago, this clergyman was invited by the pastor of a church in that village to "fill his pulpit" for the day. The invitation was accepted; and Sunday morning saw Mr. —— in the pulpit.

"Now it happened that the pulpit was a very high one, and accordingly nearly hid the poor clergyman from view. However, the congregation, out of respect, managed to keep their countenances, and seemed religiously anxious for the text.

"They were not obliged to wait long; for a nose and two little eyes suddenly appeared over the top of the pulpit, and a small piping voice proclaimed in nasal tones the text:

"'Be of good cheer: *It is I! Be not afraid!*'

"A general smile pervaded the whole church at this announcement; and the clergyman himself became confused, and 'turned all sorts of colors.' It was a long time before he could proceed with his sermon, so abruptly broken off."

WHEN Mr. Quincy was Mayor of the city of Boston, this good joke was related of him in a South-Boston print:

A Mr. Evans, who had a contract with the city for filling up "the Flats" on the "Neck," invited the city government to examine his road and his famous digging-machine. After satisfying their curiosity, and admiring the wonderful machine, their attention was called to a splendid cold collation, prepared by the contractor for their entertainment, near the scene of his digging operations.

Mr. Quincy took the head of the table, and very gravely observed—

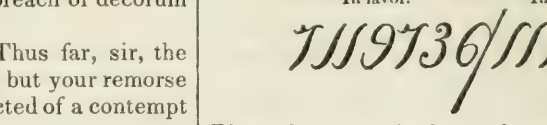
"Gentlemen, your attention is requested to this new machine which Mr. Evans has invented for *filling the Flats of the City!*"

The "filling" process immediately commenced.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

THE following curious effect of the combination of figures has been sent to us by a friend in Paris, who states that it has been extensively circulated in that capital. We have not yet seen it in print here.

The votes upon the Presidency of Louis Napoleon were:



Place the above in front of a mirror, so that the reflection of it may be visible. This reflection will read, "*III Empereur*"—Third Emperor. Louis Napoleon affects hereditary superstition, and it is stated that this singular coincidence confirmed him in the belief which he has always entertained of the exalted destiny for which Providence reserved him.

IN the year 1848, we were traveling in France, shortly after the proclamation of the Republic, and when "Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité," were the order of the day. On our way to Paris, we happened to be thinking of how much has been said and written upon the subject of Equality, and we began to look around us in order to verify certain suspicions which we skeptically entertained upon the subject.

There were five of us in what is called the "interieur," or middle compartment of the Diligence; and we remarked with what pertinacity those who had come the first and got possession of the four corners insisted upon their rights, being thus enabled to travel with more comfort and less fatigue; and even between these privileged individuals it was to be remarked that those who had the front seats would never have consented to yield them to the other two who rode backward.

There appeared to be no one who believed in the doctrine of equality except ourselves, who happened to have the worst seat of all: those who rode backward would voluntarily have accepted the doctrine so far as those who had the best corners were concerned, but by no means as regarded us; we, indeed, would gladly have consented to occupy a place as good as theirs; but should certainly have refused a seat in the "rotonde" behind; in which eight travelers were packed like sheep, and they would undoubtedly have had no objections to be as well off as we were.

About midnight we stopped for refreshments. We all of us remarked that the travelers in the "coupé" in front, seated themselves at table at a considerable distance from us with a sort of disdain; their airs appeared to us perfectly ridiculous; while it must be confessed, that we treated the "rotonde" people just as the "coupé" people treated us.

We resumed our journey, and every body prepared for a nap. About an hour later, the Diligence stopped, and the conductor opened the door for a new comer; it turned out to be a lady. All of one accord began to remove the handkerchiefs with which they had covered their heads for the night; in a word, each was anxious to neglect nothing which might show off his natural advantages, and eclipse his companion in the eyes of the new comer.

Our companion was pretty—she might have dispensed with beauty; for, in traveling, all women are

pretty; she seemed to be very reserved; she answered politely a few civil questions, but with sufficient coldness to indicate that she was not disposed to enter into conversation. The men then began to talk together among themselves—not for the purpose of talking, but for the purpose of being heard by her—each endeavoring to make the other play second fiddle, and be a sort of confidant in a classical tragedy, in order to be enabled to make a more brilliant exhibition of himself.

One drew out a very handsome gold watch.

Another said, "I got to the office too late, and I was consequently unable to get a place in the 'coupé.'"

"Sir," said a third, "Mr. So-and-so, formerly *a peer* of France, said to me the other day—"

"Do you know," rejoined the first, "if *Dumas* has returned; he must be out of all patience with me; it is an age since I have been to see him."

"This is what I call a road. Last year I was *posting* in *Switzerland;* it was impossible to get on more than six miles an hour, notwithstanding my *liberality* to the postillions. I hope to find my *carriage* waiting for me when I arrive I have informed my *servant* of my expected return," &c., &c.

As for ourselves, we could not help feeling, when we probed the matter thoroughly, that the majestic silence in which we enveloped ourselves was only another means of acting the same part which our companions did; and that we had a secret hope that the lady could not fail to observe how much nonsense we refrained from talking.

We stopped to change horses. Several beggars surrounded the carriage.

"Kind sir," said one, "one of my hands is crippled."

"Both of mine," said another.

"And I am epileptic," said a third.

"He is not so epileptic as I am," resumed the first.

The horses started off on a gallop, and we said, mentally to ourselves, "These fellows repudiate equality even in their infirmities."

We shall tell you presently what were our reflections during the rest of the journey.

We once had at Paris a negro servant, who was continually complaining that he had more to do than he could attend to, although there was little enough. One day, worn out with his Jeremiads, we said to him, and we thought in the most epigrammatic way in the world:

"Well, then, engage a servant."

Two days after this, he said to us, "Sir, I have done as you directed me."

"Done what?" we asked, for we had forgotten our joke.

"I mean the servant, which you told me to engage."

We were caught, and we determined to make the best of it.

We answered that it was all right—and that very day Pompey's servant entered upon his duties. At the expiration of a week, we had become quite accustomed to the new state of things:—and when we said: "Pompey send your servant with this letter," we meant no joke and he understood none. As to him, he was as grave and serious as a monkey. There was one thing in their relations which amused us vastly—we mean the extreme severity with which the negro treated his servant. We were often obliged to intercede for the poor white—and then Pompey would say: "Sir, if you will listen to him, he will do nothing; he is dreadfully lazy." Pompey, however, had managed to turn over to him all his own duties. It was the white man who blacked our boots, and Pompey's too sometimes. We would say to Pompey "Your servant has blacked our boots very badly—he has been out too long—and then Pompey would go down to the kitchen and make a tremendous row.

One day we rang for Pompey, and said to him: "Let your servant carry this letter to such and such a place."

"Sir," answered Pompey, "I will take it myself."

"Why so?" asked we.

"Because, Sir, I discharged him this morning."

"The deuce you did! Have you got another?"

"No, Sir, he occasioned me too much trouble. I prefer to dispense with one for the future."

And these were our thoughts in the Diligence: If we wish to mount the ladder upon which those with whom we claim equality are standing, it is not that we may be side by side with them, but that we may push them off and tumble them down to the round below, upon which we were standing before.

Equality can no more exist in positions and fortunes, than it exists in strength of body or power of mind. So then, men of France, thought we, there is nothing more stupid than to be killed for the sake of equality, or more ferocious than to kill others upon the same pretext—for equality does not exist, and could not exist—and if it did exist, you would not have it at any price. It is dangerous to give honorable names to ignoble passions, or to permit those to give them who expect to profit thereby:—jealousy and envy would never dare to show their heads under their own name—the name of equality makes all right.

Literary Notices.

Ticknor and Co. have published a new collection of *Poems*, by CHARLES MACKAY, under the fantastic title of *Voices from the Mountains and the Crowd.* Such affected appellations always arouse a suspicion of clap-trap. Why not call the volume "Poems," without further ado; and let the reader find out for himself what kind of tongue is speaking to him? Mr. Mackay has really too much poetical merit to invoke the aid of such artifices. He is certainly not one of the "bards sublime," who soar too high for a quiet winter evening by the fireside; nor does he exhibit any startling originality of fancy, or painful depth of thought; but his verses are marked by a vein of cheerful humanity, a sincere love of nature, warm domestic sympathies, and occasionally great beauty of expression. With no claims to the character of a great English poet, he is evidently a most excellent man and a pleasing writer, and we are not at all surprised that he should be a favorite with the people, who will always forgive to sincere and genuine nature the absence of high genius or consummate art. The poems in this collection are now brought together for the first time. They include three small volumes published in England at intervals between 1846 and 1851.

A *New French Dictionary*, by Professor A. G.

CALLOT, has been published, in a large and handsome octavo, by C. G. Henderson and Co., Philadelphia. It is printed on excellent paper and clear type, making it easy of consultation even to the midnight student, without ruining the eyes. The vocabulary is sufficiently copious, including not only all words in common use, but those relating to science and the arts—the definitions are appropriate and comprehensive—and the principles of French pronunciation are lucidly explained and indicated, in a brief and simple manner, in the body of the work. In the variety of modern French dictionaries, which are so much in advance of the old standards, we have no doubt that the present work will justify its claims to an eminent rank.——The same publishers have issued new editions of *Æsop*, in Rhyme; and the *Moral and Popular Tales* of Miss EDGEWORTH.

A popular treatise on the *Elements of Geology*, by Professors ALONZO GRAY and C. B. ADAMS, has been issued from the press of Harper and Brothers. It embraces not only the usual details of the science, but an elaborate description of the antiquity of the earth, and the connection of Geology with Natural Theology and Revealed Religion. For clearness of statement, scientific precision and accuracy, and fullness of illustration, this volume compares favorably with any elementary work with which we are acquainted.

J. Murphy and Co. have published an edition of Cardinal WISEMAN'S *Lectures on the Real Presence*, in which the leading views of the Catholic Church on that subject are fully explained and defended. The volume is embellished with a mezzotint portrait of His Eminence.

The Finland Family, by Mrs. SUSAN PEYTON CORNWALL (published by M. W. Dodd). An original story of a religious cast, designed to illustrate the importance of practical piety, by an exhibition of its influence amid the daily duties and incidents of life. At the same time it administers a wholesome rebuke to numerous prevailing forms of superstition. The narrative is lively and readable, and the moral tone of the volume worthy of all praise.

Rodolphus is the title of another of the *Franconia Stories*—the popular juvenile serial by JACOB ABBOTT. It shows the manner in which the capricious indulgence of the parent often leads to the ruin of the child. Like the preceding stories, it abounds with incidents of a highly attractive character, giving a fresh proof of the fertile ingenuity of the author, in clothing moral truth in a winning costume. (Harper and Brothers.)

The extraordinary success of Rev. Dr. TODD'S *Lectures to Children*, has called forth a new and enlarged edition, published at Northampton, by Hopkins and Co., and illustrated with a number of spirited engravings, from designs by Darley and other American artists. The charm of this work consists in its picturesque brightness of language, the aptness and vivacity of its illustrations, and the transparent clearness with which it brings home religious ideas to the juvenile heart. It has already passed through an incredible number of editions—is known to children wherever the English tongue is spoken—and has been translated into most of the languages of the civilized world. What author could wish for a more beautiful fame?

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have published two additional volumes of their neat library edition of DE QUINCEY'S *Writings*, containing Narrative and Miscellaneous Papers. The pieces are of more general interest than most of the contents of the preceding volumes. Among them we find the intensely tragic story of "The Household Wreck," of which the harrowing details are wrought up with consummate address, "The Spanish Nun," "Modern Superstition," "Coleridge and Opium Eating," "The Temperance Movement," "The Last Days of Immanuel Kant," and others—all highly characteristic of the mingled splendor and audacity of the author's genius.

A selection of short and pithy sentences from the plays of SHAKSPEARE, under the title of *Shakspeare Laconics*, is issued by C. G. Henderson and Co., Philadelphia. It is not designed as a specimen of the beauties of Shakspeare, but to aid public speakers and others in occasional quotations. Such crutches for a lame memory are not without use; and though no manual of the kind can be expected to give universal satisfaction, the present is got up with very considerable taste and knowledge.

Cornish, Lamport, and Co. have issued a new book of travels by WILLIAM FURNISS, entitled *The Land of the Cæsar and Doge*, containing the fruits of intelligent observation in different portions of Italy, with numerous criticisms on Art, Literature, and Manners; and a volume of *Poems*, by Mrs. LESDERNIER, called *Voices of Life*, chiefly in a strain of sadness, with the frequent application of domestic sorrows to the purposes of poetry.

A translation of KRUMMACHER'S *Early Days of Elisha* is published by M. W. Dodd, preceded by an Introduction, from the pen of Rev. Dr. GARDINER SPRING. These discourses form a lively, practical exposition of an interesting portion of Holy Writ. Dr. Spring correctly remarks, "that they are distinguished for simplicity of thought, beautiful and original imagery, and for that ingenious and striking expression which leaves strong and vivid impressions on the memory. They are German throughout, though they have no sympathy with sentimental dreams, or bold and unhallowed rationalism." Few works, whether German or English, present such a striking example of the suggestiveness of Scripture, when wrought by a creative imagination.

The Odd Fellow's Manual, by Rev. A. B. GROSH, is a neat and convenient volume, published by Peck and Bliss, Philadelphia, containing a complete history of the Order, a description of the various ceremonies of the Lodge, and the characteristics of the different degrees, with a great amount of miscellaneous information in regard to the institution of Odd Fellowship. As a book of reference and instruction to the members of the "mystic brotherhood," it must possess great value.

A new edition of CHALLONER'S *Lives of the Fathers of the Desert*, is issued by D. and G. Sadlier; containing the legends of Catholicism in regard to the saints of the wilderness. The reader, who is fond of the details of ascetic piety, will find ample gratification in these pages.

Ticknor and Co. have published a beautiful edition of *Poems*, by HENRY ALFORD, a religious poet of singular purity and sweetness, who, we think, is destined to become a general favorite in this country. His versification is chaste and polished, clothing divine truths in the "beauty of holiness," and pervaded with an air of devout sincerity, that gives it a healthy, masculine vigor.

The Epistle of John, completes the series of practical expositions, by NEANDER, for which the American public is indebted to the learned and judicious labors of Mrs. H. C. CONANT. The preface to this volume gives a lucid sketch of Neander's conceptions of Christianity, especially as embodied in the present work. In the translation, we discover the same accuracy and good taste, which have characterized the previous issues. (L. Colby).

Among the works recently issued from Redfield's prolific press, we have *The Pretty Plate*, by JOHN VINCENT, Esq. (evidently a *nom de plume*), a pleasing story founded on Roman Catholic principles, and illustrated by Darley, with his usual lifelike naturalness; *The Cap Sheaf*, by LEWIS MYRTLE, a good specimen of the sentimentalities of the Ik. Marvel school, in which, of course, the pupil falls below the master; and another volume of HERBERT'S picturesque *Legends of Love and Chivalry*, devoted to the Chevaliers, from the Crusades to the Marechals of Louis XIV. In the description of military operations, few writers wield such an effective pen as Herbert, and the topics of the present volume afford ample scope for its successful exercise. MEAGHER'S *Speeches* from the same publishers, are admirable examples of Irish patriotic eloquence, scarcely surpassed by the efforts of Ireland's most renowned orators.

Harper and Brothers have issued the First Volume of *The History of Europe*, by Sir ARCHIBALD ALISON. This work, which has recently appeared in Great Britain, extends from the Battle of Waterloo, in 1815, to the accession of Louis Napoleon during the past year, and completes the great historical series from the French Revolution to the present time. The volume now published contains a rapid survey of the whole period which it is proposed to narrate, an interesting sketch of the progress of literature, science, and art, and a connected history of events from the Peace of Paris in 1815, to the Repeal of the Bank Restriction Act in England, and the creation of peers in the democratic interest in France in 1819. The merits of Sir Archibald Alison as a historian need not here be commented on, in order to call attention to this important work. He brings industry, high culture, indefatigable perseverance, an active and elegant mind, and rare powers of description to the accomplishment of a task, in which he evidently takes a cordial delight. His errors arise from his strong political predilections, and his lack of the original insight which sees into the heart of affairs. He does not bring the light of genius to the illustration of historical facts; but viewing his work as an elaborate digest of the events of the age, accompanied with frequent vivid and expressive portraitures of conspicuous scenes, it must be regarded as a welcome contribution to our resources on European history, and an indispensable aid to the studies of every intelligent reader. In the course of this volume, Alison pays a fine tribute to the great American historian, George Bancroft.

The Boston Artist Agency have issued a beautiful *Profile Likeness of Daniel Webster at Home*, executed in lithograph, by Tappan and Bradford, from a daguerreotype by J. A. Whipple, for S. M. Allen, Esq., being the last taken of the great statesman. The picture reflects high credit upon the artist and the publishers, representing the deceased as he appeared in the domestic circle for some months previous to his death, in softened and touching grandeur. The same publishers have in preparation, to appear shortly, another magnificent engraving, representing *Webster at his Birth-place*, which, we doubt not, judging from the high reputation of the artists, and their present performance, will prove equally worthy of commendation and patronage.

The *Portrait of Washington* (published by George W. Childs), engraved from Stuart's original painting, has called forth a deserved tribute of admiration from the most accomplished amateurs of Art throughout the country. As WASHINGTON IRVING justly remarks, "It is beautifully executed, and worthy of being hung up in every American dwelling, where the Father of his country is cherished with due reverence and affection."

A new work, by the author of *Jane Eyre*, will shortly be ready by Harper and Brothers; also the *Lectures on the English Humorists*, by Mr. THACKERAY.

The Royal Irish Academy has elected Mr. PRESCOTT and Mr. MACAULAY to its list of honorary members.

The Rev. HENRY BURGESS, of Blackburn, has issued proposals for publishing a translation of the Metrical Hymns of the ancient Syrian Christians, with historical and philological notes. His former work, a translation of the *Festal Letters of Athanasius*, from a Syriac MS. brought to England by Dr. Tattam, has recently procured for him the honor of a degree of Doctor of Philosophy from the University of Göttingen.

It is now twenty years since a public subscription was opened for the purpose of erecting a monument in Westminster Abbey to Sir JAMES MACKINTOSH. Although the most distinguished men of all political parties united in recommending this testimony of respect to the memory of one of the greatest British statesmen and writers, the appeal was not well responded to by the public. After paying expenses, the sum of £241 11*s.* was all that remained available. During the course of the past summer a meeting was held at Lansdowne House, the Marquis of Lansdowne presiding, and Sir Robert H. Inglis acting as secretary, when resolutions for carrying out the proposal were moved and seconded by Mr. Macaulay, Lord Mahon, Mr. Hallam, and Lord Broughton. About £300 additional have since been collected, and the subscription list is still open in hope of such a sum being reached as will secure a monument worthy of his memory in Westminster Abbey. It is to be hoped that this tardy recognition of great political and literary fame will be pushed vigorously forward, and not be any longer allowed to slumber.

Of the *Parisian Sights and French Principles*, published by Harper and Brothers, the London *Spectator* says: "This New York volume is the result of the observation and experience of an American who for some time resided in Paris for the education of his children. It has not that attraction of character and contrast which American books on Europe sometimes possess; for a wide experience in many countries, and perhaps an enjoyment of the Parisian life he condemns, has given our author cosmopolitan ideas, and the toleration of a man of the world. The book, however, combines in an agreeable way a picture of Paris and its people, an estimate of French character and principles, with notices of passing events and opinions. Much above a guide-book in its descriptive parts, the volume presents a good picture of the most striking features of Paris, and will furnish a stranger with hints as to places that the common sight-seer might overlook. The estimate of the French is full, fair, and just, without harshness, dealing equally with their good and evil qualities."

In the almost absolute dearth of literary intelli-

gence in France, the press of that country is busy with the project of a collection of *The Works of the Emperor Napoleon I.*, to be completed in thirty-five folio volumes. According to the prospectus, this national work is to be the Koran of the new era of France—and is important not only in a literary and historical sense, but as a machine and an interpreter of government. What this testament—"presented by France to Europe"—is to consist of, no one seems as yet able to explain. Napoleon's known letters, speeches, and dictations will clearly not fill thirty-five folio volumes. But we have already an idea how the Book of Napoleon is likely to be made up. It is whispered about in Paris that since December, 1848, Louis Napoleon has discovered an immense mass of his uncle's writings—so that, it is promised that the new publication will contain a complete exposition of Napoleonic institutions, of the resources of the Empire, and of the future career of the dynasty.

"During my sojourn at Berlin," says the correspondent of a London journal, "I spent a morning in the Library, and was much gratified by the examination of its principal curiosities. Among them the Bible of Charles I., which he bore with him to the scaffold, possesses to an Englishman great interest. It is a small volume, bound in black leather, and bears evident signs of having been much used. It was lying open appropriately enough at the seventh chapter of Job, which commences, 'Is there not an appointed time to man upon earth? are not his days also like the days of an hireling?' By the side of this interesting relic, which should be in our National Collection, lies Luther's original manuscript translation of the Holy Scriptures. Turning over the leaves, it was very apparent, from the vast number of corrections and alterations in the mysterious book of Job, as compared to the other books of the Old Testament, that it was to Luther, as it has been to other learned divines, full of difficulties. Some of the chapters present a tangled mass of additions, erasures, and amendments, showing clearly that Luther was sorely puzzled by the original. Another interesting MS. is Goethe's Faust, which is very clear and legible—so clear, indeed, and free from alterations, that I can not think it is the original draft of that immortal work. Close to these literary curiosities is preserved Otto von Guericke's air-exhausting apparatus, consisting of two hemispheres, which, when placed in juxtaposition, and the air exhausted between them, could not be detached by the strength of thirty horses."

The death of the Countess of LOVELACE, the daughter of Lord Byron, suggests some mournful recollections of the poet's history. In a letter to Tom Moore, dated January 5th, 1816, he announces the birth of his child: "The little girl was born on the 10th of December last. Her name is Augusta Ada (the second a very antique family name, I believe not used since the reign of King John). She was, and is very flourishing and fat, and reckoned very large for her days—squalls and sucks incessantly." In his letters from abroad are frequent references to Ada, showing how near she was at times to his heart, and how strong was his affection for her. To Moore, from Venice, in 1818, he writes: "I have a great love for my little Ada, though, perhaps, she may torture me like ——." To Mr. Murray he writes, from Pisa, in 1821: "Send me my daughter Ada's miniature. I have only the print, which gives little or no idea of the complexion." After the separation from Lady Byron was irrevocable, he still continued to write to her with earnestness about their daughter, in whom, he said, "there must always be one rallying-point as long as she exists, which, I presume, we both hope will be long after either of her parents." To Dr. Kennedy, shortly before his death, he spoke with tender affection of his daughter, and of Lady Byron with respect. Who does not remember the opening of the third canto of "Child Harold?"

"Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart!"

And the noble stanzas with which the same canto closes:

"My daughter! with thy name this song began,
My daughter! with thy name thus much shall end.
. . . . . .
"Fain would I waft such blessing upon thee,
As, with a sigh, I deem thou might'st have been to me"

Ada was only fourteen when her father died. For her marriage with the Earl of Lovelace, the Lord King of political celebrity in the days of the radical reform agitation, and the present connections of the family, we must refer to the books of the Peerage. It is as the Ada of Byron alone that any literary interest belongs to the name of the Countess of Lovelace. It is remarkable, that the father and daughter both died in their 37th year.

Lady Lovelace has left three children—two sons and a daughter. Her mother is still alive—to see perhaps with a softened spirit the shade of the father beside the early grave of his child.

Miss BERRY, the last surviving friend of Horace Walpole, recently died at her house in Curzon-street, London. Had she lived till March next, she would have completed her ninetieth year. She sank gradually, without suffering and without disease, into what appeared but a placid sleep. She was sensible to the last, and had retained all her faculties unimpaired.

Although it is as the friend of Horace Walpole, and editor of his Letters, that Miss Berry has been most widely known, her own works merit for her name an honorable remembrance. Her "Comparative View of Social Life in England and France," well deserves the high praise it received from the reviewers of the day, and the public favor which carried it through several editions. The "Quarterly Review," in speaking of it, said, that "although apparently dealing with a general and even abstract subject, nothing can be more entertaining and even amusing: which is owing, no doubt, to the judicious union of belles-lettres with philosophy, the copious admixture of anecdote, personal and literary, the avoiding of all tiresome dissertation, and, above all, the shunning of political argumentation. Many years have passed since we have taken up a more readable book to enlighten the dullness of our ordinary labors." This eulogy is appropriate still; and recent events, both in France and England, give additional interest to many parts of the book. It was last republished in 1844, with various other pieces, some reprinted, others new, forming a collected edition of Miss Berry's works. Few publications of the present day contain more instructive and delightful reading than these two volumes. Among the miscellaneous contents of the second volume, the "Life of Rachel, Lady Russell," is admirably written, and displays the excellence of the author's heart, as well as her literary ability and taste.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



AN AMERICAN METHUSALEH.

First Young Lady.—Cicy, dear, I want to introduce that tall gentleman to you. You'll like him; he's so talented. He's written a book.

Second Young Lady.—No, no, Annie, don't introduce him. He looks as old as the hills. Why, he's twenty-five if he's a day. And then, look at his collar and his cravat—and (*whispering*) such pantaloons! Did you ever? He don't belong to our set at all.

PERSONAL ECONOMY.

Being shabbily dressed affords the best security against the importunities of beggars.

On a pleasure excursion, never carry change with you, as you will then be unable to pay for turnpikes, and other incidental sundries, and those little disbursements will fall on somebody else.

Endeavor to ascertain, clandestinely, on what days your acquaintance are most likely to be engaged; the judicious use of which information will procure you the credit of giving dinners at the mere cost of giving invitations.

Never use a whole sheet of paper for a letter which you can write on the half of one. The clean side of a note which any one is so extravagant as to send you, *cut* off and *neatly* folded, does very well to return an answer on.

Make a point to leave your purse at home whenever you attend a lady shopping; particularly in hot weather, when ices are in request. You will then be enabled to show a delicate attention regardless of expense; only, if you do that, be sure that your companion has got some money.



DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

LUXURIOUS NEWSBOY.—I say, old feller, you ort'er cover up your Ice Cream when it storms so. The snow spiles the flavor.



DEPLORABLE IGNORANCE.

FAST YOUTH.—Filthy weed! do you call this? I should like to know where you've lived all your life not to know what a Cigar is!

Fashions for Later Winter.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—MORNING COSTUME AND FULL DRESS.

FIGURE 1.—MORNING COSTUME.—Skirt of green silk, with four festooned flounces, set on full; in the centre of each festoon, is woven a large black spot. *Coin de feu* of black velvet; it is high at the back, open to the waist in front, and terminates in a small *basquine:* it is edged with a fold *en biais* of black satin, about two inches wide: the fronts are held in their position by two narrow bands of velvet, in the centre of which are bows of satin ribbon: sleeves of the pagoda form, finished to correspond with the body. Small round cap, trimmed with two rows of lace and broad plaid satin ribbon.

FIGURE 2.—FULL DRESS.—Dress of ribbed silk, trimmed with black lace and rosettes. The body, which is plain, and opens in front, is edged with a narrow galloon ribbon, less than half an inch in width, of the same color as the dress. This galloon, which leaves at the waist only half an inch interval, is continued along the skirt, so as to diverge at bottom about 16 inches. A black lace is sewed under this galloon, not very full; it is 6 inches wide at bottom of skirt, and is then turned in so as to bring it gradually decreasing to the waist; lastly, it widens again at the top of the body, but not to exceed 2½ inches. The sleeves are almost tight at the shoulder; they are from 4 to 6 inches long from the shoulder seam, and end in a flounce cut slantwise of about the same length. A narrow galloon borders this flounce, and conceals its junction with the sleeve. The skirt, which has five widths, is trimmed with four flounces, which end in front at the narrow galloon, against which they are fastened. The first flounce at top has five widths, the second six; the third six and a half; and the fourth seven. That is, they are fullest at bottom. The first is set 4 inches below the waist. The application ornaments consist of roses of black velvet, having in the middle a wheel or star of black cord. These roses are of graduated size, the smallest being 1½ inch in diameter, and the largest 2½ inches. They are graduated on the edge of the body and on the front of the skirt. A row of the smallest ornament the bottom of the sleeve at the bend of the arm, and the edge of the flounce that finishes the sleeve. The flounces of the skirt are bordered with a narrow galloon over which there is a row of roses. Those of the last flounce are 2½ inches wide, the next 2 inches, then 1½, and 1¼. The habit-shirt is composed of white lace laid on the black lace of the body. The undersleeve is of white lace.



FIGURE 3.—BONNETS.

BONNETS are still worn rather open, enough so, at least, to admit somewhat voluminous wreaths and tufts of flowers and ribbons. The drawn style predominates over the plain. In ornament and trimming there is the greatest variety. Satin and plain velvet, or satin and terry velvet are usually mixed, and are decorated with black lace vandyked at the edge, blonde, or foliage of satin and velvet. We present drawings of some which are favorites. The one on the left of the picture is composed of velvet, bordered with a roll of white satin from under which proceeds a row of lace laid flat on the brim. The bottom of the brim is terminated by a velvet band. The crown is formed of bands of velvet plaited into a checker, and through the openings or interstices a black lace appears in puffs. The velvet curtain is covered with lace. On each side are two rolled feathers. That upon the right is also of velvet; the edge of the brim is composed of two rolls of satin; the brim and sides of crown of gathered velvet. The crown covered with velvet in the style of a fanchon, which has in the lower part three drawings. A bunch of heartsease with its foliage all of velvet in the middle of a coquille of black lace, forms the ornament on each side. The curtain is trimmed like the brim with two rolls of satin. The figure in the centre is a front view, showing the prevailing style of inside trimming. A cordon of daisies goes all round the edge of the brim as far as the tufts of ribbons and varied flowers that trim the sides.

BALL DRESS.—A very elegant Ball Dress is composed of a coiffure of green crape leaves, the edges and veins of which are of gold. These leaves are of three dimensions, the largest being on the bandeaux. They set flat to the head, the points falling behind, all around. Rows of gold pearls of unequal length, the longest being from twelve to fourteen inches, hang on each side. These leaves are made by taking very fine brass wires rolled with green crape, which together form the stem, then spreading form the nerves of the leaves between two sheets of crape cut out and stuck together with flowermakers' paste. Then on the edges and ribs small gold laces are sewed. The natural position is afterward given to the leaves by twisting the wires. The dress is taffeta and white tulle. The body, pointed, is open as far as the waist before and behind. The opening is held together by means of small bands concealed under cordons of gold pearls. There are three frills at the edge of the body in the form of revers. They are cut in small identations, and are made of tulle and taffeta. The tulle one is between the two silk ones. The sleeve, which is scarcely seen, is made in the same way. To the taffeta dress there are six flounces five inches wide, pinked at the edge, three of tulle and three of taffeta alternately. The tunic is white tulle powdered with small gold stars, opening on the left side from top to bottom, having the corners rounded off, and then raised on the right to half its height, which of course widens the opening at bottom. A bouquet of large crape leaves raise the right side, and the leaves are continued all round the skirt decreasing in size.

FIGURE 4. CHILD'S DRESS.—A very becoming dress for a little girl, of the age of ten or twelve years, is given below. It consists of a Capeline hat of white felt. Low crown, brims very broad, quite round, and falling into shape from their own weight. A bow of watered ribbon is put on the side, rather forward; the ends hanging down behind. A feather is rolled round the base of the crown and hangs down behind. The strings, long and wide, float loose, the hat being fastened by a very narrow string under the chin. Two bunches of flowers are placed under the brim close on the temples. The frock is poplin with a special pattern of five bayadere stripes; the widest, an inch above the hem is two inches broad; and they gradually diminish to the last, which is barely half an inch. The pantaloons have very small plaits, and are finished with a row of Valenciennes.



FIGURE 4.—CHILD'S DRESS.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NOTES FROM THE COPPER REGION.

BY ROBERT E. CLARKE.

THE middle of July, 1852, found the writer of the following pages on board one of the steamers which ply between Buffalo and Chicago, a passenger for Lake Superior and the Copper Region. On the waters of Lake Michigan, the approach being from Chicago, the traveler will meet with little, save the neat and rural character of the towns which adorn the Wisconsin shore, to awaken any special interest. An exception to this remark is to be found in that part of the Michigan coast where his attention may be directed to the couchant form of the *Sleeping Bear*.

This is indeed quite a remarkable object. Upon a bold escarpment of sand which runs for some miles along the water, interspersed occasionally with spurs and patches of the vast forest which lies beyond, rises a dome or mound, thickly overgrown with pines and evergreens, which from most points of view presents the well defined figure of a bear in a reclining posture. The elevation of the sand bluff at this point is probably 400 feet, recumbent upon which, as upon a table of magnificent dimensions, the Bear attains an additional height of 50 feet—the portion constituting the head, indeed, connected with the former by a neck of due proportions, being probably not more than 30 feet above the level of the bluff. This bluff is conspicuous in



THE SLEEPING BEAR.

clear weather to a great distance, and to an approach from the south, presents a bald smooth front entirely unrelieved by vegetation, save a few pines tipping the summit. From this point of view, however, it presents no resemblance of the Bear, and the traveler first beholding it here, will experience a feeling of disappointment, the imagination finding little better success in composing the figure of Bruin, than in seeing the form of the Bull and the Goat in the constellations bearing those names. The color of these bluffs, which is the saffron tint that oft invests the summer clouds, making it a matter of doubt with the beholder, whether they are not veritable clouds, or, as I heard a spectator not inaptly express it, "fog lighted up by the sun," imparts an effect to the scene at once picturesque and beautiful. This effect is greatly increased, no doubt, by the soft, clear atmosphere which is bathing every thing visible as we gaze; no clouds but those light and fleecy ones which float in snowy masses over the far-off horizon, or those others, long and feathery, which extend in beautiful repose beneath the former. The contrasts of the picture are made out by the dark waters flecked with wreaths of foam, and the denseness of forest which every where, save on these naked heights, crowns the coast, while, spreading aloft, the clear blue of the upper air looks too pure ever to be sullied even by a vapor.

As we approach the South Manitou (Spirit Island) it seems to rear its rampart of sand right out of the water, presenting at its southern angles a wall as smooth as if formed by other hands than the careless and graceful ones of nature. A few more revolutions of the wheels, and we are at the wood-yard on South Manitou. Dinner having been dispatched, the passengers, men, women, and children, are quickly dispersed over the shore; some curiously examining the pebbles, others gathering flowers and strawberries, and still another class loitering listlessly about enjoying the pleasures of vacuity. Picked up here a *pleurotomania*, and an oyster shell, which I was at first going to regard as a marine fossil. Although some distance from the landing, it was doubtless dropped by some epicure of the island, who even here where the muskelonge, the white-fish, and the trout, yet swarm in undiminished abundance, still looks for luxuries to Blue Point and Norfolk. We were detained at this island till late in the day. Some forty families, I am informed, gain a subsistence here by fishing, and furnishing wood to the steamers. The young Crusoes of the place do not appear at any loss for society, the inhabitants being

evidently blessed after the manner indicated by the language of David, "Thy children stand like olive plants round about thy table." As we sail along the Michigan coast, we behold painted in beautiful outline on the evening sky, and bearing many a mile to the south, the now perfect figure of the Sleeping Bear.

Less than two hours past midnight finds us safely arrived at Mackinaw, a number of the boat's passengers having this or the *Sault* as



STRAITS OF MACKINAW.

their destination. An acquaintance whom I have picked up on board directs me to the "Mission House," which indeed I find most of our passengers have selected. The accommodating proprietor is at the pier, where baggage-wagon and omnibus are also in readiness to convey ourselves and baggage to the house. This hotel, so called from having at one time been occupied by one of the Protestant missions, has an elevated and commanding yet retired situation; and, in these respects, the visitor will find it very eligible. In point of comfort, it will probably be found in advance of his expectations. With the indulgence of the reader for descending to such trifles, which the traveler still deems essential, I may here be allowed to particularize a little. I found, then, the luxuries specially appertaining to this region, which at this time are the fish of the straits, of such favorable celebrity—the lake and brook trout, and the white-fish—served up in such style as would doubtless satisfy any cook less exacting than Ude. Receiving the due assistance from "Soy, Chili-vinegar, and Harvey," they are furnished in good style of American cookery. "Done brown" is perhaps the expression which, while most descriptive of this style, is to fish-eaters the most promising of entertainment. Fish, fried, baked, and boiled, or broiled, forming part of each meal, there are besides beafsteaks of matchless tenderness—thus proving that this island is not like those of the Archipelago, which the poet of Don Juan describes as "oxless"—and ham of very attractive flavor. The various structures in flour and meal pass with approbation. Of the last course a distinguishing feature is the whortleberry. This in pastry, as well as *ad naturam*, so large and so delicious of flavor as scarcely to crave the aid of sugar, though much improved by the accompaniment of cream of surprising richness, which the visitor may have *ad libitum*, being served to him in *pitchers*.

The next day, in pursuance of my design of seeing whatever of curious and interesting the island might present, I repaired first to the "Arch Rock," or *Roche percée*, as termed by the French residents. This truly curious object can not but excite in the mind of the beholder the most lively emotions of wonder. The reader is to imagine a precipitous bluff of limestone, which forms the main *stratum*, of great thickness, of the island. At the point where the arch is formed, the elevation of the bluff above the lake surface must be considerably more than 100 feet. The growth here is chiefly the cedar, the yellow and white pine, and the balsam fir, interspersed with the white trunks and delicately poised leaves of the birch and the poplar. Just over the brow of this rugged steep sinks a frightful abyss, and as the spectator gains its edge, there bursts upon his vision a Natural Bridge, a soaring arch suspended in mid-air, which shuts out the horizon, and beneath and through which he beholds the waters of the lake, a hundred feet below him, dancing in the sun-beams. By cautious descent



THE ARCH ROCK.

he may gain the bottom of this chasm, where he will be rewarded by seeing another arch, which pierces the abutment of the former. The latter is, however, smaller and less noticeable. This rock, though belonging to the upper lime rock group, is, most probably, the lower magnesian limestone;—a limestone which here, being of a highly crystalline character, and its strata inclining at all angles, bears the usual indications of igneous disturbance. Part of it, however, is of a less firm and more readily disintegrated material. The arch laterally has an average thickness of some eight to ten feet, thinning off to a few inches at what might be termed the footway. Its thickness vertically is in the narrowest part probably twenty feet. On top it has the appearance of having been well trodden, though few, it might be supposed, would undertake the dangerous passage from any motive short of the last necessity. It seems not a little remarkable that no similar appearance should occur at any other point on the island: a circumstance which seems to point to a cause of a more special and violent character than the ordinary agencies of frost and the atmosphere. Most probably we are to look back for its origin to the time when the waters of the lake lay at a much greater elevation than at present, and when the action of the waves may have been accompanied with a force not now to be witnessed save in some parts of the ocean.

Another object which arrests the attention of the visitor in equal degree with that just mentioned, is the "Sugar Loaf," a high, isolated, rudely conical rock, which, resting upon the high plateau which forms the chief elevation of the islands, exhibits a rise of some sixty feet above. This is but little less than the elevation of the ridge which forms the crowning plan of the island, and upon which the dismantled post



THE SUGAR LOAF ROCK.

of Fort Holmes is seen, being separated therefrom by a distance not exceeding a hundred yards. By what violent throe of nature it has become severed from the adjacent ridge, of which it no doubt formed a part, is matter of curious inquiry. Perhaps this may be regarded as another evidence of a time, when the waters of the lake must have broken with resistless force clear over these lofty heights, having settled at their present level by gradual recession, or by slow upheaval of the land. On close inspection, this huge block is found cavernous, slightly crystalline, with its strata distorted in every conceivable direction. Its width is about fifty feet, its thickness twenty. Covered with a wild growth of vines and stunted cedars, and rearing itself thus unexpectedly before the traveler, as he approaches it by the road-side, its effect is grand and imposing. Still more so, perhaps, when beheld from the top of the ridge, where its isolated position, with its bold form breaking the outline of the island, strikes the beholder with wonder and delight.

The next morning being clear and fine as usual, I again ascended the ridge at Fort Holmes, and mounting with some difficulty the Observatory, as it is termed—though in fact it is nothing more than a triangulating point for the Government engineers, who are at work in the straits—obtained a view of the island, the straits, and adjacent shores, which well repaid me. Off to the northwest, some four miles perhaps, lies the little French settlement of Saint Inez, with a few farms which lend a graceful touch to the otherwise unbroken wilderness. To the north, where this ridge declines by a gentle descent to the shores of the island, is the place at which the British in the last war, some eight hundred strong, reached the position at the Observatory, which they fortified in a single night, and having intelligence of the declaration of war before our own forces, obtained a surrender without firing a gun. Returning by way of the garrison, and the day being Sunday, stopped to attend the Episcopal service there. The attendance was large for the place, consisting chiefly of strangers. The small number of soldiers present is calculated to excite notice, till one is informed that the rank and file of the army, in time of peace, is chiefly foreign and of the Catholic religion. On our return to the hotel we were greeted with a good dinner, of which speckled trout from the Michigan shore, caught by some amateurs the day before, formed a most acceptable portion.

I took occasion, during my stay at Mackinaw, in company with another individual as *compagnon du voyage*, to circumnavigate the island. In accordance with this purpose, we hired a little sloop, of excellent appointments, and three men and a boy to man her. About the middle of the afternoon spread sail, and, though the east wind is blowing, and the water rather rougher than desirable, we soon beat round the head of the island, keeping at such a distance from the shores as to afford us the most advantageous view in passing. Turning the first point, we run before the wind, and soon see on our left the soaring form of the Arch Rock. As it recedes from our view, one might almost suppose himself sailing about the classic coasts of Italy, and beholding



ARCH ROCK—DISTANT VIEW.

in that singular rock the remains of some Roman structure, such as, perchance, he may behold in the Bay of Baiæ or at Pæstum. So well defined and regular in the distance seem those columnar abutments, so clear and perfect the turning of that arch. The shores generally have no special interest, unless from one feature with which the stranger, if from a somewhat southern latitude, may be delighted. This is the beautiful springing form of the balsam fir, (*pinus balsamea*), which grows here, in its native air, with a vigor and beauty totally unknown below, where it is cultivated only as a shrub. Its growth is so abundant as to give a character to the view. Its arrowy points rise to the height of thirty to fifty feet, piercing the sky like so many church spires or tapering masts. A run of some thirty miles, brings us around the northern extremity of the island, where we gain the smooth water, though the breeze is still brisk, and drives us delightfully on. It is somewhat less steady, indeed, and an occasional puff lays us nearly on our beam-ends, when our Palinurus "puts up the helm," which, as he says, "shakes the wind out of our sails," and we bound on with fresh spirit.

Soon after entering the smooth water, we pass the *British landing*, a curved indentation in the shore, formed by a beautifully graveled beach, where the British soldiers made their descent. The little fishing huts of Saint Inez again salute us on our right, and, as we proceed, we behold the bold shore of the "Lover's Leap" on the south side of the island. A little further, and we see, lying high upon the rugged bluffs, and as if nestling among the trees, the green oat fields of some of the few farms which the island boasts, and which, unimportant elsewhere, have here such a noticeable charm.

As we round the southwestern point, the wind is again in our eye, compelling us to "tack." We here get among the gill nets, which are sunk at various depths from twenty to sixty fathoms —their position indicated by buoys, which, moving about with the agitation of the water, seemed like huge gar-fish sticking up their bills. Two tacks to the south enable us to pass into the dock, which we reach at 6½ P. M., an hour and a half from the time of starting, and having run a distance of some twelve miles. The circumference is said to be nine miles. As we enter the harbor, we are much amused at our captain rallying an acquaintance, who was pulling about in a sort of three-cornered boat, upon "going to sea in a *flat-iron*."

Our navigators, having much of the true *cicerone* spirit, were careful to afford us various items of information. Among them was the story of the massacre by the Indians of the white inhabitants of Old Mackinaw, which bears some miles to the southwest of the place now known by that name. It seems that the Indians succeeded by stratagem. Assembling, as was frequently their custom, in peaceable guise, by the walls of the fort, and engaging in a game of ball, an amusement to which Indians are always much addicted, they kept still concealed about their persons their tomahawks and war-clubs. Apparently by accident, but in fact by design, knocking the ball inside of the fort, one of them ran inside (the gates standing unsuspectingly open) as if to get it. He was immediately followed by all the rest, who, seizing their opportunity, although much inferior in numbers to the people of the fort, quickly massacred all, men, women, and children, with a single exception. One individual, it seems, contrived to effect his escape.

Our guides also informed us that three of the ladies of Mackinaw had *walked over* the Arch Rock: a feat which appears in its full magnitude, when we consider that the bridge thus formed is scarcely less narrow and difficult than that trod by Christian through the Dark Valley, in Bunyan, or that other of which we are told in the Koran, over which the spirits of the faithful pass to Paradise. One of our crew claimed himself to have made the dangerous passage, in a novel way, seating himself astride of the bridge, and, by the use of his hands, working his way over.

The common growth of the island is the sugar maple, the beech, poplar, hickory, birch—white and yellow—balsam fir, white and yellow pine, spruce, and the red and white cedars. The ground pine, which grows extensively here, attracted me by its singular regularity and beauty. Springing within a circle of small diameter, it rays out to one of much larger dimensions, its broad disks often spreading from twenty to thirty feet in diameter, and with as perfect a preservation of the circular figure, as if drawn by compass.

The greatest elevation of Mackinaw Island is by estimation about five hundred feet, a much greater height than is attained by the lands in any direction for many miles. The name, which is Indian, is said to signify the *Turtle*, from a fancied resemblance in form. *Bois Blanc* Island, which lies just across the straits, has on its

south side a good ship channel, and is used always by vessels passing round, which have no business at Mackinaw.

The trade of Mackinaw, the permanent population being some five hundred souls, is chiefly with the fishermen. Although the fish are taken mostly some sixty miles off, at White-fish Bay, they are still brought here to be packed. After being cleaned, they are laid with the scales on upon broad benches and salted. In this operation use is made of the Syracuse salt. After being salted they are then thrown into a box or crate, sometimes made for the purpose, with a grating at the bottom. At others a common wagon wheel is used, suspended by a rod of iron passing through the nave. The interstices allow the water to pass off from the fish without any interruption in the process of weighing them. They are then packed in barrels and half barrels, and being duly marked with the weight and the name of the packer, are ready for shipment to market. The barrels are made of white pine brought from the neighboring shores; and their manufacture furnishes employment to a number of mechanics. This is a trade already of great, and it is believed increasing, magnitude. Not less than ten thousand barrels of fish, it is estimated, will be packed this season at Mackinaw alone, and the business is said to support a population equal in number. It is said, however, that a decrease has been observed in the numbers of fish taken on the Mackinaw grounds, and is ascribed to the fact that the fishermen continue to take them through the season of spawning. This occurs in the fall, and fishing operations should be suspended in time to allow the supply to be kept up. If this be so, it presents a state of things which may in time call for legislative provision

The fur trade, once of so much consequence at this point, may now be said to be extinct, being carried on altogether at places more remote There is, besides the traffic with the home population, which are chiefly French and half-breeds, a small trade in Indian curiosities with strangers.

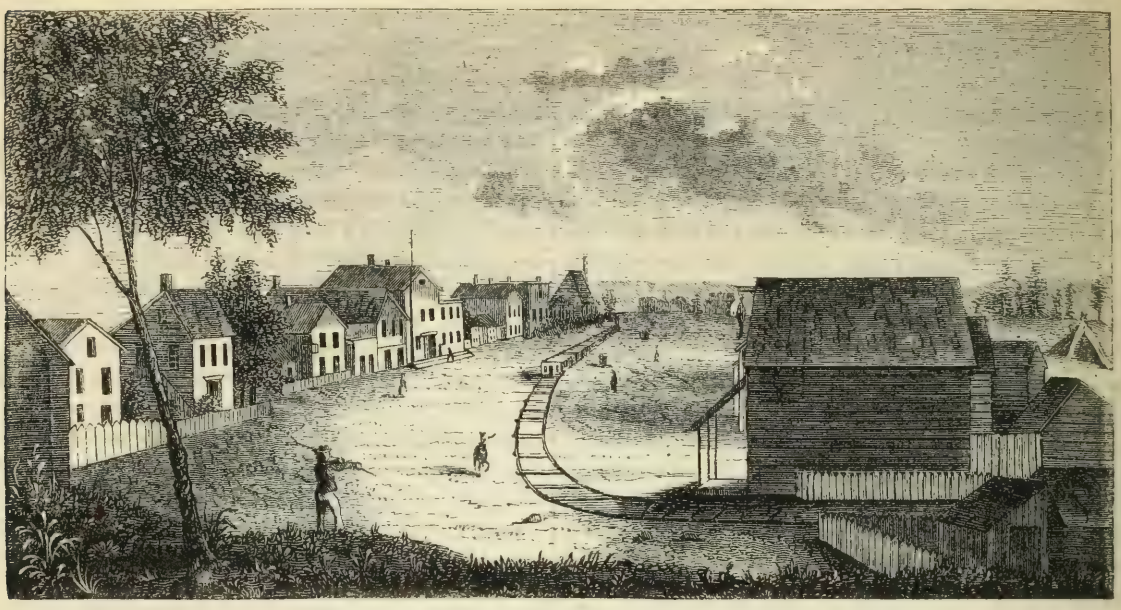
For a fresh, bracing, and delightful air, probably the States do not afford a pleasanter spot than Mackinaw. There are very tolerable carriage roads about the island, though the demands of the pleasuring public for such accommodations have not yet been sufficient to introduce them to any great extent. Upon the whole, the visitor here, if he be of a quiet and reposeful disposition, and a lover of nature, may pass a fortnight very satisfactorily. If of a more restless and impetuous character, he will still find recreation in fishing on the Michigan shore, or at Carp River—or in sailing. There is no lack of ten-pins, but as yet no provision for bathing. As for trying it in the lake, it would be somewhat after the manner of Alexander bathing in the cold river Cydnus. (See Quintus Curtius.)

Leaving Mackinaw one night past midnight, on board the "London," of Ward's line of steamers, at daylight we are in the Saint Mary's, or Sault River. The view is monotonous, presenting only a succession of low islands, overgrown chiefly with firs, pines, and cedars. In some places the fires have occasioned extensive deadenings of this forest, which gives it at a distance the appearance of shipping.

As we approach the gorge in the range of hills which run transversely of the river, spurs and outlines of limestone rock, overgrown with evergreens, begin to rise out of the water. Often they throw up only a round gray mound, with nothing of earth or verdure to mantle their hoary baldness. From the mouth of the gorge, some ten or a dozen miles from the Sault, occurs a succession of Indian lodges, made of birch and cedar bark, and built in the oven form. These lodges present quite a different appearance from the *tepees* of the Sioux, to be seen on the Upper Mississippi. The tenements of the half-breeds and French, with which they are interspersed, are still but cabins covered with bark, there occurring occasionally one of better order—perhaps of white frame, or of hewn logs neatly white-washed. Passing through this settlement, we at length behold in the distance, some three miles off, the town of Saint Mary's Falls, or, as it is commonly called, the "Soo," from *Sault* or Saut (the Leap, or Falls). This pronunciation, which is in defiance of Boyer and the Academy, is however universal. Preconceived notions of places, as of individuals, are apt to affect the views with which we regard them when under our eyes. I had placed my standard so low with regard to the Sault St. Marie, that I was not less surprised than delighted to behold it occupying a situation so commanding and beautiful. The chimneys, spars, and streamers of the propellers and sail-vessels trading from below, stand huddled together, while directly beyond, on the British shore, shoot up the spiring tips of the deadened cedars, producing the illusion of a town of considerable magnitude and extensive shipping. From Fort Brady, a fortress erected during the last war, wave the stars and stripes, the high white-washed stockade and houses presenting the neat and cleanly appearance characteristic of such establishments. Just opposite the town of Saint Mary's is seen the Factory of the Hudson's Bay Company, with its cluster of warehouses and high pickets—much resembling, at this distance, a plantation house and quarters on the lower Mississippi.

An expectant crowd awaits us at the dock, where we are soon emptied forth, and in course of time duly lodged at the public-houses. As at Mackinaw, I find our passengers, myself among the number, are gathered chiefly at one place—the Saint Mary House.

While staying here, awaiting the departure of the boat for the Upper Lake, strangers pass the time in fishing at the other side of the Rapids, in rambling about, or in making the descent (which every visitor, male or female, feels in duty bound to make) of the Falls in a birch canoe. A few years ago, when the water was eighteen inches lower than now—the lakes having been rising for two or three years past—this was an undertak-



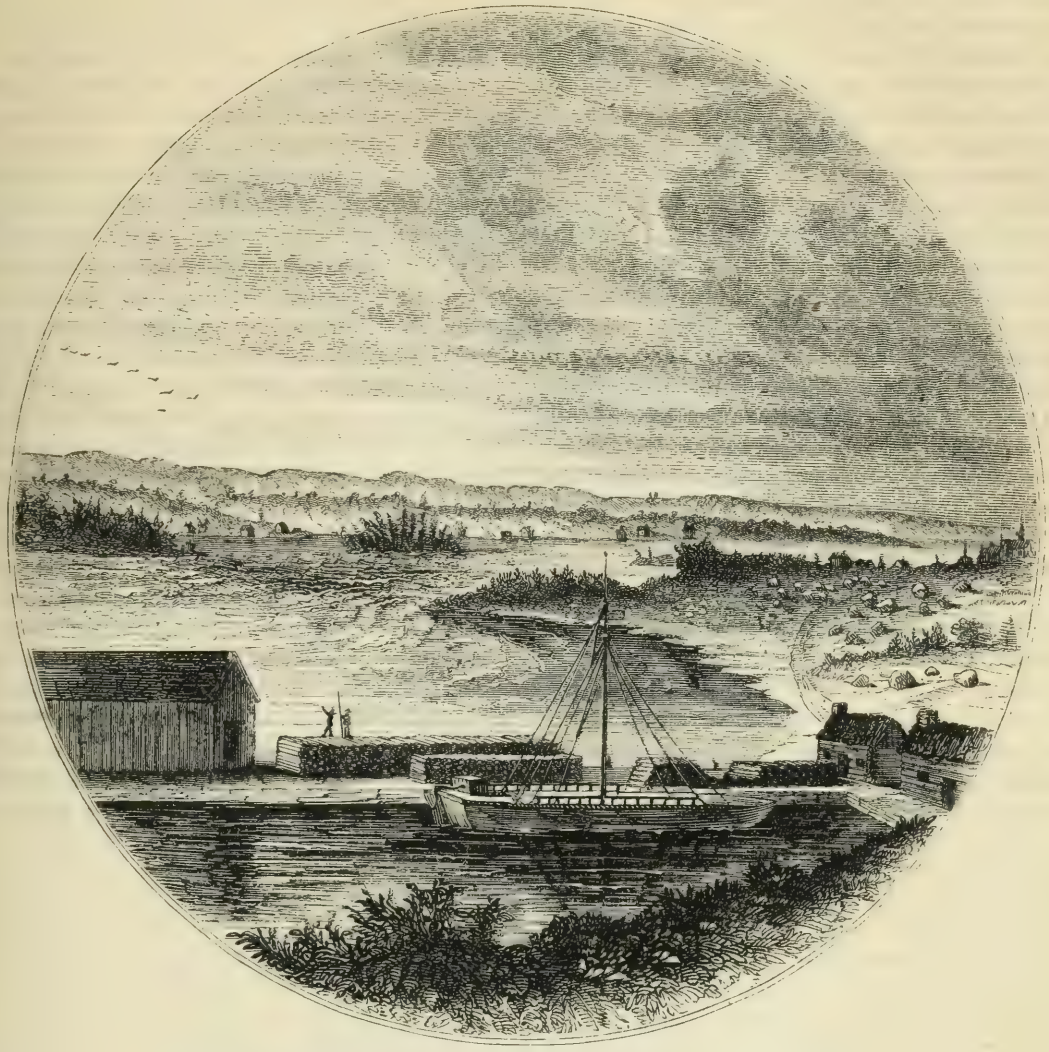
PRINCIPAL STREET IN SAULT ST. MARIE.

ing not unattended with danger. Lives have even been lost in accomplishing it. The dangerous rocks being now hidden, the passage is performed with very little risk. The length of the Sault is scarcely a mile, and flows over layers of red and yellow sandstone, which at the head of the Rapids form an anticlinal axis. The difference of level in the river above and below the Rapids is said to be eighteen feet. The most remarkable collection of boulders I have ever seen, is to be found on the flat expansion above the town, constituting the "Portage." They are mostly of several tons' weight, and of granitic character, though varying much in the proportion of their constituents. Often they are intersected by veins of spar or quartz, ramified and crossing, or distorted in the most curious manner. They have every appearance of having been swept to their present position by the action of a powerful current, just as we have often seen pebbles lodged upon the borders of the swollen rivulet after the waters have subsided. The rocks which will furnish a formation similar to these boulders, are in many cases several hundred miles distant.

Crossed, during my stay below the Falls, to the British side, being rowed over in a small boat by a Frenchman. Passed through the Fur Company's establishment, where I am kindly received by a burly yet affable son of John Bull. The place is a quadrangular inclosure, which, besides a dwelling and store-house, with a garden fronting the river, contains several large warehouses for furs. The inclosure is of high white-washed pickets, and on two of its four sides are huge gates, strongly barred. This display of strength has reference to a time, perhaps now passed forever, when its position amidst a fierce and savage people rendered such defenses necessary.

Having followed up the portage to the head of the Rapids, which it is understood the Colonial government are now having surveyed preparatory to the construction of a ship canal, we returned to the boat. About to recross, we fall in with a party just returning from a successful cruise of trout-fishing among the Rapids at this side. A fine bunch of speckled trout had rewarded their efforts. Several small islands occurring on this side of the river, divide the mass of water into little rushing streams, which form a congenial harbor for these little favorites of the angler. On our way across we find the waves running quite high, occasioned by the wind blowing freshly up stream. A party of ladies and gentlemen are "shooting the Rapids" in sight; and in a canoe not far off some Indians and half-breeds are taking the white-fish with dip-nets. Higher up is another canoe, in which Indians appear to be taking fish with the spear.

It is said the white-fish and the trout both grow to an immense size in Lake Superior. While at the Sault, I was assured by a gentleman who had been much upon the upper waters, that he had seen fish of both species caught there weighing over forty pounds. This enormous magnitude, it is believed, is not often if ever attained by the fish of the lower lakes. Some of the largest one may see are taken here in these Rapids. One of these, which the writer saw, would probably weigh twenty pounds. It seems somewhat unaccountable that they should be found so much larger in Lake Superior, as one would suppose any of the lakes had water enough for their full development. The fact, however, seems generally conceded. Probably the superior purity of the water has much to do with the growth, as it has most likely with the flavor; for their greater excellence in this respect is also acknowledged. White-fish are generally taken by gill-nets, having never been known to bite. These are suspended in deep water, whither in warm weather the fish mostly resort. As they move in large schools, or droves—not being diverted from their course by slight obstacles—they thrust their heads fearlessly into the meshes, when the threads catching behind their gills, prevent their extrication. The trout is frequently



THE SAULT—LOOKING DOWN FROM THE UPPER LANDING.

taken by *trolling*, which is by drawing through the water, at a suitable depth, a hook properly prepared in the semblance of a small fish. Upon this the trout, who is a greedy fellow, seizes with eagerness, and is at the same moment securely fastened.

On the pier at which we landed on arriving at the Sault, and where the Portage Railroad terminates, we saw the first indications of our approach to the mineral region. Thrown together in a rugged heap, ready for shipment to the smelting furnaces at Detroit, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh, lay many pieces of mass copper. An inspection of the weights impressed upon them, showed them to range from 1000 to 4790 lbs., which was the largest I observed. The whole quantity I soon found to reach 100 tons, which I was informed would be worth at Detroit over $30,000. The loss in reducing for commercial purposes is about ten per cent.

I was much interested, while at the Sault, in two specimens of the silver-gray fox which are shown there. This is a very rare and valuable species, their skins being worth from $25 to $300. The two here, however, are quite young, and had not yet attained either the color or quality of fur which gives them their value. They were the property of Mr. Bonbeau, one of the French residents of the place.

Met also, at the store of Mr. Artault, an interesting relic of the now expiring reign of the fur-traders in the person of Mons. Barome. Now at an advanced age, and the father of many children, he yet shows much of the vigor and sprightliness of youth.

> "He looked in years, yet in his years were seen
> A youthful vigor, and autumnal green."

He informed me that, next to Mr. Dousman of Mackinaw, who was here six years before him, he was now the oldest man left of a once numerous class. For forty-six years he had been a *voyageur* in the region of Lake Superior and the Upper Mississippi, and had seen most of his companions pass away, without leaving, as he feelingly expressed it, "*De quoi les ensevlir*," or enough to bury them.

The weather for the two days we were delayed at the Sault having been oppressively warm, we were glad once more to get in motion. This we were enabled to do by the departure of the steamer "Baltimore," which being the only steamer above the class of a propeller on Lake Superior, we esteemed ourselves lucky to fall in with. The "Baltimore" was formerly a Lake

Erie packet, and was drawn over the Portage this spring on ways, and at an expense exceeding four thousand dollars. It forms part of the Lake Superior line of Mr. M'Knight, the enterprising proprietor of the Portage Railroad, and in all her appointments for the comfort of the traveler will be found to compare favorably with the boats of the Lower Lakes.

Leaving the upper landing near ten o'clock in the morning, our course for eighteen miles lies up the Saint Mary's River. At Ouisgat's Bay—an Indian name, with French orthography, corrupted into Whisky's Bay—near the head of the river, where lies the dismantled wreck of the propeller Monticello, we stop for several hours to receive our supply of wood. The shores here are low at the water's edge, though rising, at the distance of a mile back, into hills of one hundred and fifty feet in height. The growth is chiefly pine and cedar. About the middle of the afternoon we pass Iroquois Island on the left, and the bold shore of Gros Cap on the right. A sweet picture of tranquil beauty is formed by that little islet, as it seems to rest—a garden of floating verdure—upon the polished mirror of the water. Its wild and solitary loveliness is enlivened for a moment as we look, by the passage of the propeller "Napoleon." A fog coming on after a light shower, confines us for the rest of the day to the cabin. A breeze springing up in the evening, gives us once more a clear canopy, with glorious moon and stars.

The next morning breaking upon us clear and fresh, discloses to us, looming bluely up some twenty-five miles off, the land of Point Keewenaw, with the light-house on Manitou Island. The view becomes more interesting as we approach, and a scene of rare beauty breaks upon the eye, when nigh enough to take in the inner side of the island, with the light-house upon the Point. We get to Copper Harbor, whose vicinity we have been viewing since early morning, toward noon. Passing the light-house on the left of the entrance, we have before us Fort Wilkins, now an abandoned post, just visible among the trees, while the little cluster of white-washed houses constituting the village of Copper Harbor is seen still further up the shore. A little behind this, some 200 yards, perhaps, rises the bluff, to the height, probably, of 600 feet. The conglomerate rock which forms the bluff, is also the formation at the water's edge for miles eastward, and constitutes the basis of the chain of islands forming the harbor. As viewed from the interior of the harbor, nothing can exceed the picturesque beauty of those islands. Stretching out like a mole their red and rugged walls, with occasional rifts which allow a glimpse of the great lake



COPPER HARBOR.

beyond, they are at the same time surmounted with a wild growth of evergreens, shooting above which, and beautifully defined upon the sky, the balsam fir still shows its arrowy form. But the picture is one which to be appreciated must be seen. On the inside of the harbor occurs the trap-dyke, cutting through the conglomerate and sand-rock.

The village of Copper Harbor is a mere landing for the mines, consisting only of some half-a-dozen houses, a boarding-house being among the number. Some three miles back the Iron City Company have their location, and it was in this vicinity that mining operations were first commenced on Lake Superior, by the Pittsburgh

and Boston Mining Company, which has since met with such splendid success at the Cliff Mine. The attempt here was made in the black oxide, but, after much expenditure to render it profitable, it was abandoned. Though this harbor is the best upon Keewenaw Point, it yet presents no eligible town site, the land being either too low and swampy, or else not sufficiently sheltered from the sea, which, in storms, breaks through the entrance. Within two miles of this place is the little lake Fanny Hooe, which is nine miles around, and at an elevation of 400 feet above Lake Superior.

The boat lies here some two hours, during which the passengers are out wandering upon the shores. One individual, apparently an invalid in a very advanced stage of disease, stops here for his health. Two other invalids on board, one from the Canada side of Lake St. Clair, the other from Southern Michigan, with the intention of staying somewhere on the lake shore in the hope of getting the ague expelled from their systems. The purity and tonic virtues of the atmosphere of this region, are said to be sovereign as a remedy for this distressing complaint.

About 4 o'clock P. M. we are at Eagle Harbor, which is also attractive by its beauty, though inferior in this respect to that we had left but an hour before. The village lies up among a stately and magnificent grove of yellow or Norwegian pines, and consists of some thirty frame and log houses. It boasts one of the best public houses on Lake Superior. This is the "Atwood House," and, though probably much more limited in extent than it will be found another season, furnishes already an accommodation with whose quality the traveler will not be disposed to quarrel. This being in the heart of the copper region, the particular object of my visit, I stop here for the present.

Soon after my arrival, I started in company with several others, upon a short excursion along the lake shore in search of agates. The way, which lies over the trap-dyke and amygdaloid, which heaves up, to the westward of the harbor, in immense and broken masses, is rugged and difficult, rendered more so by our ignorance of a path. Occasionally we deviate through the thicket of magnificent pines, "fit to be the masts of some tall admiral," interspersed with the white cedar, the birch, and the balsam. The position of these rocks, so turned from the horizontal, their high color suggesting the resemblance of huge cinders, which, but for the luxuriant vegetation above them, might almost be supposed to conceal the live heat beneath

——"incedis per ignes
Suppositos cineri doloso,"

is calculated deeply to excite the curiosity. They bring to mind the path of Satan "over the burning marl," in the great English epic. The conclusion is reached involuntarily by the beholder, that some of the most powerful of earth's internal forces have exerted themselves here; that these coasts have been the subject of intense volcanic action, of which they bear forever the blazon in their fiery glow. The display of immense forces which they present, can not, to the reflecting mind, but awaken deep feelings of wonder and awe. Impressive indeed is the scenery of these shores! The broken crust often piled up in cliffs which impend over the lake; often sinking and receding into little coves and bays where spreads a pebbled beach, the restless waves still rolling ashore their hunted treasures of agate, cornelian, and amethyst.

But the sun, which was low when we set out, now rests like a globe of fire on the horizon, and seems hastening to dip his glowing visage in the waters of the lake. Though the twilight is long here, yet the difficult path admonishes against delay. In retracing our steps, we can not but stop occasionally, in admiring wonder at the solitary grandeur of the scenery which meets the eye, as standing upon one of the overhanging cliffs, it glances along the shores, across the rocky islets around, along the stately ranks of soaring and solitary pines, and far away over the still and glowing waters, reflecting the blushes of the sky in the setting sun. Gorgeous and glorious the sight! causing us to pause again and again in a rapture of admiration. While returning, my attention is more than once arrested by the long, dry, and spongy kind of moss, which occasionally clothes the rocks—and again by that which hangs from the limbs of the white cedar, and some species of pine, long, soft, and wavy, of a delicate green hue, and reminding me vividly of that which, so long and scarf-like, waves from the stately cypress, magnolia, and peccan, in the swamps of the distant South.

Reaching the hotel just as it is getting dark enough for lights, find they have already lighted "smudges" to drive away the gnats and mosquitoes, which indeed we had found troublesome enough in coming along the shore. Respecting the great vitality exhibited by this little annoying insect, I was informed by a gentleman of Boston, who has spent several winters among the mines of Lake Superior, that he had been bitten by mosquitoes here *when knee-deep in the snow*. It is not often, however, that they are found vexatious in their attacks on the borders of the lake, there being pretty generally breeze enough to confine them to the timber. During a week's stay at Eagle Harbor, I did not observe that they were troublesome except on this one occasion.

Every thing here is connected with the mines. The lots of the village, save the few they have disposed of, belong to the Eagle Harbor Company, whose location lies for several miles around this point. The Copper Harbor Company, which has its location adjoining the former on the west, has also its access through this place, as also the Northwestern and the Northwest, two of the oldest and most important Companies. Prices here are quite Californian. Hay, being chiefly brought from Michigan in bales, is worth $25 the ton; oats bring a dollar per bushel; $18 is the price of freight on a cow from Detroit, and she is worth $45 here; $6 is paid for flour; and horse hire is $2 50 per diem.

One luxury, if the traveler has not met with it before at the Sault, he will most likely find at Eagle Harbor. This is the *siskowit*, a fish peculiar to Lake Superior, and which, in delicacy of flavor, is thought by epicures to surpass all others. Combining the richness and color of the lake or salmon trout, with the flavor of the white-fish, it is generally believed to be a cross of the two species. As might be expected, it is consequently not found to attain the extraordinary size sometimes reached by the others. They are thought to resemble very much in taste, though still regarded as surpassing, the best specimens of the speckled or brook trout. Though the siskowit is obtained below as an article of commerce, as well as the trout and white-fish, yet the process of curing which they necessarily undergo, is entirely destructive of that fineness of flavor which they possess when fresh.

The next morning, having risen at an early hour, and prepared myself for a warm day's work among the mines, a cup of coffee fortifies me for a walk to the office of the Copper Falls Company, some three miles off. Here, by previous appointment, I meet with Mr. Steevens, whose acquaintance I had been fortunate in making on the boat. Mr. Steevens, though still a young man, is one of the oldest explorers in the mineral region, one of the best practical mineralogists, and whose opinions of copper stocks are not without their influence "upon 'Change." At the office of the Copper Falls Company, I have an opportunity of seeing many fine specimens of the native copper, and the different minerals found in connection with it, as well as some of the ancient mining implements. Having partaken a substantial breakfast, which is the very least of the kindnesses I have to acknowledge at this office, I visit, under Mr. Steevens's conduct, the mines of the Company—the old, which is at the base of the hill, and the new, nearer its summit. The peculiarity of these mines is the *side entrance*, which, on account of being on the north side of the range, where the descent is great though gradual, affords great facilities in point of drainage, and for running out the copper and veinstone by railroad, instead of raising them, by laborious and expensive process, by shaft. We are accompanied by Captain John Cox, the mining captain, whose sedulous kindness is evidently the result of a frank and generous nature. At his house, which is on the very summit of the ridge, we are presented with a prospect at once the most extensive and magnificent. We are here some 600 feet above the lake, and look down upon a richly variegated landscape all still in aboriginal wildness. The rocky shore of the lake, inclining at an angle, and dipping toward the water;—bold heights, rising abruptly, crowned with the "evergreen pine;"—smooth patches of beaver meadow, lying snugly among the forests, as if the reign of tillage had already commenced here;—little islets dotting the coast, some of them tufted with the springing balsam;—while far away to the distant horizon, which here bends in an arc of more than half the circle, spreads the smooth and glistening lake. Isle Royal, forty-five miles off, looms up dimly in the distance.

We next pass to the south side of the ridge, where we enter the Dana Mine, which, being but a recent excavation, affords an opportunity of noting surface appearances. Thence we proceed to the Northwestern, which is one of the oldest



LIGHT HOUSE AND BARK HOUSES AT EAGLE HARBOR.

and best established. I here meet with Mr Sh—r, a son of Judge Sh—r, of Pittsburgh, who treats us with the most obliging hospitality. In company with him, make the descent into the mine, which is near 200 feet deep, and which furnishes a good opportunity of witnessing all the operations of mining. As these are similar in all the mines, a description of them is deferred a few pages later. Returning from the Northwestern, I fall in again with Captain Cox, with whom I enter the upper drift of the Copper Falls Company, to the depth of 200 feet; the lower drift, which we had entered in the morning, running a horizontal depth of 600 feet. From the captain I receive some valuable lessons in mineralogy and mining. Previous to parting with him, he took his pick, and procured me some of the most beautiful specimens of the red oxide in crystals, of copper in the shape of foliage, calcareous spar in perfect rhombs, and other minerals, found associated in the veinstone.

Falling in again with Mr. Steevens, we return together to the harbor just in time for tea. While thus engaged, the "Baltimore" once more arrives, bringing an accession to our company from up the lake, chiefly ladies and gentlemen from Pittsburgh. It being necessary to provide room for the ladies, the landlord is obliged to furnish sleeping quarters for the gentlemen mostly in the parlor. I obtain comfortable repose now, the second night, on a sofa; though the first night of my arrival I was honored with a spare family room, which afforded a spice of home that was quite delightful.

The following day, in company with four others, all of whom, except an elderly gentleman from Massachusetts, are residents of some standing in the country, I am a passenger in a birch canoe for Eagle River. There being no wind, we are rowed up by voyageurs—a Frenchman, a half-breed, and a boy who is also *demi-sauvage*. In a few miles we find the trap-rock to crop out, and a sand beach to succeed. When half way along, we were met by a canoe loaded with Indians from La Pointe, going to the Sault. They were painted and decorated with a good deal of care, and brought to mind those descriptive lines of Dryden written of the swarthy children of the Nile—

> "Where in proud pomp the sunburnt people ride
> On painted barges o'er the teeming tide"

In two hours' rowing we are at the river, which is indeed a very inconsiderable stream, crossed by a wooden bridge near the mouth. A large and well-adapted house has recently been erected for a hotel, but not being as yet opened, we stop at the Eagle River House, kept by a German. Remaining here till after dinner, we then—that is to say three of us, including the Massachusetts gentleman, Major B——, and myself—engaged a two-horse wagon to convey us to the Cliff Mine. While waiting for the wagon, we took a look at the copper piled up at the warehouse of the Cliff Mine, and are struck with the amazing richness of the spectacle.

With a warm sun beating upon us, we are at length climbing our tedious way up the ridge. The distance to the Cliff and North American works, which lie in close proximity, is something over three miles. We accomplish it by 4 P.M. Resting on the brow of the hill, over which the road descends, the traveler beholds, at a quarter of a mile off, the buildings of the Cliff works lying against the bluff which frowns precipitately more than two hundred feet above.

A short distance to the south he sees the newly erected buildings of the North American Company. Having sunk their shaft at this point, termed the *South* Cliff, they are now believed to be on the same vein as the Cliff, and are proceeding with the most encouraging prospects. The old vein, the works connected with which are hidden from the view at this point by a projection from the bluff, are not now worked, having of late yielded too little to repay. At the North American, the visitor, if as fortunate as the writer, will receive a kindness of treatment which will draw strongly upon his gratitude. This is an acknowledgment which is specially due to Captain Paul, the superintendent, and Mr. P——e, the gentlemanly clerk. Frequently among the mines, indeed, the visitor is met with the most engaging attentions, which are enhanced in his estimation from the consciousness that he has no claim on them, and from the fact that they can not be purchased.

Resting here for a few days, the visitor will find in the machinery of the North American, which is of the most improved construction, much that will reward his notice; and in the operations of the Cliff Mine, the fullest opportunity of following all the processes by which the copper is obtained. Wishing to go through those processes with some degree of particularity, in order to get the subject fully before us, the writer may be permitted to approach it from a somewhat general point of view.

The knowledge of copper would seem to have been of great antiquity, and it is mentioned, under the name of brass, contemporaneously with iron, in the oldest records of our race. Only a few generations after Adam we find skill in the working of those metals ascribed to Tubal Cain. It was evidently of extensive use among the Greeks. Combined with gold, silver, and tin, it formed the principal constituent of the wonderful shield forged by Vulcan for Achilles; and the "χαλκοχίτωνες Αχαιοί," "χαλκοβαρής," and numerous expressions in Homer, recognize its common applications. It formed the principal ingredient in the colossal statue of Rhodes; was the material first used by the people of Ægina for the coining of money; was the main constituent of the Corinthian brass; and is recognized by Paul in one of his epistles to Timothy, where he makes reproving reference to Alexander the *copper*-smith.

However abundant may have been the supply of this metal in those early days, in the lands hallowed by the events of the Bible, and in those made classical by profane history, certain it is, that they now furnish no considerable quantity for the consumption of the world. Armenia and the islands of Eubœa and Cyprus—the latter of

which furnished at one time a large portion of the supply to the nations around the Mediterranean, and has even given to the moderns the term* by which they designate the metal—have long since ceased to yield their contributions to commerce. And though copper is found in most parts of the world, to some extent—in Europe generally, in South America, Africa, Cuba, Japan, China, Kamschatka, &c., existing as an oxide or sulphuret, or in other combinations; yet it is to the mines of Sweden, of Germany, Russia, Hungary, and Cornwall, that the arts still look for their main supply.

The recent discoveries in our own country, render it probable that no great length of time shall elapse ere the mines of the United States will equal in their produce, and probably surpass those of any other country. Already, in this present year of 1852, a careful estimate of the directors of some of the mines of Lake Superior will give a produce from that region of 2000 to 2500 tons. Of this amount, 1000 tons is assigned as the yield for the present year of the Cliff Mine. Yet it is only eight years since mining operations were first commenced in this region; only six years since success the most decisive was had in the discovery of the Cliff vein, in the vicinity of Eagle River. Copper mining is however in its infancy, and all that has as yet been done is hardly more, in any instance, than may be expressed by the phrase, common among the miners, of "proving up" the veins.

The importance which the mineral region of Lake Superior is beginning to assume, may be better understood, perhaps, from a glance at the whole copper produce of the world. This is here given from the latest and best authorities, principally Ure. We thus learn that in

		TONS.
1832,	All the mines of Sweden yielded about.	1,000
"	France—only a few hundred-weights.	
1833,	Russia	2,000
"	Hungary	2,000
"	Hartz Mountains	212
"	East Germany	143
"	Hesse	500
"	Norway	7,200?
"	Zacatecas (Mexico)	200
"	United Kingdom (of which Cornwall furnishes 11,000 tons)	14,465
	Australia (unascertained)	
1852,	Lake Superior	2,500
		28,220

Besides this, Spain derives a small portion from Cuba, as well as from her own territory. Chili and Africa both furnish a little; while in China and Japan an unknown amount is obtained. Probably from all other sources, however, there is not another 1000 tons which passes into the commerce of the Western nations.

It thus appears, that, stating the whole produce of the world in round numbers at 28,000 tons, the Lake Superior region already furnishes over one-fourteenth part of the whole amount. As compared with individual nations, it produces one-fifth the quantity of Cornwall, more than Mexico and Germany, more than twice as much as Sweden, and more than either Hungary or Russia.

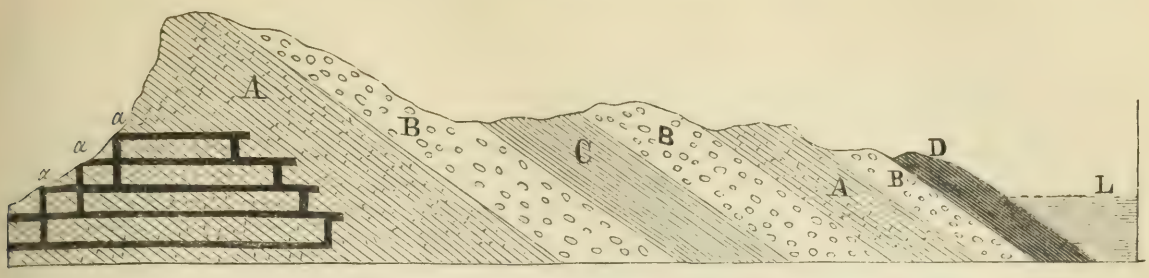
The value of such a contribution to the national wealth is scarcely less than $1,000,000 per annum. This is indeed the exact amount, calculating the copper at 20 cents the pound, which is perhaps less than its average value.

The mineral region of Lake Superior, in a physical point of view alone, is a subject of deep and peculiar interest, as well from its volcanic character as especially from the fact, that of all the mines which history has made known to us, *in none has there been found the native metal in masses of such magnitude and purity as in those located here.* This region, so far as it has been surveyed geologically, extends to the southern shore of the lake, from Chocolate River, in about 87° 20′ longitude west from Greenwich, to 90° 40′, or the Montreal River, the boundary on the lake between the States of Michigan and Wisconsin. This it will be seen includes the iron region of Carp River, or Marquette, which in the richness and quality of its ores, rivals, and perhaps surpasses, all that the world can show elsewhere.

To confine ourselves, however, to the copper. This has been found generally disseminated all over the region indicated, in its appropriate rocks, but occurs in especial abundance on Keewenaw Point, the Ontonagon River, and Isle Royal. Doubtless the mineral region will be found to extend considerably into Wisconsin, on the lake shore, since the same general formation is known to prevail, and copper in the shape of boulders has been found abundantly at the boundary, in the Montreal River. On the northern, or British side of the lake also, the geological explorations under the directions of the Provincial government have shown the existence of trap ranges, with the most encouraging indications of mineral wealth

When the stranger, in making his course for Keewenaw Point, first sails within seeing distance of that coast, his curiosity is deeply excited by the character of the formation. The fiery redness of the rocks, suggestive of a time when this whole region was wrapt "with fervent heat," attaches not only to the conglomerate formation which first salutes him at the water's edge in rounding the point, but also colors the trap which he will meet with soon after leaving Copper Harbor, and the successive layers of trap, amygdaloid, red-sandstone, and conglomerate, which he will find to constitute the formation at Eagle Harbor and above. He will next observe that these rocks all incline to the N.W., at an angle of 30° to 45°; and after stepping ashore, and extending his observations to the trap range which forms the bold heights of the point so conspicuous from a distance, he will find that this inclination is general. He will perhaps then be prepared to receive the following as the appropriate section of the formation, as running from the shore to the bluff.

* Κύπρος, whence *κύπρον*; Latin, *Cuprum*; Anglice, *Copper*; French, *Cuivre*; German, *Kupfer*; Dutch, *Koper*; Swedish, *Koppar*; Spanish and Portuguese, *Cobre*; Danish, *Kobber*.



A A, Amygdaloidal Trap. B B B, Conglomerate. C, Sandstone. D, Trap Dyke.
L, The Lake. *a a a*, Shafts.

This section is correct at the point forming the west side of the entrance to Eagle Harbor, but at other localities the outer belts of trap-dyke and amygdaloid may be deficient; and the conglomerate or sandstone, beginning at the shore, may alternate to the bluff, where the great trap range shooting up changes their character.

He will next learn that the copper veins run *vertically* through the whole of these rocks, and with a regular bearing, varying but little from a right angle with the trap range. He will soon find also that the copper is not solid or continuous throughout the vein, as in his innocence he might have supposed, but that it occurs most abundantly and in the largest masses in that portion of the vein which traverses the amygdaloid.* That what is called the "vein" is in fact chiefly made up of veinstone—"poor stuff," as the miner terms it; and that the copper is either in huge bunches, strings, or sheets, or disseminated in small jaggy points through the mass of the veinstone. He will learn that much the larger portion of the veinstone is destitute of copper; and that while sometimes accompanied by native silver, and ores of lead and zinc, the veinstone is chiefly of quartz or calcareous spar, mixed with laumonite, epidote, or prehnite. These minerals he will often find of great regularity, transparency, and beauty of coloring. If the vein should divide and apparently be lost, as sometimes happens in passing from one formation to another, he will find it to come together again, and run on as before. While, as I have said, the direction of the vein is generally vertical, intersecting the layers of the rocks, at the Ontonagon River and Isle Royal the reverse is the case, the veins running with the layers or conformably thereto. The thickness of the veins varies very greatly, "from a mere line," to 12 or 15 feet. The usual thickness is from a few inches to five or six feet. In the following cut the thickness of the copper vein is shown by the dark portions of the picture.



MINING IN THE VEINS.

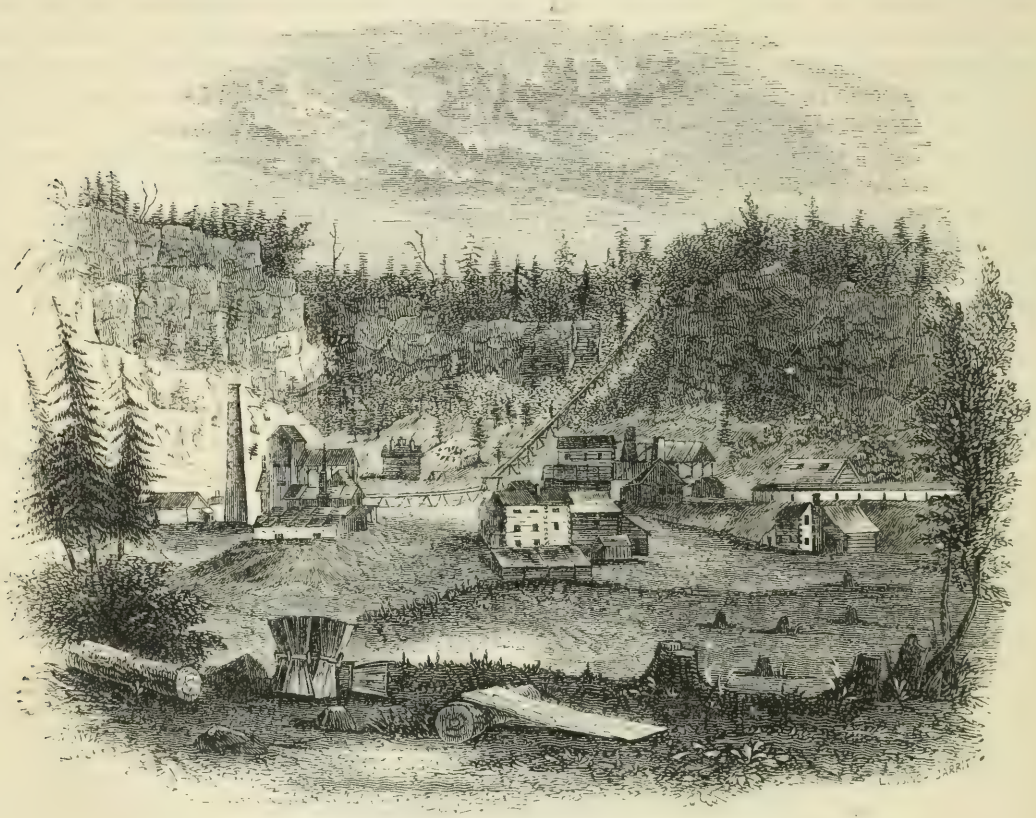
Some of the most valuable veins are those whose existence has been indicated by the remains of ancient operations. Depressions run along the surface of the ground, marking the pits whence the ancient race, with their rude stone hammers and copper chisels, separated fragments of the metal from their parent masses. That their skill never reached much beyond such feeble accomplishments, seems fairly inferred from the rudeness of the instruments themselves, as well as from the fact of the great boulders, as that of the Ontonagon (recently to be seen in the Navy Yard at Washington) remaining evidently undiminished to the present time. Depressions such

* From the Greek ἀμύγδαλον, "an almond," and εἶδος, "like"—signifying a rock whose exterior resembles the shell of an almond. In this application, however, in order to render the resemblance just, the pores of the almond must be supposed very much magnified. When taken from a short distance below the surface, the amygdaloidal rock is generally filled with calcareous spar or other mineral. When these pores are very large, as they are sometimes found, and divested by atmospheric or other influences of their mineral contents, the rock takes the name of toadstone.

as here alluded to may be seen at the Copper Falls Mines. Excavations for the copper are, however, generally made in consequence of a previous prospecting by a practical mineralogist. Taking the vein at the lake shore, where to the uninitiated it may present no indications of metal, but of calcareous spar perhaps, or other mineral, he follows it by its regular bearing, till it enters a rock which he knows by experience is promising of valuable results. Still more frequently, the proper points for excavation are determined from surface observations, which are often made with most fortunate precision. The discovery of the Cliff vein, like the silver mines of Potosi, is said to have been the result of accident. A miner sauntering about, *suo more*, with pick in hand, had sat down to rest. While in this situation, his eye was caught by certain metalliferous appearances in his vicinity, which seemed on examination to justify more thorough researches. The prosecution of the encouraging indications thus disclosed, has resulted in the discovery of a vein, the most productive of native copper in the known world.

The visitor who has looked with curiosity thus far, will hardly be content to return without seeing the interior of a mine. He may have already entered one or more of the mines at Eagle Harbor, as the Northwest, which is one of the oldest and most successful, the Copper Falls, or the Northwestern. He may have examined the Minnesota, which in the magnitude and productiveness of the mass copper comes nearest rivaling the Cliff, or other mines on the Ontonagon, or the Siskowit on Isle Royal; he will perhaps still conclude that he has not seen mining in its best phase till he visits the "Cliff."

Supposing this the intention, he will do well to step first to the works of the South Cliff, whence he will obtain the best general view of the whole vicinity—the Cliff works, the old works of the North American, the houses of the miners, and the fine old Cliff above. After this *coup d'œil*,

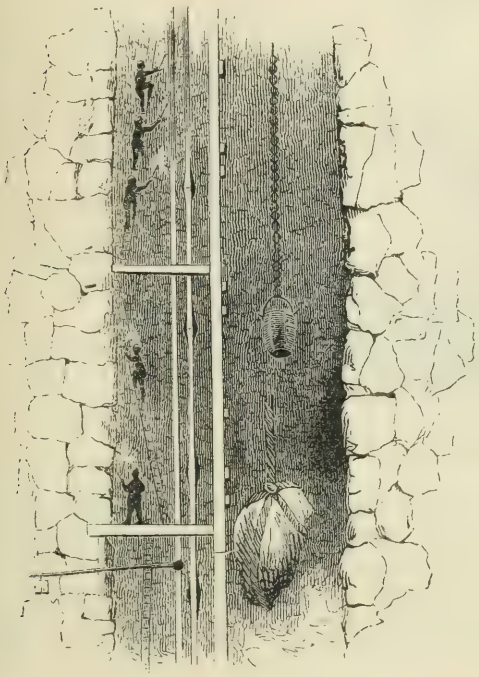


CLIFF MINE.—FROM THE SOUTH CLIFF OF THE NORTH AMERICAN COMPANY.

he may be pointed out in succession, the Raising-room, which appears in the illustration close against the hill on the right—the Roasting-room or Kiln, which adjoins the former on the left, near the Wood-shoot—the Stamps, the old, and the new now in process of erection—shown at the group of buildings on the left—and the Floors, which are the low buildings in front of the Stamps, and a similar one off to the right of the former. Repairing thence to the office, he will make the acquaintance of Captain Jennings, a Cornish miner, and the able superintendent, under whose direction, for six years past, those great excavations have been made which the visitor is now so impatient to see. From the captain he will meet with a very civil reception, and be attended in the descent either by him, or by some one well qualified for the purpose, whom the captain will recommend. Before entering upon this, it is necessary on account of the water which is found more or less in all the mines percolating through the fissures, to "shift," that is, to exchange one's habit. He will assume instead, the usual miner's garb, which is furnished him at the office; consisting of rough, strong overpants, a large woolen shirt, and hard round hat or cap of woolen material. Seeking thence the Raising-room, where the metal and veinstone first sees the upper air, the visitor is handed a lighted candle, with a lump of clay adhering to

it; this, for the greater convenience of carrying, of sticking against the rock if desired, or on top of the hat just alluded to, in order to leave both arms free.

All things being now ready, your guide raises the trap-door, and you descend by ladders firmly attached by iron staples and bolts to the rocks. The ladders are provided mostly with iron rounds, which, though cold to the bare hands, are yet the best material for the incessant use which is made of them. Holding your candle between the thumb and forefinger of the right hand, you



DESCENT OF A SHAFT.

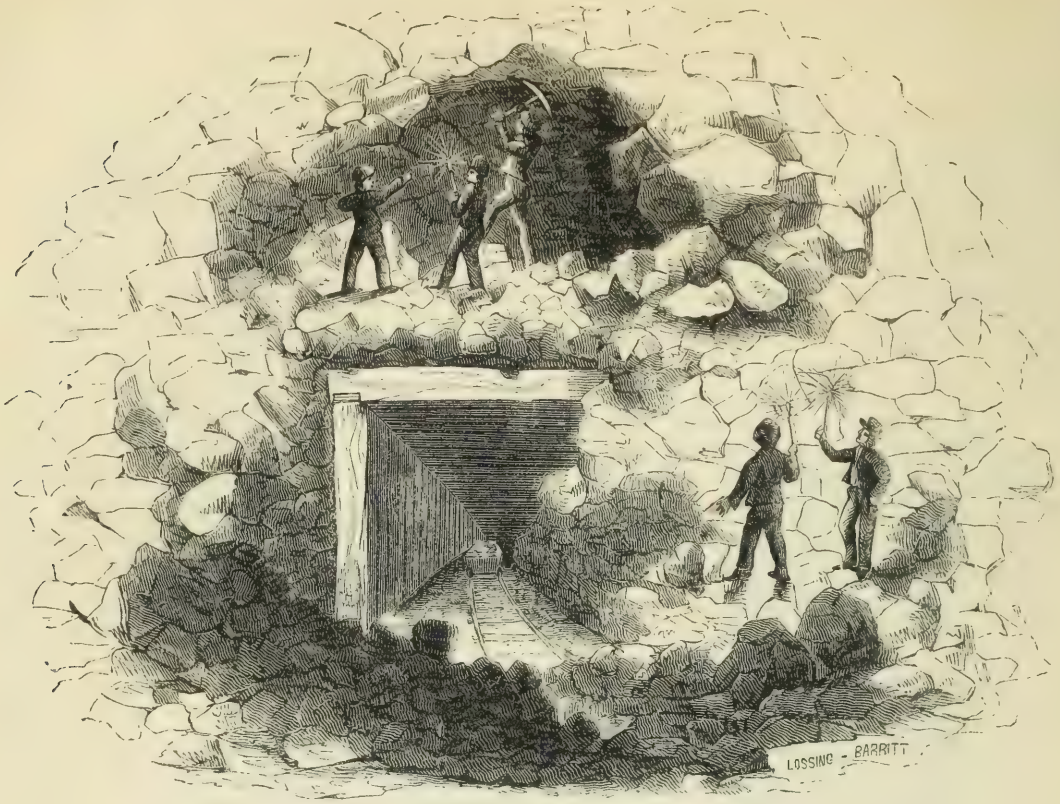
assist yourself wholly with the left. The position of the ladders varies very slightly from the perpendicular; the tops of some of them seeming even to incline toward you. At intervals of 20, 30, and sometimes even 60 feet, are platforms upon which a momentary rest is obtained. During the whole course of the descent, you are accompanied by the noise of the pump by which the drainage is effected. The "lift column" and the piston are close by you all the while; the latter being steadied in its motion at intervals of 100 feet, by balance-beams and other appliances. This portion of the shaft, which is the main-shaft, appropriated to the pump and the descent of the miners, is partitioned off by thick plank, from the other and larger portion, used entirely for the raising of the masses, the veinstone, and waste material.

In the course of your descent, if you go to the bottom, you pass four levels, and rest on the fifth, at the distance, perpendicularly, of 420 feet from the surface. Here you may look down 70 feet more, where the sinking of the shaft is still proceeding. If, having followed the bottom level or drift, you are under the bluff, your distance from the surface is rising of 600 feet. Great as this depth appears, in comparison with that of some of the European mines it is but inconsiderable. Those of Sweden, and Germany, and Cornwall, are often from 1200 to 1500 feet in depth; that of Catorce in Zacatecas is about 2000; while there is one in the valley of the Inn, near Innspruck, in the Tyrol—that of Kutz Pühl—which reaches the startling profundity of 3300 feet. Lower than this, it is perhaps found impracticable to go, from the difficulty of procuring a good air for respiration.

In the Cliff Mine there are at this time three shafts, all of which are in use, though but one penetrating to the lowest drift. The longest drift has a length of 1100 feet. In pursuit of what is most remarkable in the mine, and, especially the largest specimens of mass copper, you will follow the drifts on each level with still excited and unsated curiosity. As your guide points out to you the indications of copper over your head, you are at a loss to know with what facility he distinguishes the lode or metalliferous portion of the rock, from the "poor stuff" or "country"—terms which he uses to designate those portions which are destitute of copper. To your eye the whole appearance will be very similar; and, save where you see the copper either in bent projections, or in jagged bunches, or in ponderous masses, already laid bare, and prepared for cutting into manageable blocks, you will be at a loss, without some experience, and much trial, to distinguish with certainty the veinstone from the trap. This difficulty is enhanced in many cases by the presence of water, and by the effect of the powder-smoke, occasioned by the blasting, giving every where the same hue to the rock. The truth is soon made apparent, however, when the miner strikes it with his pick.

The system of mining pursued at the "Cliff" is the same which is used every where in the like circumstances. Premising, as not altogether superfluous, that all excavations in a horizontal direction are termed, technically, "drifts," "levels," or "adits," while the name of "shaft" is applied to those which are made vertically, this system may be explained in a few words. Supposing the operations to commence with running a drift, it is still carried on until it enters an unproductive formation, as is mostly the greenstone and conglomerate. Another adit, as the drift is generally termed in this case, is then opened lower down on the declivity, if the nature of the ground permits it, to which the shaft is carried down. Thus the shaft is still carried down, until the drifting is done altogether below the surface, having no outlet above. In the Cliff Mine, four of the drifts are altogether below the surface, only one having an outlet above. They are, at intervals, below one another of 10, 20, 30, 40, and 50 fathoms; the Cornish fathom being something over eight feet.

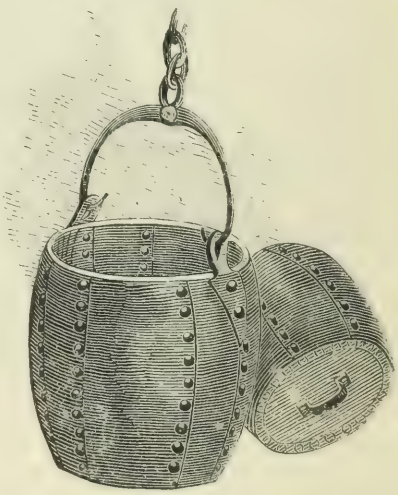
As the shafting and drifting gets only the copper which is in the immediate course of those operations, in order to get that which lies *between the drifts*, further means are resorted to. These are in the first place, the *timbering* the walls and roof of the drift, so as to form a roof or platform of great strength; and, in the next



INTERIOR OF A COPPER MINE.

place, excavating over head, above the timbers. This operation is termed *stoping;* and in conducting it, the copper and metalliferous veinstone is thrown down below into the drift, while the "poor stuff" is left to accumulate on top of the timber-arch. In this way, while the excavation is carried on overhead, the bridge or arch is still elevated by the accumulation of "poor stuff," thus serving as a platform for the workmen, until the process terminates in the drift above.

Progress in excavation is effected by the drill and hammer, followed by blasting. Commencing with a short drill—the common cold-chisel—longer ones are still used as the hole is sunk deeper. In this way the rock is often bored to the depth of six feet. One man holds the drill, which he keeps revolving; while two others, with alternate strokes of seven-pound hammers, gradually drive it to the desired depth. Sometimes what is termed a *hall*, that is to say, a cavity large enough to hold a keg of powder, is formed behind a great mass of rock which it is desired to remove. The aperture is then closed over with packing of stones and earth, the powder having been deposited, and the fuse (which is a kind of cord chemically prepared for burning at a slow rate) having been first inserted. By means of the safety fuse, the miner, with ordinary care, conducts these operations with very little danger to life or limb. The proper length of fuse, united to reasonable caution, generally enabling him to place himself out of danger before the explosion. Often in the course of his explorations, the visitor will hear the thunders of the blasting roll grandly upon his ears. For the purpose of ventilation, a shaft is often sunk from one level or drift to another, this is termed a *winse*. In raising the copper, the veinstone, and poor stuff, to the surface, strong iron kettles, made of one-quarter inch sheet-iron, termed *kibbles*, are employed. In this way, the



KIBBLES.

smaller pieces of mass copper, termed *barrel work*, the veinstone, and the poor stuff, are all raised, either by the same engine which performs the operation of draining, or by means of a capstan, as represented in our illustration of the Raising-room; or still further, by the *horse-whim*. This is a combination of the lever power with the wheel and axle; by means of which a horse is enabled to raise great weights with little expenditure of effort. The engine employed at the Cliff Mine is one of 45 horse-power.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.*

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT

EYLAU AND FRIEDLAND.

ON the fields of Jena and Auerstadt the Prussian monarchy was destroyed. Frederic William had nothing left but a remote province of his empire. To this he had escaped a fugitive. From the utter wreck of his armies he had gathered around him a few thousand men. It was with extreme regret that Napoleon had found himself compelled to leave the congenial scenes of peaceful life in Paris, to repel the assault of his banded foes. Had he remained in France until Russia, Prussia, and England had combined their multitudinous hosts, he would have been undone. With his accustomed energy he sprung upon Prussia before Alexander had time, with his hundred thousand troops, to traverse the vast plains between St. Petersburg and Berlin. By the most extraordinary skill in manœuvring, and in the endurance of fatigue and toil almost superhuman, he threw his whole force into the rear of the Prussians. He thus cut them off from Berlin and from all their supplies. Then, sure of victory, to save the effusion of blood he again implored peace. His appeal was unavailing. The roar of battle commenced, and the armies of Prussia were overwhelmed, crushed, annihilated. As soon as the terrific scene was over, Napoleon quietly established himself in the palaces of the Prussian monarch. The kingdom was entirely at his mercy. He then sent Duroc to find Frederic William, again to propose the sheathing of the sword.

The unhappy king was found more than five hundred miles from his capital. He was far away beyond the Vistula, in the wilds of Prussian Poland. He had gathered around him about twenty-five thousand men, the shattered remnants of those hardy battalions, whom Frederic the Great had trained to despise fatigue, dangers, and death. The Russian host, amazed at the sudden catastrophe which had overwhelmed its ally, threw open its arms to receive the fugitive king. Frederic, animated by the presence of the proud legions of Alexander, and conscious that the innumerable hordes of Russia were pledged for his support, still hoped to retrieve his affairs. Peremptorily he repelled the advance of Napoleon, resolving with renewed energy again to appeal to the decisions of the sword.

Nothing now remained for Napoleon but resolutely to meet the accumulating hostility which still threatened him. Frederic, from the remote provinces of his empire, was endeavoring to resuscitate his army. Alexander, thoroughly aroused, was calling into requisition all the resources of his almost illimitable realms. He hoped to collect a force which would utterly overwhelm the audacious victor. England, with her invincible navy proudly sweeping all seas, was landing at Dantzic and Königsberg troops, treasure, and munitions of war. The storms of winter had already come. Napoleon was a thousand miles from the frontiers of France. His foes were encamped several hundred miles further north, amidst the gloomy forests and the snow-clad hills of Poland. During the winter they would have time to accumulate their combined strength, and to fall upon him, in the spring, with overwhelming numbers.

England, exasperated and alarmed by this amazing triumph of Napoleon, now adopted a measure, which has been condemned by the unanimous voice of the civilized world, as a grievous infringement of the rights of nations. It is an admitted principle, that when two powers are at war, every neutral power has a right to sail from the ports of one to the ports of the other, and to carry any merchandise whatever, excepting arms and military supplies. Either of the contending parties has, however, the right to blockade any particular port or ports by a naval force, sufficient to preclude an entrance. England, however, having the undisputed command of the seas, adopted what has been called a *paper blockade*. She forbade all nations to have any commercial intercourse whatever with France or her allies. She had also established it as a maritime law, that all private property, found afloat, belonging to an enemy, was to be seized; and that peaceful passengers captured upon the ocean, were to be made prisoners of war. The French Minister for Foreign Affairs, made a very able report to the Government upon this subject, which was concluded in the following words:

"The natural right of self-defense permits us to oppose an enemy with the same arms he uses, and to make his own rage and folly recoil upon himself. Since England has ventured to declare all France in a state of blockade, let France, in her turn, declare that the British isles are blockaded. Since England considers every Frenchman an enemy, let all Englishmen, in the countries occupied by the French armies, be made prisoners of war. Since England seizes the private property of peaceable merchants, let the property of all Englishmen be confiscated. Since England desires to impede all commerce, let no ships, from the British isles, be received into the French ports. As soon as England shall admit the authority of the law of nations, universally observed by civilized countries; as soon as she shall acknowledge that the laws of war are the same by sea and land; that the right of conquest can not be extended either to private property or to unarmed and peaceable individuals; and that the right of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places actually invested—your Majesty will cause these rigorous, but not unjust measures, to cease; for justice between nations is nothing but exact reciprocity."

In accordance with these principles, thus avowed to the world, Napoleon issued his famous ordinance, called from the city at which it

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

was dated, *The Berlin Decree.** He declared, in his turn, the British Islands blockaded; all English property found upon the Continent confiscated, all Englishmen, wherever taken, prisoners; and excluded all English manufactures from the ports of France and of her allies. This retaliatory measure has been admired by some as a profound stroke of policy. By others it has been denounced as a revolting act of despotism. It certainly was not presenting the other cheek. It was returning blow for blow. By thus excluding all English goods from the Continent, Napoleon hoped to be able soon to render the Continent independent of the factories and the workshops of the wealthy islanders. France owes to this decree the introduction of sugar from the beet root. Says Napoleon, "I found myself alone, in my opinion on the Continent. I was compelled, for the moment, to employ force in every quarter. At length they began to comprehend me. Already the tree bears fruit. If I had not given way, I should have changed the face of commerce as well as the path of industry. I had naturalized sugar and indigo. I should have naturalized cotton and many other things." Two days after the publication of the Berlin decree, Napoleon wrote to Junot, "Take especial care that the ladies of your establishment use Swiss tea. It is as good as that of China. Coffee made from chicory is not at all inferior to that of Arabia. Let them make use of these substitutes in their drawing-rooms, instead of amusing themselves with talking politics like Madame de Staël. Let them take care also that no part of their dress is composed of English merchandise. If the wives of my chief officers do not set the example whom can I expect to follow it? It is a contest of life or death between France and England. I must look for the most cordial support in all those by whom I am surrounded." In reference to the unrelenting hostility with which Napoleon was assailed nearly every moment of his life, he often remarked, "I can not do what I wish. I can only do what I can. These English compel me to live day by day."

It was reported to Napoleon that the troops, comfortably housed in the cities and villages of Prussia, were very reluctant to move to frigid bivouacs upon the icy marshes of the Vistula.

* The following is a copy of this most celebrated document:

In our Imperial Camp, Berlin, Nov. 26, 1806.

Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy, considering,

1. That England regards not the law of nations, recognized by all civilized states.

2. That she holds for an enemy every individual belonging to a hostile power, and makes prisoners of war, not only the crews of armed vessels, but the crews of trading ships, and even captures merchants traveling on account of commercial business.

3. That she extends to merchantmen, and to the property of individuals, the right of conquest, which is only applicable to what belongs to the hostile state.

4. That she extends to commercial towns and to ports not fortified, to havens and to the mouths of rivers, the right of blockade, which, according to the practice of civilized nations, only is applicable to fortified places.

5. That she declares blockaded, places before which she has not even a single ship of war, though no place is blockaded until it is so invested that it can not be approached without imminent danger.

6. That she even declares in a state of blockade, places which her whole force united would be unable to blockade, the entire coast of an empire.

7. That this monstrous abuse of the right of blockade, has no other object than to prevent communications between different countries, and to raise the trade and the manufactures of England upon the ruin of the industry of the Continent.

8. That such being evidently the object of England, whoever deals in English merchandise, on the Continent, thereby favors her designs, and becomes her accomplice.

9. That this conduct, on the part of England, which is worthy of the early ages of barbarism, has operated to the advantage of that power and to the injury of others.

10. That it is a part of natural law to oppose one's enemies with the arms he employs, and to fight in the way he fights, when he disavows all those ideas of justice, and all those liberal sentiments, which are the results of social civilization.

We have resolved to apply to England the measures which she has sanctioned by her maritime legislation.

The enactments of the present decree shall be invariably considered as a fundamental principle of the Empire, until such time as England acknowledge that the law of war is one and the same, by land and by sea: that it can not be extended to private property of any description whatsoever, nor to the persons of individuals not belonging to the profession of arms, and that the law of blockade ought to be limited to fortified places actually invested by competent forces.

Accordingly we have decreed and do decree as follows:

1. The British Islands are declared in a state of blockade.

2. All trade and intercourse with the British islands is prohibited. Consequently letters or packets addressed to England, or to any native of England, or written in the English language, will not be conveyed by post, and will be seized.

3. Every native of England, whatever his rank or condition, who may be found in the countries occupied by our troops, or by those of our allies, shall be made prisoner of war.

4. Every warehouse, and all merchandise and property of any description whatever, belonging to an English subject, or the produce of English manufactures or colonies, is declared good prize.

5. Trade in English merchandise is prohibited; and all merchandise belonging to England, or the produce of her manufactures and colonies is declared good prize.

6. One-half of the produce of the confiscation of the merchandise and property declared good prize by the preceding articles, will be appropriated to the indemnification of the merchants for losses they have sustained through the capture of trading vessels by English cruisers.

7. No vessel, coming directly from England or her colonies, or having been there since the publication of the present decree, will be received in any port.

8. Any vessel which, by means of a false declaration, shall contravene the above article, shall be seized, and the ship and cargo shall be confiscated, as if they were English property.

9. Our prize-court of Paris shall pronounce final judgment in all disputes that may arise in our empire, or the countries occupied by the French army, relative to the execution of the present decree. Our prize-court of Milan shall pronounce final judgment in all the said disputes that may arise throughout our kingdom of Italy.

10. Our minister for foreign affairs will communicate the present decree to the Kings of Spain, Naples, Holland, and Etruria, and to our other allies, whose subjects, like our own, are suffering from the injustice and barbarism of the maritime legislation of England.

11. Our ministers for foreign affairs, war, marine, finance, and police, and our postmasters-general, are directed, according as they are severally concerned, to carry the present decree into execution.

(Signed) NAPOLEON.

To one who reported to him the despondency of the army, Napoleon inquired, "Does the spirit of my troops fail them when in sight of the enemy?" "No, Sire," was the reply. "I was sure of it," said Napoleon. "My troops are always the same. I must rouse them." Walking up and down the floor, with rapid strides, he immediately dictated the following proclamation: "Soldiers! A year to-day you were on the field of Austerlitz. The Russian battalions fled before you in dismay, or, being surrounded, yielded their arms to the victors. The next day they sued for peace. But we were imposed upon. Scarcely had they escaped, through our generosity, which was probably blamable, from the disasters of the third coalition, than they organized a fourth. But the ally upon whom they chiefly relied is no more. His capital, fortresses, magazines, arsenals, two hundred and eighty standards, seven hundred field pieces, and five fortified cities, are in our possession. The Oder, the Wartha, the deserts of Poland, the storms of winter, have not arrested your steps for a moment. You have braved all, surmounted all. Every foe has fled at your approach. In vain have the Russians endeavored to defend the capital of ancient and renowned Poland. The Eagle of France soars over the Vistula. The brave and unfortunate Pole, on seeing you, dreams that he beholds the legions of Sobieski, returning from their memorable expedition. Soldiers! we will not sheath our swords until a general peace is established, and we have secured the rights of our allies, and restored to our commerce its freedom and its colonies. On the Elbe and the Oder, we have reconquered Pondicherry, and our establishments in India, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Spanish colonies. Who gave the Russians the right to hold the balance of destiny, or to interfere with our just designs! They and ourselves, are we not still the soldiers of Austerlitz?"

Bourrienne says, "When Napoleon dictated his proclamations, he appeared for the moment inspired, and exhibited, in some sort the excitement of the Italian Improvisatori. In order to follow him it was necessary to write with inconceivable rapidity. Frequently, when reading over to him what he has dictated, I have known him smile, as in triumph, at the effect which he imagined any particular passage would produce."

This address electrified the whole army. Its clarion notes rang through all hearts. Not another murmur was heard. The corps in the rear, by forced marches, pressed forward with alacrity, to reach head-quarters. Those nearer the Emperor, forgot their fatigues and their sufferings, and longed to engage the enemy. The love of the soldiers for their chieftain was so enthusiastic, and their confidence in his wisdom was so unbounded, that though hungry, barefooted, and exhausted, the whole mighty host crowded eagerly along. The storms of approaching winter howled around them. The wheels of their ponderous artillery sank axle deep in the mire. Still through rain and snow, and miry roads, they followed their indomitable chief, recounting with pride, the fatigues which they had already endured, and eagerly anticipating the heroic deeds they were yet to perform.

Before leaving Berlin Napoleon wrote to the Minister of War. "The project which I have now formed is more vast than any which I ever before conceived. From this time I must find myself in a position to cope with all events." He also addressed a message to the Senate, in that peculiar energy of style marking all his productions, which the annals of eloquence have rarely equaled, never surpassed.

"The monarchs of Europe," said he, "have thus far sported with the generosity of France. When one coalition is conquered, another immediately springs up. No sooner was that of 1805 dissolved than we had to fight that of 1806. It behooves France to be less generous in future. The conquered states must be retained till the general peace on land and sea. England, regardless of all the rights of nations, launching a commercial interdict against one quarter of the globe, must be struck with the same interdict in return; and it must be rendered as rigorous as the nature of things will permit. Since we are doomed to war, it will be better to plunge in wholly, than to go but half way. Thus may we hope to terminate it more completely and more solidly, by a general and durable peace."

The labors of Napoleon were perfectly Herculean, in preparing for this winter campaign. It was four hundred miles from Berlin to Warsaw. This was a dreary interval for an army to traverse through the freezing storms and drifting snows of a northern winter. The Russians and Prussians could present an hundred and twenty thousand men upon the banks of the Vistula.

The partition of Poland by Russia, Prussia, and Austria, has been pronounced by the unanimous voice of the world, the most atrocious act which has disgraced modern Europe. As soon as Napoleon entered that part of Poland which had been annexed to Prussia, in this infamous deed of rapacity, the Poles gathered around him with the utmost enthusiasm. The nobles of the dismembered empire, thronged his head-quarters. They hailed him as the saviour of their country. They pledged to him their fortunes and their lives, if he would rescue Poland from their oppressors. The populace rent the skies with enthusiastic shouts, wherever the great conqueror appeared. They were clamorous for arms, that they might fight the battles of freedom, and regain their independence. Napoleon was extremely embarrassed.

A deputation from Warsaw waited upon him, entreating him to proclaim the independence of Poland, and to place some member of his own family upon the throne. They assured him that the Poles, as one man, would rally, with admiration and gratitude, beneath his banners Napoleon said to them, "France has never recognized the different partitions of Poland. Nevertheless, I can not proclaim your independ-

ence unless you are determined to defend your rights with arms in your hands, and by all sorts of sacrifices, even that of life. You are reproached with having, in your constant civil dissensions, lost sight of the true interests of your country. Instructed by misfortune, be now united; and prove to the world that one spirit animates the whole Polish nation."

After the deputation had withdrawn, Napoleon remarked, "I like the Poles. Their enthusiasm pleases me. I should like to make them an independent people. But that is no very easy matter. The cake has been shared among too many. There is Austria, Russia, and Prussia, who have each had a slice. Besides, when the match is once kindled, who knows where the conflagration may stop. My first duty is toward France. I must not sacrifice her interests for Poland. In short, we must refer this matter to the universal sovereign, Time. He will show us by-and-by what we are to do."

The situation of Napoleon was indeed critical. He was hundreds of leagues from the frontiers of France, and enveloped in the snows of winter. Russia, with her countless hordes and unknown resources, was threatening him from the North. Prussia, though conquered, was watching for an opportunity to retrieve her disgrace and ruin. Austria had raised a force of eighty thousand men, and was threatening his rear. This Austrian force was professedly an army of observation. But Napoleon well knew that, upon the slightest reverse, Austria would fall upon him in congenial alliance with Russia and Prussia. England, the undisputed monarch of the wide world of waters, was most efficiently co-operating with these banded foes of France.

By proclaiming the independence of Poland, Napoleon would have gained a devoted ally, ranging a nation of twenty millions of inhabitants beneath his flag. But, by liberating Poland from its proud and powerful oppressors, he would have exasperated, to the highest degree, Russia, Prussia, and Austria. Thus the probabilities of peace would have been infinitely more remote. Napoleon was contending for peace. He told the Poles frankly, that he could not involve France in any new quarrels. "I am not come hither," said he, "to beg a throne for my family. I am not in want of thrones to give away."

Through December's dismal storms; through a country more dreary than imagination can well conceive, filled with gloomy forests, fathomless morasses, bleak and barren plains, Napoleon led his troops to the banks of the Vistula. Wherever he met his foes he scattered them before him with whirlwind power. Sometimes, over a space of seventy-five miles in breadth, Napoleon's army was fighting its way against



THE MARCH TO THE VISTULA.

the storm of bullets which, from hostile batteries, swept their ranks. But nothing could retard his progress. The suffering of that wintry march was awful beyond description. Early in January the army entered the dark forests which frown along the inhospitable Vistula.

The cantonments of the French army were extended one hundred and fifty miles, skirting the left bank of the river. All the passes of the stream were occupied in such strength as to render surprise impossible. The soldiers cut down the forests, and constructed comfortable huts to screen themselves from the piercing cold. The camps were admirably arranged in regular streets, presenting the most cheerful aspect of order and cleanliness. Reviews, rural labors, and warlike



ENCAMPMENT ON THE VISTULA.

games occupied the minds of the soldiers, and confirmed their health. Immense convoys of provisions, guarded by troops and fortresses, left in the rear, were continually defiling along all the roads from the Rhine. The soldiers were soon comfortable and happy in their well-provisioned homes. Napoleon, regardless of his own ease, thought of them alone. He was every where present. His foresight provided for every emergence. His troops witnessed with gratitude his intense devotion to their comfort. They saw him riding from post to post, by day and by night, drenched with rain, spattered with mud, whitened with snow, regardless of rest, of food, of sleep, wading through mire and drifts, groping through darkness, and breasting storms. Napoleon said, "My soldiers are my children." No one could doubt his sincerity who witnessed his vigilance, his toil, his fatigue. Not a soldier in the army questioned his parental love. Hence the Emperor was loved in return as no other mortal was ever loved before.

The soldiers, to their surprise, found that the generous foresight of Napoleon had provided them even with several millions of bottles of wine. Abundant magazines were established, that they might be fully supplied with good food and warm clothing. The sick and wounded in particular were nursed with the most tender care. Six thousand beds were prepared at Warsaw, and an equal number at Thorne, at Posen, and at other places on the banks of the Vistula and the Oder. Comfortable mattresses of wool were made for the hospitals. Thirty thousand tents, taken from the Prussians, were cut up into bandages and bedding. Over each hospital Napoleon appointed a chief overseer, always supplied with ready money, to procure for the sick whatever luxuries they needed. A chaplain was appointed in each hospital, to minister to the spiritual wants

of the sick and the dying. This chaplain was to be, in an especial manner, the friend and the protector of those under his care. He was charged by the Emperor to report to him the slightest negligence toward the sick. Such were the infinite pains which Napoleon took to promote the comfort of his soldiers. He shared all their hardships. His palace was a barn. In one room he ate and slept and received his audiences. It was his invariable custom, whenever he issued an order, to inform himself if the order had been executed. He personally arranged all the military works of the widely extended line over which his army was spread.

The month of January, with its storms and its intensity of cold, passed slowly away. Winter brooded drearily over the plains of Poland, presenting one vast expanse of ice and snow. Europe contemplated with amazement the sublime spectacle of a French army of one or two hundred thousand men, passing the winter in the midst of the gloomy forests of the Vistula. Alexander, with troops accustomed to the frozen North, planned to attack Napoleon by surprise, in his winter quarters. Secretly he put his mighty host in motion. Napoleon, ever on the alert, was prepared to meet him. Immediately marching from his encampments, he surprised those who hoped to surprise him. Battle after battle ensued. The Russians fought with unyielding obstinacy; the French with impetuous enthusiasm. In every forest, in every mountain gorge, upon the banks of every swollen stream clogged with ice, the Russians planted their cannon, and hurled balls and shells and grape into the bosoms of their unrelenting pursuers. But the French, impelled by the resistless impetuosity of their great chieftain, pressed on, regardless of mutilation and death. The snow was crimsoned with blood. The wounded struggled and shrieked and froze in the storm-piled drifts. The dark forms of the dead floated, with the ice, down the cold streams to an unknown burial. Wintry nights, long, dismal and freezing, darkened upon the contending hosts. Their lurid watch-fires gleamed, in awful sublimity, over wide leagues of frozen hill and valley. The soldiers of each army, nerved by the energies of desperation, threw themselves upon the snow as their only couch, and with no tent covering but the chill sky.

Napoleon stopped one night at a miserable cottage. His little camp bedstead was placed in the middle of the kitchen floor. In five minutes he dispatched his supper, which consisted of but one dish. Then, rolling his napkin into a ball, he playfully threw it at the head of his favorite valet, Constant, saying, "Quick, quick, take away the remains of my banquet." Then unrolling a map of Prussia, he spread it upon the floor, and addressing Caulaincourt, said, "Come here, *Grand Equerry*, and follow me." With pins he marked out the progressive movements of his army, and said, "I shall beat the Russians there, and there, and there. In three months the campaign will be ended. Russia must have a lesson. The fair Queen of Prussia must learn too that advisers sometimes pay dearly for the advice they give. I do not like those women who throw aside their attributes of grace and goodness. A woman to instigate war! to urge men to cut each other's throats! Shame on it! She may run the risk of losing her kingdom by playing that game."

At this moment some dispatches were delivered to the Emperor. Rapidly glancing over them, he frowned, and exclaimed, "Surely these dispatches have been a long time on their way? How is this? Tell the orderly officer who brought them that I wish to speak to him."

"Sir," said he, severely, as the officer entered, "at what hour were these dispatches placed in your hands?"

"At eight o'clock in the evening, Sire."

"And how many leagues had you to ride?"

"I do not know precisely, Sire."

"But you ought to know, sir. An orderly officer ought to know that. I know it. You had twenty-seven miles to ride; and you set off at eight o'clock. Look at your watch, sir. What o'clock is it now?"

"Half-past twelve, Sire. The roads were in a terrible state. In some places the snow obstructed my passage—"

"Poor excuses, sir; poor excuses. Retire, and await my orders." As the officer, extremely disconcerted, closed the door, he added: "This cool, leisurely gentleman wants stimulating. The reprimand I have given him will make him spur his horse another time. Let me see—my answer must be delivered in two hours. I have not a moment to lose."

Soon the orderly officer was recalled. "Set off immediately, sir," said he; "these dispatches must be delivered with the utmost speed. General Lasalle must receive my orders by three o'clock—by three o'clock. You understand, sir?"

"Sire! by half-past two the general shall have the orders of which I have the honor to be the bearer."

"Very well, sir; mount your horse—but stop," he added, calling the officer back, and speaking in those winning tones of kindness which he had ever at his command: "Tell General Lasalle that it will be agreeable to me that you should be the person selected to announce to me the success of these movements."

With such consummate tact could Napoleon severely reprimand and at the same time win the confidence and the love of the person reprimanded

Napoleon had now driven his assailants, enveloped in the storms and the ice of a Polish winter, two hundred and forty miles from the banks of the Vistula. At last the retreating Russians concentrated all their forces upon the plain of Eylau. It was the 7th of February. The night was dark and intensely cold, as the Russians, exhausted by the retreating march of the day, took their position for a desperate battle on the morrow. There was a gentle swell of land, extending two or three miles, which skirted a vast, bleak, unsheltered plain, over which the



BIVOUAC BEFORE EYLAU.

piercing wintry gale drifted the deep snow. Leaden clouds, hurrying through the sky, as if flying from a defeat or congregating for a conflict, boded a rising storm. Upon this ridge the Russians, in double lines, formed themselves in battle array. Five hundred pieces of cannon were ranged in battery, to hurl destruction into the bosoms of their foes. They then threw themselves upon the icy ground for their frigid bivouac. The midnight storm wailed its mournful requiem over the sleeping host, and sifted down upon them the winding-sheet of snow.

In the midst of the tempestuous night, Napoleon, with his determined battalions, came also upon the plain, groping through drifts and gloom. He placed his army in position for the terrific battle which the dawn of morning would usher in. Two hundred pieces of heavy artillery were advantageously posted to sweep the dense ranks of the enemy. Upon the ridge 80,000 Russians slept. In the plain before them 60,000 Frenchmen were bivouacking upon the snow. The hostile hosts were at but half cannon shot from each other. Indomitable determination inflamed the souls of officers and soldiers in both armies. It was an awful night, the harbinger of a still more awful day. The frozen earth, the inclement sky, the scudding clouds, the drifting snow, the wailing, wintry wind, the lurid watchfires gleaming through the gloom, the spectral movement of legions of horsemen and footmen taking their positions for the sanguinary strife, the confused murmur of the voices and of the movements of the mighty armies blending, like the roar of many waters, with the midnight storm, presented a spectacle of sublimity which overawed every beholder. The sentinels of each army could almost touch each other with their muskets. Cold and hungry and weary, the spirit of humanity for a moment triumphed over the ferocity of war. Kind words of greeting and of sympathy were interchanged by those who soon, in frenzy, were plunging bayonets into each other's bosoms. At midnight Napoleon slept for an hour in a chair. He then mounted his horse, and marshaled his shivering troops for the horrors of battle.

The dark and stormy morning had not yet dawned when the cannonade commenced. It was terrific. The very earth shook beneath the tremendous detonation. Seven hundred heavy cannon, worked by the most skillful gunners, created an unintermitted roar of the most deafening and appalling thunder. Both armies presented their unprotected breasts to bullets, grapeshot, balls, and shells. Companies, battalions, regiments, even whole divisions, melted away before the merciless discharges. The storm of snow, in blinding, smothering flakes, swept an-

grily into the faces of assailants and assailed, as the bands of battle in exultant victory or in terrific defeat, rushed to and fro over the plain. The tempestuous air was soon so filled with smoke, that the day was as dark as the night. Under this black and sulphurous canopy, the infuriate hosts rushed upon each other. Even the flash of the guns could not be seen through the impenetrable gloom. Horsemen plunged to the charge unable to discern the foe. Thus the deadly conflict continued, one hundred and forty thousand men firing into each other's bosoms, through the morning, and the noon, and the afternoon, and after the sun had gone down in the gloom of a winter's night, Napoleon galloped up and down the field of blood regardless of danger, ever presenting himself at those points which were most threatened.

In the midst of the battle Napoleon was informed that a church, which he deemed a position of essential importance, had been taken by the enemy. He pressed his spurs into his horse and galloped, with the utmost speed, into the midst of his battalions, who were retreating before vastly superior numbers. "What!" shouted the Emperor, "a handful of Russians repulse troops of the Grand Army. Forward, my brave lads! We *must* have the church! *We must have it at every hazard!*" Animated by this voice, an enthusiastic shout of "Vive l'Empereur!" rose above the thunders of the conflict. The soldiers instantly formed in solid column, and, through a perfect storm of bullets and shells, forced their way upon the enemy. The Emperor espied a few paces from him an old grenadier. His face was blackened with gunpowder. His clothes were red with blood. His left arm had just been torn from his shoulder by a shell, and the crimson drops were falling from the ghastly wound. The man was hurrying to fall into the ranks. "Stay! stay! my good fellow," exclaimed the Emperor, "go to the ambulance, and get your wound dressed." "I will," replied the soldier, "as soon as we have taken the church." He then disappeared in the midst of the smoke and the tumult of the battle. The Duke of Vicenza, who witnessed this scene, says the tears gushed into the eyes of the Emperor, as he contemplated this touching proof of devotion.

The battle had now raged for eighteen hours. The snow was red with blood. The bodies of the wounded and the dead covered the plain. Thousands of the torn and bleeding victims of war, through these long hours had writhed in agony in the freezing air, trampled by the rush of frenzied squadrons. Their piercing shrieks rose above the roar of artillery and musketry. Eylau was in flames. Other adjacent villages and farm-houses were blazing. The glare of the conflagration added to the horrors of the pitiless storm of the elements and of war. Women and children were perishing in the fields, having fled from their bomb-battered and burning dwellings. Still the battle continued unabated.

As the twilight of the stormy day faded into the gloom of night, Napoleon, calm and firm, stood beneath the shelter of the church which he had retaken. The balls were crashing around him. Grief pervaded every face of the imperial staff. With consternation, they implored him to place himself in a position of safety. Regardless of their entreaties, he braved every peril. Infusing his own inflexibility into the hearts of all around, he still impelled his bleeding columns upon the foe. More than thirty thousand Russians, struck by the balls and the swords of the French, were stretched upon the frozen field. Ten thousand Frenchmen, the dying and the dead, were also strewed upon the plain. Ten thousand horses had been struck down. Some had been torn in pieces by cannon balls. Others, frightfully mutilated, were uttering piercing screams, and were wildly plunging over the plain, trampling the wounded beneath their iron hoofs. It was now ten o'clock at night. Nearly one half of the Russian army was destroyed. A fresh division of the French now appeared on the field. They had been marching all day, with the utmost haste, guided by the cannon's roar. The Russians could endure the conflict no longer. Proud of having so long and so valiantly withstood the great Napoleon, they retreated, shouting *victory!* Napoleon remained master of the blood-bought field. The victors, utterly exhausted, bleeding and freezing, again sought such repose as could be found upon the gory ice, beneath that wintry sky. Napoleon was overwhelmed with grief. Never before had such a scene of misery met even his eye. According to his invariable custom, he traversed the field of battle, to minister, with his own hands, to the wounded and the dying. It was midnight—dark, cold, and stormy. By his example, he animated his attendants to the most intense exertions in behalf of the sufferers. His sympathy and aid were extended to the wounded Russians as well as to those of his own army. One of his generals, witnessing the deep emotion with which he was affected, spoke of the glory which the victory would give him. "To a father," said Napoleon, "who loses his children, victory has no charms. When the heart speaks, glory itself is an illusion."

As Napoleon was passing over this field of awful carnage, he came to an ambulance, or hospital-wagon. A huge pile of amputated arms and legs, clotted with gore, presented a horrible spectacle to the eye. A soldier was resisting the efforts of the surgeon, who was about to cut off his leg, which had been dreadfully shattered by a cannon-ball.

"What is the matter?" inquired the Emperor, as he rode up to the spot. Seeing, at a glance the state of the case, he continued, "How is this? surely you, a brave *mustache*, are not afraid of a cut!"

"No, your Majesty, I am not afraid of a cut. But this is a sort of cut that a man may die of. And there is poor Catharine and her four little ones. If I should die—" and the man sobbed aloud.

"Well," replied the Emperor, "and what if you should die? Am I not here?"

The wounded soldier fixed his eyes for a moment upon Napoleon, and then, with a trembling voice, exclaimed, "True! true, your Majesty! I am very foolish. Here, doctor, cut off my limb. God bless the Emperor!"

A dragoon, dreadfully torn by a cannon-ball, raised his head from the bloody snow, as the Emperor drew near, and faintly said, "Turn your eyes this way, please your Majesty. I believe that I have got my death wound. I shall soon be in the other world. But no matter for that—Vive l'Empereur." Napoleon immediately dismounted from his horse, tenderly took the hand of the wounded man, and enjoined it upon his attendants to convey him immediately to the ambulance, and to commend him to the special care of the surgeon. Large tears rolled down the cheeks of the dying dragoon, as he fixed his eyes upon the loved features of his Emperor. Fervidly he exclaimed, "I only wish that I had a thousand lives to lay down for your Majesty."

Upon this dreadful field of woe, of blood, of death, oppressed with myriad cares, and in the gloom of the inclement night, Napoleon remembered his faithful and anxious Josephine. She was then in Paris. Seizing a pen, he hurriedly wrote the following lines. Calling a courier to his side, he dispatched him, at his fleetest speed, to convey the note to Josephine:

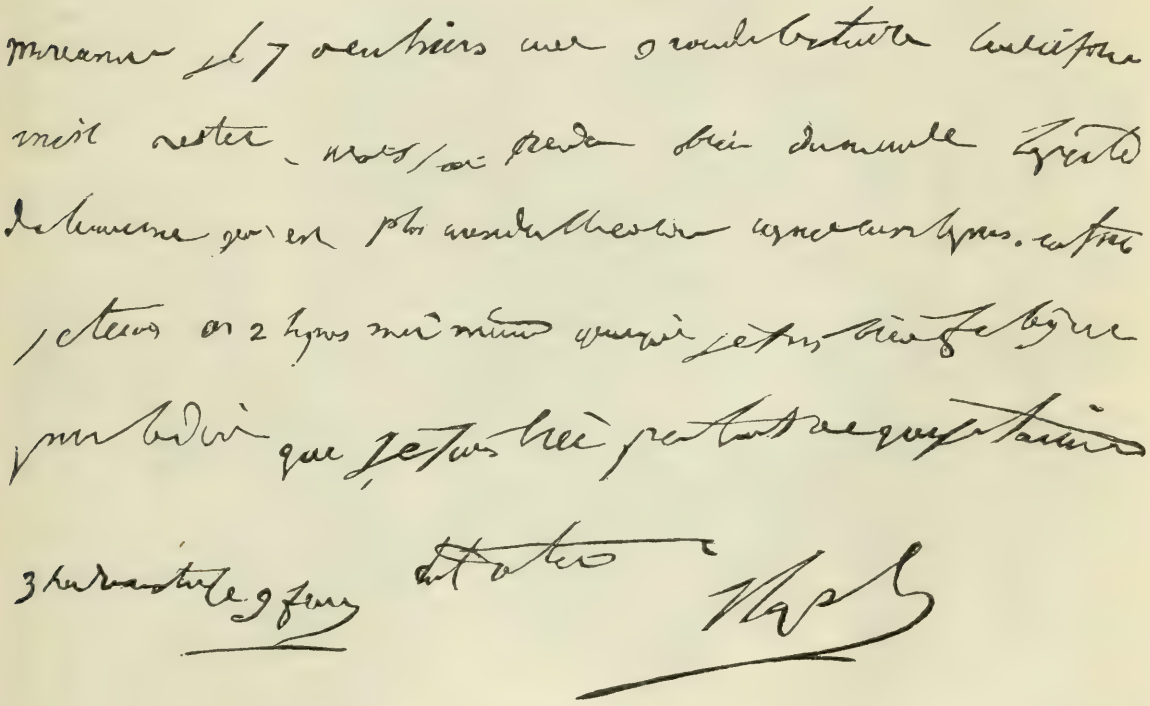
"EYLAU, 3 o'clock in the morning, Feb. 9, 1807.

"My Love!—There was a great battle yesterday. Victory remains with me, but I have lost many men. The loss of the enemy, still more considerable, does not console me. I write these two lines myself, though greatly fatigued, to tell you that I am well, and that I love you.

Wholly thine,

"NAPOLEON."

The fac-simile of this letter, written under such circumstances, will be examined with interest.



Mon amie—il y a eu hier une grande bataille; la victoire m'est restée, mais j'ai perdu bien du monde; la perte de l'ennemi qui est plus considérable encore, ne me console pas. Enfin je t'écris ces 2 lignes moi-même, quoique je sois bien fatigué pour te dire que je suis bien portant, et que je t'aime.

Tout à toi,

Napoleon.

3 heures du matin le 9 Fevrier.

The dawn of the morning exhibited, upon that frozen field, perhaps the most frightful spectacle earth has ever witnessed. Nearly forty thousand men, awfully torn by cannon balls, were prostrate upon the blood-stained ice and snow. A wail of anguish rose from the extended plain, which froze the heart of the beholder with terror. Dismounted cannon, fragments of projectiles, guns, swords, horses dead or cruelly mangled, rearing, plunging, shrieking in their agony, presented a scene of unparalleled horror. Napoleon's heart was most deeply moved. His feelings of sympathy burst forth even in one of his bulletins. "This spectacle," he wrote, "is fit to excite in princes a love of peace and a horror of war." He immediately dispatched some battalions to pursue the retreating enemy, while he devoted all his energies to the relief of the misery spread around him. In the evening of the same day he wrote another letter to Josephine.

"EYLAU, Feb. 9, 6 o'clock in the evening, 1807.

"I write one word, my love, that you may not be anxious. The enemy has lost the battle, 40 pieces of cannon, 10 flags, 12,000 prisoners. He has suffered horribly. I have lost many men, 1600 killed, and three or four thousand wounded. Corbineau was killed by a shell. I was strongly attached to that officer, who had great merit. It gives me great pain. My horse-guard has covered itself with glory. Allemagne is wounded dangerously. Adieu, my love. Wholly thine. NAPOLEON."

Again in the night of the next day he wrote to that noble wife who well knew how to appreciate the delicacy and generosity of such attentions:

"EYLAU, Feb. 11, 3 o'clock in the morning.

"I send you one line, my love. You must have been very anxious. I have beaten the enemy in a memorable battle; but it has cost me many brave men. The inclement weather constrains me to return to my cantonments. Do not indulge in grief, I entreat you. All this will soon end. The happiness of seeing you



MORNING AFTER EYLAU.

will lead me soon to forget my fatigues. I never was better. The little Tascher has conducted nobly. He has had a rough trial. I have placed him near me. I have made him officer of ordnance. Thus his troubles are ended. The young man interests me. Adieu, my dearest. A thousand kisses. NAPOLEON."

In another letter of the 14th, he writes:

"My love, I am still at Eylau. The country is covered with the dead and wounded. This is not the pleasant part of war. One suffers, and the soul is oppressed to see so many victims. I am well. I have done what I wished. I have repulsed the enemy, compelling him to abandon his projects. You must be very anxious, and that thought afflicts me. Nevertheless, tranquilize yourself, my love, and be cheerful. Wholly thine. NAPOLEON."

Napoleon remained eight days at Eylau, healing the wounds of his army, and gathering supplies for the protection and comfort of his troops. He was daily hoping that Frederic William and Alexander would demand no more blood; that they would propose terms of peace. It is a fact admitted by all, that Napoleon, in his wars, thus far, was fighting in self-defense. He was the last to draw the sword and the first to propose peace. In this campaign, before the battle of Jena, Napoleon wrote to Frederic, entreating him to spare the effusion of blood. This appeal was disregarded. Scarce had the sun gone down over that field of carnage and of woe, ere Napoleon wrote again, pleading for humanity. Again was his plea sternly rejected. Secretly the allies collected their strength and fell upon him in his cantonments. Napoleon pursued them two hundred and forty miles, and destroyed half of their army upon the plain of Eylau. For five days he waited anxiously, hoping that his vanquished assailants would propose peace. They were silent. He then, magnanimously triumphing over pride of spirit, and almost violating the dictates of self-respect, condescended again to plead for the cessation of hostilities. In the following terms, conciliatory, yet dignified, he addressed the King of Prussia.

"I desire to put a period to the misfortunes of your family, and to organize, as speedily as possible, the Prussian monarchy. Its intermediate power is necessary for the tranquillity of Europe. I desire peace with Russia; and, provided the cabinet of St. Petersburg has no designs upon the Turkish Empire, I see no difficulty in obtaining it. Peace with England is not less essential to all nations. I shall have no hesitation in sending a minister to Memil, to take part in a Congress of France, Sweden, England, Russia, Prussia, and Turkey. But as such a congress may last many years, which would not suit the present condition of Prussia, your Majesty therefore will, I am persuaded, be of opinion that I have taken the simplest method, and one which is most likely to secure the prosperity of your subjects. At all events I entreat your Majesty to believe in my sincere desire to re-establish amicable relations with so friendly a power as Prussia, and that I wish to do the same with Russia and England."

The allies considered this renewed proposal of Napoleon but an indication of his weakness. It encouraged them to redoubled efforts. They resolved to collect still more numerous swarms of Cossacs from the barbarian North, and, with increased vigor, to prosecute the war. Napoleon had also made proposals to Sweden for peace. His advances were there also repelled. The King of Sweden wrote to the King of Prussia, "I think that a public declaration should be made in favor of the legitimate cause of the Bourbons, by openly espousing their interests, which is plainly that of all established governments. My opinion on this point is fixed and unalterable."

This arrogant assumption, that France had not a right to choose its own form of government, and elect its own sovereign, rendered peace impossible. Even had Napoleon, like Benedict Arnold, turned traitor to his country, and endeavored to reinstate the rejected Bourbons, it would only have plunged France anew into all the horrors of civil war. The proudest and most powerful nation in Europe would not submit to dictation so humiliating. Napoleon truly said, "The Bourbons can not return to the throne of France but over the dead bodies of one hundred thousand Frenchmen." The Bourbons did finally return, in the rear of the combined armies of despotic Europe. But the Allies crimsoned Europe with blood, and struck down nearly a million of Frenchmen in mutilation and death, ere they accomplished the iniquitous restoration. But where are the Bourbons now? And who now sits upon the throne of France? This is a lesson for the nations.

Just before the campaign of Jena, Napoleon thus addressed the legislative body in Paris: "Princes, magistrates, soldiers, citizens, we have all but one object in our several departments—the interests of our country. Weakness in the executive is the greatest of all misfortunes to the people. Soldier or First Consul, I have but one thought; Emperor, I have no other object—the prosperity of France. I do not wish to increase its territory, but I am resolved to maintain its integrity. I have no desire to augment the influence which we possess in Europe, but I will not permit what we enjoy to decline. No state shall be incorporated with our Empire; but I will not sacrifice my rights, or the ties which unite us to other states."

Napoleon, finding that there was no hope of peace, and having driven his enemies to the banks of the Niemen, prepared to return to his winter quarters upon the Vistula. He thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers! we were beginning to taste the sweets of repose in our winter quarters, when the enemy attacked the first corps on the Lower Vistula. We flew to meet him. We pursued him, sword in hand, eighty leagues. He was

driven for shelter beneath the cannons of his fortresses, and beyond the Pregel. We have captured sixty pieces of cannon, sixteen standards, and killed, wounded, or taken more than 40,000 Russians. The brave, who have fallen on our side, have fallen nobly—like soldiers. Their families shall receive our protection. Having thus defeated the whole projects of the enemy, we will return to the Vistula, and re-enter our winter quarters. Whoever ventures to disturb our repose will repent of it. Beyond the Vistula as beyond the Danube, we shall always be the soldiers of the Grand Army."

Napoleon himself remained at Eylau until every thing was removed. He superintended the departure of the several divisions of the army, the sick, the wounded, the prisoners and the artillery taken from the enemy. He had a vast number of sledges constructed, and made as comfortable as possible, for the removal of



REMOVING THE WOUNDED.

the sick and the wounded. More than six thousand were thus transported over two hundred miles, to their warm hospitals on the banks of the Vistula.

Austria now wished for an excuse to join the allies. She was, however, bound by the most solemn treaties not again to draw the sword against France. Napoleon had cautiously avoided giving her any offense. But she could not forget the disgrace of Ulm and Austerlitz. As an entering wedge to the strife, she proffered her services as mediator. Napoleon was not at all deceived as to her intentions, yet promptly replied:

"The Emperor accepts the amicable intervention of Francis II. for the re-establishment of peace, so necessary to all nations. He only fears that the power which, hitherto, seems to have made a system of founding its wealth and greatness upon the divisions of the Continent, will draw from this step new subjects of animosity, and new pretexts for dissensions. However, any way that can encourage the hope of the cessation of bloodshed, ought not to be neglected by France, which, as all Europe knows, was dragged, in spite of herself into this war."

At the same time Napoleon called for a new levy of 80,000 men. But five months before he had called out the same number. He wished to display such a force that the allies would see that his defeat was impossible, and that they would consent to peace, without further shedding of blood. He wrote to Cambaceres: "It is very important that this measure should be adopted with alacrity. A single objection raised in the Council of State, or in the Senate, would weaken me in Europe, and will bring Austria upon us. Then, it will not be two conscriptions but three or four, which we shall be obliged to decree, perhaps to no purpose, and to be vanquished at last.

"A conscription, announced and resolved upon without hesitation, which perhaps I shall not call for, which certainly I shall not send to the active army, for I am not going to wage war with boys, will cause Austria to drop her arms. The least

hesitation, on the contrary, would induce her to resume them, and to use them against us. No objection, I repeat, but an immediate and punctual execution of the decree which I send you. That is the way to have peace, to have a speedy, a magnificent peace."

Having dispatched this decree to Paris, Napoleon sent a copy to Talleyrand, requesting him to communicate to the Austrian government, without circumlocution, that the Emperor had divined the drift of the mediation; that he accepted that mediation, with a perfect knowledge of what it signified; that to offer peace was well, but that peace should be offered with a white truncheon in the hand; that the armaments of Austria were a very unsuitable accompaniment to the offer of mediation. "I thus," said he, "explain myself with frankness, to prevent calamities, and to save Austria from them. If she wishes to send officers to ascertain our strength, we engage to show them the depots, the camps of reserve, and the divisions on the march. They shall see that independently of the 100,000 French already in Germany, a second army of 100,000 men is preparing to cross the Rhine, to check any hostile movements on the part of the court of Vienna." These measures, so eminently sagacious, prevented Austria from uniting with the allies, and thus, for the time at least, prevented an accumulation of the horrors of war.

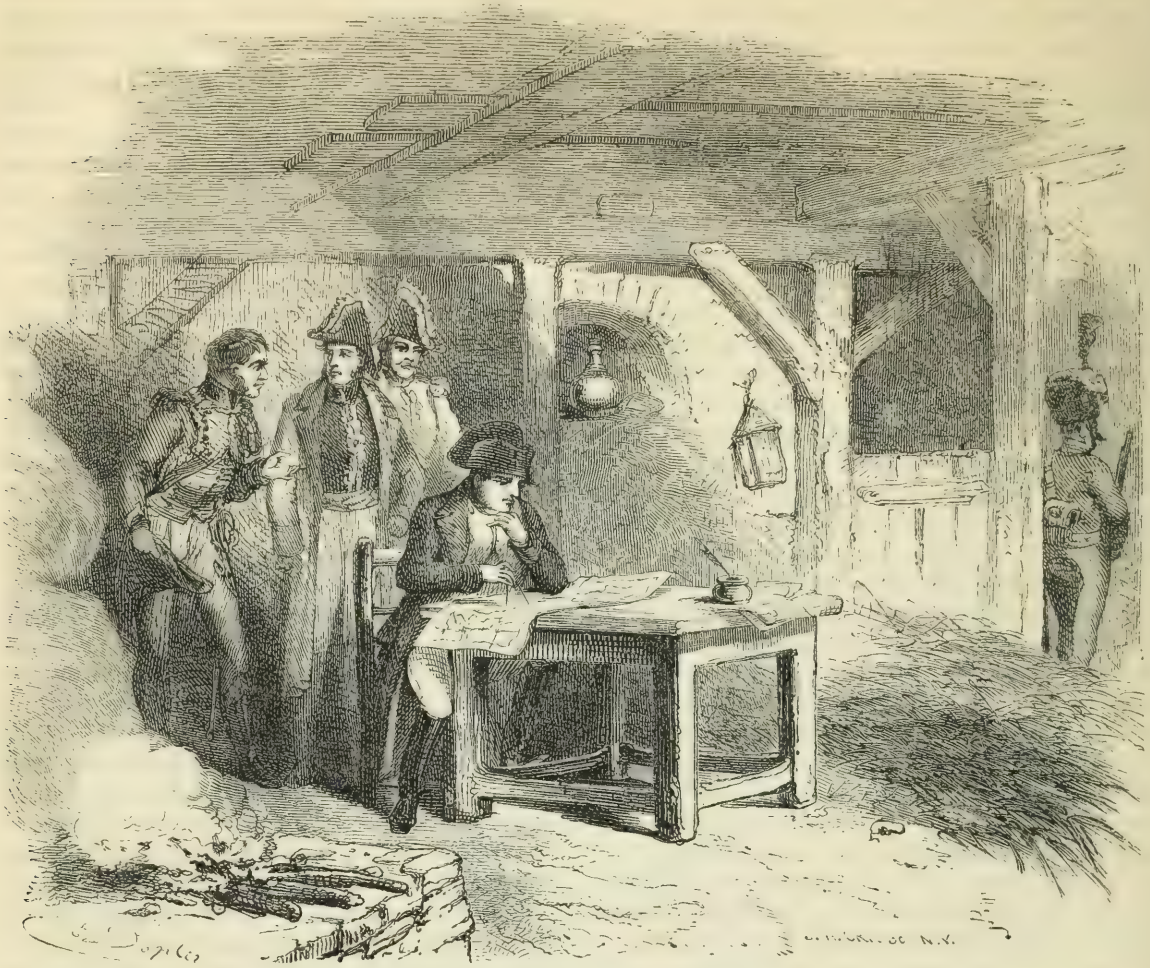
The Bourbons of Spain were also watching for an opportunity to fall upon Napoleon. Believing it impossible for the French Emperor to escape from his entanglements in Poland, surrounded by myriad foes, the Spanish court treacherously summoned the nation to arms. Napoleon was a thousand miles beyond the Rhine. England had roused Spain to attack him in the rear. The proclamation was issued the day before the battle of Jena. That amazing victory alarmed the perfidious court of Ferdinand. With characteristic meanness, the Spanish government immediately sent word to Napoleon that the troops were raised *to send to his assistance, in case he should stand in need of them.* The Emperor smiled, and affecting to be a dupe, thanked Spain for its zeal, and requested the loan of fifteen thousand troops. The troops could not be refused. Napoleon wrote to have them received in the most friendly and hospitable manner, and to be abundantly supplied with provisions, clothing, and money. They were stationed in the garrisons of France, and French soldiers, drawn from those garrisons, were called to Poland. These repeated acts of perfidy led to the final dethronement of the Bourbons of Spain. Their overthrow promoted the ruin of Napoleon. Their continuance upon the throne would also have secured that ruin. It was written in the book of divine decrees that Napoleon must rise and fall. Human energy and wisdom could not have averted his final discomfiture. Had Napoleon joined hands with the feudal kings, and reigned the sovereign of the *nobles*, not of the people; the defender of *privilege*, not the advocate of *equality*, he might perhaps have disarmed the hostility of despots, but he would also have lost the heart of France. He fell magnificently; but his memory is embalmed in the love of the French people. It never will perish. "St. Helena," says Napoleon, "was written in the book of destiny."

The cheerless months of departing winter passed rapidly away, as both parties prepared for the renewal of the strife. Napoleon shared the encampment of his troops. He taught them patience and fortitude, by enduring himself every privation which they were called to experience. His brother Joseph, in a letter, complained of hardships in Naples. Napoleon laughed at his complaints.

"The officers of our staff," he wrote in reply, "have not undressed for these two months, and some not for four months past. I myself have been a fortnight without taking off my boots. We are amidst snow and mud, without wine, without brandy, without bread, eating potatoes and meat, making long marches and countermarches, without any kind of comfort, fighting in general with bayonets and under grape, the wounded having to be carried away in sledges, exposed to the air, two hundred miles."

Napoleon established his head-quarters in a wretched barn, at a place called Osterode. "If, instead of remaining in a hole like Osterode," says Savary, "where every one was under his eye, and where he could set his whole force in motion, the Emperor had established himself in a great town, it would have required three months to do what he effected in less than one." Here Napoleon not only attended to all the immense interests which were gathered around him, but he also devoted incessant thought to the government of his distant empire. The portfolios of the several ministers were sent to him, from Paris, every week. Upon the day of their reception he invariably attended to their contents, and returned them with minute directions. The most trivial as well as the most important matters were subject to his scrutiny. There had been composed, in his honor, verses, which he deemed bad, and which were recited in the theatres. He requested other verses to be substituted, in which he was less praised, but which gave utterance to noble thoughts. "*The best way to praise me*," said he, "*is to write things which excite heroic sentiments in the nation.*" With great care he studied the proceedings of the French Academy. At one of those meetings the memory of Mirabeau was violently assailed. Napoleon wrote to Fouché: "I recommend to you, let there be no reaction in the public opinion. Let Mirabeau be mentioned in terms of praise. There are many things in that meeting of the Academy which do not please me. When shall we grow wiser? When shall we be animated by that genuine Christian charity, which shall lead us to desire to abase no one? When shall we refrain from awaking recollections which send sorrow to the hearts of so many persons?"

With intense interest he watched the progress of education. In reference to the institution for the education of girls at Ecouen, he wrote to Lacepede: "It is there proposed to train up



HEAD-QUARTERS AT OSTERODE.

women, wives, mothers of families. Make believers of them—not reasoners. The weakness of the brain of women, the mobility of their ideas, their destination in the social order, the necessity for inspiring them with a perpetual resignation, and a mild and easy charity—all this renders the influence of religion indispensable for them. I am anxious that they should leave the institution, not fashionable *belles*, but virtuous women; that their attractive qualities may be those of the heart." He urged that they should study "history, literature, enough of natural philosophy to be able to dispel the popular ignorance around them; somewhat of medicine, botany, dancing—*but not that of the Opera*—ciphering, and all sorts of needle-work. Their apartments," he wrote, "must be furnished by their own hands. They must make their chemises, their stockings, their dresses, their caps, and they must be able, in case of need, to make clothes for their infants. I wish to make these young girls useful women. I am certain that I shall thus make them agreeable and attractive."

He was informed that Madame de Staël had returned to Paris, and that she was striving to excite hostility against his government. He ordered her to be expelled. Some of his friends urged him not to do so. He persisted, saying that if he did not interfere, she would compromise good citizens, whom he would afterward be compelled to treat with severity.

Of Madame de Staël Napoleon said at St. Helena: "She was a woman of considerable talent, and of great ambition; but so extremely intriguing and restless, as to give rise to the observation, that she would throw her friends into the sea, that, at the moment of drowning, she might have an opportunity of saving them. I was obliged to banish her from court. She was ardent in her passions, vehement and extravagant in her expressions. She combined all her resources to make an impression upon the general of the army of Italy. Without any acquaintance with him, she wrote to him when afar off. She tormented him when present. If she was to be believed, the union of genius with a little insignificant Creole, incapable of appreciating or comprehending him, was a monstrosity. Unfortunately the general's only answer was an indifference, which women never forgive, and which, indeed," Napoleon remarked with a smile, "is hardly to be forgiven."

"Shortly after my return from the conquest of Italy," he continued, "I was accosted by Madame de Staël at a grand entertainment given by M. Talleyrand. She challenged me, in the middle of a numerous circle, to tell her who was the greatest woman in the world. I looked at her, and coldly replied, 'She, Madame, who has borne the greatest number of children.' Madame de Staël was at first a little disconcerted. She endeavored to recover herself by observing, that it

was reported that I was not very fond of women. 'Pardon me, Madame,' I replied; 'I am very fond of my wife.' I can not call her a *wicked* woman; but she was a restless intriguer, possessed of considerable talent and influence."

Again he said of Madame de Stael: "Her house had become quite an arsenal against me. People went there to be armed knights. She endeavored to raise enemies against me, and fought against me herself. She was at once Armida and Clorinda. After all, it can not be denied that Madame de Staël is a very distinguished woman, endowed with great talents, and possessing a very considerable share of wit. She will go down to posterity. It was more than once intimated to me, in order to soften me in her favor, that she was an adversary to be feared, and might become an useful ally. And certainly if, instead of reviling me as she did, she had spoken in my praise, it might no doubt have proved advantageous to me. Her position and her abilities gave her an absolute sway over the saloons. Their influence in Paris is well known. Notwithstanding all she has said against me, and all that she will yet say, I am certainly far from thinking that she has a bad heart. The fact is, that she and I have waged a little war against each other, and that is all." He then added, in reference to the numerous writers who had declaimed against him: "I am destined to be their food. I have but little fear of becoming their victim. They will bite against granite. My history is made up of facts, and words alone can not destroy them. In order to fight against me successfully, somebody should appear in the lists armed with the weight and authority of facts on his side. It would then perhaps be time for me to be moved. But as for all other writers, whatever be their talent, their efforts will be in vain. My fame will survive. When they wish to be admired they will sound my praise."

While at Osterode nothing seemed to be overlooked by Napoleon's all-comprehensive and untiring energies.

To the Minister of the Interior he wrote: "An effective mode of encouraging literature, would be to establish a Journal, of which the criticism is enlightened, actuated by good intentions, and free of that coarse brutality which characterizes the existing newspapers, and which is so contrary to the true interests of the nation. Journals now never criticise with the intention of repressing mediocrity, guiding inexperience, or encouraging rising merit. All their endeavor is to wither, to destroy. Articles should be selected for the journals, where reasoning is mingled with eloquence, where praise for deserved merit is tempered with censure for faults. Merit, however inconsiderable, should be sought for and rewarded."

Again he wrote: "You should occupy yourself with the project of establishing an University for literature—understanding by that word not merely the *belles-lettres*, but history and geography. It should consist of at least thirty professorships, so linked together as to exhibit a living picture of instruction and direction, where every one who wishes to study a particular age, should know at once whom to consult—what books, monuments, or chronicles to examine—where every one who wishes to travel should know where to receive positive instructions as to the government, literature, and physical productions of the country which he is about to visit."

"It is a lamentable fact, that in this great country a young man, who wishes to study, or is desirous to signalize himself in any department, is obliged for long to grope in the dark, and literally to lose years in fruitless researches, before he discovers the true repositories of the information for which he seeks. I desire such institutions. They have long formed the subject of my meditation, because, in the course of my various labors, I have repeatedly experienced their want."

A vast number of plans for the Temple of the Madelaine were sent to him. He wrote: "After having attentively considered the different plans submitted to my examination, I have not felt the smallest doubt as to which I should adopt. That of M. Vignon alone fulfills my wishes. It is a temple which I desire, not a church. What could you erect as a church which could vie with the Pantheon, Notre Dame, or above all, with St. Peter's at Rome? Every thing in the temple should be in a chaste, severe, and durable style. It should be fitted for solemnities at all times, at all hours. The imperial throne should be a curule chair of marble. There should be seats of marble for the persons invited, an amphitheatre of marble for the performers. No furniture should be admitted but cushions for the seats. All should be of granite, of marble, and of iron. With this view, searches should be made in all the provinces for quarries of marble and granite. They will be useful, not merely for this monument, but for others which I have in view, and which will require thirty, forty, or fifty years for their construction. Not more than $600,000 should be required. The temple of Athens cost not much more than one half that sum. Three millions of dollars have been absorbed, I know not how, in the Pantheon. But I should not object to the expenditure of a million of dollars, for the construction of a temple worthy of the first city in the world."

Thus arose the exquisite structure of the Madelaine. Napoleon reared it in honor of the Grand Army. He however secretly intended it as an expiatory monument to Louis XVI., Maria Antoinette, and the other victims of the Revolution. He intended thus to announce it, and to dedicate it, as soon as the fervor of revolutionary passion had sufficiently abated.

Napoleon learned that M. Berthollet, a man whom he particularly esteemed for his scientific attainments, was in some pecuniary embarrassment. He immediately wrote him, "I am informed that you are in need of thirty thousand dollars. My treasurer has an order to place that sum at your disposal. I am very glad to find this occasion to be useful to you, and to give you a proof of my esteem."

He was informed, by the correspondence, which he paid for liberally and read with care, that there was a quarrel in the Opera. There was a disposition to persecute a poor machinist in consequence of the failure of some decorations which he was preparing. Napoleon wrote to the Minister of Police, "I will not have wrangling any where. I will not suffer M— to be the victim of an accident. My custom is to protect the unfortunate. Whether actresses ascend into the clouds or ascend not, I will not allow that to be made a handle for intriguing."

Severe and, as Napoleon thought, mischievous attacks were made, in two of the public journals, upon the philosophers. He wrote, "It is necessary to have discreet men at the head of those papers. Those two journals affect religion even to bigotry. Instead of attacking the excesses of the exclusive system of some philosophers, they attack philosophy and human knowledge. Instead of keeping the productions of the age within bounds, by sound criticism, they discourage those productions, depreciate and debase them."

His admirable foresight and energy had soon provided the army with all the comforts which could be enjoyed in a rude encampment. The Russians, on the other hand, were almost starving. They wandered about, in marauding bands, pillaging the villages, and committing the most frightful excesses. Sometimes, driven by hunger, they came even to the French encampments, and begged bread of the French soldiers. By signs they expressed that for several days they had eaten nothing. The soldiers received them as brothers, and fed them bountifully.

To promote industry in Paris, Napoleon gave orders for an immense quantity of shoes, boots, harnesses, and gun carriages to be made there. To transport these articles from France to the heart of Poland, through hostile countries, infested by prowling bands of shattered armies, he devised a plan as ingenious and effective as it was simple. He had been impressed, in the quagmires through which his army had advanced, with the little zeal which the drivers of the baggage-wagons evinced, and their want of courage in danger. He had previously, with great success, given a military organization to the artillery-drivers. He now resolved to do the same with the baggage-drivers. These men, who had previously been but humble day-laborers, now became a proud corps of the army, with the honorable title of Battalion of the Train. They were dressed in uniform. A new sentiment of honor sprang up in their hearts. It was a two months' journey from Paris to the Vistula. They protected their equipages, freighted with treasure, and urged them on, with the same zeal with which the artillerymen defended their guns, and the infantry and cavalry their flags. Animated by that enthusiasm, which Napoleon had thus breathed into their hearts, they now appeared insensible to danger or fatigue.

Such were the multitude of objects to which Napoleon directed his attention. The eyes of all Europe were fixed upon him during his encampment amidst the snows of Poland. His enemies were awed by his energy and his achievements. His distant empire was as perfectly and as minutely under his government, as if he were spending his days in his cabinet at the Tuileries. Though thus laden with a burden of toil and care, such as never before rested upon a mortal mind, rarely did he allow a day to pass without writing a line to Josephine. Often he sent to her twice a day a brief note of remembrance and of love. The following are a few of his letters:

"POSEN, December 2, 1806.

"It is the anniversary of Austerlitz. I have been to an assembly in the city. It rains. I am well. I love you and desire you. The Polish ladies are all French, but there is only one woman for me. Would you like to know her? I might indeed draw you her portrait; but I should have to flatter the portrait itself quite too much, before you could recognize yourself in it. These nights here are long, all alone. Entirely thine.

"NAPOLEON."

"POSEN, DEC. 3, 1806. Noon.

"I have received yours of November 26. Two things I observe in it. You say I do not read your letters. That is an unkind thought. I do not thank you for so unfavorable an opinion. You also tell me that that neglect must be caused by some dream of another. And yet you add that you are not jealous. I have long observed that angry people insist that they are not angry; that those who are frightened say that they have no fear. You are thus convicted of jealousy. I am delighted. As to this matter you are wrong. I think of any thing rather than that. In the deserts of Poland one has little opportunity to dream of beauty. I gave a ball yesterday to the nobility of the province. There were enough fine women, many rich, many badly dressed, although in Parisian fashion. Adieu, my love. I am well. Entirely thine.

"NAPOLEON."

"POSEN, Dec. 3, 6 o'clock, Evening.

"I have received your letter of November 27, in which I perceive that your little head is quite turned. I often recall the line

'Woman's longing is a consuming flame.'

You must calm yourself. I have written to you that I am in Poland, and that as soon as our winter quarters are established you can come. We must wait some days. The greater one becomes, the less can he have his own way. The ardor of your letter shows me that all you beautiful women recognize no barriers. Whatever you wish must be. As for me, I declare I am the veriest slave. My master has no compassion. That master is the *nature of things*. Adieu, my love. Be happy. The one of whom I wish to speak to you is Madame L—. Every one censures her. They assure me she is more a Prussian than a French woman. I do not believe it. But I think her a silly woman, and one who says only silly things. Thine entirely.

"NAPOLEON."

"GOLIMIN, Dec. 29, 1806, 5 o'clock in the Morning.

"I can write you but a word, my love. I am in a wretched barn. I have beaten the Russians. We have taken from them 30 pieces of cannon, their baggage, and 6000 prisoners. The weather is dismal. It rains. We are in mud up to our knees. In two days we shall be at Warsaw, from which place I will write to you. Wholly thine. NAPOLEON."

"WARSAW, January 18, 1807.

"I fear that you are greatly disappointed that our separation must still be prolonged for several weeks. I expect of you more force of character. They tell me that you weep continually. Fie! How unbecoming that is. Your letter of the 7th of January gave me much pain. Be worthy of me, and show more force of character. Make a suitable appearance at Paris, and, above all, be contented. I am very well, and I love you very much; but if you continually weep, I shall think you to be without courage and without character. I do not love the spiritless. An Empress should have energy. NAPOLEON."

"January 23, 1807

"I have received your letter of the 15th of January. It is impossible that I should permit ladies to undertake such a journey; wretched roads, miry and dangerous. Return to Paris. Be there cheerful, contented. I could but smile at your remark that you took a husband in order to live with him. I thought, in my ignorance, that woman was made for man; man for his country, his family, and glory. Pardon my ignorance. One is continually learning with our beautiful ladies. Adieu, my love. Think how much I suffer in not being able to call you here. Say to yourself, 'It is a proof how I am precious to him.' NAPOLEON."

Without date.

"My love, your letter of the 20th of January has given me much pain. It is too sad. Behold the evil of not being a little devout. You tell me that your happiness makes your glory. That is not generous. You ought to say, The happiness of others is my glory. That is not conjugal. You must say, The happiness of my husband is my glory. That is not maternal. You should say, The happiness of my children is my glory. But since others, your husband, your children can not be happy without a little glory, you should not say, fie! at it so much. Josephine, your heart is excellent, but your reason feeble. Your perceptions are exquisite, but your deliberations are less wise.

"Enough of fault-finding. I wish that you should be cheerful, contented with your lot, and that you should obey, not murmuring and weeping, but with alacrity of heart and with some degree of satisfaction withal. Adieu, my love. I leave to-night to run through my advance posts. "NAPOLEON."

From his rude encampment at Osterode, he wrote, the 27th of March, "I desire, more strongly than you can, to see you, and to live in tranquillity. I am interested in other things besides war. But duty is paramount over all. All my life I have sacrificed tranquillity, interest, happiness, to my destiny."

The Emperor was exceedingly attached to the little Napoleon, to whom he often refers in his letters. He was the son of Hortense and of his brother Louis. The boy, five years of age, was exceeding beautiful, and developed all those energetic and magnanimous traits of character which would win, in the highest degree, the admiration of Napoleon. The Emperor had decided to make this young prince his heir. All thoughts of the divorce were now relinquished. Early in the spring of this year the child was suddenly taken sick of the croup, and died. The sad tidings were conveyed to Napoleon in his rude encampment at Osterode. It was a terrible blow to his hopes and to his affections. He sat down in silence, buried his face in his hands, and, for a long time, seemed lost in painful musings. No one ventured to disturb his grief.

Napoleon was now the most powerful monarch in Europe. But he was without an heir. His death would plunge France into anarchy, as ambitious chieftains, each surrounded by his partisans, would struggle for the throne. Mournfully and anxiously he murmured to himself, again and again, "To whom shall I leave all this."—Napoleon was ambitious. He wished to send down his name to posterity, as the greatest benefactor France had ever known. To accomplish this he was ready to sacrifice comfort, health, his affections, and that which he deemed least of all, his life. He loved Josephine above all other created beings. He deceived himself by the belief that it would be indeed a noble sacrifice to France, to bind, as an offering upon the altar of his country even their undying love. He knew that the question of the divorce would again and again arise. The struggle, now resumed in his heart, between his love for Josephine and his desire to found a stable dynasty, and to transmit his name to posterity, was fearful Strong as was his self-control, his anguish was betrayed by his pallid cheek, his restless eye, his loss of appetite, and of sleep.

To Josephine, apprehensive of the result, the bereavement was inexpressibly dreadful. Overwhelmed with anguish, she wept day and night. This little boy, Charles Napoleon, Prince Royal of Holland, died at the Hague, 5th of May, 1807. He was the elder brother of Louis Napoleon, now Emperor of France. Upon receiving the intelligence of his death, Napoleon thus wrote to Josephine.

"May, 14, 1807.

"I can appreciate the grief which the death of poor Napoleon has caused you. You can understand the anguish which I experience. I could wish that I were with you, that you might become moderate and discreet in your grief. You have had the happiness of never losing any children. But it is one of the conditions and

sorrows attached to suffering humanity. Let me hear that you have become reasonable and tranquil. Would you magnify my anguish?—Adieu, my love. NAPOLEON."

In the following terms he wrote to Hortense:

"My daughter!—Every thing which reaches me from the Hague, informs me that you are unreasonable. However legitimate may be your grief, it should have its bounds. Do not impair your health. Seek consolation. Know that life is strewed with so many dangers, and may be the source of so many calamities, that death is by no means the greatest of evils.

"Your affectionate father,

"NAPOLEON.

"Finkenstein, May 20, 1807."

Four days after he thus wrote to Josephine:

May 24, 1807.

I have received your letter from Lacken. I see, with pain, that your grief is still unabated, and that Hortense is not yet with you. She is unreasonable, and merits not to be loved, since she loves but her children. Strive to calm yourself, and give me no more pain. For every irremediable evil we must find consolation. Adieu my love. Wholly thine. NAPOLEON"

Again he writes to Hortense, on the 2d of June:

"My daughter!—You have not written me one word in your just and great grief. You have forgotten every thing as if you had no other loss to endure. I am informed that you no longer love, that you are indifferent to every thing. I perceive it by your silence. That is not right. It is not what you promised me. Your mother and I are nothing then. Had I been at Malmaison, I should have shared your anguish; but I should also wish that you would restore yourself to your best friends. Adieu, my daughter. Be cheerful. We must learn resignation. Cherish your health that you may be able to fulfill all your duties. My wife is very sad in view of your condition. Do not add to her anguish. NAPOLEON."

Again he wrote:

"My daughter!—I have received your letter dated Orleans. Your griefs touch my heart. But I would wish that you would summon more fortitude. To live is to suffer. The sincere man struggles incessantly to gain the victory over himself. I do not love to see you unjust toward the little Louis Napoleon and toward all your friends. Your mother and I cherish the hope to be more in your heart than we are. I have gained a great victory on the 14th of June. I am well, and I love you intensely. Adieu, my daughter! I embrace you with my whole heart.

"NAPOLEON."

While Napoleon was encamped upon the snows of Poland, waiting for the return of spring, all his energies of body and of mind were incessantly active. Often he made the rounds of his cantonments, riding upon horseback ninety miles a day, through storms and snow, and mire. He was daily in correspondence with his agents for the recruiting of his army, and for the transportation of the enormous supplies which they required. He kept a watchful eye upon every thing transpiring in Paris, and guided all the movements of the government there. During the long winter nights he was ruminating upon the general policy he should adopt in disarming enemies, in rewarding friends, in forming alliances, and in shielding France from further insults.

England now made the desperate endeavor to force Turkey into the alliance against France. Failing entirely to accomplish this by diplomacy, she resorted to measures which no one has had the boldness to defend.* An English fleet forced the Dardanelles, scorning the feeble batteries of the Turks. The squadron anchored in front of Constantinople, with its guns pointed at its thronged dwellings. The summons was laconic: "Dismiss the French minister, surrender your fleet to us, and join our alliance against France, or in one half hour we will lay your city in ashes."

But Napoleon had placed in Constantinople an embassador equal to the emergence. General Sebastiani roused all the vigor of the Turkish government. He beguiled the foe into a parley. While this parley was protracted day after day, the whole population of the city—men, women, and children, Turks, Greeks, and Armenians—threw themselves into the work of rearing defenses. French engineers guided the laborers. In less than a week 917 pieces of cannon and 200 mortars were frowning upon the batteries. The squadron was now compelled to retreat. With difficulty it forced its way back through the Strait, pelted all the way by the feeble batteries of the Turks. The English lost in this audacious expedition two hundred and fifty men. The Turks, thus influenced, became more cordially allied to France. Napoleon was extremely gratified at the result.

Twenty-five thousand of the allies, had entrenched themselves in Dantzic. The conquest of the city was a matter of great moment to Napoleon. The conduct of the siege was entrusted to Marshal Lefebvre. He was a brave officer, but an ignorant man. He was extreme-

* "Mr. Wellesley Pole, in the absence of Mr. Arbuthnot, the British Minister," says Alison, "who was sick of fever, presented himself before the Divan, in his riding-dress, with a whip in his hand, and peremptorily announced that if the demands of Russia were not instantly acceded to, a British fleet would enter the Dardanelles, and lay the capital in ashes. Intimidated by this bold language and by the haughty air of the person who used it, and secretly aware of the weakness of the defenses of the capital, the counselors of Selim recommended a temporary concession to the demands of the allied powers." This is surely a novel exhibition of diplomatic courtesy, and one which would perhaps have more influence in Turkey than in some other latitudes.

ly impatient of the slow progress of the engineers, and was restless to head his troops and rush to the assault. Napoleon with his headquarters about a hundred miles from Dantzic, kept up a daily correspondence with his marshal upon the progress of the works. It frequently, during the siege, became necessary for Napoleon personally to interpose to settle disputes between Marshal Lefebvre and his officers. The following letter to the impetuous soldier finely develops the prudence and the candor of the Emperor:

"You can do nothing but find fault, abuse our allies, and change your opinion at the pleasure of the first-comer. You wanted troops. I sent you them. I am preparing more for you; and you, like an ingrate, continue to complain without thinking even of thanking me. You treat our allies, especially the Poles and the Baden troops, without any delicacy. They are not used to stand fire; but they will get accustomed to it. Do you imagine that we were as brave in '92 as we are now, after fifteen years of war? Have some indulgence, then, old soldier as you are, for the young soldiers who are starting in the career, and who have not yet your coolness in danger. The Prince of Baden, whom you have with you, has chosen to leave the pleasures of the court, for the purpose of leading his troops into fire. Pay him respect, and give him credit for a zeal which his equals rarely imitate. The breasts of your grenadiers, which you are for bringing in every where, will not throw down walls. You must allow your engineers to act, and listen to the advice of General Chasseloup, who is a man of science, and from whom you ought not to withdraw your confidence at the suggestion of the first petty caviler, pretending to judge of what he is incapable of comprehending. Reserve the courage of your grenadiers for the moment when science shall tell you that it may be usefully employed; and, in the mean time, learn patience. It is not worth while, for the sake of a few days, which, besides, I know not how to employ just now, to get some thousand men killed, whose lives it is possible to spare. Show the calmness, the consistency, the steadiness which befit your age. Your glory is in taking Dantzic. Take that place, and you shall be satisfied with me."

On the 26th of May, Dantzic capitulated, after a terrific conflict of fifty-one days. From the abundant stores which the allies had gathered there, Napoleon immediately sent a million of bottles of wine to his troops in their cantonments. While the snows were melting and the frost yielding to the returning sun of spring, it was hardly possible for either army to resume hostilities. The heavy cannon could not be drawn through the miry roads. Though Napoleon was fifteen hundred miles from his capital, in a hostile country, and with Russia, Prussia, Sweden, and England combined against him, his genius, his foresight, his indefatigable activity, supplied his troops with every comfort. The allied army was, on the contrary, suffering every privation. The starving soldiers, to appease the cravings of want, desolated extended tracts of country with violence and plunder.

The allied army now consisted of 140,000 men; of which 100,000 could be speedily concentrated upon a field of battle. Napoleon, with 400,000 men dispersed along his extended line of march, and stationed in the fortresses of his wide frontier, could, in a few days, concentrate 160,000 men upon any spot between the Niemen and the Vistula. With his accustomed vigilance and forecast, early in May, he ordered all the divisions of his army to take the field, and to be daily exercised in preparation for the resumption of hostilities.

Early in June, the allies made a sudden rush from their entrenchments, hoping to surround and to overwhelm the division of Marshal Ney. This was the signal for Napoleon's whole army, extended along a line of one hundred and fifty miles, to advance and to concentrate. They did advance. The opposing hosts every where met. The roar of musketry and of artillery, the rush of squadrons, and the clash of sabres resounded by day and by night. Napoleon had matured all his plans. With iron energy, he drove on to the result. By skillful manœuvring, he every where outnumbered his foes. Over mountains, across rivers, through defiles and forests, he pursued the retiring foe. Field after field was red with blood. Mothers, with their babes, fled from their homes, before the sweep of this awful avalanche of woe. In each village the Russians made a stand. For an hour, the tempest of war roared and flashed around the doomed dwellings. The crash of cannon-balls, the explosion of shells, the storm of bullets speedily did its work. From the smouldering ruins the panting, bleeding Russians fled. In the blazing streets, horsemen and footmen met, hand to hand, in the desperate fight. Ten thousand homes were utterly desolated. Women and children were struck by bullets and balls. Fields of grain were trampled in the mire. Still the storm of war swept on and swept on, mercilessly, unrelentingly. Regardless of prayers and tears, and blood and woe, barbarian Russians fled, and ferocious Frenchmen pursued.

Every vile man on earth loves the army, and the license of war. No earthly power can restrain the desperadoes who throng the rank and file of contending hosts. From such an inundation of depraved and reckless men, there is no escape. The farm-house, the village, the city is alike exposed. Humanity shudders in contemplating the atrocities which are perpetrated. The carnage of the field of battle, is the very least of the calamities of war. Napoleon was indefatigable in his efforts. His energy appeared superhuman. He seemed neither to eat, nor sleep, nor rest. He was regardless of rain, of mud, of darkness, of storms. Horse after horse sunk beneath him, as, with his staff, like a whirlwind, he swept along his lines, rousing, animating, energizing his mighty hosts, advancing over a space of fifty leagues.

It was on the 5th of June, that the storm of war commenced. Day and night it continued unabated, as the Russians, fighting with desperation, sullenly retreated before their foes. On the 10th, the allies had concentered, upon the field of Heilsberg, on the banks of the River Alle, 90,000 men. Here they planted themselves firmly behind entrenchments, fortified by five hundred pieces of heavy artillery. These were loaded to the muzzle with grape-shot, to mow down the French, advancing over the open plain.

In utter recklessness of life, 30,000 Frenchmen, rending the skies with their wild hurrahs, rushed upon the muzzles of these guns. Murat and Ney headed the desperate assault. Napoleon was not there to witness a scene of butchery so inexcusable. The Russian batteries opened upon the bare bosoms of these moving masses, and whole heads of columns were swept away. Still on and on the impetuous host rushed, with oaths and shouts, wading through blood, and trampling over piles of the slain. They pour over the entrenchments, sabre the gunners, shout victory. Suddenly, the tramp of iron hoofs is heard. Trumpets sound the charge. A squadron of horse, ten thousand strong, sweeps down upon the French with resistless plunge. The shout of victory sinks away into the wail of death. The French who had scaled the ramparts were overwhelmed, annihilated. Thus the tide of battle ebbed and flowed all day long. Night came. Dense volumes of smoke canopied the field of demoniac war with the sulphurous gloom of the world of woe. By the light of the cannon's flash the surges of battle still rolled to and fro. Clouds gathered in the black sky. A dismal rain began to fall, as if Nature herself wept over the crimes of the children of earth. Midnight came. The booming of the guns gradually ceased, as the soldiers, utterly exhausted with a conflict of twelve hours, threw themselves amidst the dying and the dead, upon the storm-drenched and gory ground. Late in the night Napoleon came galloping upon the field. He was exceedingly displeased at the senseless butchery to which his impetuous generals had led the men.

The dawn of a gloomy morning of wind and rain revealed to both armies an awful spectacle. The two hostile hosts were within half cannon shot of each other. The narrow space between was covered with eighteen thousand of the dead and wounded. All the dead, and many of the wounded, had been stripped entirely naked by those wretches, both male and female, who ever, in great numbers, follow in the wake of armies for such plunder. These naked bodies, crimsoned with gore, mutilated by balls and by ghastly sabre strokes, presented an aspect of war stripped of all its pageantry. By mutual, instinctive consent, both parties laid aside their guns, and hastened to the relief of the wounded and to the burial of the dead. How strange the scene! Russians and Frenchmen were now mingled together upon the same field, in perfect amity, vying with each other in deeds of kindness.

Each army then resumed its position to renew the fight. The Russians rallied behind their entrenchments; the French upon the open plain. Napoleon, ever anxious to spare the needless effusion of blood, so skillfully manœuvred, preparing to attack his foes in the rear, that the Russians were soon compelled, without the firing of a gun, to abandon their position, and to continue their retreat. All the night of the 12th of June the Russians were precipitately retiring. Though dreadfully fatigued, they continued their flight the whole of the next day. They were compelled to make another stand upon the plain of Friedland. Their doom was sealed. Napoleon had driven them into the elbow of a river, and had so skillfully drawn together his forces, as to render their escape impossible.

Early in the morning of the 14th, the battle of Friedland commenced. The division of Lannes was in the advance. The Russian army fell upon it with the utmost energy, hoping to secure its destruction before the other divisions of the French army could come to its relief. Napoleon was ten miles distant when he heard the first deep booming of the cannon. He sent in every direction for his battalions to hasten to the scene of conflict. At noon Napoleon galloped upon the heights which overlooked the field. As he saw the position of the enemy, hemmed in by the bend of the river, and his own troops marching up on every side, a gleam of joy lighted up his features. "This," he exclaimed, "is the 14th of June. It is the anniversary of Marengo. It is a lucky day for us." The French, during the morning, had been contending against fearful odds. Lannes, with 26,000 men had withstood the assault of the whole Russian army of 80,000. As Napoleon appeared upon the heights, General Oudinot, plunging his spurs into his horse, hastened to the Emperor, exclaiming, "Make haste, Sire! My grenadiers are utterly exhausted. But give me a reinforcement, and I will drive all the Russians into the river." The clothes of the intrepid soldier were perforated with balls and his horse was covered with blood. Napoleon glanced proudly at him, and then, with his glass, carefully and silently surveyed the field of battle. One of his officers ventured to suggest that it would be best to defer the battle for a few hours until the rest of the troops had arrived and had obtained a little rest. "No, no!" Napoleon replied, energetically. "One does not catch an enemy twice in such a scrape."

Calling his lieutenants around him, he explained to them his plan of attack, with that laconic force and precision of language, which no man has ever surpassed. Grasping the arm of Marshal Ney, and pointing to the little town of Friedland, and the dense masses of the Russians crowded before it, he said, emphatically, "Yonder is the goal. March to it without looking about you. Break into that thick mass, whatever it costs. Enter Friedland; take the bridges, and give yourself no concern about what may

happen on your right, your left, or your rear. The army and I shall be there to attend to that."

Ney, proud of the desperate enterprise assigned him, set out on the gallop to head his troops. Napoleon followed with his eye this "bravest of the brave." Impressed by his martial attitude, he exclaimed, "That man is a lion." Ney's division of 14,000 men, with a solid tramp which seemed to shake the plain, hurled itself upon the foe. At the same signal the whole French line advanced. It was a spectacle of awful sublimity. One incessant roar of battle, louder than the heaviest thunders, shook the plain. Napoleon stood in the centre of the divisions which he held in reserve. A large cannon ball came whistling over their heads, just above the bayonets of the troops. A young soldier instinctively dodged. Napoleon looked at him, and smiling, said, "My friend, if that ball were destined for you, though you were to burrow a hundred feet under ground, it would be sure to find you there."

Friedland was soon in flames, and Ney in possession of its blazing dwellings, and its blood-stained streets. As the darkness of night came on the scene was indescribably awful. The Russians, having lost 25,000 men in killed and wounded, retreated toward the river, pursued by the victorious French, who were plowing their ranks incessantly with grape-shot, musketry, and cannon balls. The bridges were all destroyed. A frightful spectacle of wreck and ruin was now presented. The retreating army plunged into the stream. Some found fords, and wading breast high, reached the opposite bank, and planted anew their batteries; thousands were swept away by the current. The shore, for miles, was lined with the bodies of drowned men. A storm of bullets swept the river, crowded with the fugitives, and the water ran red with blood.

The allied army was now utterly destroyed. It was impossible to make any further opposition to the advance of Napoleon. The broken bands of the vanquished retired precipitately across the Niemen, and took refuge in the wilds of Russia. The Russian generals and the Russian army now clamored loudly for peace. Alexander sent a messenger to Napoleon, imploring an armistice. Napoleon promptly replied, that after so much fatigue, toil, and suffering, he desired nothing so much as a safe and honorable peace; and that most cordially he consented to an armistice, hoping that it might secure that desirable end. Thus in ten days the campaign was terminated. Napoleon thus addressed his army:

"Soldiers! On the 5th of June we were attacked in our cantonments by the Russian army. The enemy had mistaken the cause of our inactivity. He perceived too late, that our repose was that of the lion. He repents of having disturbed it. In a campaign of ten days we have taken 120 pieces of cannon, seven colors, and have killed, wounded, or taken prisoners 60,000 Russians. We have taken from the enemy's army all its magazines, its hospitals, its ambulances, the fortress of Königsberg, the 300 vessels which were in that port, laden with all kinds of military stores, and 160,000 muskets, which England was sending to arm our enemies. From the banks of the Vistula we have come, with the speed of the eagle, to those of the Niemen. At Austerlitz you celebrated the anniversary of the coronation. At Friedland you have worthily celebrated the battle of Marengo, where we put an end to the war of the second coalition.

"Frenchmen! You have been worthy of yourselves and of me. You will return to France covered with laurels, having obtained a glorious peace, which carries with it the guarantee of its duration. It is time for our country to live in repose, sheltered from the malignant influences of England. My bounties shall prove to you my gratitude, and the full extent of the love which I feel for you."

LABOR GUIDED BY KNOWLEDGE.

YOU all remember the story of Aladdin, which we have read in our childhood, how a poor youth descended into a cavern, and brought back from its recesses an old lamp. Accidentally he discovered, that at the mere friction of the lamp a mighty Genius appeared at his command. Awed by the terrors of the spirit that he had summoned, he at first only ventured to apply its powers to satisfy his common and his humblest wants—to satisfy mere hunger and thirst; but, gradually accustomed to the presence of the gigantic agent, he employed it to construct palaces, to amass treasures, to baffle armies, and to triumph over foes; until, at the close of the story, the owner of the wonderful lamp is the sovereign of a peaceful empire, assured to his remote posterity. That story is a type of Labor at the command of Knowledge. When we first find the lamp, we are contented to apply its Genius solely in our common physical wants; but, as we are accustomed to the presence of that spirit we have summoned, we find that we have obtained a secret which places the powers of earth, air, and ocean at our command. That Genius, left to itself, would be a terrible and threatening ministrant, because it is only rude physical force; but to him who possesses the lamp, that Genius is a docile and benignant ministrant, because here physical force is the slave of intellectual will. Now, in that same physical force, which in the phrase of the day is sometimes called "the power of the masses," lies a great problem for all thoughtful men to resolve. Knowledge has brought us face to face with it; and knowledge must either instruct that force, or it will destroy the invoker. May, then, all those who possess the knowledge, who are gifted with the lamp, use it only for beneficent and useful purposes; so that the Genius whose tread could arouse the earthquake, and whose breath could bring down the storm, may only come to enrich the treasury and assure the empire!—*Bulwer's Lecture at Manchester.*

CRUSOE-LIFE.*

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

COOKING FISH.

MOST of the party were snoring in about ten minutes. For myself, I found it impossible to sleep soundly. The gloomy walls of rock, the strange and romantic situation into which chance had thrown me, the remembrance of what I had read of this island in early youth, the dismal moaning of the surf down on the beach, all contributed to confuse my mind. An hour or two before daylight, I was completely chilled through by the dampness of the ground, and entirely beyond sleep.

I heard some voices outside, and got up to see who was talking. Lest it might be the Spaniards, I took the harpoon with me. At the mouth of one of the convict-cells near by, I found four of my comrades, who, unable to pass the time any other way, had lit a fire and were baking some fish. They had dug a hole in the ground, which they lined with flat stones, so as to form a kind of oven; this they heated with coals. Then they wrapped up a large fish in some leaves, and put it in; and by covering the top over with fire, the fish was very nicely baked. I think I never tasted any thing more delicate or better flavored. We had an abundant meal, which we relished exceedingly. The smoke troubled us a good deal; but, by telling stories of shipwreck, and wondering what our friends at home would think if they could see us here cooking fish, we contrived to pass an hour or so very pleasantly. I then went back into the cave, and turned in once more upon the sail.



COOKING IN JUAN FERNANDEZ.

Of course, after eating fish at so unusual an hour, I had a confusion of bad dreams. Perhaps they were visions. In this age of spiritual visitations, it is not altogether unlikely the spirits of the island got possession of me. At all events, I saw Robinson Crusoe dressed in goat-skins, and felt him breathe, as plainly as I see this paper and feel this pen. How could I help it? for I actually thought it was myself that had been shipwrecked; that I was the very original Crusoe, and no other but the original; and I fancied that Abraham had turned black, and was running about with a rag tied round his waist, and I called him my man Friday, and fully believed him to be Friday. Sometimes I opened my eyes and looked round the dismal cavern, and clenched my fists, and hummed an old air of former times to try if Robinson had become totally savage in his nature; but it was all the same, there was no getting rid of the illusion.

The dawn of day came. No ship was in sight. The sea was white with foam, and gulls were soaring about over the rock-bound shores. I walked down to a spring and bathed my head, which was hot and feverish for want of rest.

ADVENTURE IN THE MOUNTAIN.

Bright and early we started off on a goat-hunt among the mountains. Several passengers from the Brooklyn, well provided with guns, joined the party, and the enthusiasm was general. It had been my greatest desire, from the first sight of the island, to ascend a high peak between the harbor and Crusoe's valley, and by following the ridge from that point, to explore as far as practicable the interior. For this purpose, I selected as a companion my friend Abraham, in whose enthusiastic spirit and powers of endurance I had great confidence. He was heartily pleased to join me; so, buckling up our belts, we branched off from the party, who, by this time, were peppering away at the wild goats. We were soon well up on the mountain. Another adventurer joined us before we reached the first elevation; but he was so exhausted by the effort, and so unfavorably impressed by the frightful appearance of the precipices all round, that he was forced to abandon the expedition and return into the valley. We speedily lost sight of him, as he crept down among the declivities.

The side of the mountain which we were ascending was steep and smooth, and was covered with a growth of long grass and wild oats, which made it very hard to keep the goat-paths; and all about us, except where these snake-like traces lay, was as smooth and sloping as the roof of a house. There was one part of the mountain that sloped down in an almost perpendicular line to the verge of the cliff overhanging the sea, where the abrupt fall was more than a thousand feet, lined with sharp crags. This fearful precipice rose like a wall of solid rock out of the sea, and there was a continual roar of surf at its base. There was no way of getting up any higher without scaling the slope above, which, as I said before, was covered with long grass and oats that lay upon it, like the thatch of a house; and the rain which had fallen during the previous night now made it very smooth. I looked at it, I must confess, with something like dismay, thinking how we were to climb over such a steep place, without slipping down over the cliff; when I beheld Abraham

* Continued from the February Number.

ham, of whom I had lost sight for a time, toiling upward upon it, like a huge bear. His outline against the sky reminded me especially of a bear of the grizzly species. I saw that he clung to the roots of the grass with his hands, and dug his toes into the soft earth to keep from sliding back, in case his hold should give way. Committing myself to Providence, I started after him by a shorter cut, grasping hold of the grass by the roots as I went. Every few perches, I stopped to search for a strong bunch of grass, for there was nothing else to hold on by. Some of it was so loose that it gave way as soon as I laid hold of it, and I came near going for want of something to balance me. Six inches of a slide would have sent me twirling over the cliff into the raging surf a thousand feet below. Once, impressed with the terrible idea that I was slipping, I stopped short, and my heart beat till it shook me all over. It was only by lying flat down and seizing the roots of the grass with both hands, while I dug my toes into the sod, that I retained my presence of mind. Indeed, at this place, having turned to look back, I was so struck with horror at the frail tenure upon which my life depended, that I turned partly blind, and a rushing noise whirled through my brain at the thought that I should be no longer able to retain my grasp. If for one moment I lost my consciousness and let go my hold of the grass, I would surely be lost; there was no hope—I must be dashed over the precipice, and go spinning through a thousand feet of space till I struck the rocks below, or was buried in the surf. I lay panting for breath, while every muscle quivered as if it would shake loose my grasp. In the space of five minutes I thought more of death than I had ever thought before. Was this to be my end after all? What would they say on board the ship when I was dead? What would be the distress of my friends and kindred at home when they heard how my mangled body was picked up in the surf, and buried upon this lonely rock-bound island? A thousand thoughts flashed through my brain in succession. Even the happy days of my youth rose up before me now, but the vision was sadly mingled with errors and follies that could never be retrieved. Believing my time had come, I looked upward in my agony, and beheld Abraham, scarcely twenty yards in advance, lying down in the same position, with hands stretched out and dug into the roots of the grass.

"Abraham," said I, "this is terrible!"

"Yes," said he, "a foretaste of death, if nothing worse."

"But how in the world are we to get out of it?"

"I don't know—there seems to be no hope; we can't go back again, that's an absolute certainty. In my opinion, we'll have to stay here till somebody comes for us, which doesn't seem a likely chance just now."

A good rest, however, having inspired us with fresh courage, we resolved upon pushing on. There was a narrow ledge about a hundred yards above us; if we could reach that, we would be safe for the present. By great exertion we got a little above the place where we had lain down; and, the sod beginning to give way as before, we threw ourselves on our faces again, and rested awhile. In this way, hanging, as it were, between life and death, we at last reached the ledge. Here we flung ourselves on the solid rock, quite exhausted. Abraham was a brave man, but he now lay gasping for breath, as pale as a ghost. I suppose I looked about the same, for to tell the honest truth, I was well-nigh scared out of my senses. Certainly all the gold of Ophir could not have induced me to go through the same ordeal again.

There was still above us, about five hundred feet higher, a point or pyramid of volcanic rock, that stood out over the sea in a slanting direction. It was the highest peak in the neighborhood of the coast, and was called the Nipple. We had done nothing yet compared with the ascent of that peak. Both of us looked toward it, and smiled.

"Shall we try it?" said Abraham.

"No," said I, "we never could get up there; it would be perfect folly to try."

"I think not, Luff: it isn't so smooth as the place we have just climbed over. Don't you see there are rocks to hold on to?"

"Yes, but they look as if they'd give way. However, if you say so, we'll make the attempt."

With this, we each drew a long breath, and commenced climbing up the rocks. Sometimes we dug our fingers into the crevices and lifted ourselves up, and sometimes we wound around ledges less than a foot wide, overhanging deep chasms; and were forced to cling to the rough points that jutted out, in order to keep our balance. Flocks of pigeons flew startled from their nests, and whirled past us, as if affrighted at the intrusion of man. Herds of wild goats dashed by us also, and ran bleating down into the rugged defiles, where they looked like so many insects. The wind whistled mournfully against the sharp crags, and swept against us in such fierce and sudden gusts that we were sometimes obliged to stop and cling to the rocks with all our might to keep from being blown off. At last we reached the base of the Nipple. This was the wildest place of all. Above us stood the dizzy peak, like the turret of a ruined castle, overlooking the surf at a height of nearly two thousand feet. We now lay down again, breathing hard, and a good deal exhausted. When partly recovered, I looked over the edge toward Crusoe's valley. It was the grandest sight I ever beheld; rugged cliffs and winding ridges hundreds of feet below; a green valley embowered in shrubbery nestling beneath the heights, all calm and smiling in the warm sunshine; slopes of woodland stretching up in the ravines; a line of white spray from the surf all along the shores, and the boundless ocean outspread in one vast sweep beyond.

"I'll tell you what it is, Luff," said Abraham,

"this may be all very fine, but I don't want to try it again."

"Nor I either, Abraham. Isn't it awful climbing!"

"Yes, awful enough; but we must get on the top of that old castle there."

"To be sure," said I, rather doubtfully. "Of course, Abraham; we ought to climb that as a sort of climax. It will make an excellent climax either to ourselves or the adventure."

Saying this, I walked a few steps from the place where we were lying down, to see if there was any way of scaling the Nipple. It appeared to be a huge pile of loose rocks ready to fall to pieces upon being touched. It was about a hundred feet high, and nearly perpendicular all round. There was no part that seemed to me at all accessible. Even the first part or foundation could not be reached without passing over a sharp ridge, steep at both sides, and entirely destitute of vegetation. I was not quite mad enough to undertake such a thing as this, without the least hope of success.

"No, Abraham," said I, "we can't do it. I see no way of getting up there."

"Let me take a look," said Abraham, who was always fertile in discoveries. "I think I see a place that we can climb over, so as to get on that horseback sort of a ridge, and the rest of the way may be easier than we suppose."

He then walked a few steps round a ledge of crumbling rock; and I soon saw him climbing up where it seemed as if there was no possible way of holding on. I actually began to think there was something supernatural in his hands and feet; yet I felt an indescribable dread that he would fall at last. For a while I was in perfect agony; each moment I expected to see him roll headlong over the cliff. Presently I lost sight of him altogether. I thought he had lost his balance, and was dashed to atoms below!



ABRAHAM ON THE PEAK.

Seized with horror, I sat down and groaned aloud. Again I rose and ran to the edge of the cliff, shouting wildly in the faint hope that he was not yet lost. There was no answer but the wail of the winds and the moaning of the surf. While I looked from the depths to the fearful height above, I saw his head rise slowly and cautiously over the top of the Nipple; then his body, and then, with a wild shout of triumph, he stood waving his hat on the summit!

There he stood, a man of stalwart frame, now no bigger than a dwarf against the sky!

I saw him point toward the horizon, and, looking in the direction of his finger, perceived the Anteus about twenty miles off under short sail.

He remained but a few minutes in this perilous position, as I supposed on account of the wind, which was now very strong.

On his return, being unable to get down on the same side, he was forced to creep backward over the ridge, and lower himself by fixing his hands in the crevices to the ledge over the sea; from which he made his way round to the starting point. When he reached the spot where I stood, he sat down, breathing hard, and looking very pale.

"Luff," said he, "don't go up there. It shook under me like a tree. Every flaw of wind made it sway as if it would topple over."

"Why," said I, "after scaring me out of my wits, it isn't exactly fair to deprive me of some satisfaction."

"Don't do it, Luff; I warn you as a friend! It ought to be satisfaction enough to find me here safe and sound, after such a climb as that."

"No, Abraham, I must do it; because when we return to the ship don't you see what an advantage you'll have over me?"

"Only in being the greater fool."

"Then there must be two fools, to make us even. It would hardly be friendly to let you be the only one; so here goes, Abraham. In case I tumble over, give my love to all at home, and tell them I died like a Trojan."

All this was folly, to be sure; but how could I help it?—how could I bear the thought of hearing Abraham talk about having scaled the Nipple, while I was ingloriously groaning for him down below! It would mortify me to the very soul.

Following now the same path that Abraham had taken, I was soon on top of the first elevation; for, being lighter and more active, though not so strong, I had rather the advantage in climbing. Here I wound round by a different way so as to reach the ridge that led over the chasm. It was about the width of a horse's back, sloping down abruptly on each side. The distance was not over twenty feet, which I gained by straddling the ridge and working along by my hands. The descent on each side was, as before stated, nearly two thousand feet. I need not say it was the most terrible ride I ever had. Indeed, when I think of it now, it brings up strange and thrilling sensations. How I got over the final peak, I can hardly tell; it seems as if I must have been drunk with excitement,

and reached the summit by one of those mysterious chances of fortune which not unfrequently favor men whose minds are in a morbid state.

When I looked down on the waters of the bay, I saw the Brooklyn still at anchor. She looked like some big insect floating on its back, with its legs in the air and little insects running about all over it. I staid up on the top of the Nipple only a few minutes. The view on every side was sublime beyond all the powers of language; but a gust of wind coming, the frail pinnacle of lava upon which I stood swayed, as Abraham had told me; and, fearing it would tumble over, I hurried down the best way I could.

RAMBLE INTO THE INTERIOR.

Finding by the sun that it was yet early in the day, we resolved, after resting awhile, to push on as far as we could go into the interior. The prospect was perfectly enchanting. Winding ridges and deep gorges lay before us as we looked back from the ocean; and cool glens, shaded with myrtle, and open fields of grass in the soft haze below, and springs bubbling over the rocks with a pleasant music; all varied, all rich and tempting. Away we darted over the rocks, shouting with glee, so irresistible was the feeling of freedom after our dreary ship-life, and so inspiring the freshness of the air and the wondrous beauty of the scenery. The ridge upon which our path lay was barely wide enough for a foothold. It was composed of loose stones and crumbling pieces of clay. The precipice on the right was nearly perpendicular; on the left craggy peaks reared their grizzled heads from masses of dark-green shrubbery, like the turrets of ancient castles shaken to ruin by the tempests of ages. Sometimes we had to get down on our hands and knees and creep over the narrow goat-paths for twenty or thirty feet, holding on by the roots and shrubs that grew in the crevices of the rocks, and at intervals force ourselves through jungles of bushes so closely interwoven that for half an hour we could scarcely gain a hundred yards. About three miles back from the sea-coast, having labored hard to reach a high point overlooking one of the interior valleys, we were stopped by an abrupt rampart of rocks. Here we had to look about us, and consider a long time how we were to get over it.

We now began to suffer all the tortures of thirst after our perilous adventure on the Nipple, and our subsequent struggle through the bushes and along the ridge. There was no sign of a spring any where near; the cliffs were bleached with the wind, and not so much as a drop of water could be found in any of the hollows that had been washed in the rocks by the rain. In this extremity, we sat down on a bank of moss, ready to die of thirst, and began to think we would have to return without getting a sight of the valley on the other side of the cliff, when I observed a curious plant close by, nearly covered with great bowl-shaped leaves.

"Abraham," said I, "maybe there's water there!"

"Maybe there is," said Abraham; "let us look."

We jumped up and ran over to where the strange plant was, and there we beheld the leaves half-full of fine clear water!

"There! what do you think of that, Abraham? Isn't it refreshing? You see it requires a person like me to find fresh water on the top of a mountain where there are no springs."

"Yes, yes," quoth Abraham, slowly, "but maybe it's poison."

"Sure enough—maybe it is! I didn't think of that," said I, very much startled at the idea of drinking poison. "Suppose you drink some and try. If it doesn't do you any harm, I'll drink some myself in about half an hour."

"Well, I would like a good drink," said Abraham, thoughtfully; "there's no denying that. But it always goes better when I have a friend to join me. I'll tell you what I'll do, Luff. You take one bowl and I'll take another, and we'll sit down here and call it whisky-punch, and both drink at the same time."

"Very good," said I, "that's a fair bargain. Come on, Abraham."

So we cut the stems of two large leaves, containing each about a pint of water, and sat down on a rock.

"Your health," said I, raising my bowl; "long life and happiness to you, Abraham!"

"Thank you," said Abraham; "the same to you!"

"Why don't you drink?" I asked, seeing that my friend kept looking at me without touching the contents of the bowl.

"I'm going to drink presently."

"Drink away, then!"

"Here goes!"

But it was not "here goes," for he still kept looking at me, without drinking.

"Well," said I, impatiently, "what are you afraid of?"

"I'm not afraid," cried Abraham, "but I don't see you drinking."

"Nonsense man! I'm waiting for you!"

"Go ahead then."

"Go ahead."

Here there was a long pause, and we watched each other with great attention. At last, entirely out of patience, I lowered my bowl, and said:

"Abraham, do you want me to poison myself?"

"No, I don't," said Abraham; "I'd be very sorry for it."

"Then, why did you propose that we should drink this poison together? for I verily believe it must be poison, or it wouldn't look so tempting."

"Because you wanted me to drink it first."

"Did I? Give me your hand, Abraham; I forgot that." Whereupon we shook hands, and agreed to consider it not whisky-punch, but poison, and drink none at all.

Our thirst increasing to a painful degree, we were about to retrace our steps, when I observed a little bird perch himself upon the edge of a

leaf not far off, and commence drinking from the hollow. I told Abraham to look.

"Sure enough," said he, "birds don't drink whisky-punch."

"No," said I, "God Almighty never made a bird or a four-legged beast yet that would naturally drink punch or any other kind of poison. It must be water, and good water, too; for birds have more sense than men about what they drink. So here goes, whether you join or not."

"And here, goes, too!" cried Abraham; and we both, without hesitating any longer, emptied our bowls to the bottom; and so pure and delicious was the water that we emptied half a dozen leaves-full more, and never felt a bit afraid that it would hurt us: for we knew then that God had made these cups of living green, and filled them with water fresh from the heavens for the good of His creatures.

THE VALLEY OF ENCHANTMENT.

Thus refreshed, we set to work boldly, and, by dint of hard climbing, reached the top of the cliff. It was the highest point on the island next to the Peak of Yonka. We looked over the edge and down into a lovely valley covered with grass. Wooded ravines sloped into it on every side, and streams wound through it hedged with bushes, and all around us the air was filled with a sweet scent of wild flowers. In that secluded valley, so seldom trodden by the foot of man, we saw how much of beauty lay yet unrevealed upon earth; and our souls were filled with an abiding happiness: for time might dim the mortal eye; the freshness of youth might pass away; all the bright promises of life might leave us in the future; but there was a resting-place there for the memory; an impression, made by the Divine hand within, that could never fade; a glimpse in our earthly pilgrimage, of that promised land, where there is harmony without end—beauty without blemish—joy beyond all that man hath conceived.

Nothing was here of that stern and inhospitable character that marked the rock-bound shores of the island. A soft haze hung over the valley; a happy quiet reigned in the perfumed air; the breath of heaven touched gently the flowers that bloomed upon the sod;—all was fresh and fair, and full of romantic beauty. Yet there was life in the repose; abundance within the maze of heights that encircled the dreamy solitude. Fields of wild-oats waved with changing colors on the hill-sides; green meadows swept around the bases of the mountains; rich and fragrant shrubs bloomed wherever we looked; fair flowers and running vines hung over the brows of the rocks, crowning them as with a garland; and springs burst out from the cool earth and fell in white mist down into the groves of myrtle below, and were lost in the shade. Nowhere was there a trace of man's intrusion. Wild horses, snuffing the air, dashed out into the valley in all the joyousness of their freedom, flinging back their manes and tossing their heads proudly; and when they beheld us, they started suddenly, and fled up the mountains beyond. Herds of goats ran along the rugged declivities below us, looking scarcely bigger than rabbits; and birds of bright and beautiful plumage flew close around our heads, and lit upon the trees. It was a fair scene, untouched by profaning hands; fair and solitary, and lovely in its solitude as the happy valley of Rasselas.

A STRANGE DISCOVERY.

While I was trying to make a sketch of this Valley of Enchantment, as we called it, Abraham was peering over the cliff, and looking about in every direction, in search of some ruin or relic of habitation. He was not naturally of a romantic turn, but he had a keen eye for every thing strange and out of the way, and an insatiable thirst for the discovery of natural curiosities. Already his pockets were full of roots and pieces of rock; and it was only by the utmost per-



THE VALLEY.

suasion that I could prevent him from carrying a lump of lava that must have weighed twenty pounds. Without any cause, so far as I could see, he began stamping upon the ground, and then, picking up a big stone, he rolled it over the edge of the cliff, and eagerly peeped after it, holding both hands to his ears as if to listen.

"What's that, Abraham?" said I; "you are certainly losing your wits."

"I knew it! I knew it!" he cried, greatly excited; "it's perfectly hollow. There's a natural castle in it!"

"Where? in your head?"

"No, in the cliff here; it's all hollow—a regular old castle! Come on! come on, Luff! We're bound to explore it. Maybe we'll rake up something worth seeing yet!" Saying which, he bounded down a narrow ledge on the left, and I, as a matter of course, followed. Our path was not the most secure, winding as it did over an abyss some hundreds of feet in a direct fall; but our previous experience enabled us to spring over the rocks with wonderful agility, and work our way down the more difficult passes in a manner that would have done credit to animals with four legs. Portions of the earth formed a kind of narrow stairway, so distinct and regular that we almost thought it must be of artificial construction. In about ten minutes we reached a broad ledge underneath the brow of the cliff. Turning our backs to the precipice, we saw a spacious cavity in the rocks, shaped a good deal like an immense Gothic door-way, all overhung with vines and wild fern.

"I knew it!" cried Abraham, enthusiastically. "A regular old castle, by all that's wonderful! Crusoe's cave is nothing to it! Just see what a splendid entrance; what ancient turrets; what glorious old walls of solid rock!"

"Verily, it does look like a castle," said I. "We must call it the Castle of Abraham, in honor of the discoverer."

"Yes, but it strikes me there may be another discoverer already. Look at these marks on the rock!"

"True enough; goats never make marks like these!" Near the mouth or entrance of the grotto, traced in black lines, evidently with a burnt stick, we saw a number of curious designs, so defaced by the dripping of water from above, that we were unable for some time to make out that they had any meaning. At length, by carefully following the darkest parts, we got some clew to the principal objects intended to be represented, which were very clumsily drawn, as if by an unskillful hand. There was a figure of a man, lying upon a horizontal line, with his face turned upward; the limbs were twisted and broken, and the expression of the features was that of extreme agony; the eyes were closed, the back of the head crushed in, the mouth partly open and the tongue hanging out. One hand grasped a jagged rock, the other a knife with a part of the blade broken off. Close by, with its head upon his feet, was the skeleton of a strange animal, so rudely sketched that we could hardly tell whether it was intended for a goat or not. It had the horns of a goat, but the eyes, turning upward in their sockets, looked like those of a child that had died some horrible death. Waving lines were drawn some distance off, as representing the sea in a storm; a large ship under sail was standing off in the foam from a pile of rocks that rose out of the sea like a desolate island. The body of a man could be seen under the waves, struggling toward the ship: a shark was tearing the flesh from his legs, and the hands were thrown up wildly over the water. Underneath the whole were several rude sketches of human hearts, pierced through with knives. A hand pointed upward at the figure first described. It had a ring on the fore-finger; the tendons of the wrist hung down, as if wrenched from the arm by some instrument of torture. Around these strange designs were numerous others, representing the heads of eagles; a famished wolf, gnawing its own flesh; and the corpses of two children, strangled with a rope; besides other rude sketches of which we could make nothing: and indeed some of these already mentioned were so indistinct, that we were forced to depend a good deal on conjecture in order to come to any conclusion in regard to what they were intended to represent; so that I have given but a vague idea, at best, of the whole thing.

"There's something strange about this," said Abraham, trembling all over; "something more than we may like to see. Let us go into the cave, and try if we can solve the mystery."

"I don't think there's much mystery about it," said I; "evidently some sailor who ran away from a ship, has occupied this as a hiding-place; these strange designs he has doubtless made in some idle hour, to represent scenes in his own life. The fellow had a bad conscience—he has left the mark of it here."

"He may have left more than that," said Abraham seriously; "he may have fallen from one of these rocks, and lain here for days, helpless and dying; in the agonies of thirst, driven delirious by fever, he tried perhaps to tell by these signs how he died. If I'm not mistaken, we'll find some further clew to this affair within there. Let us see, at all events."

We then went into the cave, and looked around us as far as the light reached. It was very lofty and spacious, and made a short turn at the back part, so that all beyond was quite wrapt in darkness. Weeds hung in the crevices of the dank walls of rock; a few footprints of animals were marked in the ground, some slimy tracks were made over the rocks by snails, and these, together with a dull sound of the flapping of wings made by a number of bats that hung over head, had a very gloomy effect. However, seeing nothing else in the front part of the cave, we groped our way back into the dark passage at the end, and followed it up till we reached a sort of natural stairway leading into an upper chamber. For some time we hesitated about going up here, thinking there might be a hole or break in the rocks through which by mischance we might fall,

and be cast down into some vault or fissure underneath. After a while, our eyes got a little used to the darkness, and we thought we could discern the chamber a few steps above into which this stairway led, so we crept up cautiously, feeling our way as we went, and as soon as we found that the ground was level we stood upon our feet, and perceived from the height above us and the vacancy all around, that we were in a spacious apartment of the cavern. There still being some danger of falling through, as we discerned by the hollow sound made by our feet, we only went a short distance beyond the entrance, when we stopped still on account of the darkness, which was now quite impenetrable.

"A queer place!" said Abraham; "very like one of the piratical retreats you read about in novels."

"Very, indeed, and quite as unlike reality," said I; "it doesn't seem to be inhabited by pirates now, though, or any thing else except bats. I wish we had a torch, Abraham, for I vow I can't see an inch before me."

"That's not a bad idea," said Abraham; "I think I have a match in my pocket, but it won't do to run the risk of missing fire here. Wait a bit, Luff; I'll go back to the mouth of the cave, and rake up some brushwood. We'll have some light on the subject presently—if the match don't miss fire."

Abraham then crept back the way we came, as I supposed, for I could see nothing in any direction, and only heard a dull echo around the walls of rock, growing fainter and fainter, till all I was sensible of was the flitting of some bats by my head, and the breath passing through my nostrils. To tell the honest truth, I felt some very queer sensations steal over me upon finding myself all alone in this dark hole, unable to see so much as my hand within an inch of my eyes, and not knowing but the first thing I felt might be a snake or tarantula creeping up my legs, or the bite of some monstrous bat. I waited with great impatience, without daring to move, lest I should miss the way back and fall through the earth; for in the confusion of my thoughts I had lost all knowledge of the direction of the entrance, and this very thing perhaps caused me to magnify the time as it elapsed. It seemed to me that Abraham would never return, he staid away so long, and this brought up some strange and startling thoughts. Suppose in his search for the brushwood he had slipped off the ledge in front of the cave? Suppose he had lost his footing in the dark passage on the way out, and fallen into some unfathomable depth below? Suppose a gang of wild dogs, driven to desperation by hunger, had seized him, and were now with all their wolfish instincts tearing him to pieces? The more I thought, the more vague and terrible became my conjectures; till no longer able to endure the tortures of suspense, I shouted his name with all my might. There was no answer but the startling echoes of my own voice, which seemed to mock me in a thousand different directions. I shouted again, and again there was the same fearful reverberation of voices, growing fainter and fainter till they seemed to die upon the air, like the passing away of hope. I now began to peer through the darkness in all directions, with the intention of retracing my steps, should I discover any indication of the entrance, by which to direct my course. At first it appeared as if the darkness was of the same density all round, but gradually, as I strained my eyes, I thought I perceived a faint glimmer of light, and thither I cautiously made my way, groping about with my hands as I advanced.

In a few moments I felt by a rush of air that I was near an opening, and the light growing stronger at the same time, I soon perceived that it led downward in a slanting direction in the same way as the passage through which we had come up. I was now satisfied that there would be no further difficulty in getting out, and having no cause to imagine that the place had changed, began to descend as rapidly as possible. All of a sudden my feet slipped from under me, and I went flying down a sort of *chute*, without any power to stop myself, and so terrible was the sensation that I was perfectly speechless, though conscious all the time. It was not long, however, this suspense, for I struck bottom almost at the next moment, and went rolling over headlong into an open space. As soon as I looked around me, I perceived a cleft in the rocks, some fifteen feet above, through which there was a dim ray of light, and this, as I took it, was what had misled me. My sight being rather confused, I now began to grope around me, in order to ascertain if there were any more holes near by, when I discovered that there was straw scattered about over the ground. Instinctively I thought about the strange marks on the rocks near the mouth of the cave. Now if there should be a dead body here, or a skeleton! What a companion in this lonely dungeon! A cold tremor ran through me, and I actually thought that should I accidentally touch the clammy flesh of a corpse in such a place it would drive me mad. For a while I scarcely dared to look around, but the absolute necessity of finding some place of exit at last overcame my apprehensions. The light from above was quite faint, as before stated, but yet sufficient, upon getting used to it, to enable me to perceive that I was in a sort of chamber about fifteen feet in diameter, closed on every side except where I had so unexpectedly entered; and I was greatly relieved to find that there was nothing on the ground but a thin layer of straw scattered about here and there, and a few pieces of wood partly burnt. I lost no time in making my way into the chute again, which I found but little difficulty in ascending, for it was not so steep as I had supposed. Upon regaining the large apartment from which I had wandered, I heard the muffled echoes of a voice coming, as I thought, from the depths below. They soon grew louder, and I noticed a reddish light faintly shining upon the dark masses of rock. Could it be Abraham? Surely it must be, for I now heard my name distinctly called.

"Hallo there! Luff! Where are you, Luff? Why don't you come on?"

"I'm coming," said I, making a rapid rush toward the light; "as fast as I can."

"All right!" said Abraham; "come on quick."

It was not long, as may be supposed, before I was scrambling down the rough stairway of rocks by which we had originally entered the mysterious chamber; and the next moment I was standing before Abraham in the passage, which was now no longer dark, for it was lit up with a tremendous torch of brushwood, which he held in both hands.

"Why, where in the name of sense have you been?" cried he, rather excited, as I thought; "what have you been doing all this time?"

"Doing?" said I, "only exploring the cave, Abraham—hunting up curiosities for pastime."

"Nonsense!—I've been calling at you for ten minutes. I didn't want to leave the torch, or I'd have gone up after you; for I couldn't hold it and use my hands at the same time, and I thought if it went out we couldn't light it up again. Besides, I've found a treasure! a treasure, Luff, beyond all price!"

"What is it, Abraham?—a lump of gold?"

"Pooh! gold couldn't buy it! A skull, sir; a human skull! That's what I've found!"

"Only a skull? I came near finding the whole body," said I, involuntarily shuddering as I thought of the gloomy chamber with the straw in it; "I'm quite certain I'd have found the entire corpse if it had been there."

"But this is a real skull, Luff. It's no subject for trifling. Some poor fellow has left his bones here, as I suspected."

We then went out to the front of the cave. Not far from the entrance was a hole somewhat larger than a man's body, which I had not noticed before, and into which Abraham now crept with the torch, telling me to follow. It was not long before we entered a cell or chamber, large enough to stand up in, the floor of which was littered with straw.

"I found it here, Luff; here in this straw—the upper part of a man's skull. Look at it."

Here Abraham removed some of the straw, and there indeed lay the frontal part of a skull.

"I found it just as it lies. I put it back exactly in the same position. I wanted you to see how the man died—poor fellow! a sad death he had of it all alone here."



THE SKULL.

Upon this I took up the skull and examined it. The forehead was small and low, and the whole formation of the upper part of the face somewhat singular. There was not sufficient of the lower part left to tell precisely whether it was the skull of a white man or of a negro. I thought it must be that of a negro, from the size of the animal organs. Abraham, however, considered it the skull of a white man, on account of the whiteness of the bone.

The torch being now burnt out, we bethought ourselves of starting toward the valley of the huts, for we had no time to indulge in melancholy reflection on what remained of the poor sailor, or follow up the train of thought suggested by his unhappy fate. Abraham carefully wrapt the skull in his handkerchief, and put it in a large pocket that he had in his coat, declaring, as we set out on our return to the top of the cliff, that a thousand dollars would not induce him to part with so rare and valuable a curiosity.

THE STORM AND ESCAPE.

When we reached the summit of the cliff, and looked over once more into the enchanted valley, we could hardly believe that such a change as we beheld could have taken place during our absence. That scene of beauty upon which we had lingered with so much pleasure, now seemed to be a moving ocean of clouds, engulfing every visible point in its billows of mist, raging and foaming as it swelled up over the heights; the wild roar of the tempest vibrating fiercely through the air—the very rocks upon which we stood trembling in the dread coming of its wrath. While we gazed in silence upon the wilderness of surging billows, the whole island became hidden in mist; and that happy valley, so lovely in its solitude but a brief hour before, so calm in its slumbering beauty, so softly steeped in sunshine, was now buried in the fierce conflict of the elements. Nothing was to be seen but an ocean of misty surf below, and a wilderness of dark clouds flying madly over head. It seemed as if we had been suddenly cut off from the world, and left floating on a huge mass of burnt rock, in a chaos of convulsed elements. On every side the impenetrable mists covered the depths, and it needed but a single step to open to us the mysteries of eternity.

The storm set in upon us in fierce and sudden gusts, driving us down for safety upon the lee of the rock. No longer able to stand upright, we cowered beneath the shelter which we found there, and so bided our time. From all we could judge, there was no appearance of a change for the better. As soon as there was a lull, we hurried on along the ridge, in the hope of reaching the valley of the huts before dark, for we had eaten nothing since morning, and were not prepared to spend the night in these wild mountains. After infinite climbing and toil, we came to a part of the path where there were neither trees nor bushes. It was about half a mile in

length, and was exposed to the full fury of the gale. About midway we were attacked by a terrific gust of wind and deluge of rain, and it was with great difficulty we could retain our foothold. The rain swashed against us with resistless power, driving us down upon our hands and knees in its fury, while it surged and foamed over us like a white sea in a typhoon. Blinded and dizzy we rose again and rushed on, staggering in the fierce bursts of the tempest, and gasping for breath in the deluge of spray. How we lived through it I know not; how it was that we were not cast over into the abyss that threatened to devour us, there is but One who knows, for no eye but His was upon us. Breathless and blinded with the scourging waters, we staggered against a large rock. Here we fell upon our knees, no longer able to contend against the tempest, and clung to the bushes that grew in its clefts, while we silently appealed to Him who holds the winds in the hollow of His hands, to take pity upon us, and cast us not away in His wrath.

The worst part of the path being yet before us, where we had previously found it difficult to get over in good weather, we determined upon trying the steep descent on the right, leading directly into the valley of the huts. It was almost a perfect precipice, and was bare and smooth for three hundred yards, where it ran out into a kind of ledge, covered with a stunted growth of trees. If we could reach the grove we would be safe; but between us lay a steep and precipitous field of loose earth, smoothed into a bank of mud by the rains. As we had no alternative, we began the descent as cautiously as possible, thrusting our toes and fingers into the clay, and letting ourselves down by degrees for fifty or a hundred feet at a time, when we stopped a while to look below us. Such was the roar of the storm that I hardly knew whether Abraham was by me or not, when hearing a loud shout, I looked round and beheld him flying down the precipice with the velocity of lightning. "Oh! he'll be killed!" I exclaimed; "he'll be killed! Oh! what a dreadful death!" At the same moment I felt my hold give way, and I dashed after him in spite of myself, grasping madly at the loose earth, and shouting wildly for somebody to stop me. It was a fearful chase—a chase of life or death! On we sped, upheaving the loose masses of sod, and whizzing through the tempest as we flew; grasping desperately at every rock, tearing up the shrubs that grew in the clefts, and dashing blindly over gaping fissures that lay hidden with the grass. Great masses of burnt rock went smoking down into the chaos of mist below, crashing and thundering as they fell. On, and still on, in our wild career we sped, with the vision of death flitting grimly before us! Atoms we were in the strife of elements, whirled powerless into the dark abyss. There was a confused crash of bushes; a stunning sensation—a sudden check—a jarring of the brain—and all was still! I looked, and saw that I was safe. The grove was around me. Consciousness returned as I clung panting to the trees; life was given yet; the vision of death fled in the mists of the tempest.*

For a moment, dizzy and confused, I clung to a tree, and offered up my inward thanks to that Providence which had spared me through the fearful ordeal. Then, hearing the voice of Abraham near by to where I stood, I looked, and saw him seated upon the ground, wailing aloud as if in extreme bodily pain. Selfish wretch that I was, had I in my thankfulness for my own safety forgotten the friend of my heart! Letting go my grasp of the tree, I ran to his side, and asked in choking accents—

"Abraham! oh, Abraham, are you hurt? Tell me quick—tell me, are you hurt?"

"My skull! my skull!" groaned Abraham, in rending tones; "O! Luff, my skull is broken!"

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "what are we to do? This is terrible! Wretch that I am, I thought only of myself!"

Abraham groaned again. His face was livid, and a small streak of blood that coursed down his right cheek, told how truly he had spoken.

"Abraham, my friend Abraham!" I exclaimed, in a perfect agony of distress, "perhaps it's not so bad. It may not be broken."

"Yes it is," said Abraham; "I heard it crack when I fell. My feet flew up, and I fell on my back. It must have struck a rock."

"Oh, Abraham, what are we to do? I wouldn't have had this happen for the whole island. Here, I'll tear my shirt off and tie it up!"

"No, no, Luff; it can't be mended; it's broken all to smash. I wouldn't have had it happen for a thousand dollars. It can never, never be mended!"

"Let me see," said I, carefully laying back his hair; "something must be done, Abraham."

"No, no—nothing can be done; the trouble's not there, Luff; it's *here*—HERE, in my pocket!" At the same time, while I started back in a perfect maze of confusion, Abraham thrust his hand into his coat pocket, and brought forth a whole handful of thin flat bones, broken into small pieces, which he held out with a rueful face, groaning again as he looked at them.

"No, no; it can't be mended, Luff."

"The devil!" said I, angrily, "you may thank your stars it isn't any worse than that!"

"Worse? worse?" cried Abraham, highly excited, "What do you mean? In the name of

* It has already been mentioned that in many parts of the island the soil was loose, and undermined by holes, and the rock weathered almost to rottenness. Pursuing a goat once in one of these dangerous places, the bushy brink of a precipice to which he had followed it crumbled beneath him, and he and the goat fell together from a great height. He lay stunned and senseless at the foot of the rock for a great while—not less than twenty hours, he thought, from the change of position in the sun, but the precise length of time he had no means of ascertaining. When he recovered his senses he found the goat lying dead beside him. With great pain and difficulty he made his way to his hut, which was nearly a mile distant from the spot; and for three days he lay on his bed enduring much suffering. No permanent injury, however, had been done him, and he was soon able to go abroad again. —[LIFE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK.]

common sense, isn't that bad enough? How could it be any worse?"

"Pshaw! Abraham—I thought, when I heard your lamentations and saw that scratch of a bush on your face, that your own natural cranium was fractured."

"Well—what if you did?" cried Abraham, still irritated. "Would you call that worse? A live skull will grow together, but a dead one won't. And this—*this*, with such a history to it—to lose this, after all my trouble in finding it—Oh, Luff, Luff! it's too bad!"

However, having no further time to spare over his ruined skull, he put back the bones in his pocket, and, with a heavy sigh, joined me as I sprang down through the grove.

The rest of our descent was comparatively easy. When we got down to the head of the valley, a muddy stream broke wildly over the rocks, carrying down with it the branches and leaves of trees, and roaring fearfully as it rushed on toward the ocean. We followed this in its rapid descent, and were soon with our friends at the boat-landing.

THE AMERICAN CRUSOE.

The third night closed, leaving us still upon the island. Who could tell if the vessel would be in sight by morning? Should the gale continue it was not improbable that she would be driven far to the leeward, and perhaps compelled to give up the search for us entirely. Ships had not unfrequently been in sight of the island for weeks, as we afterward learned, and yet unable to make an anchorage, in consequence of baffling winds and heavy gales. It might turn out to be no joke, after all, this wild expedition. To be Crusoes by inclination was one thing—by compulsion another.

We were determined not to spend another night in the cave; that was out of the question. There was not one of us who wanted to enjoy the romance of that place again. No better alternative remained for us than to make a bargain with Pearce, the American, for quarters in his straw cabin. This we were the more content to do upon seeing him emerge from the bushes with a dead kid hanging over his shoulders, which we naturally supposed he intended for supper.



THE AMERICAN CRUSOE.

At first he spoke rather gruffly for a fellow-countryman; but this we attributed to his wild manner of life, separated from all society; nor were we at all disposed to quarrel with him on account of his uncouth address, when we came to consider that a man might understand but little of politeness and yet be a very good sort of fellow, and understand very well how to cook a kid. We had no money, which we honestly told him in the beginning; but we promised him in lieu thereof a large supply of ham and bread from the ship. This did not seem to improve the matter at all; indeed, we began to think he was loth to credit us; which, however, was not the case. He said the Californians who had been there had eaten up nearly all his stores, and had paid him little or nothing. They had promised him a good deal, but promises were the principal amount of what he got. If this was all, he wouldn't mind it; they were welcome to what he had; but he didn't like folks to come and take possession of his house as a matter of right, and get drunk in it, and raise Old Scratch with his furniture; and then swear at him next morning for not keepin' a better tavern. He didn't pretend to keep a tavern; it was his own private house, and he wanted it to be private—that's what he came here for. He had society enough at home, and a darn'd sight too much of it. He liked to choose his own company. He was an independent character himself, and meant to be independent in spite of all the Californians on this side of creation. All he wished was, that old Nick had a hold of California and all the gold in it—if there was any in it, which he didn't much believe himself. He hoped it would be sunk tolerably deep under the sea before some of 'em got there. It was a tolerable hard case, that a man couldn't live alone without a parcel of fellers, that hadn't any thing to do at home, comin' all the way to Juan Fernandez to play Scratch with his house and furniture, and turn every thing upside down, as if it belonged to 'em, and cuss the hair off'n his head, for not makin' a bigger house, and keepin' a bar-full of good liquor, and a billiard-saloon, and bowlin'-alley for the accommodation of travelers—a tolerable hard case. He'd be squarmed ef he was a-goin' to stand it any longer!

We agreed with Crusoe that this was indeed rather a hard case; but promised him that he would find us altogether different sort of persons. We were first-class passengers—none of your rowdy third-class;—he understood all that; they were all first-class passengers ashore; he wouldn't believe one of 'em on oath. Again we endeavored to compromise the matter, so far as regarded the ham at least, of which he was entirely incredulous, by telling him that he might come on board with us, and then we'd be sure not to run away without paying him.

"But what if you should carry ME away?" said he, evidently startled by this proposition.

"Nothing—only we'd take you to California. That would be a lucky chance for you."

"No, it wouldn't. I don't want to go there! I'm very well here."

"But there's plenty of gold in California," said we; "no doubt about it at all. You may live here all your life, and be no better off."

"I'm well enough off," retorted Crusoe; "I only want people to let me alone. Ever since this California business they've been troublin' me!"

"You surely can't be happy here without a soul near you! Why, it's enough to drive a man mad. It must be dreadfully dull. You can't be happy!"

"Yes I am!" said Crusoe, peevishly; "I'm always happy when I ain't troubled. When I'm troubled I'm mis'rable. Nothin' makes me so mis'rable as bein' troubled!"

"It makes a good many people miserable," was our reply. "We must trouble you for a night's lodging, at all events, for we have no place else to stay."

"I don't want you to stay nowhere else!" cried Crusoe; "that wasn't what I meant—you mustn't get drunk, that's what I meant."

"No, we won't get drunk; we haven't any thing to get drunk on, unless you insist upon giving us something."

"Very well, then; you can sleep in my cabin ef you don't tear it down. Some fellers have tried to tear it down."

We promised him that we would use every exertion to overcome any propensity we might have in regard to tearing his house down; and, although he still shook his head mournfully, as if he had no farther confidence in man, he led the way toward his hut, hinting in a sort of undergrowl that it would be greatly to our advantage not to get drunk or attempt to destroy his house and furniture, inasmuch as he had a number of goat-skins, which he wouldn't mind letting sober people have to sleep on, but he'd be squarmed ef he'd lend 'em to people that cuss'd him for not keepin' feather beds. We declared upon our words as gentlemen that we had no idea whatever of sleeping on feather beds in such a remote part of the world as this, and would be most happy to prove to him that we were worthy of sleeping on goat-skins; that we would regard goat-skins in the light of a favor, whereas if he put us upon feather beds, we should feel disposed to look upon it rather as a reflection upon our character as disciples of the immortal Crusoe.

Abraham and myself were wet to the skin after our adventure in the mountains, and, having been five or six hours in that condition, we were hungry enough to eat any thing. We therefore left the party down on the beach, where they were trying to set fire to an old pitch barrel, as a signal for the ship; and, under the guidance of Pearce, hurried up to the cabin. Upon entering the low doorway, we found that there was some promise of good cheer. There was a basket of fish in one corner, and sundry pieces of dried meat hanging upon the walls. Our friend set to work to skin the kid; and we, finding a sort of stone fire-place in the middle of the floor, with a few live embers in it, sat down, and began putting on some wood out of a neighboring pile, by which means we soon had a comfortable fire. As soon as the steam was pretty well out of our clothes, and the warmth struck through to our skins, we felt an uncommonly pleasant glow all over us; and the blaze was exceedingly cheerful. In fact, we were quite happy, in spite of the gloomy forebodings of Pearce, who kept saying to himself all the time he was skinning the kid: "I expect nothin' else but what they'll burn my house down. Ef they'd only let a feller alone, and not come troublin' him, I'd like it a good deal better than bread or ham either—'specially when it's aboard a ship that ain't here, and never will be, I reckon. Fun's fun; but I'll be squarm'd ef I want to see my house burnt down over my head. 'Tain't nothin' to larf at. When I want somethin' to larf at, I kin raise it myself without troublin' other folks. Ef a man can't live to himself here, I'd like to know where in creation he *kin* live. I expect they'll be explorin' the bottom of the sea by'm-by in search of gold; I'd go there to be to myself, ef I thought I could be to myself; but I know they'd be arter me in less than a month. Ef I was a bettin' character, I'd be willin' to bet five dollars they'll set fire to the house and burn it down afore they stop!"

Meantime, Brigham and the rest of the party succeeded at length in making a large fire on the beach, as a signal for the ship; and they remained down there some time in hopes she would send a boat ashore. But the gale increasing, accompanied by heavy rain, they had to leave the fire, and make a hasty retreat to the hut.

CASTLE OF THE AMERICAN CRUSOE.

Pearce's gloomy views of society began to brighten a good deal when he found that we were not disposed to tear down his house or burn it, or wantonly ruin his furniture. He was not a bad-hearted man by any means, though rather crusty from having lived too long alone, and somewhat prejudiced against the Californians on account of the rough treatment he had received from them. A little flattery regarding his skill in architecture, and a word of praise on the subject of his furniture, seemed to mollify him a good deal; and he smiled grimly once or twice at our folly in coming ashore, when we could have done so much better, as he alleged,



PEARCE'S CABIN.

by staying aboard the ship, and going ahead about our business.

Regarding the house, which afforded him so much anxiety, there did not appear to us to be any thing quite so original and Crusoe-like in any other part of the world. It was a little straw hut, just big enough to creep into and turn round in; with a steep peaked roof, projecting all round, very rustic and rugged-looking, and, withal, very well adapted to the climate. The straw was woven through upright stakes, and made a tolerably secure wall; outside, growing up around the house in every direction, were running vines and wild flowers; and at a little distance were various smaller sheds and out-houses, in which our worthy host kept his domestic animals, and what wood he required during the bad weather. The furniture of his main abode, which was such a source of honest pride to him, consisted chiefly of a few three-legged stools, made of the rough wood with the bark still on; a kind of bench for a lounge; a rough bedstead in one corner, partly shut off by a straw partition; a broken looking-glass, and an iron kettle and frying-pan, besides sundry strange articles of domestic economy of which we could form no correct idea, inasmuch as they were made upon novel principles of his own, and were entirely beyond our comprehension. Over head, the rafters were covered with goat-skins; a sailor's pea-jacket, a sou'wester, and some colored shirts hung at the head of the bed. In one corner there was a rude wooden cupboard, containing a few broken cups and plates, and a Chinese tea-box; in another a sea-chest, which, when pulled out, served for a table. The floor was of mud, and not very dry after the rain; for the roof had sprung a leak, and, moreover, what water was cast off from above eventually found its way in under the walls below. Doubtless, like the man with the fiddle, our host thought it useless to mend it when the weather was fine, and too wet to work at it when the weather was rainy. It was a very queer and original place altogether; and with a good fire and a little precaution in keeping from under the leaks in the roof, not at all uncomfortable. Our Crusoe friend, overhearing us say that it was a glorious place to live in, a regular castle, where a man might spend his days like a king, smiled again a crusty smile, and growled:

"There's tea in that 'ere box. Ef you want some you kin have it. I got it out'n a ship that came from China. There ain't better tea nowhere."

We thanked him heartily for his kindness, and declared at the same time that we regarded good tea as the very rarest luxury of life. Again his face cracked into something like a smile, and he said:

"Better tea never was drunk in China. Ef you like, I'll put sugar in it."

We declared that sugar was the very thing of all the luxuries in the world that we were most attached to, but we could not drink it with any sort of relish, if we thought it would be robbing him of his stores. If he had these things to spare we would cheerfully use them, and pay him three or four times their value in provisions from the ship.

"Darn the ship!" cried Crusoe; "I don't care a cuss about the ship, so long as you don't get drunk and tear my house down!"

Upon this we protested that we would sooner tear the hair out of our heads by the roots, than tear down so unique and extraordinary a structure as his house; and as to his furniture it was worth its weight in gold—every stick of it would bring five hundred dollars in the city of New York.

Whereupon Pearce stirred about in the obscure corners with wonderful alacrity; rooting up all sorts of queer things out of dark places, and muttering to himself meantime:

"I'm as fond of company as any body, ef they're the right sort; and I'll be squarm'd ef I ain't an independent character too. I don't owe nobody for a-buildin' of my house, or a-makin' of my furniture! I did it all myself—long before California was skeer'd up."

He then put down the old kettle on the fire, and, as soon as the water was boiled, emptied a large cup-full of tea into it, and set it near the fire to draw. While the tea was drawing, he fried a pan-full of kid, and broiled some fish on the coals; and when it was all done, he gave us each a tin plate, and told us to eat as much as we wanted, and be darn'd to the ship, so long as we behaved like Christians. Then he furnished us with cups for the tea, and some sea-biscuit, which he dug out of the cupboard; and I must declare, in all sincerity, that we made a most excellent supper.

DIFFICULTY BETWEEN ABRAHAM AND THE DOUBTER.

Every one of us, except the man who had no faith in Robinson Crusoe, admitted that the tea was the best ever produced in China or any where else; that the fried kid was perfectly delicious; that the fish were the fattest and tenderest ever fished out of the sea; that the biscuit tasted a thousand times better than the biscuit we had on board ship; that the whole house and all about it were wonderfully well arranged for comfort; and that Pearce, after all, was the jolliest old brick of a Crusoe ever found upon a desolate island.

In fine, we came to the conclusion that it was a glorious life, calculated to enlarge a man's soul; an independent life; a perfect Utopia in its way. "Let us," said we, "spend the remainder of our days here! Who cares about the gold of Ophir, when he can live like a king on this island, and be richer and happier than Solomon in his Temple!"

"You'd soon be tired of it," muttered a voice from a dark corner: it was the voice of the Doubter. "You wouldn't be here a month till you'd give the eyes out of your heads to get away."

"Where's that man?" cried several of us, fiercely.

"I'm here—here in the corner, gentlemen, raythor troubled with fleas."

"You'd better turn in and go to sleep."

"I can't sleep. Nobody can sleep here. I've tried it long enough. I reckon the fleas will eat us all up by morning, and leave nothing but the hair of our heads. I doubt if they'll leave that."

"Was there ever such a man? Why, you do nothing but throw cold water on every body."

"No I don't; it comes through the roof. It's as much as I can do to keep clear of it myself, without throwin' it on other people." With this, we let him alone.

The fire now blazed cheerfully, sending its ruddy glow through the cabin. A rude earthen lamp, that hung from one of the rafters, also shed its cheerful light upon us as we sat in a circle round the crackling fagots; and altogether our rustic quarters looked very lively and pleasant. Every face beamed with good-humor. Even the face of the Doubter belied his croaking remarks, and glowed with unwonted enthusiasm. Little Jim Paxton, the whaler, under the inspiration of the tea, which was uncommonly strong, volunteered a song; and the cries of bravo being general, he gave us in true sailor style:

"I'm monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute:
From the centre all round to the sea,
I'm lord of the fowl and the brute!
O Solitude where are the charms," &c.

This was so enthusiastically applauded, that my friend Abraham, whose passion for all sorts of curiosities had led him to explore musty old books as well as musty old caves for odds and ends, now rose on his goat-skin, and said that, with the permission of the company, he would attempt something which he considered peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. He was not much of a singer, but he hoped the interest attached to the words would be a sufficient compensation for all the deficiencies of voice and style.

"Go ahead, Abraham!" cried every body, greatly interested by these remarks. "Let us have the song! Out with it!"

"First," said Abraham, clearing his voice, "I beg leave to state, for the benefit of all who may not be familiar with the fact, that this is no vulgar or commonplace song, as many people suppose who sing it. On the contrary, it may be regarded as a classical production. Among the many effusions to which the popularity of Robinson Crusoe gave rise, none was a greater favorite in its day than the song which I am about to attempt. It has been customary to introduce it in the character of Jerry Sneak, in Foote's celebrated farce, the Mayor of Garratt. As the words are now nearly forgotten, I hope you'll not consider it tiresome if I go through to the end. Join in the chorus, gentlemen!"

POOR ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"When I was a lad, my fortune was bad,
My grandfather I did lose O;
I'll bet you a can, you've heard of the man,
His name it was Robinson Crusoe.
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe,
Tinky ting tang, tinky ting tang,
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

"You've read in a book of a voyage he took,
While the raging whirlwinds blew, so
That the ship with a shock fell plump on a rock,
Near drowning poor Robinson Crusoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

"Poor soul! none but he escaped on the sea.
Ah, Fate! Fate! how could you do so?
'Till at length he was thrown on an island unknown,
Which received poor Robinson Crusoe."

"Here, gentlemen, I beg you to take notice that we are now in all probability on the very spot. I have the strongest reasons for supposing that the castle of our excellent host, in which we are at this moment enjoying the flow of soul and the feast of reason is built upon the identical site occupied in former times by the castle of the remarkable adventurer in whose honor this song was composed. But to proceed"—

"Tinky ting tang, tinky ting tang,
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe.

"But he saved from on board, a gun and a sword,
And another old matter or two, so
That by dint of his thrift, he managed to shift
Pretty well, for poor Robinson Crusoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

"He wanted something to eat, and couldn't get meat,
The cattle away from him flew, so
That but for his gun he'd been sorely undone,
And starved would poor Robinson Crusoe.
Oh! poor, &c.

"And he happened to save from the merciless wave,
A poor parrot, I assure you 'tis true, so
That when he came home, from a wearisome roam,
Us'd to cry out, Poor Robinson Crusoe.
Oh, poor, &c.

"Then he got all the wood that ever he could,
And stuck it together with glue, so
That he made him a hut, in which he might put
The carcass of Robinson Crusoe."

"Hold on there!—hold on!" cried a voice, in a high state of excitement. Every body turned to see who it was that dared to interrupt so inspiring a song. Immediately the indignant gaze was fixed upon the face of the Doubter, who, with outstretched neck, was peering at Abraham from his dark corner. "Excuse me, gentlemen," said he, "but I want some information on that point. Did you mean to say, sir, that he, Robinson Crusoe, stuck the wood together with *glue*, when he built his house?—with GLUE, did you say?"

"So the song goes," said Abraham, a little confused, not to say irritated. "Doubtless the words are used in a metaphorical sense. There is every reason to believe that this is a mere poetical license; but it doesn't alter the general accuracy of the history. For my own part, I am disposed to think that the house was built very much upon the same principles as that of our friend, Pearce; in fact, that it was precisely such an establishment as we at present occupy"

"Go on, sir—go on; I'm perfectly satisfied," muttered the Doubter; "the whole thing hangs together by means of glue; every part of it is connected with the same material!"

Abraham reddened to the eyebrows at this uncalled-for remark; his fine features, usually so placid and full of good-nature, were distorted with indignation; he turned fiercely toward the Doubter; he instinctively doubled up both fists;

he breathed hard between his clenched teeth; then, hearing a low murmur of dissuasion from the whole party, he turned away with a smile of contempt, breaking abruptly into the burden of his song:

"Tinky ting tang, tinky ting tang;
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe!

"While his man Friday kept the house snug and tidy,
For be sure 'twas his business to do so,
They lived friendly together, less like servant than neighbor,
Lived Friday and Robinson Crusoe.
Oh, poor, &c.

"Then he wore a large cap, and a coat without nap,
And a beard as long as a Jew, so
That by all that's civil, he looked like a devil
More than poor Robinson Crusoe."

"Which shows," continued Abraham, with his accustomed smile of good-humor, "the extraordinary shifts to which a man may be reduced by necessity, and the uncouth appearance he must present in a perfectly unshaved state, when even the poet admits that he looked like a devil. These articles of clothing which contributed to give him such a wild aspect, were made of goat-skins, as he himself informs us in his wonderful narrative; and I beg you to remember, gentlemen, that the very skins upon which we are this moment sitting are related, by direct descent, to those which were worn by Robinson Crusoe."

Here the Doubter groaned.

"Well, sir, is there any thing improbable in that?" said Abraham, fiercely. "Have you any objection to that remark, sir?"

"No; I have nothing to say against it in particular—except that I'd believe it sooner if there were goats in the skins. I never heard of modern goat-skins descending from ancient goat-skins before."

"Of course, sir," said Abraham, coloring, "the goats were in the skins before they were taken out."

"Likely they were," growled the Doubter; "I won't dispute that. But I'd like to know, as a matter of information, if he, Robinson Crusoe, made his clothes in the same way as he made his house?"

"To be sure, sir; to be sure: he made both with his own hands."

"I thought so," said the Doubter, sinking back into his dark corner; "he sew'd 'em with glue. All glue—glue from beginning to end."

"I'll see you to-morrow, sir!" said Abraham, swelling with indignation; "we'll settle this matter to-morrow, sir. At present I shall pay no further attention to your remarks!" Here he drew several rapid breaths, as if swallowing down his passion; and, looking round with a darkened brow upon the mute and astonished company, resumed, in a loud and steady voice:

"Tinky ting tang, tinky ting tang,
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe!

"At length, within hail, he saw a stout sail,
And he took to his little canoe; so,
When he reach'd the ship, they gave him a trip,
Back to England brought Robinson Crusoe.
Oh! poor Robinson Crusoe!"

We all joined in the chorus—all, except the incredulous man; and, notwithstanding the unfortunate difference between Abraham and that individual, which tended so much to mar the harmony of the occasion, we thought from the way our voices sounded that it must have been the very first time this inspiring song was sung in the solitudes of Juan Fernandez. I even fancied I detected the crusty voice of Pearce in the chorus; but I wouldn't like to make a positive assertion to that effect, on account of the danger of giving him offense, should he ever cast his eyes upon this narrative. As there was still evidently a cloud upon Abraham's brow, which might burst to-morrow upon the Doubter, and thereby bring the whole adventure to a tragic termination, several of us now, by a concerted movement, endeavored to effect a reconciliation. We seized upon the Doubter, who, by this time, was dozing away in the corner, and brought him forth to the light, where he looked about him in mute astonishment, muttering, as if awakened out of a dream: "No, sir! it can't be done, sir; a house never was built with glue yet; goat-skins never were sewed together with glue—never, sir; never!"

"You shall swallow those words, sir!" cried Abraham, quivering with passion; "I'll make you swallow them, sir, to-morrow morning!"

"I'll swallow 'em now if you like," drawled the Doubter, with provoking coolness; "but I can't swallow a house built of glue. Possibly I might swallow the goat-skins, but the house won't go down—it ain't the kind of thing to go down!"

Here it required our full force to restrain Abraham; he fairly chafed with indignation; his face was flushed; his nostrils distended; his stalwart limbs writhing convulsively; in truth, our well-meant plan of reconciliation only seemed to hasten the tragedy which we were striving to prevent. Pearce himself now interposed.

"I know'd it," said he; "I know'd they'd tear my house down yet, and ruin my furniture! Next thing, all hands'll be breakin' my chairs to pieces on one another's heads; I know'd it—I wouldn't believe 'em on oath!"

This rebuke touched Abraham in a tender point. Quick to take offense, he was also ready in forgiving an injury, especially when a due regard for the feelings of others required it.

"Gentlemen," said he, "it shall never be said that I have violated the rites of hospitality! There shall be no further difficulty about this matter—I forgive all. Your hand, sir!"

The Doubter awkwardly held out his hand and suffered it to be shaken; upon which he crept back into his dark corner; still, however, muttering incoherently from time to time; but as nothing could be distinguished but the word "glue," it was not deemed of sufficient importance for the renewal of hostilities, or the interruption of the general harmony. Good-humor being restored, it was all the more hearty after these unpleasant little episodes; and so genial an effect had it upon Pearce that he quite forgot

his resentment, and unbended himself again. Gradually he began to tell us wild stories of his Crusoe-life; how he had lived all alone for nearly a year on the Island of Massafuero, without seeing the face of man; how, during that time, he sustained himself upon roots and herbs, and likewise by catching wild goats in traps; how he never was so happy in his life, and never had any trouble till he left that island in a whaler, and came here to Juan Fernandez; how for two years he had lived on this island, sometimes alone, and sometimes surrounded by outlawed Chilians; how on one occasion, while up in the mountains hunting goats, he fell down a precipice, and broke his arm and two of his ribs, and was near dying all alone, without a soul to care for him. A great many strange stories and legends he told us, too, in his rude way, about Juan Fernandez; and so strong was his homely language, and so fresh and novel his reminiscences, that we often looked round in the waning light of the lamp for fear some ghost or murderer would steal in upon us.

As well as I can remember, one of his strange narratives was substantially as follows. There was all the force of reality to give it interest; for it was evidently, as he told us, a simple recital of facts.

THE MURDER.

About five years ago (I think he said it was in 1844), a murder was committed on the island by the father of one of the present Chilian residents. Pearce was then in Valparaiso, and had a statement of the circumstances from some of the parties concerned in it.



TRAGIC FATE OF THE SCOTCHMAN.

A Scotch sailor, it appeared, deserted from a vessel that touched at the island for wood and water. For a time he concealed himself in a cave among the cliffs near the bay. When the vessel sailed, he came down into the valley and built himself a hut out of straw, in which he resided several months alone. By fishing, and catching wild goats in traps, he supported himself comfortably, and was becoming reconciled to his isolated life; when a family of Chilians, consisting of five or six men and women, under the control of an old Spaniard, father-in-law of one of the younger men, came over about this period in a small trading vessel from Massafuero. They had been living there for some time, but thought they could do better in Juan Fernandez. There were no huts standing there then except that belonging to the sailor. The Chilians prevailed upon him to let them occupy a part of his house, promising to build themselves one as soon as they could cut straw and wood enough. Every day they went out on the hillsides to cut the straw, and they seemed to be making good progress with their hut. One night the sailor as he lay in bed, overheard one of the Chilians say to the others: "We are working hard every day but it will be a long time before we can get a house built. Neither will it be big enough for us all when we finish it. This man is nothing but a heretic; therefore it would be no sin to take his life. Let us kill him, and then we can have his house, which has other buildings to it, without the trouble of doing any more work." The others agreed to this, all except one woman, who said God would never suffer them to prosper if they committed such a deed. However, they silenced her by threats; and then talked further upon the best means of murdering the Scotchman. Having been a beach-comber for many years in Spanish countries, he understood the language, and it so happened that he overheard nearly every word. Being a powerful man, of great courage and fierce temper, he sprang from his bed and swore they must leave the house at that very instant or he would cut their throats. The woman he would have spared this treatment, but he knew she would only fare the worse for his protection. Finding him resolute, they took their things and left the house; but after they were out in the dark, it being a stormy night, they begged so hard for shelter that he told them they might go into a shed, which he had built some distance off to keep goats in. Here they remained, without daring to molest him, until their own house was completed. In the mean time, the suspicions of the sailor were lulled by their friendly behavior, and he often spent a part of his time in social talk with them, which was the more agreeable inasmuch as the old man's daughter, who had taken his part at first, fell in love with him, and although jealously watched by her husband found frequent chances of meeting him alone. He became much attached to her, as well on account of her attempt to save his life as the charms of her person, which were well calculated to excite admiration and kindle the amorous flame. She was a very beautiful woman, a Chilian by birth, and was married against her inclination; and coming from a country, where the marriage tie is not considered so sacred as it is in more northern climes, she had but little scruple in yielding to her guilty love. His manly person and bold bearing had attracted her in the first place, and these stolen interviews

only served to strengthen the passion that grew up between them. At this period they were



THE LOVERS.

joined by an English sailor, another deserter, who took up his quarters with the Chilians in their new abode, and became a member of their gang. The Scotchman had refused, from some dislike that he formed to this man on first sight, to take him into his cabin. This led to a mutual hatred, which was soon increased by other causes. The Englishman struck by the beauty of the young woman, whose affections the other had won, now made love to her on all occasions, but she gave him no encouragement. He attributed his failure to the Scotchman, whom he secretly watched. Fired with jealousy and deadly hatred towards his rival, he resolved upon putting him to death by stratagem, for he was too cowardly to undertake it openly. Having learned the difficulty that had previously occurred, he took occasion to tell the Chilians that the Scotchman was their mortal enemy, and only awaited an opportunity to murder them all, so as to get entire possession of the young woman with whom he had already formed a guilty connection. At this period three Americans deserted from a whale ship and joined the Scotchman. Through some accident, or most likely by foul means, his hut took fire soon after, and was burnt to the ground. He and his companions were obliged to move to a cave near by, where they designed living till they could build another. Knowing nothing of the schemes of the English sailor, who took care that it should not be found out through the woman, they were ignorant of the hostile intention of the Chilians, till one day as they were scattered over the valley, cutting wild oats for their cabin, the Englishman told the old man, who was the leader of the Chilians, that he had overheard the other party say they were going to murder them all that night; and prevailed upon him to muster his men together secretly, and settle the matter at once. They all went first to the cave, and took possession of the arms left there by the Americans and their leader. The old man, followed at a distance by his comrades, thereupon proceeded to the valley with a loaded gun; and seeing the Scotchman at a distance from the others, he stole upon him and shot him through the body with slugs. Badly wounded, but not mortally, the Scotchman shouted to his friends that he was shot; that they must follow him and fight for their lives, upon which he ran, covered with blood, toward the cave, followed by the Americans. On arriving there they found all their fire-arms gone: they fought for some time with their knives, but were finally overpowered by the Chilian party and bound hand and foot.

Next day it so happened that a whaleship came into the harbor for wood and water. The Americans were carried back some distance and hid among the cliffs, with an armed guard over them, so that they might be out of the way when the people from the ship came ashore; and the wounded man was concealed in a cave The Englishman then went on board with the old Chilian, and told the Captain that a deserter from a whaleship who had been on the island some time, had undertaken to murder them, and they had shot him in self-defense Their story was plausibly told, and was believed. They said the man was not dead, and they asked the Captain to take him away, as they wanted to get rid of him. The Captain refused to do this, saying he would have nothing to do with a deserter; if the man got into trouble by his misconduct, he might get out of it the best way he could. When the vessel sailed, which was the next day, the Chilians in compliance with the advice of the Englishman, took their wounded prisoner out into an open space, and shot him through the heart. He fell dead upon the spot. They then dug a hole in the ground and buried him; and in order to keep his spirit from rising upon them at night, they erected a cross over the grave. The woman upon hearing that her lover was murdered, fell into a state of melancholy, and refused to taste any food for many days. Such was her distress that she wandered about the cliffs like one bereft of her senses, and was often found at night weeping upon his grave. Indeed she never fully recovered, but was always from that time weakly and unsettled in her mind.

Another vessel came into port in the course of a few months, and the affair became known through the three Americans, who made their escape and got on board. News of the murder was carried to Talcuhuana by this vessel; and as soon as it reached Valparaiso, a small Chilian cutter then lying in the harbor, was dispatched to the island of Juan Fernandez to capture and bring home the murderers. On their arrival in Valparaiso, they were taken in irons to Santiago, the seat of government, where they were tried and sentenced to be shot in the public plaza. Some of the circumstances, considered

palliating, became known before the execution was carried into effect, and their punishment was commuted to five years' banishment on the island of St. Felix.



GRAVE OF THE MURDERED MAN.

The Chilian government still holds a penal settlement on that island. All criminals of a desperate character are sent there and subjected to hard labor. The term for which these murderers had been banished, had just expired (in 1849); and it was supposed by the present Chilian residents that they would return by the first opportunity to Juan Fernandez.

THE SKULL.

During the recital of this tragical narrative, Abraham, who had listened to every word with intense interest, became strangely agitated. Several times it was apparently with the utmost difficulty he could refrain from relieving himself of something that produced an unusual effect upon his mind. Especially when it came to the death of the unfortunate Scotchman, I thought I noticed that he was intensely excited. At first, knowing the tenderness of his feelings, I attributed this extraordinary manifestation of interest to grief and pity for the unhappy fate of the beautiful Chilian; but I soon found that it proceeded from another and very different cause. No sooner had Pearce concluded than he exclaimed:

"I'll wager a thousand dollars, gentlemen, that the Scotchman never was buried!"

"He was buried, certain," said Pearce; "I can show you the place."

"Then there is some strange mystery about it," said Abraham, somewhat disappointed. "This very day I found a man's skull, which I am now quite certain has some connection with this tragedy."

The intense excitement produced by this disclosure is quite indescribable. Every body in the party leaned forward, with starting eyes, and gazed with breathless interest at Abraham. He had purposely withheld making any reference to the affair of the skull till a fitting opportunity should occur to disclose all the particulars, when the mind of every individual present was in a proper tone of solemnity to receive so important a communication. That opportunity had now occurred, under the most favorable and unlooked-for circumstances. I never saw Abraham so excited in my life before—not even on the occasion of his late unpleasant difficulty.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I had a presentiment before we left the ship that this expedition would result in some extraordinary discovery. You may judge from the facts which I am about to disclose to you, how far this presentiment has been verified."

He then, in a voice of becoming solemnity, went into a detailed narrative of our adventures in the mountains. He commenced at the very starting-point, where we separated from the hunting party; he dwelt vividly on our perilous adventure on the cliff, stating all the particulars of our escape; how we climbed up a perpendicular wall of rocks four thousand feet high; how we stood upon the very highest pinnacle, which was only ten inches in diameter; how, when we came down again to the base, we lay perfectly insensible for an entire hour; and then the wonderful adventures we had in the interior—the walk of six miles directly back from the ocean; our preservation from a horrible and lingering death by thirst, through the agency of a little bird; the Enchanted Valley that we explored, and the two wild horses we caught entangled in the bushes, and afterward rode; our discovery of an old castle built in the sixteenth century by Juan Fernando; the mysterious marks upon the outer wall; our strange and startling explorations of the interior vaults and marble halls; and finally the discovery of the skull—the skull of some unfortunate man who had crept into one of those dreary vaults, where he died on a miserable bed of straw, all alone, without a soul near him! Afterward, how he (Abraham) and myself were blown over a precipice by a frightful tornado, and cast down over the rocks a distance of three miles in a direct line; how during this terrible fall he had the misfortune to strike a rock, and ruin the invaluable relic of mortality which he had put in his pocket, by breaking it all to pieces; but—

"Did you save the pieces?" asked a voice from the corner. Of course it was the voice of the Doubter. A look from Abraham silenced him, and the narrative was resumed:

But it fortunately happened that a portion of the socket of one eye and a piece of the forehead remained entire, which, together with all the smaller fragments, he would be most happy to exhibit to the company; premising, however, that there was but little question in his mind, from all the particulars of Pearce's tragical narrative, that this skull was in some way or other connected with it. Possibly it might be that the unhappy young woman, who it appears was the victim of an inordinate passion for the murdered man, bereft of her senses by his tragical death, went to his grave at night and dug up his body, and being unable to carry it away at once, per-

haps she cut it to pieces, and carried it by degrees up to her secret place of wailing in the mountains, where she could mourn over his remains without fear of discovery. It was not an unreasonable conjecture, he thought, considering the woman was insane. In some hour of despondency she had probably made those mysterious designs which had led to the discovery—the sketch of the dead body of her lover; the ship that left the island without saving him; some pet goat that doubtless accompanied her in her wanderings; the children that were strangled, and all those vague marks, which indicated the character of her thoughts.

During the narration of these adventures, which I must confess astonished me not a little, well as I knew the enthusiastic character of my friend (and he never was more in earnest in his life), I observed that Pearce had doubled himself up almost into a knot, covering his face with his hands, and heaving convulsively, as if moved by some internal earthquake. There was no sound escaped him, but it was quite evident that he was strangely affected by Abraham's narrative. The rest of the party were so deeply interested in the whole disclosure that they took no notice of him. Could it be that Pearce himself was implicated in the murder? That it was all a fiction his being in Valparaiso at the time? That he was in any way attached to this unfortunate female, whose sad fate had aroused all our sympathies?

"I'd like to see that skull," said the Doubter.

"Here it is—or what remains of it," said Abraham, drawing forth the pieces from his pocket; "you can all see it if you wish."

The pieces were handed round and examined with intense interest and curiosity.



EXAMINING THE SKULL.

"You call this a man's skull?" said the Doubter, looking incredulously at a piece which he held in his hand.

"I do, sir," said Abraham, sharply; "have you any objection to my calling it a man's skull, sir?"

"No, none at all; you may call it a dog's skull if you like. *I'd* call it Robinson Crusoe's skull if I owned it. For all I know to the contrary it *is* his; but I'd like to have a certificate from himself to that effect before I'd place much confidence in my own opinion, if I thought so."

The biting satire of these remarks touched Abraham to the quick. Nothing in the world would have prevented him from springing upon the Doubter at that moment, and taking summary vengeance upon his person, but the sudden exit of Pearce, who, rising from his goat-skin, hurriedly left the cabin. This produced a general murmur of disapprobation. It was the unanimous opinion that a course of conduct, resulting as this did—compelling a man, as it were, to leave his own castle for personal security, was very unbecoming; and that Abraham being the chief, although perhaps unintentional cause of it, was in honor bound to go after him and bring him back.

I take pride in saying that my friend was not the kind of man to resist such an appeal as this. He immediately left the hut, and went in search of Pearce. Meanwhile we took occasion to administer a well-merited rebuke to the Doubter; and to declare that if he again interrupted the harmony of the evening, we would leave him ashore when we started for the ship. His only reply to this was, that he hoped, if he should unfortunately die in a cave in consequence of our cruelty, that his head would make a better-looking skull than the one Abraham had found.

In about ten minutes Abraham and Pearce returned, both having a very strange expression upon their features. Pearce looked unnaturally serious about the mouth, but I fancied more knowing than usual about the eyes. In sitting down he dropped a dollar, which he hastily picked up and put in his pocket. As to my friend, I thought there was something confused and dejected in his look; but he immediately said with assumed spirits when he came in, "All right, gentlemen; all right. The whole thing is settled; let there be nothing more about it."

Some few questions, however, were asked concerning the skull, but all the satisfaction Abraham could give was: "You have the particulars, gentlemen; you must judge for yourselves." Pearce professed to know nothing about it.

Harmony and good-humor being again restored, there were numerous calls for some further reminiscences of the island.

Pearce said he didn't know whether any of us had ever heard of the Governor's vision; if we hadn't, maybe we'd like to hear something about it. He couldn't promise that it was all true, but the Chilians here believed every word of it: "And likely enough," he added, looking quietly at Abraham, "there may be some of you that can account for it."

"Let us have it!" exclaimed every body in a breath; "the Governor's vision, by all means."

Pearce then fixed himself comfortably on his goat-skin, and putting some fagots on the fire, gave us in substance the following history of

THE GOVERNOR'S VISION.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

LIFE IN PARIS.

THE PEOPLE AND THEIR PRINCIPLES.

THE PAST AND PRESENT OF THE STREETS OF PARIS.

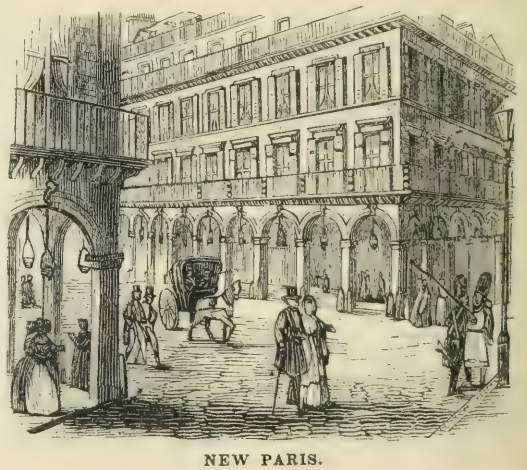
CHANGE more than growth is the prominent trait of European cities. It is true that some increase with a speed that leaves but little advantage on the side of American progress, yet in general, that which chiefly distinguishes them from our towns, is the substitution of the new forms of civilization for the old, or as we of the nineteenth century are vain enough to term it, improvement. Old buildings are razed, to be succeeded by modern palaces, and old habits perish with them. Not only the aspect but the entire life of streets is metamorphosed. Customs that had their origin in the inconvenience and semi-barbarism of the middle ages, cease as they come in contact with the generation that builds railroads and talks by the telegraph. We demand elegance as well as utility. No city has more to boast of in this respect, since the dawn of the present century, than Paris. It is rapidly realizing its proud claim of being the capital of the world. Soon the few lingering remains of the domestic life and manners of the subjects of Charles IX., and the times when Catholic and Protestant met only to revile and strike, will have disappeared under the reforming trowel of ripening civilization. House and hotel, the plebeian homes of the slayers and the slain of St. Barthélemi, as well as the courtly residences of the noblest of its butchers and their victims, are being leveled to the ground, not one by one, but by whole streets and squares, that their descendants may breathe freer air and sleep in more spacious chambers. Yet with a taste that contrasts strangely, though happily with the fanaticism that slew Jean Guigon while at work upon the Louvre, every relic of his chisel is now preserved and restored with sacred care, as the just tribute to a genius which another age may equal but not excel. He who would see *old* Paris must needs haste. Otherwise the garments of the *new* will have soon shut it wholly out from sight. It well repays the trouble of the traveler, whose relish of modern ease has not extinguished within him the desire to contrast his luxury with the luxury of his ancestors —by way of Adam—to penetrate into the narrow, crooked streets, so crooked, that like some sticks, it seems impossible for them to lie still, that now contain what remains of old Paris. Quaint old human rookeries will look tottling down upon him. Turrets and towers gray with the dust and taste of antiquity. Fanciful carvings of saintly subjects, proving the orthodoxy of their builders. Houses that lean forward and lean backward, that lean upon their neighbors and their neighbors lean upon them, so irregular, so projecting now this way and now that way, story overlapping story, gable ends next to more sightly fronts, thus he will come to the conclusion, that they were built long before the invention of the rule and plumb-line, or that the only rule observed was that of contrariwise. They are now uniform enough in their exhibition of poverty. Its rags and squalor are confined to their intricate recesses. What is seen indicates thrift and industry, and many ways of livelihood not yet domesticated in more fortunate America. The hotels and buildings of greatest



OLD PARIS.

pretensions have been converted into manufactories and "magasins." They are now the abodes of vast stores of costly merchandise, like the butterfly in its chrysalis state, with which Paris caters to the taste and vanity of the entire world.

Such is the aspect of old Paris. The change may be better appreciated by a glance at the corner of the *Rue de la Paix* in new Paris, the



NEW PARIS.

Paris of the nineteenth century as contrasted with the Paris of the sixteenth. The corridors or covered passages which distinguish this style of modern architecture, are worthy of being adopted in all climates, for they afford to the pedestrian an equal protection against rain, sun, and snow, and are sufficiently lofty to allow beneath two stories, the *rez-de-chaussée* and the *entresol*, the one convenient for shops and the other for small families. Could both sides of Broadway be rebuilt after this plan, throwing the present sidewalks into the street, it would furnish the much needed room for carriages,

and only abstract from the lowest story of the buildings sufficient space for the accommodation of foot-passengers. New York would then present not only the finest but most comfortable street in the world. Nor is there any other way by which she can secure equal room at less expense. Paris in another feature affords an example of judicious use of back lots, by the erection of "passages" or arcades, which run from street to street through the centre of blocks, paved with marble, and protected by glass roofs from the extremes of temperature and bad weather. In them, shopping is done under cover. The most fashionable, such as the Passages Choiseul, Panoramas, and Jouffroy, embrace, in their supplies, every want to which human flesh is heir. One living in their vicinity finds them decidedly convenient, and is able to despise an umbrella, and snap his fingers in the face of Jehu. They afford also very lively promenades, especially when brilliantly lighted of an evening. The Passage Delorme, near which I lived, not three hundred feet in length, contained a café, restaurant, optician, book-store, reading-room, hair-dresser, boot-maker, every shop and every variety connected with male and female toilets, a fruit-market, cigars, curiosity-shop, a boot-black, and even "a cabinet d'aisance," kept, as all are, by a woman. In short, I can not name what it did not contain, that a person of moderate wants might desire. The Choiseul and the galleries of the Palais Royal, embrace theatres in their attractions. Their convenience and economy of ground otherwise difficult to dispose of, are worthy of imitation, as a *paying* speculation elsewhere.

The garden of the Palais Royal possesses a curious attraction, which never fails to draw a crowd at meridian, of a bright day. It consists of a little swivel so connected with a sun-dial, that when the sun has attained its full elevation, the rays are concentrated upon the touch-hole, and explode the charge, announcing that twelve o'clock has arrived. It serves for a regulator to the numerous watch-making establishments in the vicinity.

The variety of out-door female employments, particularly their nature, and the unintelligible cries attached to some, are a never-failing source of surprise and amusement to a citizen of a land where all women are "ladies," and all their occupations confined to the house. I would particularly call the attention of female reformers, desirous of enlarging the sphere of their action, to a few random specimens taken from the streets of Paris. They will perceive that mankind are not so selfish in Europe as to monopolize all the more active pursuits of life, as they would fain have us believe is the case in America.

First, we have that indispensable being, the cook. Pastry and bread are unknown arts to her science. The fabrication of them is not her province, but to buy them, as well as the material of those delicious *entremets*, in which she shows her intimate knowledge of stomachic entertainment, is her diurnal duty. It affords



THE COOK.

her the double pleasure of coquetting with your purse, and her lovers. The preparations for one of these gastronomic campaigns is to her a matter of no small moment. However lacking she may have been in her particular kingdom in that desirable quality reckoned next to godliness, her advent in the street is signalized by an attention to her toilet, crowned by the indispensable white cap, that renders her quite as conspicuous to others as to herself. She is endowed with a sort of medium figure and style, to those of the two extremes of "bonnes," or servants of all work, alternately the drudges or confidantes of their mistresses, as humor prompts or necessity requires. The first of these work harder and fair worse than Southern slaves. There is no labor, however servile or rude, that they are



A "BONNE" OF ALL WORK.

not called upon to do, besides an indefinite amount of lying for the benefit of their employers. One, far uglier than the preceding figure, who had charge of the coarse work of an apartment I hired, interested me much from her invariable good-humor, under the burden of labors various and hard enough to have aroused rebellion in a mule. At my request, she gave me an account of her daily duties, which, as they are but the common lot of a very large class of "help" in sunny France, may prove not without a moral to maid and mistress here. "Well, Louise, you keep me waiting a long while after ringing the bell." "Yes, Monsieur, I ask pardon; but I am called upon here in the house, and in the shop, all at once. I run as fast as I can, but I can't quite manage it," she replied, laughing. "You have to work hard, Louise, yet you are always singing and happy." "Yes, Monsieur, I was born to work. Some persons, you know, must work all the time, and I am one. I rise at daylight, and do the out-door work; then I wait upon Mademoiselle—sometimes she is very cross, and makes me go up and down stairs very often (three long flights); then, you know, I must be in here early, to sweep and put things to rights. Before I am through here, Madame at the shop calls me, and I must leave, and go over there (about three hundred feet off); when I get there, perhaps she only wanted to scold a bit, or to pick up her handkerchief. Then, you know, I must come back, and that makes six flights of stairs—that takes up some time I get through with your rooms by eleven o'clock; then I have two other sets of apartments to take care of. It would not be so bad if it were not for the stairs. I quite forgot, before coming in here, I have the breakfast to buy and make for Monsieur and Madame at the shop. Would you believe it, the kitchen is above the shop, a bit of a place no bigger than a cart, and I must buy all my water and wood, and carry it up there myself. There is no drain; and every time I have occasion to empty any water—and when I cook vegetables they make me wash them several times—I must carry myself all the slops below, and empty them into the gutter. That makes my back ache worst of all. Well, I am no sooner through with the rooms than I have to go out again and buy the dinner, and cook that. Madame is particular, and will have every dish she fancies. After dinner, I go errands or work in the shop. I am at it all the time. By eleven at night, they let me go to bed, that is up five flights, if they can't find any thing more for me to do." "But don't you have any time to yourself?" "No, Monsieur, not a minute. Sometimes I want to sew a little at night, but I am so tired that the moment I take my needle I fall asleep." "So you must hire some one to make all your clothes." "Yes; I have no time for that." "What do they pay you?" "About *seventeen* cents a day, and if I break a cup or tumbler, or injure any thing, they deduct it from my wages. Sometimes the shop-boy breaks an article, and Madame makes me pay for it, because, she says, it was my business to see it was not broken. I broke a glass in here the other day, and went and bought another for fear Madame H— would find it out, and scold me badly. Perhaps you did not know it?" "No, Louise; but you need not do so here, for I see you are very careful. Here, take this money. I will pay for it." "Indeed, Monsieur, you are altogether too good; it was my fault."

On another occasion I asked her if she knew any one to whom some cast-off clothing would be useful. "O! yes, Monsieur. If Monsieur will permit it, I should so like to have them for my boy." "What! are you married, Louise?" "Mon Dieu! no," she replied, "no one would marry me—I am too ugly." I ascertained that it was for the son of a former mistress, with whom she had lived many years, but who at last became too poor to retain even her, and she had ever since, out of her own meagre earnings, from gratitude for their past kindness, been assisting them. A more contented, laborious, and even happy creature I never saw. Full of the usual faults of French domestics, but with a heart that qualified her for a saint. She was at once the Achates and Griselda of servants. These traits are not rare in this humble class of women.

The fashionable "bonne" is a different being, faithful enough to her mistress, when her own interests or vanity are not in conflict. She is the butterfly domestic, but her position is no



A FASHIONABLE "BONNE."

sinecure—though her wages and fare are better than her more lowly prototype. French families are averse to receiving any servants who have lived with foreigners, on the ground of their being spoilt by too much indulgence. With them, in general, they are either allowed a certain sum to find their own wine and food, or are confined to a cheaper diet than that of their employers. These are small matters to mention, but they have an important bearing upon the condition of a numerous class of our fellow-beings. French domestics are born, bred, live, and die such. Hopeless and unambitious of a change, unless an opportunity to marry offers, which is, in general, but exchanging one servitude for another. Their existence depending so entirely upon their capacities in this line, they are compelled to educate themselves as a *race* of servants.

Hard as may appear the lot of female domestic

servitude, there are rounds in the social ladder still more lowly and severe. The fishwomen, as may be seen, are no beauties, nor their occupation one of much refinement. Their slang and patois are most amusing, but too vulgar for repetition, as any one can test, by hailing one of these "*dames de la halle*," who are but too prone to give verbal vent to their inward corruption. Woe to the refined ears that irritate their wrath. Billingsgate is sunshine, in comparison to the hurricane of words that pour from their throats. To escape their notice one must pass through their quarters very rapidly and abstracted. Even then random sounds of not the most complimentary nature will greet his ears, unless stopped by the silver tribute in exchange for their scaly wares.



FISHWOMAN.



FLOWER-GIRL.

The flower-girls are more amiable specimens of this gender, though not all so *jolie* as my friend present. Age and ugliness make a singular choice of livelihoods, echoing their monotonous and inconsistent cry with cracked and shrill voices, along the streets, "Here is pleasure, ladies, here." In this instance, the "pleasure" being in their baskets and not in their faces. Their stock in trade is a kind of cake, made simply of sugar and flour, lighter and thinner than vanity itself. I despair of exhausting the variety of female street illustrations, and therefore content myself with picturing a few only, leaving imagination to supply the blanks. To perfect the descriptions, it would be necessary to give the sounds that announce their various wares and occupations. But words that few Frenchmen even can comprehend, are not always to be understood by a stranger, especially when their discordant notes make deafness appear a blessing. Coleridge once asked a London Jew, why he cried "Old *clo*" continually, instead of "old clothes?" "If you had cried it as much as I have," he replied, "you would not ask why" The same cause, I presume, operates to produce the contractions and horrible sounds of Paris. Our old rag woman, though



CAKE-WOMAN.



OLD CLOTHES MAN.



FRUIT-WOMAN.

no beauty, is a person of consequence and respectability, compared with the last profession in the social chain, that of the "chiffonnier," whose occupation is to glean the garbage of the streets. Yet even from such a beginning, fortunes sometimes arise. I hired for the winter a fine apartment of a daughter of a "chiffonier," who had become a merchant of *meubles*, with an annual income of $8000, and was the owner of a fine country-seat. The "coco" man, with his liquorice-water drink, in a sort of pagoda-shaped tin vessel, still cries, "Cool drink," under a blazing sun, bidding defiance to innovation and more noxious fluids. But the tide of improvement, with the increasing love of "*eau de vies*," will, before long,



THE "COCO" MAN.



LA RAVAUDEUSE

sweep him off from the public stage. The "ravaudeuse," or mender, is fast disappearing—but as a type of useful industry is worthy of being perpetuated among the records of past life.

Such are some of the figures of the gratuitous drama of Parisian life. There are others no less ridiculous and infinitely more demoralizing (if this term can



BOX SELLERS.

be applied with propriety to any honest mode of livelihood), which I can not omit without doing injustice to a very conspicuous source of amusement to all classes. I refer to the public balls, commencing with those in which figure the washwomen and the fishwomen, with their gallants. These are periodical, generally about "*mi-carème*"—or half-way through Lent—when Parisian nature can stand the penance of fast and forbearance from the dance no longer; and the church is compelled to shut its eyes at the last and most riotous of the masked balls, and indulge their more humble professors in one night's trip on the light fantastic toe. The figures here are somewhat original, remarkable rather for weight and emphasis than grace. But to see dancing in all the luxuriance of unrestrained French animation, one must, if in winter, stroll into the Valentino or Salle Paganini, or during the summer into the Bal Mobile, Ranalegh, in the Chateau des Fleurs. In all of these places the dancing is graceful and decorous while the *Sergent de Ville* looks in; but when his back is turned, or his eyes have assumed a convenient abstraction, fast and furious grows the dance, till in the excitement and activity of the *cancan*, it would seem as if human muscles, or at all events garments, must give way. In the extravagances of the Polynesian dances I thought I had beheld the climax of license in this art; but it was reserved for the beautiful and tastefully attired mademoiselle of this capital to convince me that I was mistaken. Imagination can not conceive any thing more grotesque than some of its figures. They require, too, an amount of activity little short of the miraculous to attain the full spirit of the dance. In their excitement the dancers literally strive to jump out of their clothes, if not out of their skins. They make more contortions than an impaled worm, and wind up with a twirl-about that would do credit to the whirling dervishes. The orthodox license of the polka hug is somewhat exceeded, and the embrace of the waltz would astonish the warmest advocates of that dance. Were it not that at this juncture the police awake to their duties, it would speedily degenerate into a vulgar and disgusting display.



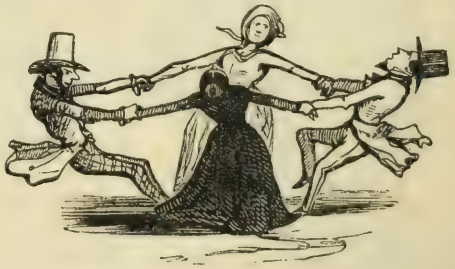
CANCAN LEGER.



CANCAN FLEURI.



FISHWOMAN'S BALL.



LE TOURNIQUET.

The word Republic sounds so gratefully to American ears, that we are apt in the first glow of our enthusiasm to mistake the name for the reality, and give France credit for a democratic

spirit that she does not possess. She would indeed be a glorious ally to the cause of democracy, and well might we be proud of her conversion, if it had the merit of sincerity. The only democracy she has thus far known is anarchy, from the evils of which she finds her sole remedy in despotism. This is not surprising, when we examine her social frame. It is essentially aristocratic throughout. Great triumphs have indeed been won in the cause of civil rights, and feudal servitude perished in 1789. But the habits of centuries have become the social constitution of the people, and can not be exchanged for more healthful institutions at a mere declaration of political rights, or baptizing anew the government. No attempt has as yet been made to train or educate the nation into republicanism. Their aristocratic framework of society, the legitimate offspring of their long ages of feudalism and monarchy, is still the moving principle of the nation. In the United States democracy has fused its followers into one collective mass—the people. This is the only caste, the sole privileged body we possess. Individuals differ in fortune and position, but they are all compelled to float on the wide, equalizing ocean of democracy, now rising and now disappearing in the waves, as their own merits determine. Our institutions are democratic to the back-bone. Let him who doubts this attempt to ape the aristocrat. He would meet with the same respect as did the jackdaw in the peacock's plumes. In France, society is one of wide distinctions, none the less hereditary by the abortive abolition of titles, or life interest only in patents of nobility. Social castes are perpetuated from father to son. The rule in France is the exception in the United States, and the exception in the United States is the rule in France. In the former the servant breeds the servant, the mechanic raises the mechanic, the son of the tradesman stands behind his father's counter, and blood clings to race like original sin. In the latter, the laborer of one generation is the leader of the upper ten thousand in the next. The sailor is the father of the merchant, the mechanic of the statesman, and the farmer of the clergyman. Their children snuff the clod again, and the wheel of society revolving quickly, regularly, and surely, gives all alike a chance at the top. This is our natural condition, our domestic constitution; and he who has faith in the legitimate ascendency of virtue and talent, and *their* inherent right to rule, should cherish it as the sacred pledge of the ultimate success of the human race in the career of self-government. In France,



A JUVENILE PORTER.

external distinctions classify the human species. Every caste has its uniform, and each can be as accurately classed by its covering and color as any cockle by the system of Linnæus. There is no mistaking the son of your porter for the heir of your friend the banker. The workmen of France have immortalized the blouse; and the sympathizing Red equally disdains the niceties of apparel or cleanliness of person. Every school and trade has its uniform or peculiarities of costume. The grand social aim would seem to be, to classify society and isolate its professions, instead of blending them, by uniformity of dress and absence of artificial distinctions, into one national brotherhood. In France, professions, trades, and the various occupations of life, are severally consolidated or protected by civic privileges, monopolies, or other legal distinctions, which perpetuate a spirit of class, and render it difficult for one to pass into the boundaries of another. But it is not my design in this place to particularize more than the fact of the existence of these social distinctions.



A YOUNG PEER.



"THE RED" THE "BLOUSE."

TRIBUTARY SONNET.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

To my friend, the Rev. Walter Colton, author of "Deck and Port" and "Three Years in California," who died, having been long absent from home, shortly after rejoining his family.

HEART, that with warm and generous feeling beat—
How strange it seems to one who loved thee well,
That over thee has pealed the solemn knell,
And not one spark of all that genial heat
Remains each high-born sympathy to greet,
And glow with fond affection, when some word
Uttered in tone harmonious, low, and sweet,
Thy fervent depths to kind emotions stirred!
Alas—that thou, when life was doubly dear,
When once more reunited to thine own,
After such weary years of absence flown,
Should'st be translated—though to that bright sphere
On which, in child-like earnestness and faith,
Thy looks were turned beyond the door of death.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN EXCITEMENT SEEKER.*

NUMBER I.

["*These papers are on no account to be published till at least ten years after my death, and in the event of their being printed at that time, I expressly enjoin my Executors to suppress the real names of any personages whom, by oversight or inattention, I may have mentioned under their ordinary appellations, and either to leave blanks where the names should be, or to substitute fictitious names, as they shall think fit.*"

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—The above injunction has been strictly complied with, the writer of these papers having died on the 16th of April 1841, and the names having been all altered or suppressed. In the original manuscript no title is given to the collection or to any separate paper. But the whole having been found in an old portfolio, the Editor has taken a title from thatcir cumstance, and is also solely responsible for the headings given to the several divisions.]

INTRODUCTION.

EVERY man is more or less mad in some particular: that is to say, every man has some dominant passion, or propensity, which resists the control of reason, and is more powerful than even mere will. I believe that, traced back to its original cause, this passion, or propensity, would be found to arise in the physical, rather than the moral constitution of the man, which is the only way that I can conceive of accounting for impulses which so strongly domineer over judgment, and even over feeling. These considerations induce me to state briefly the peculiarities of constitution in which I believe originated a propensity which many medical men who have attended me treated as morbid, while I remain convinced to the present hour, that it is a part of my nature, a mere characteristic of my individual idiosyncracy. In my complexion—I use the word in its original sense—there is nothing at all saturnine or melancholic; neither any thing at all sanguineous or choleric. By race, as well as in appearance, I am of a phlegmatic temperament. My ancestors were from the north of Holland; and I bear about me many traces of Dutch descent. But by some unfortunate crossing of the breed, in ages long past, the nervous temperament—and that of a highly excitable kind—has been joined with the phlegmatic; and thus, two opposite natures, as it were—still in direct antagonism to each other—have been united in one being, producing sensations, emotions, and impulses, on few of which I can here dwell. At times, my nerves are excited to the very highest pitch, making me ready to thrill and quiver at every sound. But the phlegmatic element of my nature enables me to cover entirely these strange internal emotions with an external vail of the most imperturbable calmness and indifference. To this strange amalgamation also, and to it alone, I can attribute what the physicians have called, as I have said, a morbid love of scenes that are painful and terrifying to other men: a propensity for what are usually called horrors. But let me not be misunderstood. There is in my nature no real love—no, not even a liking for such scenes. I go to them from an impulse not to be resisted; and even when they are being enacted before my eyes, I feel all that is terrible, and painful in them as acutely as any man, and have often been ready to faint from horror, or from sympathy, at beholding suffering which I willingly came to see. After all, perhaps this is not marvelous. It is only the same feelings which take so many men to witness a tragedy, carried to an excess. They tell you that they go to behold a great actor; and would have you believe that it is the love of art, the admiration of genius, that leads them to the stage, where Lear or Othello rages and suffers, where Isabella perishes, or Belvidera mourns—or that they enjoy the dreadful passions of the scene because they know them to be fictitious. Believe them not. They go to see man suffer, and the mimic woe is only the more attractive, the nearer it approaches to reality.

Such is my firm conviction; and I feel sure that the only difference between myself and other men, is, that my peculiar temperament leads me to carry a little farther than they, the feelings by which they all are actuated.

This propensity was strong in me from my very childhood, yet, strange to say, there was no inhumanity in it. I was always willing, anxious to soothe, to alleviate, to relieve. But if there was inevitable suffering, I could not at all resist the impulse to be present, and to behold it. The spectacle, indeed, excited me very differently at different times. Sometimes, when the phlegmatic element was the most powerful, it produced nothing but calm, dark, melancholy contemplation, or curious inquiring thought. At other times, it would excite me to a pitch terribly painful. I have felt ready to die for, or with the sufferer; but yet have had no power of withdrawing from the scene. During a considerable portion of my life, as a boy at school, as an articled clerk in a lawyer's office, I had few opportunities of following the bent of my inclinations, except when, accidentally, some terrible tale was told to the schoolboy, or some fearful incident occurred in the neighborhood, or when some of those painful phases of human life, which are more frequently displayed to the eye of the lawyer, than even to that of the physician, or the pastor, were laid open in the dim and dingy chambers of the great man under whom I studied.

In after life, the sudden, and unexpected accession to fortune and station opened wider opportunities before me; and I think it may not be amiss to record some of the facts which have come within my own knowledge, or have been received by me upon good authority, before I pass from this world to another, although I have thought it best to suppress many scenes of which the horror was too intense to be easily conveyed, or beneficial if it could be communicated. Although I have reasoned much upon what I have seen in life, I shall not attempt to reason here; what I relate is intended to be merely suggestive, and sometimes, perhaps, it may awaken inquiry, and produce reflection serviceable to my

* Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1853, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the Southern District of New York.

fellow men; but it must be by the operation of their own mind, not of mine.

In some instances, in the course of the following pages, I shall merely relate the circumstances as they were witnessed by myself. In others, I shall be obliged to use a different form, and state what I have to relate, "as a tale that is told." Indeed, this must be the case where, though I may have been personally cognizant of some of the facts, the greater portion thereof has come to my knowledge by information from others.

Let me, in the first place however, give a glance at some passages of my early life.

THE DROWNED BOY AND HIS MOTHER.

When about twelve years of age, after receiving very careful home instruction, I was sent to a large private school, where some hundred and thirty boys were congregated, varying in age from nine to fifteen. In this little microcosm appeared an infinite variety of character, and intimacies commenced which were destined to last through life. Let it not be supposed, however, that friendships were formed, or even cemented by any similarity of character, or of pursuit. This is a common mistake; and is the exact reverse of man's real course. We seek those who most differ from ourselves, and as stones can be more easily united together where cavities in the one correspond with asperities in the other, so character adapts itself to character by the very want in the one of those qualities which are prominent in the other. There was one boy, however, who seemed an universal object of love and esteem to the whole school. I shall never forget him. He was about fourteen years of age, and remarkably beautiful in person. Tall, well formed, sinewy, with features delicately and classically cut, and his broad, fair forehead, with the curls of nut-brown hair waving ever gracefully round it, was shaped like that of a Greek statue. Gay, active, good-humored, he was the leader in all sports. But he had higher qualities, too. Brave as a lion, and seeming to fear nothing but self-reproach, he was truth itself; and the head master used to say that Denzil Greaves would always sooner accuse himself of a fault than another. He was kind hearted, too, the protector of all the little boys against the bullying and teasing of their elders; and though, probably, neither the cleverest, nor the most studious boy in the school, he showed no lack of ability, or application. There was one circumstance connected with Denzil's fate which we did not think much of at the time, though it might have interested grown men. He was, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." Her means were reported to be very small; but her whole hopes and affections centred in that boy, and she pinched herself in every thing to give to him the highest education within her reach.

Denzil took particular notice of me when first I appeared in the school, and seemed to think it his duty to protect me, as I was of a somewhat timid and backward disposition. He suffered me, however, without interfering, to fight my first battle with a boy about my own age, and his regard seemed to increase when he found that my timidity of manner had nothing to do with want of courage. He would never suffer older or stronger boys, however, to maltreat me; often aided me in my lessons, and initiated me into all the pastimes of the school. I had learned almost to adore him; when one day an accident happened, which separated us forever. There was a swimming-bath attached to the school, and Denzil was a capital swimmer. But forbidden fruit is always sweeter than any other; and we could not be contented with more narrow limits than those of the river Thames. It was our custom, whenever we could evade the eyes of the masters, to *skip out of bounds*, as we called it, and bathe in the river Thames, which ran hard by. One day, I, and Denzil Greaves, and two others, got over the palings of the school-ground, sneaked quietly down a shady lane, bordered by high elms, and reached the river's bank. There we stripped off our clothes, and were soon sporting in the water. It was a bright, warm, summer morning; the Thames sparkled like silver; the water at that place clear and pure, and as we dashed in, and gasped with the first plunge, nothing seemed promised but that fresh delight, unalloyed, not to be repented of, which early youth alone can taste. Denzil was swimming at some distance from me, and playing all sorts of wild pranks in the exuberance of his glee. Now, he would whirl himself round and round like a trundling mop; now, float upon his back; now, dive out of sight, and strive to bring up a handful of earth from the bottom. I kept nearer the shore, having only lately learned the art in which he excelled, and being often obliged to take land and rest. My eyes often turned, however, upon my more bold and skillful companion, with a feeling less of envy than of admiration. Suddenly, as I was thus looking at him, he took a plunge under the surface, rose again upright in the water, and uttered a keen, shrill cry, that rings in my ears even now at the end of forty years. The next instant he sank below the surface with a splashing struggle. His were not the movements of a swimmer, but of a drowning boy, and they and the cry told us at once what had happened.

Our shouts for help rent the air; and an old waterman, who was standing some way up the lane, ran down, and pushed off a wherry from a neighboring landing. My eye, however, was fixed upon one spot: that where Denzil had sunk. Suddenly I saw him rise some way farther down the river. The old waterman pulled vigorously on; but the poor boy sank again. I thought I heard another cry as he went down, but I am not very sure. The next time he rose it was but for an instant. I saw the dripping curls of his hair, and his broad, fair forehead—a shoulder—an arm—and down he went again. The old man threw off his coat in the boat, and plunged into the water. He was very near the spot; but it seemed an age before he reappeared

again after he had dived. Then, however, we saw that he had in part succeeded, and we fondly fancied that the peril and the pang were passed. He brought up a human form with him; but, alas, the head fell back, the limbs were motionless. There was no effort, not even a convulsive struggle. One of the lads had swam after the boat, and caught it by the gunwale. "Here! here!" he cried to the old waterman; "here is the boat!" but the old man silently struck toward the shore, reached it, and laid his burden on the grass. That was the first occasion on which I experienced those strange and mingled sensations which have so often affected me since. I feared to go up and look at the pale, inanimate object lying there. I trembled, I shook in every limb. There was a sort of dead, dull horror upon me, impossible to describe; and yet I felt an impulse irresistible to creep closer and closer, till I stood almost touching the ghastly form of him I had loved so well. My eyes fixed upon his face, my whole thoughts, my very spirit, seemed chained down to the sight before me. I seemed to see nothing, to hear nothing, to know nothing but that. That the old waterman spoke, I perceived indistinctly: that he ran away in haste, leaving myself and the other two standing by; but I had no clear perception of what it all meant, even after a surgeon, and some other men, had been brought down, and means to restore animation had been employed in vain. I did not fully wake to a consciousness of what was passing around me, till I found myself dressed and in the school-room, in the presence of the master, who with a sad and sorrowful, but somewhat stern countenance, had been questioning me and the rest as to the occurrences of the morning. I believe I had not answered at all; and the pitiable state of stupefaction in which I was, had apparently created an impression that the shock had been too much for my faculties. I was ordered to be removed to a room on the ground-floor, near the school-room, and the surgeon was soon after sent to see me. He spoke to me kindly, though gravely, and tried to soothe me; but by this time I had sufficiently recovered myself to answer him collectedly, and he reported to the master that I was better. Some of my elder comrades were permitted to come and visit me in the course of the afternoon, and though it appeared that they had been forbidden to talk to me of the fatal event which had so lately occurred, I learned from them that the body of poor Denzil Greaves had been carried to a room just above that which had been assigned to me, and that his mother had been sent for in haste. By direction of the surgeon, I was but frugally fed during the day, and at nightfall was ordered to go to bed. The master, who was really a kind, good man, came and visited me about nine o'clock: sat by my bedside: felt my pulse: put his hand upon my brow; and spoke to me in an encouraging, though not a cheerful tone. When he went away, I heard him lock the door; and I was left in darkness, with my mind full of terrible images. I seemed to see still the powerless form and meaningless face of poor Denzil Greaves, as he lay upon the green grass. Meaningless, did I say? Oh, no; that face was full of fearful meaning to me. It had told my heart the first tale of death it had ever received: it had awakened within me the first thoughts of the grave.

I lay and pondered: sleep I could not—the knowledge of death so near me banished sleep. It was then that a strange longing—a sort of earnest thirst to see again the sight which had struck such terror in me, gradually crept over my heart. Every moment, as I thought, it became stronger and stronger. It was an impulse not to be resisted; but yet, how could it be gratified? The door was locked; and even had it been open, I should most like meet some one who would stop me. I heard sounds about the house—many sounds. They traversed the passages. Sounds from the staircase were heard—even from the room above me. They were preparing him for the grave, I thought; and my mind dwelt upon all the ghastly images of shrouds, and coffins, and screws, which I had heard of. They would put him in the grave before I saw him, and he would moulder away into a mass of corruption, with the earthworm and the mole piercing through him in their dark diggings.

I got out of bed, hardly knowing what I intended to do. I approached the window, and opened it quietly. I believe my principal object was to obtain air; for I felt as if I should be suffocated. But when I looked out, I saw that the height from the ground was quite inconsiderable. I knew that the window of the chamber above was low, and it suddenly flashed through my mind that I might contrive to make my way from the outside to the chamber of death. I was about to attempt it at once. But then I heard steps again: the moon shone very brightly, and I feared that I should be discovered. For nearly an hour I stood at the window, shivering, more from agitation than from cold; and I can not even recall all the gloomy thoughts and imaginations which wandered through my brain during that time. Gradually, however, every thing became still and quiet. The impulse was as strong as ever—nay stronger. It overpowered every other sensation, and I speedily began my work. I put out, first, a chair, the back of which reached to the sill when I had set it down. Then I got out the little table, and put the one upon the other. I contrived to fix them tolerably firm, and going a little back from the house, I looked up at the window above. I saw that I could reach it, and that it was open; but at the same time I saw that there was a light burning within. This alarmed me. I thought there might be some one watching by the dead. But still, I stood out there in the cool air, clad only in my night-clothes, gazing up at that window. All other lights were extinguished in the house. It was one great dark mass, with that eye of brightness in the middle of it. I soon persuaded myself that there could be no one there. Had there been, I thought, they must have heard me put out the table and the chair. There was a wall,

however, at a little distance, on the other side of the garden, and to make all sure I clambered upon the top, and gazed into the room. I could see a considerable portion of the interior. There was a lamp standing on a table ; a colored print of a shepherd and shepherdess, framed, and hanging against the chimney ; a little bed, with the white dimity curtains closely drawn ; but no living soul was in the room that I could see. The only thing life-like there was the flame of the lamp.

Creeping back toward the room from which I had escaped, I readjusted the table and the chair more conveniently, and climbed up. My eyes rose above the sill of the open window, and I could now see distinctly the whole room, except that part of the opposite side which was hidden by the curtained bed. There was no one to be seen, and all was silent. An indescribable feeling of terror seized me, however, and I trembled as in an ague fit. I felt a dread of the dark, solemn sight—of being in the presence of the dead, alone. But yet, I could not resist the desire which had carried me so far; and with chattering teeth and shuddering limbs, I put my arms over the window sill and swung myself into the room. All was still, and I felt the awe of the silence deeply. It was a long time before I could approach the bed—longer still before I could draw back the curtain. Twice I stretched forth my hand, and drew it suddenly back again. But, at length, standing somewhat sideways, and looking toward the spot where I knew the pillow must be, I pushed the curtain a little aside, and peeped through the narrow aperture.

He was there ; lying before me like a waxen image : the body simply covered with a sheet, the upper part of which seemed to have been hastily drawn back from the face. The hair was dry now, and curling, as in life, round the fair brow. The eyes were closed, and not a particle of color brightened the almost transparent marble of the cheek. Oh, death is very awful, when it is first seen. People compare it to sleep—vain, vain ! It has nothing like sleep in it. It is death, and only death.

Suddenly, I pulled the curtain completely back, and the full light of the lamp streamed in. But who can tell my sensations when I beheld another figure there ! It was that of a woman, kneeling on the opposite side of the bed, with the hand of the dead boy in hers, and her face buried in the sheet that covered him. The sight seemed to benumb me. I stirred not. I held my breath, and stood gazing at her in silence and awe. She was dressed somewhat gayly, according to the custom of the day. Her head was bare, and her hair, very slightly struck with gray, was of the same color as poor Denzil's. It fell in rich ringlets on the bed. The hand that held his was delicate, and small, and beautifully fair—too fair—white as his own—and his own was dead. All three were still enough. But as I gazed on her, I thought it strange that she moved not—that she seemed unconscious of the presence of any living being. I looked at her earnestly. There was not the slightest motion to be perceived. The breast heaved not with the breath of life : no quivering of the hand told of living agonies within. It was only the wind from the window which stirred one of the ringlets of her hair. With shuddering awe, I stretched my hand across the bed, and laid it upon hers. It was as cold, and well-nigh as stiff as that of her son. The mother had come to behold her dead boy once more : the last of a long list of agonies was upon her : she had witnessed the extinction of her last hope : she had knelt by the dead body of her only solace ; the lamp had been broken—and the light gone out !

I saw that she was dead ; and no words can give any idea of the sensations of the living boy, as he stood by his dead companion, and that companion's mother. There was a pause of fear and anguish—and I rushed wildly from the room to call for help. Ere I reached the bottom of the stairs, my brain seemed to whirl, and I fell ; and when I woke to consciousness, I found myself on a sick bed in my father's house.

Thus the first epoch of my life was marked by a tragical scene, never to be forgotten, and doubtless it had a strong effect upon my mind. A sort of gloomy sadness took possession of me, which lasted several months, and it was judged that a change of air and scene would be better for me. My grandfather had a beautiful country-house some three miles from the city of London—one of those charming suburban residences, surrounded by lawns, and shrubberies, and greenhouses, which afford such a delightful retreat from the heat and bustle of the city. He had another country-house in Staffordshire ; but he was near London at the time, and to his dwelling I was sent, for the purpose of relieving my mind from the heavy memories that pressed it down. As it happened, my residence there was destined to furnish an incident which gave a fresh direction to my thoughts, and mingled a new element—may I say, in my nature—productive sometimes of pain, sometimes of pleasure, throughout the whole of the rest of life.

A TRUE GHOST STORY.

Among the domestic servants of my grandfather was a lad of about eighteen years of age, who had been brought by the family out of Staffordshire. One of the tasks of Henry was, as night came on, to close the shutters of the large French windows, which descended almost to the grass of the lawn. He was a gay, light, cheerful lad, and had, I have heard (though I never saw her), a remarkably beautiful sister in Staffordshire, of whom he was doatingly fond. One evening, while my grandfather was sitting in the library, I stood at the garden door of the house, watching the last tints of day depart from the sky, and a planet appear, and shine like an angelic lamp, before the coming of the queen-like moon. Every thing was calm and peaceful—I might say even cheerful ; for the rich, round note of the blackbird was pouring from beneath the hollies and the laurels, and a thrush upon a tall

tree, was seen fixing his dark bright eyes upon the fading west, and warbling sweetly.

Henry, the footboy, was seen shutting the doors of the drawing-room on the right, and whistling, as if in rivalry of the birds. He passed before me when that was done, to close the windows of the dining-room on the left, and seemed perfectly cheerful and happy. By this time twilight was advancing rapidly, and I was thinking of returning into the house—for having been ill, I was very sensible of the evening air —when suddenly the lad rushed up toward the door, and was passing in, with a face as pale as death, and his eyes full of terror. I caught him by the arm, however, and asked what was the matter, when he replied, hurriedly, and struggling to get away, "I have seen my sister—I have seen my sister!" His alarm and agitation were evidently dreadful: the door of the library was near; and still holding him by the arm, I dragged him into the presence of my grandfather, saying, "Henry says he has seen his sister, sir."

My grandfather was a very grave, and somewhat sharp-tempered man, though kindly at heart. But he was not a little skeptical, even upon points far removed from the domain of superstition; and looking up, he said, "What does the fool mean? His sister can not have come to London."

"If it was not she, it was her spirit," replied the lad. "I saw her, sir, as plainly as I see you. Her night-dress seemed almost to brush against me."

"So she was in her night-dress, was she?" said my grandfather, his lip curling with a slight sneer. "Boy, you have been exciting your imagination with ghost stories."

"No, I have not, sir," answered the poor lad; "and was thinking of nothing less, when she came suddenly by me, with her pretty face all covered with blotches."

My grandfather mused. "Did she speak?" he said, at length.

"Not a word, sir," answered the boy. "How could she speak? I am sure she is dead."

"If she were dead, she could speak as well as move," replied my grandfather. "But don't be a fool, Henry. Your sister is a fine healthy girl: no fear of her being dead. Most likely when last she wrote, she told you she was a little unwell, or else you have not heard from her for a longer time than usual; and, being an affectionate sort of ass, you have grown foolishly anxious about her."

"I had a letter from her a fortnight ago, sir," said the lad humbly; "and then she was quite well, and in fine spirits; for she was going to be married very soon to Wilkinson, the blacksmith. But, poor thing, she will never marry him; for, begging your honor's pardon, I am sure she is dead."

"Pooh, pooh," said my grandfather. "Take him into the dining-room, Willy, and give him a bumper of old Port. Something has put him out of spirits."

I did as I was directed; but nothing could raise the spirits of poor Henry. My grandfather made light of the whole business, and read me a long lecture upon superstition that very evening. But he wrote—for the purpose of relieving the lad's mind, I believe—to his steward in Staffordshire, demanding news of Henry's sister. Ere that letter could receive an answer, intelligence arrived of the poor girl's death, on the very evening when Henry fancied he had seen her, and about half an hour before. I ventured to remark the singular coincidence to my grandfather, and thought he winced a little; but he only said, with that dry manner which skeptical people always assume, when they meet with any thing that puzzles them, "If there be any thing more than mere accident in the coincidence, Willy, we may draw important conclusions from the premises, in regard to the speed of a spectre's locomotion. You see, we have just as much reason to infer that it takes half an hour for a ghost to travel to London out of Staffordshire, as that she traveled at all, to warn her brother of her death. It is a very short time for the journey, certainly; but ghosts do not use slow post-chaises."

I was afraid to reply; and the subject dropped. But it was one upon which I pondered long, and drew my own conclusions: nor have they ever been shaken. Many things are called superstition which are not really so. To use a paradox, to explain a paradox, let me observe: we reason analogically between things which have no analogies, and, of course, our reasonings are false. The human intellect is limited to the discussion of objects within the scope of our senses. What is beyond those, is matter of revelation; and yet we argue of the immaterial from the material, shutting out the light afforded us with a child's house of cards. One positive fact revealed, regarding the soul's destiny, a future state, a world beyond the sight, is worth to me all the arguments in the world.

I did not reason much upon the event that had occurred, it is true. I was too young. But I became convinced, not only that such beings do exist, as disembodied spirits, but that they walk the earth, and fill the air beside us; and that, occasionally, by some means—probably by no exercise of the usual corporeal faculties—by no impression on the retina, by no vibration of the tympanum—their presence is made known to us; and that by other senses, than those of the clay, we hear or see them as distinctly as with the eye or ear. I say, I became convinced of this. But yet it had no detrimental effect upon my mind. It filled me with no apprehensions: it produced no terrors. On the contrary, it seemed to familiarize my thoughts with things strange and dreadful to others. In the darkest night, in the most lonely place, I never feared to see a spirit, or to use our good old Anglo-Saxon word, a ghost. On the contrary, I rather longed for it, and would have given much to have held some communion with several of those who had left me upon the earth; my mother

and my friend especially. I remember, too, that in the course of that same year, my mind, led by the events which had occurred, dwelt upon, brooded over, considerations which present themselves seldom to the mind of one so young. I speculated, curiously, as to how long sensation, consciousness, lingered in the corporeal frame after actual life had departed. I asked myself, Can the dead feel?—Can they hear?—Do they know?—Are they conscious of what is passing around them? And this gave rise to a curious experiment which I afterward practiced, and which shall be told in its proper place.

In the mean time, I obtained a good deal of light upon this curious subject of contemplation, from accidental circumstances. My grandfather, as I have said, was of a somewhat skeptical turn of mind—nay more, his reason was of a very speculative character. He was fond of every sort of discussion, and peculiarly so, of collecting facts which might form the basis of arguments. No reverence ever stopped him. No awe of any being, or any theme ever stood in his way. He used to say, "Every thing may be true: every thing may be false. Let us always inquire which it is, and keep our minds open to conviction." As a somewhat thoughtful boy, while residing at his house, I always dined with himself; and during the four or five months which I spent at F—— in a somewhat delicate state of health, I heard two little narratives from men of the most different characters, both tending to elucidate the very subject with which my mind was so busily occupied. On one occasion my grandfather, in the morning, informed me that a very dear friend, and indeed, a relation of my mother's, was to spend a few days at the house. I had often heard his name before, and knew him to be one of the best, the most amiable, the most self-devoted of men. He was a Presbyterian clergyman, residing usually in Edinburgh, where he employed his ample private means in works of charity and beneficence. I had heard my mother speak of him before her death, and I looked eagerly forward to the hour of his coming.

At length the Reverend John H— was announced, and a man of about forty-five years of age, dressed with peculiar neatness, but entirely in black, was ushered in. At first, I was very much disappointed with his appearance; for he had no form or comeliness to recommend him. He was a slightly made man, with jet-black hair, without one good feature in his face, except the eyes, and had a somewhat saturnine complexion. His air had something peculiarly calm and tranquil in it, without any stiffness, without any affectation of dignity; but a still, grave ease, which implied more than I perceived at the time. When he smiled, however—and he did so the moment I was presented to him—his face was lighted up with the sweetest expression of benevolence I ever beheld. There were two or three other gentlemen at dinner that day, and the conversation turned upon a multitude of subjects: Mr. H— holding his part well, and easily, on every topic that was discussed. I could see my grandfather's eyes turned frequently to his face, as if remarking something peculiar there; but after dinner the motive came out. "Why, John, he said, "you seem in very good health, and yet, when first you came into the room, I thought you must be ill. I recollect you quite a ruddy young man; and now—"

"You would say I am as yellow as a guinea," replied Mr. H—, with a smile.

"No, no—not exactly that," answered my grandfather; "but your face has lost all color, and got a sort of leaden look."

"That is owing to the fever I had, some four years ago," replied the reverend gentleman, "and of which I died, if ever man really died and came to life again, on this side of the grave."

He smiled as he spoke; and every one present, expressing an anxiety for some explanation of what he meant, he gave an account of the strange event that had occurred to him, which I shall endeavor to render almost in his own words, only remarking, that he is still living, and can probably give farther details, if my executors think it worth while to ask for them.

THE FEELINGS OF THE DEAD.

"In the winter of 18—," said Mr. H.—, "there was a great deal of typhus fever in Edinburgh. It was a gloomy, sad winter, changing frequently from hard frost to warm, rainy oppressive weather; and never did my native city better deserve the name of *Auld Reekie* than during nearly four months of that year. The high winds, to which we are generally subjected in winter, seemed to have ceased altogether: the smoke, instead of rising, beat down upon the city; and notwithstanding its elevated situation, and fine mountain air, the streets and houses were so murky dark, that there was very little difference between the short, dim day, and the long and early night. A sort of oppression fell upon all men's spirits, which was increased by the floating rumors of the awful ravages of disease in the town, brought home to us, every now and then, by the death of an acquaintance, a friend or a relation. Gradually, the fever increased in virulence, and extended far and wide, till it became almost a pestilence. It confined itself to no class, or age. Judges, lawyers, physicians, were smitten, as well as the humbler classes: old and young alike fell before it. Many good men in the ministry were taken away. It assumed the the worst form of all, however, in the prisons of the city, and the account of its ravages within their walls was tremendous. As the minister of the —— Kirk, I was not absolutely called upon to attend the prisoners; but I heard that two of my brethren had died, in consequence of their zealous care of the poor souls within those heavy walls. It was with difficulty that a sufficient number of the clergy could be found to attend to their spiritual wants, and I volunteered to visit the prisons, daily, myself. For nearly a fortnight, I continued in the performance of the

functions I had undertaken, without suffering in the least—except mentally, from witnessing the sufferings of others. But one Saturday night, as I returned home through the very gloomy streets, I felt a lassitude upon me, an utter prostration of strength, which forced me to stop twice, in order to rest, before I reached my own door. I attributed it to excessive fatigue; for I was without the slightest apprehension, and never at all looked forward to the coming calamity. When I reached home, I could not eat: my appetite was gone. But that I attributed also to fatigue, and I went quietly to bed. During the night, however, intense pain in the back, and in the forehead succeeded; a burning heat spread all over me: my tongue became parched, and dry: my mind wandered slightly; and instead of rising to preach, as I intended, I was obliged to lie still, and send for a physician with the first ray of the morning light. His visit is the last thing I recollect for several days. I remember his ordering all the windows to be opened, notwithstanding the coldness of the day, and causing saucers, filled with some disinfecting fluid, to be placed in different parts of the room, in order to guard my wife and children against the infection. I then, for the first time, discovered that I had caught the fever. I remember little more—for violent delirium set in soon—till suddenly, after a lapse of several days, I regained my consciousness, and with it a conviction that I was dying. My wife was kneeling, weeping, by my bedside: two physicians and a nurse were present; and it was strange after the dull state of perfect insensibility in which I had lain during the last twenty four hours, how completely all my senses had returned, how keen were all my perceptions, how perfect my powers of thought and reason. In my very healthiest days, I never remember to have had so complete command of all my mental faculties, as at that moment. But I was reduced to infant weakness; and there was a sensation of sinking faintness, not confined to any one part, or organ, but spreading over my whole frame, which plainly announced to me that the great event was coming. They gave me some brandy in tea-spoonfuls; but it had no other effect than to enable me to utter a few words of affection and consolation to my wife; and then the power of speech departed altogether. The sensation that succeeded, I can not describe. Few have felt it. But I have conversed with one or two who have experienced the same, and I never found one who either by a figure, or by direct language, could convey any notion of it. The utmost I can say, is, that it was a feeling of extinction. Fainting is very different. This was dying; and a single moment of perfect unconsciousness succeeded.

"Every one believed me dead. My eyes were closed, and weights put upon them. The lower jaw, which remained dropped, was bound up with a black ribbon. My wife was hurried from the room, sobbing sadly; and there I lay, motionless, voiceless, sightless; growing colder, and more cold, my limbs benumbed, my heart without pulsation, dead, all but in spirit, and with but one corporeal faculty in its original acuteness. Not only did my hearing remain perfect and entire, but it seemed to be quickened, and rendered ten times more sensitive than ever. I could hear sounds in the house, at a distance from my chamber, which had never reached me there before. The convulsive sobbing of my wife in a distant room: the murmured conversation of the physicians in a chamber below: the little feet of my children treading with timid steps as they passed the chamber of death; and the voice of the nurse saying, "Hush, my dear, hush," as the eldest wept aloud in ascending the stairs.

"There was an old woman left with a light, to watch with the dead body, and I can not tell you how painful to me was her moving about the room, her muttering to herself, and her heavy snoring when she fell asleep. But more terrible anguish was in store. On the following morning, the undertaker came to measure me for my coffin. Although, as I have said, I was all benumbed, yet I had a faint remnant of feeling, which made me know when any thing touched me, and a consciousness as perfect as in the highest days of health. You can fancy, better than I can tell, what I endured, as I felt the man's measure run over my body to take the precise size for the awful receptacle that was to carry me to the grave. Then came the discussion of half an hour between him and the old crone in the chamber, in regard to black gloves and hat-bands. I am really ashamed of myself when I remember the sensations I experienced. I never felt so unchristian in my life, as I did then, when lying, to all appearance, dead; and the worst of it all was, I could not master those sensations. Will seemed to be at an end, even when consciousness remained entire. After that, what I most distinctly remember, was a long, dull blank. I fancy the room was left vacant, for I had no perceptions. The spirit was left to itself. Its only remaining organ of communication with the material world had nothing to act upon, and thought was all in all. But thought was intensely terrible. True, thought was concentrated altogether upon one subject. Every man has much to repent of. Every man who believes, has much to hope and to fear in the presence of another world. But repentance, hope, fear—I tell you the plain truth—another world itself, never came into my mind. They seemed to have died away from memory, with that extinction of will of which I have spoken. All I thought of then, was, that I was lying there living, and was about to be buried with the dead. It was like one of those terrible dreams in which we seem grasped by some monster, or some assassin, and struggle to shriek or to resist, but have neither power to utter a sound nor to move a limb.

"I will not dwell much upon the farther particulars. The coffin was brought into the room; I was dressed in my grave-clothes: I was moved

into that narrow bed, stiff, and rigid as a stone, with agony of mind, which I thought must have awakened some power in the cold, dull mass which bound up my spirit. One whole night I lay there in the coffin—hearing the tick of the clock upon the stairs—filled with strange and wild impressions—doubting whether I were really dead, or whether I were living—longing to see and know if my flesh were actually corrupting—fancying that I felt the worm. The morning broke: a dim, gray light found its way through my closed eyelids; and about an hour after, I heard the step of the undertaker and another man in the room. One of them dropped something heavily on the floor, and a minute after, they came close to the coffin, and the undertaker asked his assistant for the screw-driver. It was the last instant of hope; and all was agony. Suddenly, I heard my wife's step quite at the foot of the stairs. 'Oh God! she will never let them!' I thought. 'She who loved me so well, who was so dearly loved!'

"She came very slowly up the stairs, and the step paused at the door. I fancied I could almost see her, pale and trembling there. The undertaker asked, in a loud voice, for the coffin-lid. But the door opened, and Isabella's voice exclaimed, half-choked with tears, "Oh, not yet—not yet! Let me look at him once again!"

Love and sorrow spoke in every tone. My spirit thanked her; and never had I felt such ardent love for her as then. But the idea of living burial was still pre-eminent. If she took that last look and left me, all was over. My anguish was beyond all description. It seemed to rouse my spirit to some great, tremendous effort. I tried to groan, to speak, to cry, to move, even to breathe. Suddenly, in that great agony, a single drop of perspiration broke out upon my forehead. It felt like molten iron pouring through the skin. But the deadly spell was broken. My arms struggled within their covering: I partly raised my head, and opened my eyes wide.

"A loud, long shriek rang through the room, and my wife cast herself upon the coffin, between me and the hateful covering the man held up in his hands.

"I need not tell you all that followed; for here I am, alive and in perfect health. But I have never recovered my original color, and have ever remained as sallow as you see me now. The event, however, has been a warning to me. In many cases previously, I had calmly seen people hurried very early to the grave; but ever since, wherever I had influence, I have prevented the dead from being buried before some signs of corruption presented themselves; for I am perfectly convinced that those signs are the only real tests of death."

Such was the tale told at my grandfather's table, in my hearing, by the Reverend Mr. H—, one of the most amiable, pious, exemplary men I ever knew.

Though not, I am afraid, over-burdened with religion himself, my grandfather never sneered at religion in others, and he merely observed, "The strangest part of your history, my excellent friend, seems to me, the extinction, as it were, of all thought of a future state, in the terrible condition to which you were reduced. I might almost call it the extinction of religion in your mind, which, in one of your principles and views, seems almost unaccountable; for the mere act of memory, I should imagine, must have recalled the ideas in which you had been brought up."

"It was a very strange state," said Mr. H—, thoughtfully. "One in which every thing seemed extinguished, but perception. You are wrong, however, in supposing that religion was at an end; for the idea of God, and his mercy through Christ were present to me all the time, not distinct as thoughts, and without giving me any power to will, or to do; but as perceptions, as beliefs—just as in the midst of a dream, we very often know that we are dreaming. I can not explain myself more clearly; but whenever I again meet with another person who has been in a similar state, I will compare my sensations in these particulars—for I can not call them thoughts—with his, and endeavor to arrive at something more definite."

This reply brought forth a great number of stories from persons round the table, of swoons, and trances; but as they were all given second or third hand, I will turn at once to the second little history I have mentioned, in which, as in that of Mr. H—, the narrator was himself the sufferer.

BETTER THAN DIAMONDS.

I WAS standing in the broad, crowded street of a large city. It was a cold winter's day. There had been rain; and although the sun was then shining brightly, yet the long icicles hung from the eaves of the houses, and the wheels rumbled loudly as they passed over the frozen ground. There was a clear bright look, and a cold bracing feeling in the air, and a keen north-west wind, which quickened every step. Just then a little child came running along—a *poor*, ill-clad child: her clothes were scant and thread-bare; she had no cloak, and no shawl; and her little bare feet looked red and suffering. She could not have been more than eight years old. She carried a bundle in her hand. Poor little shivering child! I, even I, who could do nothing else, pitied her. As she passed me, her foot slipped upon the ice, and she fell, with a cry of pain: but she held the bundle tightly in her hand, and jumping up, although she limped sadly, endeavored to run on as before.

"Stop, little girl, stop," said a soft sweet voice; and a beautiful woman, wrapped in a large shawl, and with furs all around her, came out of a jeweler's store close by. "Poor little child," she said, "are you hurt? Sit down on this step and tell me." How I loved her, and how beautiful she looked! "Oh, I can not," said the child, "I can not wait—I am in such a hurry. I have been to the shoemaker's, and mother

must finish this work to-night, or she will never get any more shoes to bind." "To-night!" said the beautiful woman—"to-night?" "Yes," said the child—for the stranger's kind manner had made her bold—"yes; for the great ball to-night; and these satin slippers must be spangled, and—" The beautiful woman took the bundle from the child's hand, and unrolled it. You do not know why her face flushed, and then turned pale; but *I*, yes, I looked into the bundle, and on the inside of the slipper I saw a name—a lady's name—written; but—I shall not tell it. "And where does your mother live, little girl?" So the child told her where, and then she told her that her father was dead, and that her little baby brother was sick, and that her mother bound shoes, that they might have bread; but that sometimes they were very hungry, and sometimes they were very cold; and that her mother sometimes cried, because she had no money to buy milk for her little sick brother. And then I saw that the lady's eyes were full of tears; and she rolled up the bundle quickly, and gave it back to the little girl—but she gave her nothing else; no, not even one sixpence; and, turning away, went back into the store from which she had just come out. As she went away, I saw the glitter of a diamond pin. Presently she came back, and, stepping into a handsome carriage, rolled off. The little girl looked after her for a moment, and then, with her little bare feet colder than they were before, ran quickly away. *I* went with the little girl, and I saw her go to a narrow, damp street, and into a small, dark room; and I saw her mother—her sad, faded mother; but with a face so sweet, so patient, hushing and soothing a sick baby. And the babe slept; and the mother laid it on her own lap, and the bundle was unrolled; and a dim candle helped her with her work, for though it was not night, yet her room was very dark. Then, after a while, she kissed her little girl, and bade her warm her poor little frozen feet over the scanty fire in the grate, and gave her a *little* piece of bread, for she had no more; and then she heard her say her evening prayer, and, folding her tenderly to her bosom, blessed her, and told her that the angels would take care of her. And the little child slept, and dreamed—oh, such pleasant dreams!—of warm stockings, and new shoes; but the mother sewed on, alone. And as the bright spangles glittered on the satin slipper, came there no repining into her heart? When she thought of her little child's bare, cold feet, and of the scant morsel of *dry* bread, which had not satisfied her hunger, came there no visions of a bright room, and gorgeous clothing, and a table loaded with all that was good and nice, one little portion of which spared to her would send warmth and comfort to her humble dwelling? If such thoughts came, and others—of a pleasant cottage, and of one who had dearly loved her, and whose strong arm had kept want and trouble from her and her babes, but who could never come back—if these thoughts did come, repiningly, there came also another; and the widow's hands were clasped, and her head bowed low in deep contrition, as I heard her say, "Father, forgive me; for thou doest all things well, and I will yet trust thee." Just then the door opened softly, and some one entered. Was it an angel? Her dress was of spotless white, and she moved with a noiseless step. She went to the bed where the sleeping child lay, and covered it with soft, warm blankets. Then presently a fire sparkled and blazed there, such as the little old grate had never known before. Then a huge loaf was upon the table, and fresh milk for the sick babe. Then she passed gently before the mother, and drawing the unfinished slipper from her hand, placed there a purse of gold, and said, in a voice like music, "Bless thy God, who is the God of the fatherless and the widow"—and she was gone: only, as she went out, I heard her say—"*Better than diamonds! better than diamonds!*" What could she mean? I looked at the mother. With clasped hands and streaming eyes, she blessed her God, who had sent an angel to comfort her. So I went away too; and I went to a bright room, where there was music, and dancing, and lights, and sweet flowers; and I saw young, happy faces, and beautiful women, richly dressed, and sparkling with jewels; but none that I knew; until one passed me, whose dress was of simple white, with only a rose-bud on her bosom, and whose voice was like the sweet sound of a silver lute. No spangled slipper glittered upon her foot; but she moved as one that treadeth upon the air, and the divine beauty of holiness had so glorified her face, that I felt, as I gazed upon her, that she was indeed as an angel of God.

GIFTS OF MEMORY.

NOTHING in man's wonderful nature can be more wonderful or mysterious than his gift of memory. Cicero, after long thinking about it, was driven to the conclusion that it was one of the most striking proofs of the immateriality of the soul, and of the existence of a God.

By means of this wonderful gift, the impressions of the moment are continued throughout the entire after life of a man. Take the child, for example, and you find that the principles, maxims, and motives to conduct, which are implanted in him in his earliest years, are precisely those which are the most dominant in his manhood and old age. Impressions made in childhood are never forgotten; and those which are made when the frame is in its tenderest state, and the mind as yet altogether unformed, are invariably those which last the longest and are rooted the deepest.

Physiologists tell us that the body is undergoing a constant process of renovation of its particles—that in the course of every seven or ten years the whole substance of the human frame has been removed, to give place to altogether new material. And thus the man of to-day is an entirely different person, so far as his bones, muscles, nerves, brain, and blood-vessels are concerned, from what he was seven or ten years ago. Yet *the man* is the same! Why? Because of

his power of memory, which enables him to retain a record of all past impressions, sensations, ideas, feelings, thoughts, and experiences. The material of the body has changed, but the memory is the same. Does not this circumstance warrant the conclusion of Cicero?

But we are not disposed to argue about this matter at present. We would only cite a few of the more note-worthy instances of the powers of memory of distinguished individuals, well known to fame. We must remark, however, at the outset, that memory is of various kinds. There is a speciality in the things remembered by peculiar minds which is very remarkable, and strongly tends to bear out the views of the phrenologists as to the special faculties of the mind. For instance, one man will vividly remember forms and colors, but have no memory for words. Another remembers words but not ideas, and is altogether oblivious of forms of scenery or persons. A third remembers ideas, but not the words in which they are clothed. A fourth has a strong memory for combinations of sounds, but not of words, ideas, or colors. A fifth remembers places —and so on.

Michael Angelo had an extraordinary memory of the forms of objects—so much so, that when he had once seen a thing, he could at any time recall it to memory so as to draw it correctly. In the multitude of figures which you find produced in his works, no two are alike. When a youth, he was already distinguished for this extraordinary memory of forms and figures; and, on one occasion, when some artists, at a friendly supper, had laid a wager as to which of them could produce most faithfully from memory a copy of some grotesque caricature which they had seen upon the walls, Michael Angelo at once reproduced it, as accurately as if it had been placed before his eyes—a feat of all the greater difficulty to him, as he was accustomed only to draw figures of perfect form and grandeur.

The late Mr. Turner, the great painter, had an equally remarkable memory for the details of *places*. In sketching, he would only take a rough outline on the spot, and, months after, paint a picture from the sketch, filling up the miniature of details with the most marvelous fidelity. Cyrus Redding says of him, that "his observation of nature was so accurate, and he was so capable of reading its details and bearing them in memory, that it seemed a mental gift belonging to himself alone."

Mozart had an equally prodigious memory of musical sounds. At the early age of fourteen he went to Rome to assist at the solemnities of the Holy Week. Scarcely had he arrived there, ere he ran to the Sistine Chapel to hear the famous *Miserere* of Allegri. It had been forbidden to take or to give a copy of this famous piece of music. Aware of this prohibition, the young German placed himself in a corner, and gave the most scrupulous attention to the music. On leaving the church, he noted down the entire piece. The Friday after, he heard it a second time, and followed the music with his copy in hand, assuring himself of the fidelity of his memory. Next day, he sang the *Miserere* at a concert, accompanying himself on the harpsichord—a performance which caused so great a sensation at Rome, that Pope Clement XIV. immediately requested that the musical prodigy should be presented to him.

But the most extraordinary instances of memory are found in the history of learned men and authors. Bacon held memory to be the grand source of meditation and thought. Buffon was of opinion that the human mind could create nothing, but merely reproduce from experience and reflection; that knowledge only, which the memory retained, was the germ of all mental products. Chateaubriand averred that the great writers have only put their own history in their works—that the greatest productions of genius are composed but of memories; and Lamartine, in one of his beautiful verses, has said that "Man is a fallen god, who carries about with him memories of heaven." Rousseau, although altogether without memory of words—so void of it that he would forget the terms of a sentence which he had elaborated in his mind, while committing it to the paper—Rousseau has said, "My mind exists only in my recollections."

The most extraordinary instances of memory are those furnished by the ages which preceded the art of printing. Memory was then cultivated much more than it is now; for we moderns can treasure up thoughts in books, and recur to them in the printed form, without the necessity of carrying them about with us in our memory. *A book is an artificial memory.* It is a storehouse of treasured experiences and memories. But it was not so formerly. Learned men then carried about with them, in their heads, whole treatises, cyclopædias, and dictionaries. Themistocles had a memory so extraordinary, that he never forgot what he had once seen or heard. Seneca could repeat two thousand proper names in the order in which they had been told him, without a mistake; and not only so, but he could recite two hundred verses read to him for the first time by as many different persons. Bottigella knew by heart whole books, verbatim. Mirandola used to commit the contents of a book to memory after reading it thrice; and could then not only repeat the words forward, but backward. Thomas Cranwell, in three months, committed to memory, when in Italy, an entire translation of the Bible, as made by Erasmus. Leibnitz knew all the old Greek and Latin poets by heart, and could recite the whole of Virgil, word for word, when an old man: the king of England called him a walking dictionary. Paschal knew the whole Bible by heart, and could at any moment cite chapter and verse of any part of it: his memory was so sure, that he often said that he had never forgotten any thing he wished to remember. Besides knowing the Bible by heart, Bossuet knew, verbatim, all Homer, Virgil, and Horace, besides many other works. Buffon knew all his own works by heart. Samuel Johnson had an extraordinary memory, and retained with aston-

ishing accuracy any thing that he had once read, no matter with what rapidity. The Abbé Poule carried all his sermons—the compositions of forty years—in his head. The Chancellor D'Aguesseau could repeat correctly what he had only once read. Byron knew by heart nearly all the verses he ever read, together with the criticisms upon them. A little before his death, he feared that his memory was going; and, by way of proof, he proceeded to repeat a number of Latin verses, with the English translations of them, which he had not once called to memory since leaving college; and he succeeded in repeating the whole, with the exception of one word, the last of one of the hexameters.

Cuvier's memory was very extraordinary. He retained the names of all plants, animals, fishes, birds, and reptiles; classified under all the systems of natural science of all ages; but he also remembered in all their details, the things that had been written about them in books, in all times. His memory was a vast mirror of human knowledge, embracing at once the grandest and minutest, the sublimest and pettiest facts connected with all subjects in natural science. These he could recall at any time, without any effort; and however cursorily he had perused any book on the subject, he at once carried away all that had been said, in his memory. His minute knowledge on all other subjects was immense. For instance; once in the course of a conversation, he gave a long genealogy of the minute branches of one of the most obscure princes of Germany, whose name had been mentioned, and given rise to some controversy; and he went on to mention all the arrondissements, cantons, towns, and villages, in France, which bore the same name. In his diary he wrote, when dying—"Three important works to publish; the materials all ready, prepared in my head: it only remains to write them down." Cuvier's was perhaps the most wonderful memory of his age.

As we have before said, the *kinds* of memory are various in different persons. One has a memory for dates, figures, and times; another of proper names; another of words, independent of ideas; while another remembers the ideas, but not the words in which they are clothed. There is also a memory for anecdotes, puns, and *bon mots;* and a memory of conversations, maxims, opinions, and lectures. Very different from these is the special memory for sounds in music; for colors in nature and in art; for forms of sculpture or landscape. There is a memory of the heart, of the soul, of the reason, of the sense. Some remember systems; others, voyages and travels; others, calculations and problems; in short, the kinds of memory are almost innumerable—and what is curious is, that excellence in more than one of them is rarely found in the same person. All men, however, have a store of memories of some kind; and it is worthy of remark, that these memories are always in harmony with the feelings and sentiments of the person. Thus, when we speak of the memory of a man, we say—"He knows it *by heart.*" Montaigne has even said, "knowledge is nothing but sentiment."

Honor, then, to this powerful gift of memory, which, if not the greatest of the human faculties, is at least the nurse of all of them. It is given, like other gifts, as a field for man to cultivate and store up with useful ideas, facts, and sentiments, for future uses. For the human mind can create nothing; it only reproduces what experience and meditation have brought to light. Memory is the prime source of thinking. A man writes a book. What does it consist of but his recollections and experiences? If he writes what is called an "original book," you will find that he has drawn it from the storehouse of his own experiences. The writer has but painted his own heart in it. In fact, the best part of genius is constituted of recollections. The ancients called Memory the mother of the Nine Muses; and perhaps this is the finest eulogium that could be pronounced upon the astonishing gift.

REMARKABLE PREDICTIONS.

FOR one prediction that comes true, many hundreds fail, of which we never hear. Many a fond mother predicts a professorship, or judgeship, or bishopship, for a favorite sun, who, nevertheless, slinks through the world among the crowd of unknown people. For all that, sundry remarkable predictions have, at various times, been uttered, which have come true, and yet nothing miraculous has been attributed to them.

Sylla said of Cæsar, when he pardoned him at the earnest entreaty of his friends: "You wish his pardon—I consent; but know, that this young man, whose life you so eagerly plead for, will prove the most deadly enemy of the party which you and I have defended. There is in Cæsar more than a Marius." The prediction was realized.

Thomas Aquinas was so unusually simple and reserved in conversation, that his fellow-students regarded him as a very mediocre person, and jocularly called him *The dumb ox of Sicily.* His master, Albert, not knowing himself what to think, took occasion one day before a large assemblage to interrogate him on several very profound questions; to which the disciple replied with so penetrating a sagacity, that Albert turned toward the youths who surrounded his chair, and said: "You call brother Thomas a *dumb ox*, but be assured that one day the noise of his doctrines will be heard all over the world."

Erasmus wrote a composition at twelve years old, which was read by a learned friend of Hegius; and he was so struck by its merit, that he called the youth to him, and said, scanning him keenly: "My boy, you will one day be a great man."

Sully's father predicted of him, when only twelve years old, that he would one day be great by reason of his courage and his virtues. Had not the prophesy come true, we had never heard of it. But Sully was early put in the way of

promotion, and once in the road, the rest is comparatively easy.

Cardinal Morton, archbishop of Canterbury, early predicted the future greatness of Sir Thomas More. Pointing to the boy one day, he said to those about him: "That youth will one day be the ornament of England."

Cardinal Wolsey, though a butcher's son, had an early presentiment of his future great eminence. He used to say, that if he could but once set foot at court, he would soon introduce himself there. And scarcely had he obtained admission at court, the possessor of a humble benefice, than he did not hesitate to say, that "henceforth there was no favor to which he dared not aspire."

At eighteen, Gondi, afterward Cardinal de Retz, composed certain reminiscences of early studies, on reading which, Richelieu, exclaimed, "Here's a dangerous fellow!"

Marshal Turenne, in his early youth, prophetically foretold the distinction in arms to which he would rise. But, doubtless, there are few youths who enter the army, full of ardor and courage, who do not predict for themselves the career of a hero and a conqueror.

Milton, in his early writings, foreshadowed his great poem, then not matured in his mind. He declared his intention, many years before he commenced his task, of writing some great poem for posterity, "which the world could not willingly let die."

Bossuet, when a youth, was presented to a number of prelates by one of the bishops of his church, who said of him, when he had left: "That young man who has just gone forth will be one of the greatest luminaries of the church."

Mazarin early predicted the brilliant career of Louis XIV. He said of him, "He has in him stuff for four kings:" and at another time, "He may take the road a little later than others, but he will go much further."

One day, a mason, named Barbé, said to Madame de Maintenon, who was at that time the wife of Scarron: "After much trouble, a great king will love you; you will reign; but, although at the summit of favor, it will be of no benefit to you." He added some remarkable details, which appeared to cause her some emotion. Her friends rallied her about the prediction, when the conjuror said to them, with the air of a man confident of the truth of what he said: "You will be glad to kiss the hem of her garment then, instead of amusing yourself at her expense."

On the other hand, Louis XIV. one day observed to the Rochefoucauld and the Duc de Crequi, "Astrology is altogether false. I had my horoscope drawn in Italy; and they told me that after having lived a long time, I would fall in love with an old woman, and love her to the end of my days. Is there the least likelihood of that!" And so saying, he burst into laughing. But this did not, nevertheless, hinder him from marrying Madame de Maintenon, when she was fifty years old! So that both the predictions of the mason and of the Italian conjuror came true at last.

When Voltaire was engaged in the study of classical learning, the father Lejay was once very much irritated by the insolence of his repartees, and taking him by the collar, shook him roughly, saying—"Wretched youth! you will some day be the standard of deism in France." Father Palu, Voltaire's confessor, did not less correctly divine the future career of his young penitent, when he said of him—"This boy is devoured by a thirst for celebrity."

Sterne has told an anecdote of what happened to him once at Halifax. The schoolmaster had got the ceiling newly whitewashed, and the mischievous boy mounting the steps almost before the job was completed, daubed with a brush on the ceiling, the words, in capital letters, LAU. STERNE. For this, the usher cruelly beat him, at hearing of which the master expressed his displeasure, and said, before Sterne, that he would not have the name effaced, seeing that Sterne was a boy of genius, and certain to make a reputation in the world.

Many predictions were made respecting Napoleon, about whose youth there must have been something remarkable. His aged relative, the archdeacon of Ajaccio, when dying, said to the young Bonapartes kneeling around his bedside to receive his last blessing—"You need not think about the fortune of Napoleon: he will make it himself. Joseph, you are the eldest of the house; but Napoleon is the chief. Have a care over his future." Not only his uncle, but all who knew Napoleon, predicted that he would become an instrument for great purposes. He was scarce fifteen years old, when M. de Kergerion said—"I perceive in this young man a spark which can not be too carefully cultivated." And Paoli said of him—"He is a man of Plutarch mould." The rhetorician Domairon described him as "granite heated in a volcano." And finally, Leguille, one of his teachers at the Military School, spoke of him in a note, as—"Napoleon Bonaparte, a Corsican by birth and character: this gentleman will go far, if circumstances favor him."

Let us conclude by adopting the thought of Goethe—"Our desires are the presentiments of the faculties which lie within us—the precursors of these things which we are capable of performing. That which we would be, and that which we desire, present themselves to our imagination, about us, and in the future: we prove our aspiration after an object which we already secretly possess. It is thus that an intense anticipation transforms a real possibility into an imaginary reality. When such a tendency is decided in us, at each stage of our development a portion of our primitive desire accomplishes itself, under favorable circumstances, by direct means; and, in unfavorable circumstances, by some more circuitous route, from which, however, we never fail to reach the straight road again."

WAS IT ALL LUCK?

BEFORE a single sleeper on the Eastern Counties railroad was laid down; before even that line of road was marked out on a map; at the time when stage-coaching was at the summit of prosperity, and omnibuses had not encroached upon the privileges of those pleasant conveyances which were "licensed to carry sixteen passengers, four inside and twelve out," so few, comparatively, of which remain to the present day—my story takes date.

One Saturday afternoon, Mark Anderson, a youth of about eighteen or nineteen, and a subordinate clerk in some inferior government office, emerging from Threadneedle-street, and hurrying on to the Four Swans inn-yard, mounted the box, and seated himself beside the driver of one of the numerous coaches which, in those days, plied between the Flower Pot in Bishopsgate-street and the suburban villages on the Cambridge and other roads branching outward from Shoreditch. Though the time was summer, the day was drizzly and cheerless; and the young man seemed somewhat impatient of a slight delay to which the coachman was subjecting his passengers.

"I thought your time was half-past four," said Mark, and pointed to the clock on the opposite side of the street; "you are nearly ten minutes behind."

"Just going to start," said the coachman; but still he lingered; and the youth, having vented his reproof, tied a handkerchief round his neck, buttoned his frock-coat to his chin, and drew up the box apron over his knees; each of which precautions was very prudent, for though an honest big drop of real rain was not to be seen, the misty drizzle was very penetrating.

"Going to Waltham?" asked the driver.

"No; to Enfield Wash," replied the young man; "and far enough too, such a day as this. When *are* you going to move?"

"In a minute," said the man, looking round, and adding, "Oh, here he comes. Now then, sir, if you please." The last words were addressed to a middle-aged stout gentleman, well wrapped up in a great-coat, who, climbing to the top of the coach, observed in an indifferent tone—"I have kept you waiting, Davis; but can't help it: business must be attended to. You must step out a little quicker, that's all."

"All right, sir," said the coachman, as the vehicle rattled off from the gateway of the Four Swans. "Not quite right, I say," muttered Mark to himself, "to keep us sitting in the rain for his convenience." But his grumbling was inaudible, and the cloud on his face soon cleared up.

The elder traveler seemed destined, that afternoon, to disturb Mark's complacency. Before the coach was off "the stones," he had unfurled a large umbrella, and held it over his head, much to his own comfort, no doubt, but to the discomfort of the youth, just behind whom he was seated, and down whose back the droppings from the umbrella began to trickle in a cold stream.

"*Could* you be so kind, sir," said the youth, looking round at his tormentor, "as to hold your umbrella a little more backward? It gives me more than my share of moisture, I think."

"Can't help it," said the senior traveler, gruffly. "My umbrella isn't in your way, that I can see; and if I hold it at a different angle, I shall get wet; and I don't mean to get wet, if I can help it. Every one for himself, that's my motto, such a day as this."

"Very good, sir," said the young man, good-humoredly; "I only mentioned it, and did not mean to offend you. I am sorry if I have."

"No offense, young man," replied the other; "but you are wrong about the umbrella."

"I dare say you are right, sir," said Mark. "These Scotch mists get into one before you know where you are."

Scotch or English, the mist gradually thickened; and by the time the coach reached Tottenham, it mattered little to Mark Anderson that he had not been spared the umbrella droppings. He was almost wet through on all sides. But he bore the inconvenience with a good-humor that seemed imperturbable. Presently the coach stopped, and Mark got down while the horses were being changed.

"Hallo, Davis! I say, Davis, is that you smoking?" angrily shouted the elder traveler from under cover of his umbrella, some little while after the coach was again in motion.

"No, sir, *I* am, though," returned the youth. "Trying your plan, sir—taking care of myself."

"And annoying your neighbors," grumbled the gentleman; "that isn't my plan, my young friend."

Mark had it on his lips to say that he somewhat doubted that assertion; but he did not say it. Instead of that, "If my cigar is disagreeable to you, sir," said he, "I'll leave off directly."

"No, no; go on, by all means," said the gentleman, somewhat testily; "every one for himself; but it's a nasty habit, that smoking; and it can not be very agreeable to any body to be stifled with tobacco-reek, I should think. It isn't to me, I know, so I'll just shift my seat, if you'll draw up for a minute, Davis."

"No need for that, sir," replied Mark, quietly. "I've done, sir, and I beg your pardon for having annoyed you. I did not intend to do it:" and, as he spoke, he threw the half-unconsumed cigar on to the road.

Mark's fellow-traveler looked half-vexed and half-pleased. "I did not wish you to do *that*," he said, in a tone very different from that in which he had before spoken. "I am obliged to you, though, for, to tell the truth, I very much dislike the smell of tobacco. But you should have saved your cigar; it seems a pity to cast away what costs good money."

"It's of no consequence, sir," returned Mark; "I dare say you are right about smoking; 'tis only a habit."

"A *bad* habit," said the gentleman, very decidedly. "I should say a *very* bad habit for a young man like you. But it is nothing to me,"

he added, in his former misanthropical tone; "every one for himself."

"That seems rather a favorite motto of yours, sir," said the youth, respectfully, but manfully; "but I think there is a better one than that to go by."

"Eh! what do you mean? what's that?"

"'Every one for his neighbor,' sir," replied Mark.

"Ay, ay! and who is my neighbor? Yes, yes, I know the answer to *that*. 'A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho,' and so on. You are right, young man; and it is the best motto to act upon, as you say. But I shouldn't expect it, though, from a young cigar-smoker."

"I don't know why you should not, sir," replied Mark, still good-humoredly. "A cigar-smoker, even a young one, may be courteous, I hope, sir."

"So it seems. And I thank you, my young friend, for your readiness to oblige me by putting out your cigar. You should *not* have thrown it away, though. You'll never get rich at that rate. *I* shouldn't be now if I had smoked cigars fifty years ago. But there were none then to smoke, I think—at least I never saw any: so much the better for me."

And there the conversation ended; but it was very observable that during the latter part of it the umbrella was gradually edged away from Mark's back. Presently the coach drew up at the iron gateway of a large and somewhat aristocratic-looking mansion, and the elder traveler alighted.

"You know that gentleman, I suppose?" said Mark to the coachman, when the coach was once more in motion.

"Yes: Mr. Cameron his name is. He goes up and comes down two or three times a week. That's his country house. He is rich as a Jew, they say, and does a large business in the city. I thought you would come in for it for smoking, sir. He can't bear it. He gave up the Edmonton Highflyer because the coachman would have his cigar."

In due time our young friend reached the neat little cottage of his widowed mother in safety, and received a gentle scolding for being so thoughtless as to leave his umbrella behind him at his Camberwell lodgings in the morning.

Now, the coach-top scene and conversation which we have attempted to describe may seem very trivial; but our readers will understand that it led to results which were not so. And we may observe, in passing, that really trivial events in life rarely or never occur. We may not, in every case, perhaps not in many cases, be able to trace the connection between the events of to-day and those of yesterday, much less of those which took place years ago; but the connection exists, nevertheless. And this fact alone should teach every traveler through life to look well to his goings and his doings. It should do something more than this, we think; but we will not moralize here.

It sometimes happens that two persons—strangers to each other—having once casually met, under circumstances, for instance, like those we have related, seem afterward to cross each other's path with something like design, though the second rencontre and all succeeding ones shall be as accidental as the first. Not many evenings after that of which we have spoken, Mr. Cameron, passing over London-bridge, was caught in a sudden shower. It was very vexatious; for, by some extraordinary neglect, he had left behind him, at his counting-house, his almost inseparable companion—his umbrella; and inwardly fretting at his carelessness, or his over-credulous faith in a blue sky, he hastened on toward the Southwark side of the river to seek shelter. Before he could reach it, however, the shower became a torrent, and in another minute or two Mr. Cameron would have been drenched, but for the abrupt but timely offer of the very thing that he then most needed. The offer was made by a young man whom in his haste Mr. Cameron had nearly run down.

"Ha, my young cigar merchant!" exclaimed Mr. Cameron, who, at a glance, recognized his former fellow-traveler: "'A friend in need is a friend indeed,' they say. I beg your pardon for running against you; but you see I am likely to get wet."

"Yes, sir; and so if you will oblige me by making use of my umbrella—"

"To be sure I will. I am making use of it already, you see. But two can walk under it: I'll take your arm, if you please. 'Tisn't every body I would walk under the same umbrella with, though. There—you needn't walk so far off; I can trust you, eh? And every one for himself, you know—and his neighbor as well. To be sure. By the way, where's your cigar, my young friend? You were smoking, I think, a minute ago, before I overtook you."

"Yes, sir, I was certainly; but you don't like it, and I couldn't think of offering you the shelter of my umbrella with a cigar in my mouth, so—"

"So you canted it into the Thames, I suppose. A foolish trick that, my young friend. By the way, what's your name?"

"Mark Anderson, sir, at your service."

"My service to you, Mr. Mark Anderson—a good name, by the way; north country, like mine, though you be a cockney. *My* name is Cameron: Watling-street knows me, I think. And what may be Mr. Mark Anderson's profession?"

"An inquisitive old gentleman," thought Mark to himself; "but there's no reason why he shouldn't know what I am;" and forthwith, with the frankness of a youth who has nothing to conceal, he answered *that* question.

The rain did not seem like to cease, and the pavements were getting cleared rapidly. Our two friends, however, walked on together for some little time in silence.

"Which way are you going, and how far?"

asked Mr. Cameron, abruptly, as he and Mark arrived at the end of the bridge.

"My lodgings are at Camberwell, sir, and I am going there."

"Ah! then we must part here. I was afraid of that. Our roads are different, young man. Mine lies down yonder"—he pointed as he spoke toward Tooley-street. So I must get on as well as I can, thanking you for your shelter while I have had it. There! I won't keep you any longer in the wet; every one for himself, you know."

"And his neighbor too, sir. It won't make much difference to me, and if you will allow me to walk with you as far as you are going; or, if you like to take my umbrella, sir, you are quite welcome to it."

"You are a fine young fellow, Mr. Mark Anderson," said Mr. Cameron, turning abruptly upon his companion. "A thousand pities you smoke. Well, sir, I'll accept your offer. It isn't above half a mile that I am going, and you shall have the pleasure of putting your motto into practice."

Mark was right enough in judging his companion to be "an inquisitive old gentleman." He was, in fact, *very* inquisitive. But Mark did not mind it; and before they parted that evening, Mr. Cameron had learned a good deal of the young man's previous history—who and what his father had been, where his mother lived, what her resources were, how many sisters he had, what they did to support themselves, and what his own prospects were. And as Mark shook hands with Mr. Cameron at parting, he received at the same time a friendly invitation, and a suggestion, couched in some such language as this:

"Young man, I owe you something for your politeness, and also for being so rough to you the other afternoon on the coach—"

"Don't mention it, sir," Mark began to say.

"Yes, but I must mention it, though; I was in a bad humor that day. I had lost a good bit of money, or thought I had; but that's no excuse. Well, you must get down at my house next time we ride together, and take a chop with me, eh? And you can walk on to Enfield Wash afterward What do you say?"

Mark thanked the gentleman.

"And cheer up, my lad. You don't think your prospects very promising, I can see. Ah! but you don't know. Who can tell what a day may bring forth. Not you, nor I. Fifty years ago, young man, I left Scotland on foot, with about ten shillings in my pocket, and not a friend north of the Tweed that I knew any thing of. And here I am now, worth more than ten shillings and fourpence I think. But I didn't smoke cigars young man. And I say, Mr. Anderson, 'tis a thousand pities you smoke. I wouldn't if I were you."

Our narrative, however, must now take a leap over a long range of years. Twenty summers and winters have passed since that rainy day on London-bridge, bringing with them their checkered range of joys and sorrows, successes and reverses. The scene now shifts to a commercial room in the Eagle and Crown, at a market town some fifty miles from the metropolis. There sat a party of commercial travelers at supper, discussing, while they did justice to the good fare, as is their wont, the credit and resources of various houses in the different lines of business with which they were connected.

"What a lucky fellow, by the way," said one of the party, after the merits of a great Manchester warehouse-man had been canvassed, "that Mark Anderson has been all his life!"

"A very lucky fellow!" rejoined another; and a third re-echoed the remark.

"Do you think so, gentlemen?" asked a fourth—an elderly man, who had hitherto borne no part in the rather "free-and-easy" converse of that evening.

"There can't be a doubt of it, Mr. W., I should think," replied the first speaker.

"Not a doubt of it," said the second, likewise; "it was all luck, depend upon it."

"He began with nothing—nothing to speak of," continued the former; "but old Cameron took a fancy to him; and now, you see, the old gentleman retires from the firm, and leaves Mark Anderson at the head of it."

"And," rejoined the third *commercial*, "it all began, as I have been told, by young Anderson happening to have an umbrella, and saving Mr. Cameron from getting a wetting one evening. A lucky thing that. I think I shall take to carrying an umbrella fine days as well as wet ones."

"That wasn't quite all, I believe," responded number one; "he came over the old gent by chiming in with his humors and finding out the length of his foot. A clever fellow Mr. Anderson is, I fancy. But there was a bit of sneaking about him. That and good luck did it all."

"Ah! I have heard that Cameron cottoned to the young fellow at first, because of his name. It has a Scotch sort of sound, you know; and Anderson's father, or grandfather, *was* a Scotchman. So it was 'Highlanders, shoulder-to-shoulder,' you know. A lucky thing to have a fine-sounding name, sometimes. Poor Jack Smith might have told *his* name fifty times, and nobody would have thought any thing about it."

"A lucky thing of Mr. Anderson to leave off smoking as he did. He took his cue there famously. That was what nailed old Mr. Cameron, I suspect. A lucky thought that!"

"Well, gentlemen," said Mr. W., when there was a slight break in the conversation, "you have had your say about Mr. Anderson, and you all seem to know something, more or less, of his history; but you will excuse me for thinking you are wrong in ascribing his prosperity to what you call luck. There is more in it than that, I think."

"Of course, Mr. W.," replied one of the former speakers, "we don't mean that Mr. Anderson isn't clever and shrewd, and all that sort of thing that helps a man on in the world; it was

his first start, mind you, that we said was so lucky."

"Mr. W. does not believe in luck, perhaps," observed another of the company.

"No, I don't," said Mr. W. "Luck is a heathenish word, and the idea it generally conveys is a heathenish idea. But we need not dispute about words. What I mean is that Mr. Anderson's 'first start,' as you call it, was owing to something with which *luck* had nothing to do."

"You know Mr. Anderson, perhaps?"

"Yes, rather intimately; and I'll tell you what *I* know of his rise in the world, if you like. A few words will do it."

"By all means, Mr. W.," said one of the other speakers.

"In the first place, then, what first attracted Mr. Cameron's notice in young Anderson, was his good temper and readiness to oblige a stranger who had behaved to him both crustily and selfishly. Their first meeting was on the top of a stage coach—"

"Yes, I have heard of that."

"Well, then, you will admit that had Anderson given his fellow-passenger 'as good as he sent,' to use a common expression, their acquaintance would probably have ended where it began. So I should say that *good temper*, rather than *luck*, was the first step toward Mr. Anderson's prosperity."

"There's something in that, to be sure, Mr. W."

"Then there was a degree of kindness, somewhat self-denying, in the offer of the umbrella when Cameron and Anderson came in each other's way the second time. It is not every young man would have gone out of his way to oblige even a common acquaintance; and not many perhaps, would have thought of offering the shelter of an umbrella to such a crusty old fellow as Mr. Cameron had seemed to be. Some, I fancy, would have chuckled over the old gentleman's evident distress, and said it served him right. But the young man had a way of his own, and a principle of his own, too: that principle was, 'Every man for his neighbor,' and he acted upon it. So, instead of *luck*, we may set down thoughtfulness and disinterested kindness, and I may say *Christian* kindness—for 'Every man for his neighbor' is a Christian motto—as another step."

"Very true, Mr. W., so far."

"Then, again, Mr. Cameron was pleased with the young man's conversation, and in consequence of that invited him to his house. Here was another step with which luck had nothing to do. In the course of further acquaintance, Mr. Cameron discovered that his young *protégé*, as I may call him, was a good son, and—notwithstanding an unfortunate *penchant* for cigars—did a good deal with very limited means, for the comfort of a widowed mother. Luck had nothing to do with that, I think."

"Nothing, certainly, Mr. W."

"Well, to go on with my—"

"Lecture," suggested one of the gentlemen of the commercial room, with a wink to the rest.

"Yes," continued Mr. W.; "to go on with my lecture—there was the leaving off smoking, which Mr. C. calls a lucky thought. Now, I can tell you how that came about. One day, after Mr. Cameron and young Anderson had become pretty familiar, as they were riding together on the same coach where they had first met, I believe the old gentleman began to attack the young fellow about his nasty habit, as he called it, and asked him what he would do if he should get a wife who didn't like it?

"'Leave it off, directly,' said Anderson.

"'You wouldn't be able,' said Mr Cameron

"I think I should,' replied the other; 'and to prove it, sir, I won't smoke again for the next three months.'

"Well, gentlemen, young Anderson kept his word; and before the time was gone by, he happened to fall in with a poor scholar—a German—half starved, and learnt his history, which was a very sad one. To have the means of relieving him, Anderson made up his mind that he wouldn't spend any more money on cigars, and in gratitude for the unexpected kindness and liberality of the young clerk, the poor student offered to teach him the German language. Now, it might have been what you call a lucky thought; but I should rather call it a generous one, that led Mr. Anderson to give up smoking."

"I think it was, certainly, Mr. W.," responded Mr. C., the gentleman addressed. "You are right, sir."

"Well, Anderson was a sharp, energetic fellow when he took any thing in hand; and in a year or two he was master of the language; though what good it would ever do him he had not the most distant idea. During all this time he hadn't met Mr. Cameron more than two or three times, and they hadn't got beyond a familiar sort of how-d'ye-do acquaintance. One day Anderson took up a newspaper, and saw an advertisement for a mercantile clerk, well acquainted with German. At that time he was not making much headway, and it struck him that he might better himself by looking after this situation. So he made an appointment with the X. Y. Z. who had advertised; and who should it prove to be but Mr. Cameron himself!

"'Ha! my young cigar merchant,' said he, when they met; 'what do you know about German?' Mr. Anderson explained.

"'But,' said Mr. Cameron, 'you are German out and out, I am afraid. German pipes as well as German gutturals? It won't do, I think. I was obliged to get rid of my last German correspondent because he perfumed the counting-house with stale tobacco: pah! I couldn't bear it any longer.'

"'I haven't smoked for two years sir,' said Anderson. And that pretty nearly settled the matter at once. In two or three weeks' time he had got into Cameron's counting-house. After that, you know, he rose and rose till, by making himself useful, he was taken into the firm; but if you think he has not worked hard for it, you are mistaken. And I think you will agree with

me in saying that my friend, Mark Anderson, does not owe his prosperity—no, nor even his first steps upward—to what you, gentlemen, are pleased to call LUCK."

THE CARELESS WORD.

INNUMERABLE are the ways of making love; for, although love is a natural product of the human heart, and not a manufactured article, yet it is nevertheless brought to perfection by artificial means—opportunities, tears, sighs, speeches, and the like—and requires considerable skill in the process. We have the highest authority for calling it an art—the art of love. And it is not only one of the fine arts, but unequivocally the finest of all the arts. Treatises have been written upon it from the beginning of time, and will continue to be written upon it to the end of time; and when all the languages of the earth shall have exhausted their resources to the same purpose, the world will not be a whit wiser about it than it was four thousand years ago.

You may make love with your foot, accidentally, of course, and nobody but the beloved shall be the wiser. And how will she take it? Her blue eyes, or deep hazel, or light ash, or whatever color they may be, will suddenly sparkle as if an electric wire had touched her, and she will raise them with their new-born thoughts springing up in them to look into your face, not with a full gaze, but a half-downcast and thrilling glance of an instant, like a sun-flash, and then a blush, burning and sudden, will rush into her face, and she will unconsciously squeeze her beautiful lips together, and then turn away her head quickly, as if provoked at herself for having been betrayed into a recognition of the meaning of your familiar, and, we must add, contraband mode of awakening her feelings.

And how many speechless men there are who make love with their hands and their eyes, or with any thing except their tongues. Love certainly is not loquacious. It can not always talk *to*, but it can talk forever *of* the object. That is to say, while yet the early season is full of clouds and showers, and the wooer is not over-confident of the promise of the future. But when the sun breaks out and there is an assurance of hope, then even the timid grow brave and become as garrulous as if they had practiced delicious nonsense all their lives long. Yet it is odd, how any man with the passion, ecstatic even in its uncertainty, throbbing at his heart, can sit like a statue, all stone and melancholy, moping, and mooning, while the fawn-like being is moving round him full of grace, beauty, and self-possession.

The liveliest and most imaginative man is liable, sometime in the course of his life, to be thrown into a trance of this kind. Talk of the transmigration of souls! This is the true metempsychosis that all of a sudden, in the very prime of his vivacity, turns your cheerful friend, who has not a real care or anxiety in existence, and used to be such a "capital fellow" at a dinner party, into the dullest and flattest of human beings. Where his soul goes to during these intervals of suspended animation is a grave speculation; but most probably it flies for refuge to the lady, if we may judge by the increased gayety she usually exhibits on such occasions, which certainly justifies the suspicion that she has derived an additional spirituality from the man's bewilderment. He is probably laboring all the time under the delusion that he is solving some abstruse problem; but that is a melancholy mistake; his mind—with all respect for nature's laws—is a vacuum. He may think he is thinking, but he is doing no such thing—he is merely looking stupid. Ah! love is a paradox. We might as well attempt to reap the winds, count the spots in the sun, swim in the air, square the circle, or find out perpetual motion, as to trace its rise and progress. "It enters" says Farquhar, "at the eyes." That is all very well for a comedy; but you might as well say that the light of the sun enters at the key-hole. Love enters every where: it seizes on the tips of the fingers—do we not fall in love with a touch of the hand?—it fascinates the ear—do we not fall in love with a voice?—which of the senses is exempt from its influence? and as to imagination, it is often, as every body knows, made prisoner in advance of sight, touch, and hearing.

Now there is not a single mood or tense of love that was not practiced over and over again between Charles Torrens and Edith Esdaile in the course of their wooing. They believed they loved each other better than ever any young people loved each other before; and we believe that they loved each other quite as deeply as any young people can love. And they were indefatigable in cultivating all possible opportunities of increasing that stock of affection. Charles would have paid his morning visits at daybreak, and spun them out till midnight, if a certain sense of the usages of society had not checked his ardor. As it was, he called every day at the house of the lady's father, and came again every evening with as much punctuality and certainty as the waters of the ocean ebb and flow. And it was extraordinary how fertile he was in excuses for this undeviating attention. He was always prepared with something new to show, or to talk about: with a scrap of intelligence for the old gentleman, or the lady-mother; or, perhaps, with an apology for something he had left undone, and a promise to do it the next day, so as to create out of one visit a pretext for another. He always made an excuse of some description, although there was not the slightest necessity for it, and his motive was as transparent as a sheet of glass. But love makes one very conscious and suspicious of every movement: the lover takes infinite delight in stratagetical operations, and is, therefore, constantly employed in devising cunning schemes for eluding and evading observation; forgetting that the more he struggles to escape it, the more he draws it down.

Edith Esdaile was equally ardent and clever

in her own way. She was very pretty and amiable, and had, of course, many admirers, all of whom were pushed from their stools by the fortunate Charles Torrens. But in order that she might not appear particular, which she could not help appearing, she occasionally did martyrdom at a window with one of the beaux; or sat at her work-table for ten minutes together while another asked questions about crotchet, and entangled her worsteds; or sang some especial ballad at the especial request of a third, whom she unfeelingly permitted to hang over her all the time at the piano. These little mischievous disguises of the real state of her heart she considered perfect, and thought that her plot against the eyes of the experienced people about her could not be detected.

As we have already intimated, there was not the least necessity for all this finesse, because neither Mr. nor Mrs. Esdaile, nor any body else, would, or could have objected to receive Charles Torrens as the accepted suitor; but there is a crookedness or perversity in love that will not allow things to take their own smooth, open, and natural course. Lovers will not permit themselves to be made happy too soon, or too easily. They must arrive at their happiness through difficulties. The sweet must not be tasted until the palate is prepared to appreciate it by a few trials of the bitter. The parched traveler enjoys the spring in the desert all the more gratefully after the fatigues of his journey over the blistering sands. So lovers make their own journey of troubles in order that the gush of the fresh spring of the heart may come upon them with an enhanced delight.

That Edith was fondly attached to Charles, there could be no doubt. It was because she loved him to such an extremity, that she tortured herself to try to conceal it from all the world beside: for there was so much poetry in her nature that she thought love was the more rapturous when it was enjoyed in secret; and that such love as hers was a feeling too deep and sacred to be profaned by contact with drawing-room gossip, and the vulgar whispers, jests, and innuendoes of general society. When, indeed, they were *alone*, and Charles pressed her pretty hand, and looked into her face, and uttered a few imperfect sounds that broke upon his lips, hardly taking the shape of words, then the tears would start into her eyes, and she would drop her head upon her bosom, while her swan-like neck, drooping before him, made an unconscious token of how powerless she was in his presence, and of the complete resignation of her whole being to his sovereignty. No language could paint that devotion; nor did either of them try to explain what they felt. It was articulated in every look and motion. It was the grace and beauty of their lives, and not to be defined, lest in the process of description its charm and power might escape.

Much as she wished before strange faces to seem indifferent, she failed to accomplish her seeming. Her eyes involuntarily followed every turn of his: if he stirred in the most distant part of the room, she was attracted, as it were, by some sympathy of the nerves. In the intervals of his absence she would occupy herself in watching the time-piece; in thinking of what he had last said and done; in trying to conjure new meanings out of his most trivial words; in going over the whole of their interviews, and putting minute facts together, comparing and analyzing them for the sake of extracting the trembling secret from them in all possible combinations and changes, and in speeding onward with her flying thoughts into the future, hurrying over a whole life of dreamy events in a second of time, and making a world of reverie in which to dwell with that pledged heart for ever and ever. What a sad thing it is for a young lady to be so restless and fidgety; and if you ask her the cause of it, to be answered by a direct denial of the fact, and an assertion that she was never more tranquil and contented! Edith could not stay quietly in one place for a quarter of an hour throughout the dreary mornings. One of her resources, a foolish one too, was to go up into her own room, shut herself in, and repeat the name of Charles in every possible modulation of voice; sometimes sweetly and confidingly, then reproachfully, then angrily, then melting down into forgiveness, and then murmuringly, as if in restored happiness; and she would sit and listen to the echoes as if they were voices from the spheres making music for her solitude. Of a truth, she thought Charles the prettiest name in the world!

When Charles first felt a novel pleasure in Edith's society, he philosophized a good deal on the subject, and labored hard to demonstrate to himself that it was merely an accidental feeling, and not one of a permanent or serious character. He endeavored even to deprive the image which chance had miraculously imprinted on his heart of its brilliancy, and to reduce it to as plain and every-day a picture as he could. He knew a hundred girls who were more beautiful, more agreeable, and more accomplished. Edith's face was not remarkably handsome; she certainly had expressive eyes, there was no denying that; she had a pretty, even a most tempting mouth; but then, the rest of her features were commonplace and inharmonious: her figure was graceful—she had that manner and air of natural elegance which could neither be imparted nor acquired; but there were defects, even in her fine form, which he thought he saw distinctly: and, relying upon these drawbacks, he assured himself that he was not in love, or that at all events, even if he did acknowledge a slight partiality, it was but a mere agitation on the surface, like that which the breeze makes when it touches the flowers, and passes on. He was very heroic in his resolution not to be enslaved. He was determined not to fall in love. But a man might as well *prendre la lune avec les dents* as battle with shadows of his own making in his way. The passion was fixed in his heart beyond redemption, by the time that he had quite satisfied him-

self of its impossibility He and Edith had exchanged hearts, even while they were severally reasoning themselves into a belief that they were perfectly indifferent to each other, and that there were twenty others, at both sides, whom they liked infinitely better. In the first hours of love, young people look at each other through a medium that resembles a diamond, in which a thousand stars are twinkling and dancing, and which confounds their perceptions by its brilliancy.

The mutual delusion progressed rapidly. The lovers had hitherto talked to each other only by signs. It happened that they had never been thrown together so as that Charles could have taken advantage of a favorable moment to lead to the subject which, although nearest to his heart, he yet did not choose to confess to himself. But stone walls, brass gates, locks, bolts, and bars, are to true love as water to the keel of the ship, or as the air to the cleaving wings of the eagle. Love will make its own opportunities. It sees no impediments which it can fancy to be insurmountable. And it is so incessantly employed in its own affairs, that it is sure in the long run to cheat the guardianship of the most cautious and wary protectors, who must sometimes nod. Love is always awake inventing, while even the lynx occasionally shuts its eyes, and sleeps on its watch.

An opportunity did occur at last; and it was all the more secure because it was in the midst of a busy and prattling throng—in the crowd and pressure of a party. In the dance their eyes met just as she had lightly placed her hand within his. The train that had hitherto lain darkly on their hearts was fired in that look; its electric quiver rushed to their fingers—he pressed her hand, which suddenly trembled in his grasp, and a second glance at the disturbed features, scared and flushed with emotion, confirmed their mutual impressions. What more could have been accomplished in a year of formal advances, of regular declarations and daily correspondence?

They retired to a seat. Then came the dangerous moment. Their secret was already betrayed. There was not a thought or a hope in either of their minds that was not as clearly mapped out before them both, as if their thoughts and hopes were translated into language and written down. Did he venture to break the ice on that occasion of delicious sensations? No. He could not speak to her: they sat together silently, looking very silly in the eyes of every body else, but enjoying in the paradise of their own feelings a rapture which the sage world, that has outgrown these joys, treats with a grand and supercilious levity. The discovery had taken Edith by surprise She was not prepared for so overwhelming a tide of affection. A new sense had sprung up in her young mind, and seized upon her whole being In a moment, as a gust of wind flutters the leaf and spreads a strange color over its surface, the sudden knowledge of Charles's love touched and changed her nature. She was no longer the gay, careless Edith. At that instant, and probably for five minutes in continuance, she looked as grave as if some great misfortune had befallen her. But it was the excess of mixed happiness, and pain she knew not why, wonder, and doubt, and fear, and flurry. She shook it off, to be sure, quickly, for it is a part of female education to disguise the heart through all its preliminary stages. Whatever a lady may feel—and ladies do feel as deeply as men who sneer, protest, and look savage—she must not appear to feel, lest the wayward and exacting gentleman may relax in his devotion, or require more than she can grant.

Before that night's revelry was ended, Charles had pressed the hand of his young Edith many times—but he did not venture upon words. It was not needful. When they parted, they understood each other much better than if they had trusted their agitated thoughts to speech. How speedily and surely do the tokens of love pass from eye to eye. Like the signs of the telegraph they traverse the air, unintelligible to all but to those who communicate and receive them.

The destiny of the lovers was decided in that night's silent recognition. They met constantly afterward for months. But still for many weeks their emotions did not take the shape of confession. They kept hovering upon the verge of avowal, desiring, yet avoiding the mutual admission, jealous of every surrounding obstacle, yet timid to remove them, and preserving by all the arts of suppression and ingenious torture that twilight of the mind in which visions seem to float before the eyes in their most etherial and love-like forms. They were afraid to trust to the daylight of open acknowledgment, lest it might destroy the illusions in which they reveled. Still they talked *at* the passion, although their strange and capricious fears did not permit them to fill up the delineation with figures.

"Do you not admire my cousin Mary?" said Edith, one evening, as they sat together alone.

"Yes," replied Charles, "she is pretty and lively; but—" he paused.

"There is great virtue in that but," returned Edith

"She wants the essential loveliness, at least in *my* eyes."

"Pray what may that be?" inquired Edith, trying to speak indifferently, but all the while coloring, like a guilty creature.

"Can not *you* guess, Edith?" he asked.

"I—how should I?"

"I fancied," replied Charles, "that you knew at least *some* of my thoughts, and *that* thought above all the rest!"

She stammered out something about the difficulty of knowing people's thoughts before they were uttered. Charles did not allow her to finish the sentence.

"The thought was one, Edith, dear Edith!" he said, "in which, perhaps, nobody would take an interest but myself. I say, perhaps—I am not sure—it may be, that there is one to whom my aspirations are not entirely valueless."

Poor Edith hardly stirred, lest she should be-

tray the tremor that was at that moment in her heart. She tried to look at the garden, as if she saw the flowers, and was thinking of them, but saw nothing but a mist. And so it went on—he talking in a broken and foolish way, and she, with her instinctive, womanly tact, accusing him of not being very intelligible.

At last he got upon the favorite subject of the ideal, and came to depict the sort of being that could alone enslave his heart. Here he became profound and eloquent.

"Ah! Edith," he cried, his voice sinking into its softest tones, "you possess the power—I mean the skill—to—to—change mirth into tears at will—and back again, dear Edith, too. But this is very foolish. I can not account for being so ridiculous, and so full of moods. Seriously, I will tell you what sort of a creature she should be to be mine. She must first, Edith—first, and above all other graces or beauties, she must be pure in mind, in word, in act. Pure as the snow when it descends into the mountain torrent, and ere it has been swept in the fury of the foam over the soil of earth. She must have no thought—not even such vanishing thoughts as self-love in idle moments flings across the mind, like a breath upon glass—she must have no thought of others. I must be to her the world, as she to me the universe. I must trust to her excelling purity and singleness of heart for that; to her tried and exalted devotion; her unabating love of all that is good and gentle; her strength of character, her goodness, and her pride. Then I would have her kind to every body, but confiding to me alone. Her general kindness should not be tinged with familiarity, but rather thrown out like a light, the rays and not the warmth of which should be felt. Being pure, and young, and beautiful, she should have an intellect to embellish all, and to give that nameless charm to her speech and actions which fades not with the roses of the cheek, or the lustre of the eye. Oh! what a life would it be with such an one to train her tender feelings into mature and lasting principles; to watch the growth and upward springing of that sweet and divine spirit into its proper sphere of love and honor; to tend it with delicate watchfulness and unceasing ardor; and to look back, when that career was drawing to its close, upon the bright line of unalloyed happiness such a lot had traced."

As he finished, his voice became agitated, and he drew his hand painfully over his eyes. Poor Edith was equally touched, and had scarcely any more command of herself, but, feeling that she ought to say something, she said, unwittingly, the most dangerous thing she could have hit upon.

"You speak in the language of romance, Charles, there—is—no such—being living—as you describe."

"There *is*, Edith," exclaimed Charles, "there is such an one—all excellence. Of a nature so pure, so lofty, so lovely, that I despair—I despair—"

Her eyes at that moment were resting on his face, her cheeks were sadly flushed, and her lips were quivering with emotion. Does not the reader see the issue at once, without putting us to the risk of spoiling it in the description? The crimson cheek, the averted eyes, the head bent, and the wandering arm.

It is astonishing how this coming to the point, this discovery of a fact, of which you were before perfectly well aware, but which had not been regularly announced, eases the mind, and unlocks, as it were, all the clasps and springs that bound up the heart. A man begins to breathe after he has declared himself. He sits easier on his chair, and walks across the room with the most negligently triumphant air in the world, as if he had already a property in the lady. To know that you love and are loved is, after all, a very agreeable thing. It lifts you above the vulgar herd. It gives you a new interest in life, apart from the rest of the world, and is crowded with trains of delight that seem to stretch onward through an illimitable future. In fact, there is no end to the odd and pleasant fancies that gallopade through the head, when the consciousness of having committed yourself beyond redemption has entered into it.

Charles and Edith had that sort of swimming of ideas for many days after their mutual avowal. They talked fast and in a singularly foolish manner: were in the most extravagant spirits; and appeared to feel as if the room were dancing round them. Charles broke the spring of his watch in an impetuous attempt to wind it up, and Edith could not get the strings of her harp into tune, although she screwed and screwed for hours together.

The lovers met every day, and whenever they could, stole away to enjoy the felicity of their own thoughts. They talked, of course, an infinite quantity of nothing.

"I like you best," said Charles, one evening, "in that lilac dress: it suits your delicate complexion; besides, its gauze draperies, that float round it like light clouds, break away the outlines of your figure, and give you a still more sylph-like look."

"Why, it was but yesterday, dear Charles," she replied, "that you thought I should always wear white. You see how capricious you are."

"Dear Edith, not capricious. The truth is, I love you in every color—but always think that in which you are present to me the most becoming. In any dress you look beautiful in my eyes, and if I wish you ever to appear in one particular dress, it is only another way of saying that I wish you ever to be to me the same."

"And so I will, dearest Charles. Ah! you see how soon we learn to give utterance to thoughts from the expression of which we shrank so recently with fear and apprehension."

"Because, sweet love, we were then upon the wide waters of doubt, and the winds were upon us, and we feared the wreck of life and happiness. But we are now like the ship in harbor: no rough winds can reach us here; the sea beneath us is smooth and placid: we are as firm as the solid rock."

Some months passed away in this rapturous dalliance. Never were lovers so perfectly happy. But it was necessary to bring their season of joy to a practical issue. It was a great crisis with them.

The evening before Charles had resolved to make his proposals to Mr. Esdaile, he met Edith as usual. What an hour of happiness was that! There were the confiding pair about to make the venture of their whole stock of human affecton, and to commit themselves for life to their implicit trust in each other. It was a dedication and blending of hearts. Beautiful snatch of sunshine—the one oasis in the desert of life!

"I am so happy, Edith, that we have made up our minds at last: for it would have worn out our spirits to have continued much longer as we are To-morrow I will write to your father—such a long letter;—I will call on him afterward, before he has time to answer me. What shall I say?—I—" something like tears sprang into his eyes as he thought of what he ought to say; but dashing them off, he laughed merrily at his own folly.

"I am sure I don't know what *I* shall say," answered Edith, "when mamma, in her solemn way, calls me into her own room to tell me of it. I am sure I shall sink into the ground before her."

"She will not be angry, Edith!"

"Angry?—no! She will be pleased, and happy. But—" and poor Edith, thinking of the awful eyes of mamma, looked terribly serious.

Charles was perplexed at the sudden change in her manner, and pausing, very gravely, took her hand "Edith," said he, slowly, perhaps sadly, "are you unhappy? Have you any misgiving in your heart?"

Now Edith was never so happy in her life, but it was a happiness so exquisite that it pained her, and she might have looked sorrowful unknowingly. Her mind was so full of delight, that she could scarcely compose her thoughts into tranquillity. She had a disturbed air, flushed by her varying emotions: and Charles, whose love was quick, sensitive and rash, saw a strangeness in her which, although very natural to her at such a time, appeared to him ill-timed and mysterious. His question was not calculated to produce the effect he anticipated. It sounded in her ears idle and silly—indeed she scarcely gave attention to its purport, for her thoughts were upon the morrow and the bridal hopes. She heard it as one would hear a piece of badinage at a moment when the mind was otherwise engaged; and she answered it as one would answer such badinage, with the first word that came. She turned away her head carelessly, and when Charles repeated the question,

"*Are* you unhappy?"

"Unhappy?" she said, reiterating the word; and then, with a faint smile, which was meant to chide and re-assure him in a playful way, she added, "of course I am How can you expect me to be otherwise at such a moment? Ah! yes, very unhappy!" and the smile settled on her lips in the prettiest pout imaginable.

A cold dew ran over the frame of the lover. He ought to have known the raillery intended by the tone of that voice, but he did not. "Very unhappy!" He took the word in its literal meaning, for such love as his is very jealous, even of a jest. He paused to collect himself, and then looking at Edith with a calmness he did not feel, he asked:

"Shall I postpone my letter?"

Her surprise at this unexpected question was so great, that she could only ask an explanation by a look. He resumed, in the same voice of forced calmness, that fell upon her ears like ice.

"You fear to meet the ordeal we have both looked forward to; and you avow that you are very unhappy. I do not complain—I have no right to complain—nor have I any right to risk your future misery, because I happened to be foolish enough to stake all my own happiness upon this event. But I am as nothing. Do not think of me. It is of no consequence what I feel about it. I ask whether I shall postpone my letter—or," and he smiled with a ghastly expression as he continued, "I should rather have asked whether I should not withdraw my letter altogether?"

He spoke this in a low, subdued, and sepulchral tone. It was so solemn and novel, that Edith could hardly comprehend its meaning

"Charles!" she replied, and she tried to speak on, but she could not, and she looked at his eyes, and shrank away from their expression.

"Edith," he resumed—"it is now, indeed, a strange question!—are your feelings changed toward me?" He believed that, in that question he threw open an opportunity for explanation, but the voice in which it was uttered gave it a fatal turn The demon of doubt was in his head, and he could neither see nor think clearly.

"Changed?" she gasped.

"I can not—I will not—I do not think," returned Charles, "that all that has passed between us was only a delusion. You *were* happy. You once loved me, or *seemed* as if you did"

"Charles, Charles," cried Edith, "what does this mean?"

"I ask you," he replied with a coldness that froze her rushing blood back to its source, "I ask you calmly—and answer me, it is all I desire—truly, have I been all this time under a deception?"

Poor Edith looked very incredulously at Charles, and was, for a moment, nearly hysterical; but his face was so cold, and wan, and fixed, and his attitude so distant and broken off from her, that her pride, which had until then slept, was touched to the core, and she made a violent effort to speak slowly, and to appear unmoved.

"I can not trust myself to think," she said, "that you intend the question seriously. If you do, I have too much respect for myself to answer it."

This was a great exertion, but Edith went through it courageously.

"Ay," cried Charles, now abandoning himself to the passion that had been hitherto suppressed—"Ay, it is so. Deceived—cruelly, cruelly—what a thought is that! But, I loved you, Edith—worshiped and adored you—it was a love too deep, too absorbing for any thing human. It was profane, and I am punished—rightly punished. I confided all, and I have lost all. Well, well," he continued, endeavoring to regain the cold expression he had before preserved, "it is but an episode in life, and as it only concerns *one* of us, I will not trouble you with my weakness."

"I perceive," said Edith, about to say that she thought they had both been wrong, but Charles interrupted her:

"I beg, Miss Esdaile—" (poor Edith, how that one word shook her!)—"that you will not compromise your self-respect for me. I now see, unfortunately for the first time, at how wide a distance we are placed from each other. I never saw it before. I was blind or self-willed. It has broken fully upon me, although suddenly: and I release you—if, indeed, you require a release from one whose bonds have been as sand—I release you from all those foolish and delusive promises that in past hours—no matter—I must not withdraw myself at once—because there are unkind people who would speak harshly, and I could not bear that you should suffer a syllable of unkindness on my account—we may meet, therefore, but do not censure me with entertaining any mean hopes of realizing that fond dream which is now over—our meetings will be too few, and, on my side, too sad for thoughts of that sort. I cry, God bless you! from my heart—it is not guilt to love you—but I may never again repeat it—never—never! From this hour we are toward each other as if we had never known that sweet deception. For the last time I pronounce your name—*your* name—that name I so loved. My heart is on fire!—Edith! Edith! farewell forever!"

He gazed upon her for a moment, and, covering his face with his hands, rushed out of the room.

During the whole time he was speaking, Edith, motionless and pale, sat without appearing to feel the wrong that she was enduring. But she did feel it deeply. She felt it so deeply, that it deprived her of all power to reproach, or to explain, or to assert her feelings. She was wounded in heart and spirit: and wounded, too, by the hand that she had only just before relied upon as her shield against the world. She was so overwhelmed by her thoughts, that she was hardly conscious he had left the room; but when she ceased to hear his voice, and silence fell like a heavy weight upon her, she looked round, and perceived that she was alone. Then all disguise was at an end: then the pangs she had suppressed broke forth into sobs and tears; then she gave vent to the agonies which in the midst of the dreadful scene that had occurred she could hardly allow herself to believe real.

"Deceived?" she exclaimed, "Deceived? Deceive Charles? Charles, whom I love!—What is it? Who has done this? Is it only a jest, or a mistake? *I* deceive *Charles?* No—no—no!—he does not think so. It is impossible. He only tries my affection—but why so bitter a trial? Was I ever unkind to *him?* Would I have thus stricken him to the heart, as he has crushed me? Gracious heaven! Wherein have I so offended as to deserve this? He left me, and he blessed me, and said forever—but that we should meet again. Oh! for that word, that one word of hope, God bless you, Charles! If you could see my heart—if you could know the love that fills it for you, and the misery, the great misery you have cast upon it—Charles—but we shall meet again—yes—I rely upon you—I confide in you—it was some strange passion—some sudden thought that vexed you, my own Charles—and I am to blame, not you. You never spoke cruelly before—it is not in your nature—thank God! we meet again. I shall wait—there is nothing to fear—nothing—nothing—nothing!" And she dried her eyes, and even smiled through the fast-falling tears that bathed her cheeks in a flood—but it was a smile of anguish, more afflicting to look upon than even the tears through which it beamed

And Charles, when he returned home after that parting, how felt he? As one who had struggled in a wreck, and been cast alive on shore beside the dead bodies of his companions. His mind ran over all the incidents of his attachment from the very beginning up to that hour. He thought of her goodness, her kindness, her vows of affection, of the many, many times she had listened with pleasure to his professions, and of the beautiful simplicity of heart with which she was wont to make him repeat his declarations, as if she would listen to them at each repetition with renewed delight. And then he thought of his own devotion, of the strength and constancy of his feelings, and of the mournful happiness it was, even then, to know that she, Edith, no longer his, but still the good and beautiful Edith, should ever be in his heart the sole idol. He felt that there was a satisfaction in believing that he would love her long after hope, and all idea of their union, had expired. It was a solitary and a wretched consolation to exact from his own heart a vow of changeless love for her who, in such an unaccountable way, had ceased to entertain the sentiment toward him. Calm at one moment, and reasoning deliberately over what had taken place, he would, in the next, break into a fit of despair, and wildly accuse himself of some unconscious fault that must have wrought upon her sensibility.

"She," he would exclaim, "she, Edith, my own Edith, that was so gentle, so full of pity and tenderness, so sweet to look upon and to talk to—whose voice was so soft and melting, and whose thoughts were all so innocent and guileless. She, Edith! to tell me, after my long devotion, my sleepless love, that followed her like a shadow; my pledge, my countless pledges, that are registered in heaven, to tell me, at the very moment when my prayers were heard and

accepted, while my faithful heart expanded to receive its precious reward, to tell me, and to utter it, too, without one single reservation, or without assigning a cause, that she was unhappy —unhappy to have reached the summit of all the happiness that I fondly believed she hoped for on this side the grave, to have obtained what I have heard her sigh to call her own indeed—oh! it is either some terrible mockery, or she is what I can not name, and will not dare to think of. Edith a thing of deceit? Edith deceitful, false, artful? No—no—I acquit her. She has no art. She—she—has deceived herself—she knows not what she does—but she has broken my heart. If I could believe, that, for months past, she has only played with my feelings, and suffered me to weave myself so inextricably in the toils, merely for the sake of witnessing my agonies, and triumphing in them! If I could believe her to be such a creature of selfishness and guile—it might save me from myself—it might restore me to peace—it might awaken my pride to vindicate my insulted love. But I have no power to meet this dreadful stroke. Her word is ringing in my brain. That one word—that single word—when I was happy, deliciously happy—it came upon me like a blast that struck me dead—would it had—would it had—or that I could blot it out and forget it. But I will endure it. I will not let her see how much I suffer—she shall not see how she has unmanned me."

A false pride took possession of him. He determined to stay away long enough for Edith to be convinced that he would not be treated lightly; and then having exhausted his spirits for one week of absence—a week of terrible torture and suspense to Edith—he again presented himself at her house.

There were other persons in the room—faces with which he was familiar—friends whom he had long known, and who always welcomed him with kindness. To them, and not to Edith, did he address himself. When he entered, her heart throbbed violently, and if she had perceived the least token of returning tenderness, she would have sacrificed all her scruples, and met him with even a warmer greeting than ever she had done before. She desired the opportunity to repose her sorrows, her strange unaccustomed sorrows, in his bosom. It would have relieved her had he reproached her, had he looked displeased or agitated: or had he turned from her in silent anger.

But she read his looks and manner in vain. Her searching eye—prompt and alive to the inquiry that involved her happiness—ran over every feature, and noted every gesture, and traced every alteration of expression with the most piercing scrutiny—but all was cold and unfeeling. There was not a single mark of his usual anxiety, or his recent grief. He did not appear to be even discomposed by an interview which, to her, was wretched beyond description, and which must have been painful to him. His general air was that of utter indifference. He addressed her friends and relations as usual, and when he approached her he bowed respectfully; but there was not in his whole demeanor a solitary evidence of the heart that was fainting within. So much mastery did he possess over his emotions that he seemed like one who could not be moved by ordinary sympathies, rather than like that which he really was—a martyr to them.

The coldness of his gaze, the complete indifference of his address, and the ease with which he took a share instantly in the uninteresting conversation of the group about him, recovered Edith from the trance into which his presence had thrown her. She felt as all women feel when they are slighted and treated with contempt. *Her* pride was as strong as his. She would have forgiven all, have taken all the censure, have borne with his waywardness in passive endurance, if he had shown her the poor mercy of letting her see that he was suffering. But he was like lead or stone; he was dead to his and her secret grief: if he chanced to look at her, it was as if his eye had accidentally wandered in that direction, and passed over it in vagueness and without a purpose. She could not endure the heartlessness of that freezing glance. Her nature revolted at it. Her heart, that was his wholly, rebelled against him, and she felt regret and remorse rising within her for having ever loved him so fondly, so helplessly, as she had done. It was the first time that such a thought had ever arisen in her mind—the first time that she could have believed it possible that any circumstances could have shaken her faith in his character. But the chilling conviction was not to be put aside. It was not of her seeking. It came unbidden, and every moment of apathy on his side made it more and more stern. As he had so openly neglected her, she had no alternative but to appear not to feel it. She had her sex's privileges to sustain, and, although she would have gladly foregone them all to read one kind look or a happy expression in his face, she felt she had a duty to perform to herself, which he, of all men living, would most have blamed her for neglecting.

The rest of the evening Edith was as cold as Charles, and talked, when she did talk, to every body but to him. He, as he began to feel her indifference, endeavored to dissipate the uneasiness it caused him by affecting high spirits and a show of wit. And Edith's spirits sank as his seemed to rise; and by the time the evening was ended she was very ill, and he retired in an apparent flow of hilarity and exultation.

But it was ill with both. They had deceived each other. Neither of them knew how much agony the other was striving with; and both believed, from that evening, that the true love in which they had mutually placed their reliance had existed only in their credulous imaginations!

Time passed away without changing the current of those sad and self-reproaching feelings. They met at distant intervals, but never, never, as they had met before. And when by any chance they were placed near each other, they acted as if they had been strangers all their

lives; and the cold and repulsive ceremonies of etiquette took the place of that interchange of affectionate confidence which in happier hours made them look forward to their meetings with thrilling expectation, and enjoy them with unspeakable delight. One brief explanation would have dispelled the mist that surrounded them—but who was to make the advance? Which of them was to trust to the result of a confession? She could not—and he would not.

It would be but a sorry and commonplace account of the few incidents that followed, to describe how Edith gradually lost her health, and how Charles, stung by what he supposed to be a wrong, threw himself into society to dissipate the recollection of that which, with all his struggles to shake it off, clung to him the more strongly the more he sought in distance and absence to release himself from its influence. Edith was ever present to him: sometimes in the pride of that beauty and love that once made an atmosphere of joy around him, but oftener in the attitude in which she sat when she uttered that one word, that fatal, careless word, that destroyed his peace forever. Her image—however slight the external change it produced—was impressed so indelibly on his heart, that in the height of the revel, in solitude, and in worldly pursuits, it would obtrude upon all other thoughts, and mar them.

Upon Edith the separation—for such it was—produced different effects. She had surrendered to him her first affections, and they never could be recalled. Her young heart had never known what it was to love, or even to fancy that it loved, before, and it could never feel love or pleasure again. The world was closed upon her. In society she was a blank. Her mind seemed to be shaken. She resigned her little employments and enjoyments one by one, and fled to solitude. The canker had eaten into the bud. She was no longer a being to create a circle about her, but faded away into one of the multitude that listened to others, and helped to make up an audience for the gay and the admired. The change was great and harrowing, from being the idol of every circle, to become at last a mere cipher in her own. But it was so imperceptible, and those who witnessed it were so constantly with her, that it wore off without much observation, after the early attempts to rally her had been uselessly repeated. She became, at last, to be regarded as a quiet, silent girl, in ill health, in whom people took an interest on account of her pretty and pensive looks, and her delicate appearance. Poor Edith! how little did the frivolous throng in which she moved guess that she was broken-hearted.

Some years had now elapsed since the evening when the unfortunate lovers parted. Charles had mixed largely in the world; had been abroad; had acquired a new stock of ideas; and had learned to look differently at the events of life; but much as travel, and bustle, and novelty had changed him, they could not remove the burden that lay like a spell upon his mind; they could not drive out from his memory the sweet and bitter images that he had hived up in the summer of his youth. Even her tone of voice haunted him through long years of dissipation. He could not banish the outlines of her face, which came upon him like a dizzy figure in a dream, and although it waxed less distinct as time rendered him less sensitive to impressions, he could not expel it from his thoughts. But he had so outgrown the visible traces of the feeling, that even those who were closest in his confidence could not have suspected him of entertaining it; and external indifference at last grew so habitual with him as to make him feel ashamed to acknowledge that such a feeling had maintained such a lasting power over him. Perhaps he finally persuaded himself that it was altogether a juvenile romance, and that when he should meet with a spirit congenial to his own, the whole story of Edith's love would have no more pathos for him than an old legend.

Probably he was in some such fallacious mood when he fancied that a new passion had taken possession of him. How that passion originated it is scarcely necessary to relate. He thought the object of it was mistress of a new grace that he had never witnessed before, and by the aid of that tortuous sophistry which proves things to be exactly what we wish them to be, he invested her with all other charms to correspond. The qualities wherein she differed from Edith, were, strangely enough, the very qualities for which he admired her most. Novelty was the material of the second love. His temperament was naturally so ardent, that he could scarcely fail of success where he earnestly desired it, and the result of a short, rapid, and thoughtless courtship, was a marriage as abrupt as it was ill-starred.

Charles Torrens was married; and so it fell out, by a curious coincidence, of which he was not aware until the very morning of the bridal, that the day which united him to Alicia Temple was the same day of the year upon which he had separated, for the first and last time, in anger from Edith Esdaile. But he was not superstitious, and he smiled at turning up in an old paper so odd a reminiscence. He was too philosophical to be affected by such an accident—but it nevertheless sunk into his memory, and lay there until it was recalled by a coincidence hardly less strange.

His property, which he had recently inherited by the death of his father, lay close to Mr. Esdaile's. An old friendship had subsisted between the families, which was in no way compromised by the breaking off of the engagement between Charles and Edith, for that engagement had all along been confined to their own confidence, and afforded, therefore, no ground for open estrangement. After having spent the winter in London, Charles returned to his estate, carrying his wife along with him. That he felt a pang as he passed Esdaile Manor-house was visible in the sudden emotion that crossed his features; but he was now a married man, had contracted new interests, and forfeited old claims,

and he had no right either to lament or reflect upon a matter which, for all he knew, was quite forgotten by others. Besides, a long time had elapsed, and Edith should be more or less than girls usually are if the interval and the marriage had not completely closed up all the avenues to such a recollection in her breast. He reasoned himself in a few minutes into an uneasy security —the carriage rolled on—and he speedily arrived at home, where all unpleasant thoughts were buried in other objects.

The news of this arrival was soon spread through that part of the country; and, after a few days had passed over, the gentry of the neighborhood called to pay their visits of welcome and congratulation. The house of Charles Torrens was now all gayety and splendor. One of the first persons who received intelligence of his return was Mr. Esdaile. During the period of Charles's stay on the Continent, Mrs. Esdaile had died, and the domestic duties had devolved upon Edith. But she could do no more than direct such things; for her health was so broken that she could not endure the slightest fatigue, especially such fatigue as harassed her spirits. Mr. Esdaile, on learning that Charles had arrived, expressed a wish to his daughter that she should accompany him to make a morning visit to the bride, which would be expected at the earliest moment, not only because their estates lay so close together, but chiefly because of the ancient friendship that had existed between the families.

Edith shuddered at the announcement; but she had long before conquered the painful train of emotions it would once have caused, or rather these emotions had conquered her. She shrank from the prospect of thus meeting Charles Torrens, with his young wife, in the bloom of health, indulging in a world of anticipations which were closed upon her forever; while she—who was once gay and happy, to whom each succeeding day brought a new hope, and for whom that young wife's husband would have sacrificed all that this wide world could have brought him—was a melancholy, wasted thing, to be looked upon with eyes of pity, and tolerated in mere compassion. Of course, she thought no longer of Charles Torrens, as she used to do. He was now irrevocably lost to her. But she had prayed to Heaven to spare her the misery of seeing him as she was now to see him; for, much as he had wronged her, and incurable as was the wound he had inflicted upon her, she still loved him—if love that can be called which, like the Greek fire, survives through all antagonist elements—with an intense devotion, of the force of which she was not herself aware. She could have suffered on in silence, and died with thanksgiving and pardon on her lips, invoking blessings on him and his—but she knew not with what form of speech, with what disguise of manner, or pretext of ease, she could meet him, speak to him, and look at him. Her father's wish, however, was a command, and she prepared the next day, with trembling hands and shattered nerves, to perform the required act of courtesy.

Charles and his wife were sitting alone when Mr. and Miss Esdaile were announced. He was not so imperturbable and inflexible as he had all along tried to believe. The name acted like magic upon him. For an instant he forgot his wife, and all the incidents that had crowded the dreary space between the last parting from Edith and that moment; the blood mounted to his forehead and coursed wildly through his veins; he gasped for breath, and felt a tightness oppress his chest—but the suddenness of the necessity, and the embarrassing circumstances in which he was placed had their influence; and by the time the old gentleman and his daughter entered the apartment, Charles had resumed an appearance of self-possession. He advanced to meet them. Edith lingered behind her father. She was dressed in mourning

"Mr. Esdaile," said Charles, "I am delighted once more to meet you. Miss Esdaile—" He did not venture to offer his hand, but bowed slowly; and she, in silence, returned the recognition. "Allow me," he continued, "to introduce Mrs. Torrens—Mr. Esdaile, Miss Esdaile —Mrs Torrens."

The agony of that meeting was severer than could be painted in words, or expressed in the living features. Edith, for the first time, raised her face to look at the happy bride. God! what a face was there! Charles shrank back, and shook in every limb at that glassy and death-like gaze. She was pallid, and worn to the bare outline of her once beautiful and animated countenance; her eyes were sunk deeply, and had not a ray of their former brilliancy; and her whole figure was attenuated to a thread. She looked at the cheerful and radiant features of the prosperous bride, and with some pauses in her voice, expressed the ordinary welcome to the country. Charles, who knew every tone of that voice, and who felt it vibrate within the centre of his heart, felt that Edith was laboring at an exertion beyond her strength. His tenderness for her, awakened by her desolate looks, rushed back upon him in a tide of re-created love; and, forgetful of all the changes that had taken place, and only remembering the one sweet dream that had filled the years of his youth, approached her, and gently offering to lead her to a seat, he said,

"Edith—dear Edith—"

The words were like the sound of a forgotten song to the maniac, recalling the long-faded memories of by-gone time, and restoring the desperate sense to a full consciousness of wretchedness. She could have answered, "Charles, dear Charles!" and cried aloud, for her heart was bursting; but she checked the stifling sensation, and turning to him with that dear look rekindled which he had never, never forgot, she smiled, and sank exhausted into a chair.

The visit was of short duration. Charles watched every motion of Edith's, but how gloomy and despairing was that anxiety! She was an invalid beyond all hope of recovery: she could not sustain conversation—she did not try—a few efforts overcame her, and she was suffered to re-

main at rest. Her rest was a flutter of remaining energies—like the flickering of the dying lamp. In the course of the conversation, Charles happened to ask what day it was; nobody knew. Edith smiled; it was a mournful smile; she turned faintly in her chair, and looking at Charles, she said,

"I am an accurate reckoner of time—it is Wednesday."

There was something strangely emphatic in her tone; none understood its emphasis but Charles, and even he did not fully comprehend its meaning. He only felt that it contained a meaning which he ought to penetrate. He pursued the inquiry, perhaps to satisfy himself further.

"What day of the month is it?" he asked.

"The 3d, I believe," said Mrs. Torrens.

"I think it is only the 2d;" said Mr. Esdaile.

"Wrong again," said Edith still more faintly, her voice sinking as she proceeded, "it is Wednesday, the 4th of July."

Then burst the full truth upon Charles. It was the anniversary of his parting from Edith and of his marriage. Oh! what a wreck and ruin had followed from that day's double misery. It was the black day in the calendar to him, from which he dated the blight that had fallen upon his life. Edith's memory served well to recall him to the horrors of disappointed affection and ill-matched enthusiasm.

The visitors departed. Edith was evidently very ill. The farewell was as sad as the severing forever of two fond and faithful hearts could make it. They both now saw the full extent of their misfortunes. They saw that they had mistaken each other, and that rashness had robbed them of their happiness. They repented, and would have recalled the past, and atoned to each other for the sorrows they had mutually caused—but it was too late. Charles's life was fixed, and Edith's was ended.

The sequel is not startling. It is what must have been anticipated. A few days more, and the spirit of Edith Esdaile had sought repose where alone repose is to be found for the bruised heart. Her life had been rapidly ebbing away, but the interview with Charles had hurried the feeble stream quicker from its fountain. What he felt—what he thought—and what he resolved to do—are, perhaps, beyond the interest of the narrative. He was a man upon whom the languor and imbecility of age had fallen in a single shock!

THE SINGER OF EISENACH.

IT was a winter evening in the year 1498. The hoar frost lay white on plain and forest, and a heavy mist was rolling down from the Thuringian mountains on the ancient town of Eisenach, while the broad red sun, now low in the west, gleamed fitfully on the homes and churches of the little city. There were few passengers in its narrow streets, but the firelight flashed brightly from door and window. The din of loom and hammer, mingled with the sounds of domestic preparation, came from every dwelling; for the good wives of Eisenach were getting ready their German supper, and the rest of its industrious population were hasting to finish the work of the day. All that machinery now accomplishes, and much that commerce brings ready-made to European doors, was there executed by the hands of the craftsman or the labor of the household; Eisenach, like other old country burghs, had therefore few idlers among its people in those days. Even in the great square of St. George, where the richest families lived, there was not a looker-out to be seen at the windows, except Dame Ursula, the wife of Conrad Cotta, master of the guild of woolen weavers.

Dame Ursula was the admiration and envy of many a neighbor, for the blessings of this world which seemed showered upon her. She was the only daughter of a distinguished burgomaster, well beloved, richly dowered, and wedded to the husband of her choice, a just and kindly man, who was, moreover, the wealthiest citizen of Eisenach. She had health, beauty, and fair fame; and was then a young wife, happy in her pleasant home, with her infant son and her loving husband. Dame Ursula was also somewhat vain of the damask kirtle and vail of Flemish lace, in which she heard mass or vespers; of the scarlet gown and golden chain in which her husband led the guild in holiday and festival processions; and of the workshop with twenty looms, which occupied almost the whole of the lower story of that large timber house, wherein four generations of Cottas had lived and died. Conrad usually presided there; but that evening he sat in council with the chiefs of the guild, on a point of dispute between them and the wool-combers' company, which threatened the peace of the city; and his wife expected him home with two of his latest and wealthiest friends, Hans Gortland the burgomaster and Doctor Ambrosius the dean, who were to sup with the Cottas.

Matters were fully arranged for the reception of those important guests, and great was the display of domestic magnificence. The venison pasty was baked and the ale spiced; the great gilt tankard, the silver-rimmed drinking-horns, and the plates of English pewter, stood forth in fair array on the long table of walnut-wood, with carved stools ranged on each side of it; a bright wood-fire blazed in the ample chimney, and shone on the tapestried walls and floor of polished oak; for the room in which Dame Ursula stood was her best parlor.

The narrow window of thin horn, interspersed with diminutive squares of glass, afforded but an uncertain view in the gathering darkness. Dame Ursula opened it, and looked over the quiet square. There was no trace of her husband or his friends; but through the deepening twilight came a clear young voice, singing a German version of the forty-sixth psalm, "God is our refuge" Ursula had heard it sung in many a church, but she thought never so sweetly; and, as the singer came nearer, she perceived that he was one of the poor scholars from the neighbor-

ing Augustine convent, who were accustomed to sing every evening in the streets of Eisenach for what the charitable or pious were disposed to give. In most cases this was their only means of subsistence. The convent afforded them lodging and education in return for all manner of domestic service, but they were expected to find their own bread; and being generally the sons of poor parents, who lived far away in the country, they had no resource but that of singing hymns and carols in the streets of the nearest town. The same causes which led to the large increase of monasteries, had latterly augmented the numbers and diminished the good repute of the poor scholars. Even charitable people remarked that they learned importunate begging and vagrant ways. The magistrates and city guards looked on them as so many nuisances, while wise and observing men saw in them only a growing harvest of those mendicant friars by whom all Europe was overrun at the period.

Ursula remarked that the boy seemed a newcomer, and looked more poverty-stricken than the other scholars of the convent. He was thinly clad, and scarcely fifteen; but there was an air of rustic respectability and diffidence about him ill calculated to succeed in his present vocation. He had approached the first house in the square; it was that of Doctor Ambrosius the dean, and stood opposite the parish church. The door was open, and having sung a few verses, the dame, still bending from her window, heard him ask, in a timid broken voice, for some bread or beer to help the poor scholar. Old Gretchen, the housekeeper, had that day lost her cat, and got into bad temper; so that scarcely was the humble request uttered when she slammed the door in the poor boy's face, ordering him to be gone with his psalms and begging, for there were too many of his sort in Eisenach.

The boy staggered back at her rude repulse. It was the third he had met with that evening—for two hours he had sung in the streets, but obtained nothing; and now the worn-out child moved silently away, and leaned against the porch of the church. Dame Ursula's house had been grievously pestered by the poor scholars. In common with most of the good wives of the city, she would have felt thankful if tempers like that of old Gretchen had driven them completely from the town; but as the firelight from the cheerful homes around him shone on the boy's face, it had a desolate, hungry look that smote upon her heart. She thought of her own infant son, now fast asleep in his cradle. Might not he also be poor, and a stranger in some far-off town; there were tales of as great reverses; and rising hastily, the young mother filled up a pewter-flagon of the warm ale, took a small loaf from the supper bread, and hurried down to the door of the hall or great kitchen.

"Come, child," said she, stepping out with that welcome present, "here is some supper for you. Come in and eat it by the fire, and you will sing us a psalm before you go home to the convent."

The boy took the loaf and flagon from her hands. He tried to speak, but Dame Ursula saw that the tears were gathering in his large blue eyes, and led him in to the stone-bench by the great kitchen fire, which blazed and crackled on the broad hearth. The servants who had assembled for supper, and the weavers who poured in from the workshop—for, in the fashion of those times, all whom Conrad Cotta employed formed part of his household—were surprised to see their mistress give such countenance to a poor scholar; but they gathered round to hear what news or gossip he could tell—the boys of the convent being famous for knowing all that happened in the principality. To their many inquiries, the boy, who had by this time recovered himself, answered that he was a stranger; that his parents lived far away, and were poor miners; that his name was Martin, and he had come to the convent with his father and mother's blessing, hoping to be made a scholar and a good priest some day. The weavers laughed loudly at the last of his expectations, and Peterkin, the wit of the workshop, inquired if he "wouldn't rather be an archbishop?" But Dame Ursula, who ruled her husband's household discreetly, notwithstanding her youth, commanded them to be silent and civil when a stranger sat by the fire, and give thanks for their supper.

"A sound advice, wife, and one we are right ready to take," said the deep but cheerful voice of Conrad Cotta, as he bustled into his own dwelling, followed by the dean and burgomaster at a pace befitting their superior rank. The only entrance to the tapestried chamber, or best parlor, of a wealthy citizen in those days was through the great kitchen, where ordinary meals and sundry domestic operations were conducted; and his men and maids, now taking their places at the long table, which almost bent under the weight of barley-cakes, cheese, and strong beer, did reverence to their master and his guests The burgomaster nodded solemnly in reply to their salutations; Doctor Ambrosius muttered a Latin benediction; and Conrad said, "A good supper to ye, children;" but as the poor scholar's modest bow caught his eye a frown darkened on the good man's face.

"You are one of these convent boys who trouble the town, and have given us such a job with the wool-combers," cried he, in sudden anger; for Conrad's temper was quicker than his judgment, at times. "Sirrah, was it you who stole old Jasper's cards and combs, and laid the blame on our weaver boys, with your fine stories?"

"Husband, the boy is a stranger," said Ursula, "and too modest to be guilty of such things."

"Ay, they're all modest when they get into good honest houses, I'll warrant," interrupted the burgomaster; "but one of them shall not be suffered to sing in the town for a twelvemonth; and, dame," he added, with an admonishing look, "it might be well that they were less encouraged."

"I never stole cards or combs," said the boy,

setting down his flagon, with a crimson cheek and a flashing eye; "I never told tales of any one. My father is an honest miner: though we were poor, he brought me up like a Christian, and I would never sing at doors if I were not hungry."

"A proud boy, indeed!" said Doctor Ambrosius, smiling. "Don't be too hard with him, Conrad: he may come to a cardinal's hat yet. Pope John, they say, begged in his time." And with a laugh at the dean's joke, in which even the grave burgomaster joined, Conrad and his guests went up to their supper-room; while Ursula gently bid the boy finish his supper, saying she was sure he had stolen nothing, and there would always be some bread and beer for him when he sang at their door. Cheered by her kindly words more than by the supper she had given him, the poor scholar drained the flagon, deposited a remnant of the loaf in his wallet for the benefit of less successful school-fellows, and took his way to vespers at the convent. Ever after, in the cold evenings, Ursula had a welcome and a supper for the stranger boy. At first he came seldom, and only when he could obtain bread at no other house; but the dame knew his voice in the square, and beckoned to him from her window, or called him in at the door. Conrad, too, began to perceive that there was a difference between the miner's son and the rest of the convent boys, against whom the burgomaster's threat was not yet put into execution. He would never think of taxing him with a stolen utensil, or a street disturbance. Even with the rude weavers and servants the poor scholar grew popular. There was not a better singer in the monastery, nor one more thoroughly versed in the old hymns and carols; and though modest and pious, he had a ready wit and a species of learning which delighted those rustic minds. Many a morality and saint's tale had he related for their edification; when, one evening, at the beginning of summer, young Martin stepped in to say that he was going to learn greater things in a distant convent. All the household, including Peterkin, the wit, hoped he would do well, and come to be a good priest yet, which the older men said was a thing not over plentiful just then in the country. Dame Ursula gave him many good advices, besides a loaf and a groschen. Conrad bestowed upon him an old woolen gown, with a declaration that the other scholars should be sent out of town as soon as he was gone; and singing, at the special desire of these good friends, the old Thuringian carol of "We are Pilgrims all," with the twenty-third psalm in Latin, the poor scholar departed from Eisenach.

Twenty-three years never pass without change over house or head, city or people; and so many springs and harvests had passed over the peaceful old German burgh, carrying its story far into another century; for it was a Sabbath morning in the winter of 1521. Since the poor scholar sang in the square of St. George, strong men had grown gray and stooping, girls that once were fair had turned staid and substantial matrons; infants had become tall youths and maidens; but greater changes had been brought upon the land. A light, unknown to their fathers, had flashed on the homes and churches of Germany; doubts long working in the minds of thoughtful men at length spoke out, making priests and princes hear. The vail of awful mystery which for ages had covered papal palace and cloister cell had been rent, giving to the people sights of corruption and iniquity never to be forgotten. Cities cast away their creeds, and universities their learning. The miracle play and the holyday procession were neglected by the populace; for young and old crowded to hear the preachers of the new doctrines; and every where prince, scholar, and peasant talked of nothing but an ancient book called the Bible, and one who had brought it to light among them, whom they named Martin Luther. It was he—the leader of that mighty movement; the man who had questioned the faith of centuries, and set the authority of Christendom at naught; solemnly excommunicated by the whole Roman church, and now on his way from the great Diet at Worms, under the ban of the German empire as a contumacious heretic; it was he who that day proposed to preach in the parish church of Eisenach.

Never had the old Gothic pile been so well filled: peasants with their wives and children had poured in from the surrounding hamlets, and nobles with their trains from the mountain castles; rich citizens were there with their dames, humble artisans with their hard-working helpmates, and mendicant friars half-concealed among the crowd which thronged gallery, nave, and aisle. The chiefs of the guilds sat in their accustomed places, but Conrad Cotta was not among them. Hans Gortland the burgomaster occupied his wonted seat of honor. Sadly deaf and dull had he grown with years; but still mindful that John Frederick the elector, then lord paramount of Eisenach, favored the new religion. Close behind a pillar which sheltered him from public gaze, sat Dr. Ambrosius the dean, now white-haired, and bending on a staff, but curious to hear the popular heretic, and wondering much what things would come to with the clergy. He had employed his clerk that morning in writing out a declaration for the satisfaction of his spiritual superior, to the effect that he could not help Luther's preaching in the church.

At length the Reformer entered; and all eyes were turned upon the face that had not blanched before prince and prelate, cardinal and kaiser, when they stood in hostile array against the Wittemberg doctor. It was that of a still young man, strong to work and will: traces of early care and great thought-conflicts were on it; but these were over, and the calm brow and fearless glance seemed brightened by the full assurance of faith. As the preacher took his place, a poor and wayworn pair, whom nobody knew or regarded, moved slowly forward and seated themselves on the steps of the pulpit. Their attire was that of the humblest peasants; their hands were hard with toil; and none could recognize

in the aged weather-beaten faces the once prosperous Conrad Cotta and his fair wife Ursula. Both had grown old before their time, for strange and sad were the changes wrought upon their fortunes since that first evening of our story, when the dame looked out for her husband and his friends. The infant son had died in fair and promising childhood. Two others had come and grown up only to squander much of their father's well-won wealth in sin and folly, and at length enlist in the emperor's army. A quarrel with the burgomaster brought on a ruinous lawsuit, which utterly impoverished them; an accidental fire consumed the goodly mansion of the Cottas, from workshop to tapestried chamber; and a charge of heresy by Dr. Ambrosius, who took part with the burgomaster, obliged them to fly from the city. Of all their possessions nothing remained to the desolate pair but a poor cottage and a field, which Conrad had purchased in a small hamlet among the Thuringian mountains. Thither they retired; friends forgot and old neighbors lost sight of them, and they labored for their daily bread like the poor peasants around. The seasons were adverse, Conrad's strength was failing fast, and Ursula's heart was broken; for tidings had reached them some months before that their two sons had fallen in the Italian wars. They had hoped that the boys might return to support and comfort their old age. They had thought too, with a lingering of former pride, that their sons might redeem the family rank by rising in the military profession, and they might live to hear them called great captains; but all these hopes were stricken down, and their souls had no anchor. Conrad and his wife had been always piously inclined, according to the creed of their fathers. Willingly would they have sought comfort in religion, but the only faith they knew offered none of its highest consolations to the poor. No convent would receive them; they could bring neither rank nor riches. It was not in their power to make pilgrimages to any of the shrines, for being poor and honest they thought it right to journey on their own charges, and it was their greatest grief that they had no money to pay for masses to benefit their lost sons.

"All things are for the rich," said Ursula. "Even the holy church keeps her blessings for them. Yet I have heard say that Christ was poor! What can this new doctor be who speaks so much of him?"

"Our priest says he wants to bring back paganism," said Conrad. But I hear he preaches much against the covetousness of the clergy. That's true, I'm sure, though it was for saying so that Doctor Ambrosius called me a heretic. Also they tell me he talks wonderfully concerning somewhat called free grace, and that it is to be had without money and without price."

"That would answer us, husband," said Ursula. "They say this doctor will preach next Sunday in Eisenach, and as our good Elector has forbidden all search after heretics, let us go and try to hear him."

So the pair went a weary journey, and sat them down on the steps of the pulpit. They had occupied higher places and been saluted by many a non-forgetful neighbor; but these things were forgotten in the wondrous tidings unfolded by the preacher. He told them of the worthlessness of mass, penance, and pilgrimage, and of One mighty to save, who said, "Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." That sermon was like dew on the dry ground to their souls. Each thought, "Surely this is truth; we will go home and grieve no more, but trust in the only Saviour, and seek for the city that hath foundations." Their memories had grown faint and confused over many losses, and the name which floated highest on the great controversy had not been recognized; but, when the preacher's voice rose in the psalm, old scenes and days came back upon Ursula, and she knew that the miner's son who had sung long ago in the streets was the same Martin Luther whom the pope excommunicated and the people blessed. It was the psalm too that she had heard through the misty evening. He had sung it with his friends before setting out to meet the threatening Diet; and now, through all the desolations of their latter days, it came to the aged pair like a voice of faith and comfort—"God is our refuge!"

The multitude departed, wondering and talking of what they had heard. Conrad and his wife also turned homeward; but in the porch of the church a hand was laid on Ursula's worn cloak, and turning they saw the preacher.

"Friends," said Luther, "your faces seem familiar and yet changed to my remembrance. Tell me, if it be not too bold to ask, what are your names?"

"We are the Cottas," said Conrad, "who lived, long ago, where yonder tavern now stands, in the good house of our fathers. We have become poor, and our neighbors have forgotten us."

"Alas, friends!" said Luther, "that I have nothing wherewith to return the kindness you showed my youth. Were it not for the charity of those who bear my charges, I might want in this war. The Lord repay them and you also."

"He has repaid us an hundredfold," said Ursula, "and his ways are wonderful; for we divided to you the bread of this world, but you have broken this day the bread of life to us."

So the three parted: Luther went his way to be shut up in the castle of Wartburg, where he translated the Bible; Conrad and Ursula returned to the cottage, where their neighbors said they never grieved after, nor came to want; for somehow Luther's friend, the Elector, heard of them. No one in their native city seemed to know that the Cottas had been there; but the mountain peasants, among whom they lived and died, entertained a rude reverence for the pair, because they had been kind to their great Reformer long ago, when he was but a singing boy of Eisenach.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—Chesney Wold.

CHARLEY and I did not set off alone upon our expedition into Lincolnshire. My Guardian had made up his mind not to lose sight of me until I was safe in Mr. Boythorn's house; so he accompanied us, and we were two days upon the road. And I found every breath of air, and every scent and every flower and leaf and blade of grass, and every passing cloud, and every thing in nature, more beautiful and wonderful to me than I had ever found it yet. This was my first gain from my illness. How little I had lost, when the wide world was so full of delight for me.

My Guardian intending to go back immediately, we appointed, on our way down, a day when my dear girl should come. I wrote her a letter, of which he took charge; and he left us within half an hour of our arrival at our destination, on a delightful evening in the early summer time.

If a good fairy had built the house for me with a wave of her wand, and I had been a princess and her favored godchild, I could not have been more considered in it. So many preparations were made for me, and such and endearing remembrance was shown of all my little tastes, and likings, that I could have sat down, overcome, a dozen times, before I had revisited half the rooms. I did better than that, however, by showing them all to Charley instead. Charley's delight calmed mine; and after we had had a walk in the garden, and Charley had exhausted her whole vocabulary of admiring expressions, I was as tranquilly happy as I ought to have been. It was a great comfort to be able to say to myself after tea, "Esther, my dear, I think, you are quite sensible enough to sit down now, and write a note of thanks to your host." He had left a note of welcome for me, as sunny as his own face, and had confided his bird to my care, which I knew to be his highest mark of confidence. Accordingly I wrote a little note to him in London, telling him how all his favorite plants and trees were looking, and how the most astonishing of birds had chirped the honors of the house to me in the most hospitable manner, and how, after singing on my shoulder, to the inconceivable rapture of my little maid, he was then at roost in the usual corner of his cage, but whether dreaming or no I could not report. My note finished and sent off to the post, I made myself very busy in unpacking and arranging; and I sent Charley to bed in good time, and told her I should want her no more that night.

For I had not yet looked in the glass, and had never asked to have my own restored to me. I knew this to be a weakness which must be overcome; but I had always said to myself that I would begin afresh, when I got to where I now was. Therefore I had wanted to be alone, and therefore I said, now, alone, in my own room, "Esther, if you are to be happy, if you are to have any right to pray to be true-hearted, you must keep your word, my dear." I was quite resolved to keep it; but I sat down for a little while first, to reflect upon all my blessings. And then I said my prayers, and thought a little more.

My hair had not been cut off, though it had been in danger more than once. It was long and thick. I let it down, and shook it out, and went up to the glass upon the dressing-table. There was a little muslin curtain drawn across it. I drew it back; and stood for a moment looking through such a vail of my own hair, that I could see nothing else. Then I put my hair aside, and looked at the reflection in the mirror: encouraged by seeing how placidly it looked at me. I was very much changed—O very, very much. At first my face was so strange to me, that I think I should have put my hands before it and started back, but for the encouragement I have mentioned. Very soon it became more familiar, and then I knew the extent of the alteration in it better than I had done at first. It was not like what I had expected; but I had expected nothing definite, and I dare say any thing definite would have surprised me.

I had never been a beauty, and had never thought myself one; but I had been very different from this. It was all gone now. Heaven was so good to me, that I could let it go with a few not bitter tears, and could stand there arranging my hair for the night quite thankfully.

One thing troubled me, and I considered it for a long time before I went to sleep. I had kept Mr. Woodcourt's flowers. When they were withered I had dried them, and put them in a book I was fond of. Nobody knew this, not even Ada. I was doubtful whether I had a right to preserve what he had sent to one so different—whether it was generous toward him to do it. I wished to be generous to him, even in the secret depths of my heart, which he would never know, because I could have loved him—could have been devoted to him. At last I came to the conclusion that I might keep them; if I treasured them only as a remembrance of what was irrevocably past and gone, never to be looked back on any more, in any other light. I hope this may not seem trivial. I was very much in earnest.

I took care to be up early in the morning, and to be before the glass when Charley came in on tiptoe.

"Dear, dear, miss!" cried Charley, starting. "Is that you?"

"Yes, Charley," said I, quietly putting up my hair. "And I am very well indeed, and very happy."

I saw it was a weight off Charley's mind, but it was a greater weight off mine. I knew the worst now, and was composed to it. I shall not conceal, as I go on, the weaknesses I could not quite conquer; but they always passed from me soon, and the happier frame of mind staid by me faithfully.

Wishing to be fully re-established in my strength and my good spirits before Ada came, I now laid down a little series of plans with Charley for being in the fresh air all day long. We were to be

* Continued from the February Number.

out before breakfast, and were to dine early, and were to be out again before and after dinner, and were to walk in the garden after tea, and were to go to rest betimes, and were to climb every hill and explore every road, lane, and field in the neighborhood. As to restoratives and strengthening delicacies, Mr. Boythorn's good housekeeper was forever trotting about with something to eat or drink in her hand; I could not even be heard of as resting in the Park, but she would come trotting after me with a basket, her cheerful face shining with a lecture on the importance of frequent nourishment. Then there was a pony expressly for my riding, a chubby pony, with a short neck and a mane all over his eyes, who could canter—when he would—so easily and quietly, that he was a treasure. In a very few days, he would come to me in the paddock when I called him, and eat out of my hand, and follow me about. We arrived at such a capital understanding, that when he was jogging with me lazily, and rather obstinately, down some shady lane, if I patted his neck, and said, "Stubbs, I am surprised you don't canter when you know how much I like it; and I think you might oblige me, for you are only getting stupid and going to sleep," he would give his head a comical shake or two, and set off directly; while Charley would stand still and laugh with such enjoyment, that her laughter was like music. I don't know who had given Stubbs his name, but it seemed to belong to him as naturally as his rough coat. Once we put him in a little chaise, and drove him triumphantly through the green lanes for five miles; but all at once, as we were extolling him to the skies, he seemed to take it ill that he should have been accompanied so far by the circle of tantalizing little gnats, that had been hovering round and round his ears the whole way without appearing to advance an inch; and stopped to think about it. I suppose he came to the decision that it was not to be borne; for he steadily refused to move, until I gave the reins to Charley and got out and walked; when he followed me with a sturdy sort of good-humor, putting his head under my arm, and rubbing his ear against my sleeve. It was in vain for me to say, "Now, Stubbs, I feel quite sure from what I know of you, that you will go on if I ride a little while;" for the moment I left him, he stood stock still again. Consequently I was obliged to lead the way, as before; and in this order we returned home, to the great delight of the village.

Charley and I had reason to call it the most friendly of villages, I am sure; for in a week's time the people were so glad to see us go by, though ever so frequently in the course of a day, that there were faces of greeting in every cottage. I had known many of the grown people before, and almost all the children; but now the very steeple began to wear a familiar and affectionate look. Among my new friends was an old, old woman who lived in such a little thatched and whitewashed dwelling, that when the outside shutter was turned up on its hinges, it shut up the whole house-front. This old lady had a grandson who was a sailor; and I wrote a letter to him for her, and drew at the top of it the chimney-corner in which she had brought him up, and where his old stool yet occupied its old place. This was considered by the whole village the most wonderful achievment in the world; but when an answer came back all the way from Plymouth, in which he mentioned that he was going to take the picture all the way to America, and from America would write again, I got all the credit that ought to have been given to the Post Office, and was invested with the merit of the whole system.

Thus, what with being so much in the air, playing with so many children, gossiping with so many people, going on invitation into so many cottages, going on with Charley's education, and writing to Ada every day, I had scarcely any time to think about that little loss of mine, and was almost always cheerful. If I did think of it at odd moments now and then, I had only to be busy and forget it. I felt it more than I had hoped I should, once, when a child said, "Mother, why is the lady not a pretty lady now, like she used to be?" But when I found the child was not less fond of me, and drew its soft hand over my face with a kind of pitying protection in its touch, that soon set me up again. There were many little occurrences which suggested to me, with great consolation, how natural it is to gentle hearts to be considerate and delicate toward any inferiority. One of these particularly touched me. I happened to stroll into the little church when a marriage was just concluded, and the young couple had to sign the register. The bridegroom, to whom the pen was handed first, made a rude cross for his mark; the bride, who came next, did the same. Now, I had known the bride when I was last there, not only as the prettiest girl in the place, but as having quite distinguished herself in the school; and I could not help looking at her with some surprise. She came aside and whispered to me, while tears of honest love and admiration stood in her bright eyes, "He's a dear good fellow, miss; but he can't write yet; he's going to learn of me—and I wouldn't shame him for the world!" Why, what had I to fear, I thought with shame, when there was this nobility in the soul of a laboring man's daughter!

The air blew as fresh and revivingly upon me as it had ever blown, and the healthy color came into my new face as it had come into my old one. Charley was wonderful to see, she was so radiant and so rosy; and we both enjoyed the whole day, and slept soundly the whole night.

There was a favorite spot of mine in the park-woods of Chesney Wold, where a seat had been erected commanding a lovely view. The wood had been cleared and opened, to improve this point of sight; and the bright sunny landscape beyond, was so beautiful that I rested there at least once every day. A picturesque part of the Hall, called the Ghost's Walk, was seen to ad-

vantage from this higher ground; and the startling name, and the old legend in the Dedlock family which I had heard from Mr. Boythorn, accounting for it, mingled with the view and gave it something of a mysterious interest, in addition to its real charms. There was a bank here, too, which was a famous one for violets; and as it was a daily delight of Charley's to gather wild flowers, she took as much to the spot as I did.

It would be idle to inquire now why I never went close to the house, or never went inside it. The family were not there I had heard on my arrival, and were not expected. I was far from being incurious or uninterested about the building; on the contrary, I often sat in this place, wondering how the rooms ranged, and whether any echo like a footstep really did resound at times, as the story said, upon the lonely Ghost's Walk. The indefinable feeling with which Lady Dedlock had impressed me, may have had some influence in keeping me from the house even when she was absent. I am not sure. Her face and figure were associated with it, naturally: but I can not say that they repelled me from it, though something did. For whatever reason or no reason, I had never once gone near it, down to the day at which my story now arrives.

I was resting at my favorite point, after a long ramble, and Charley was gathering violets at a little distance from me. I had been looking at the Ghost's Walk lying in a deep shade of masonry afar off, and picturing to myself the female shape that was said to haunt it, when I became aware of a figure approaching through the wood. The perspective was so long, and so darkened by



THE GHOST'S WALK.



LADY DEDLOCK IN THE WOOD.

leaves, and the shadows of the branches on the ground made it so much more intricate to the eye, that at first I could not discern what figure it was. By little and little, it revealed itself to be a woman's—a lady's—Lady Dedlock's. She was alone, and coming to where I sat with a much quicker step, I observed to my surprise, than was usual with her.

I was fluttered by her being unexpectedly so near (she was almost within speaking distance before I knew her), and would have risen to continue my walk. But I could not. I was rendered motionless; not so much by her hurried gesture of entreaty, not so much by her quick advance and outstretched hands, not so much by the great change in her manner, and the absence of her haughty self-restraint, as by a something in her face that I had pined for and dreamed of when I was a little child; something I had never seen in any face; something I had never seen in hers before.

A dread and faintness fell upon me, and I called to Charley. Lady Dedlock stopped, upon the instant, and changed back almost to what I had known her.

"Miss Summerson, I am afraid I have startled you," she said, now advancing slowly. "You can scarcely be strong yet. You have been very ill, I know. I have been much concerned to hear it."

I could no more have removed my eyes from her pale face, than I could have stirred from the bench on which I sat. She gave me her hand; and its deadly coldness, so at variance with the enforced composure of her features, deepened the fascination that overpowered me. I can not say what was in my whirling thoughts.

"You are recovering again?" she asked, kindly.

"I was quite well but a moment ago, Lady Dedlock."

"Is this your young attendant?"

"Yes."

"Will you send her on before, and walk toward your house with me?"

"Charley," said I, "take your flowers home, and I will follow you directly."

Charley, with her best courtesy, blushingly tied on her bonnet, and went her way. When she was gone, Lady Dedlock sat down on the seat beside me.

I can not tell in any words what the state of my mind was, when I saw in her hand my handkerchief, with which I had covered the dead baby.

I looked at her; but I could not see her, I could not hear her, I could not draw my breath. The beating of my heart was so violent and wild, that I felt as if my life were breaking from me. But when she caught me to her breast, kissed me, wept over me, compassionated me, and called me back to myself; when she fell down on her knees and cried to me, "O my child, my child, I am your wicked and unhappy mother! O try to forgive me!"—when I saw her at my feet on the bare earth in her great agony of mind, I felt, through all my tumult of emotion, a burst of gratitude to the providence of God that I was so changed as that I never could disgrace her by any trace of likeness; as that nobody could ever now look at me and look at her, and remotely think of any near tie between us.

I raised my mother up, praying and beseeching her not to stoop before me in such affliction and humiliation. I did so, in broken, incoherent words; for, besides the trouble I was in, it frightened me to see her at *my* feet. I told her—or I tried to tell her—that if it were for me, her child, under any circumstances, to take upon me to forgive her, I did it, and had done it, many, many years. I told her that my heart overflowed with love for her; that it was natural love, which nothing in the past had changed, or could change. That it was not for me, then resting for the first time on my mother's bosom, to take her to account for having given me life; but that my duty was to bless her and receive her, though the whole world turned from her, and that I only asked her leave to do it. I held my mother in my embrace, and she held me in hers; and among the still woods in the silence of the summer day, there seemed to be nothing but our two troubled minds that was not at peace.

"To bless and receive me," groaned my mother, "it is far too late. I must travel my dark road alone, and it will lead me where it will. From day to day, sometimes from hour to hour, I do not see the way before my guilty feet. This is the earthly punishment I have brought upon myself. I bear it, and I hide it."

Even in the thinking of her endurance, she drew her habitual air of proud indifference about her like a vail, though she soon cast it off again.

"I must keep this secret, if by any means it can be kept, not wholly for myself. I have a husband, wretched and dishonoring creature that I am!"

These words she uttered with a suppressed cry of despair, more terrible in its sound than any shriek. Covering her face with her hands, she shrunk down in my embrace as if she were unwilling that I should touch her; nor could I, by my utmost persuasions, or by any endearments I could use, prevail upon her to rise. She said, No no, no, she could only speak to me so; she must be proud and disdainful every where else; she would be humbled and ashamed there, in the only natural moments of her life.

My unhappy mother told me that in my illness she had been nearly frantic. She had but then known that her child was living. She could no have suspected me to be that child before. She had followed me down here, to speak to me but once in all her life. We never could associate, never could communicate, never probably from that time forth could interchange another word, on earth. She put into my hands a letter she had written for my reading only; and said, when I had read it, and destroyed it—but not so much for her sake, since she asked nothing, as for her husband's and my own—I must evermore consider her as dead. If I could believe that she loved me, in this agony in which I saw her, with a mother's love, she asked me to do that; for then I might think of her with a greater pity, imagining what she suffered. She had put herself beyond all hope, and beyond all help. Whether she preserved her secret until death, or it came to be discovered and she brought dishonor and disgrace upon the name she had taken, it was her solitary struggle always; and no affection could come near her, and no human creature could render her any aid.

"But is the secret safe so far?" I asked. "Is it safe now, dearest mother?"

"No," replied my mother. "It has been very near discovery. It was saved by an accident. It may be lost by another accident—to-morrow, any day."

"Do you dread a particular person?"

"Hush! Do not tremble and cry so much for me. I am not worthy of these tears," said my mother, kissing my hands. "I dread one person very much."

"An enemy."

"Not a friend. One who is too passionless to be either. He is Sir Leicester Dedlock's lawyer; mechanically faithful without attachment, and very jealous of the profit, privilege, and reputation of being master of the mysteries of great houses."

"Has he any suspicions?"

"Many."

"Not of you?" I said alarmed.

"Yes! He is always vigilant, and always near me. I may keep him at a stand-still, but I can never shake him off."

"Has he so little pity or compunction?"

"He has none, and no anger. He is indifferent to every thing but his calling. His calling

is the acquisition of secrets, and the holding possession of such power as they give him, with no sharer or opponent in it."

"Could you trust in him?"

"I shall never try. The dark road I have trodden for so many years will end where it will. I follow it alone to the end, whatever the end be. It may be near, it may be distant; while the road lasts, nothing turns me."

"Dear mother, are you so resolved?"

"I *am* resolved. I have long outbidden folly with folly, pride with pride, scorn with scorn, insolence with insolence, and have outlived many vanities with many more. I will outlive this danger, and outdie it, if I can. It has closed around me, almost as awfully as if these woods of Chesney Wold had closed around the house; but my course through it is the same. I have but one; I can have but one."

"Mr. Jarndyce—" I was beginning, when my mother hurriedly inquired:

"Does *he* suspect?"

"No," said I. "No, indeed! Be assured that he does not!" And I told her what he had related to me as his knowledge of my story. "But he is so good and sensible," said I, "that perhaps if he knew—."

My mother, who until this time had made no change in her position, raised her hand up to my lips, and stopped me.

"Confide fully in him," she said, after a little while. "You have my free consent—a small gift from such a mother to her injured child!—but do not tell me of it. Some pride is left in me, even yet."

I explained, as nearly as I could then, or can recall now—for my agitation and distress throughout were so great that I scarcely understood myself, though every word that was uttered in the mother's voice, so unfamiliar and so melancholy to me, which in my childhood I had never learned to love and recognize, had never been sung to sleep with, had never heard a blessing from, had never had a hope inspired by; made an enduring impression on my memory—I say I explained, or tried to do it, how I had only hoped that Mr. Jarndyce, who had been the best of fathers to me, might be able to afford some counsel and support to her. But my mother answered, No, it was impossible; no one could help her. Through the desert that lay before her, she must go alone.

"My child, my child!" she said. "For the last time! These kisses for the last time! These arms upon my neck for the last time! We shall meet no more. To hope to do what I seek to do, I must be what I have been so long. Such is my reward and doom. If you hear of Lady Dedlock, brilliant, prosperous, and flattered; think of your wretched mother, conscience-stricken, underneath that mask! Think that the reality is in her suffering, in her useless remorse, in her murdering within her breast the only love and truth of which it is capable! And then forgive her, if you can; and cry to Heaven to forgive her, which it never can!"

We held one another for a little space yet, but she was so firm, that she took my hands away, and put them back against my breast, and with a last kiss as she held them there, released them, and went from me into the wood. I was alone; and, calm and quiet below me in the sun and shade, lay the old house, with its terraces and turrets, on which there had seemed to me to be such complete repose when I first saw it, but which now looked like the obdurate and unpitying watcher of my mother's misery.

Stunned as I was, as weak and helpless at first as I had ever been in my sick chamber, the necessity of guarding against the danger of discovery, or even of the remotest suspicion, did me service. I took such precautions as I could to hide from Charley that I had been crying; and I constrained myself to think of every sacred obligation that there was upon me to be careful and collected. It was not a little while before I could succeed, or could even restrain bursts of grief; but after an hour or so, I was better, and felt that I might return. I went home very slowly, and told Charley, whom I found at the gate looking for me, that I had been tempted to extend my walk after Lady Dedlock had left me, and that I was over-tired, and would lie down. Safe in my own room, I read the letter. I clearly derived from it—and that was much then—that I had not been abandoned by my mother. Her elder and only sister, the godmother of my childhood, discovering signs of life in me when I had been laid aside as dead, had, in her stern sense of duty, with no desire or willingness that I should live, reared me in rigid secrecy, and had never again beheld my mother's face from within a few hours of my birth. So strangely did I hold my place in this world, that, until within a short time back, I had never, to my own mother's knowledge, breathed—had been buried—had never been endowed with life—had never borne a name. When she had first seen me in the church, she had been startled; and had thought of what would have been like me, if it had ever lived, and had lived on; but that was all then.

What more the letter told me, needs not to be repeated here. It has its own times and places in my story.

My first care was to burn what my mother had written, and to consume even its ashes. I hope it may not appear very unnatural or bad in me, that I then became heavily sorrowful to think I had ever been reared. That I felt as if I knew it would have been better and happier for many people, if indeed I had never breathed. That I had a terror of myself, as the danger and the possible disgrace of my own mother, and of a proud family name. That I was so confused and shaken, as to be possessed by a belief that it was right, and had been intended that I should die in my birth; and that it was wrong, and not intended that I should be then alive.

These are the real feelings that I had. I fell asleep, worn out; and when I awoke, I cried afresh to think that I was back in the world, with

my load of trouble for others. I was more than ever frightened of myself, thinking anew of her, against whom I was a witness; of the owner of Chesney Wold; of the new and terrible meaning of the old words, now moaning in my ear like a surge upon the shore, "Your mother, Esther, was your disgrace, and you are hers. The time will come —and soon enough—when you will understand this better, and will feel it, too, as no one save a woman can." With them, those other words returned, "Pray daily that the sins of others be not visited upon your head." I could not disentangle all that was about me; and I felt as if the blame and the shame were all in me; and the visitation had come down.

The day waned into a gloomy evening, overcast and sad, and I still contended with the same distress. I went out alone; and, after walking a little in the park, watching the dark shades falling on the trees, and the fitful flight of the bats, which sometimes almost touched me, was attracted to the house for the first time. Perhaps I might not have gone near it, if I had been in a stronger frame of mind. As it was, I took the path that led close by it.

I did not dare to linger or to look up; but I passed before the terrace-garden with its fragrant odors, and its broad walks, and its well-kept beds and smooth turf; and I saw how beautiful and grave it was, and how the old stone balustrades and parapets, and wide flights of shallow steps, were seamed by time and weather; and how the trained moss and ivy grew about them, and around the old stone pedestal of the sun-dial; and I heard the fountain falling. Then the way went by long lines of dark windows, diversified by turreted towers, and porches of eccentric shapes, where old stone lions and grotesque monsters bristled outside dens of shadow, and snarled at the evening gloom over the escutcheons they held in their grip. Thence the path wound underneath a gateway, and through a court-yard where the principal entrance was (I hurried quickly on), and by the stables where none but deep voices seemed to be, whether in the murmuring of the wind through the strong mass of ivy holding to a high red wall, or in the low complaining of the weathercock, or in the barking of the dogs, or in the slow striking of a clock. So, encountering presently a sweet smell of limes, whose rustling I could hear, I turned with the turning of the path, to the south front; and there, above me, were the balustrades of the Ghost's Walk, and one lighted window that might be my mother's.

The way was paved here, like the terrace overhead, and my footsteps from being noiseless, made an echoing sound upon the flags. Stopping to look at nothing, but seeing all I did see as I went, I was passing quickly on, and, in a few moments, should have passed the lighted window, when my echoing footsteps brought it suddenly into my mind that there was a dreadful truth in the legend of the Ghost's Walk; that it was I, who was to bring calamity upon the stately house; and that my warning feet were haunting it even then. Seized with an augmented terror of myself which turned me cold, I ran from myself and every thing, retraced the way by which I had come, and never paused until I had gained the lodge-gate, and the park lay sullen and black behind me.

Not before I was alone in my own room for the night, and had again been dejected and unhappy there, did I begin to know how wrong and thankless this state was. But, from my darling who was coming on the morrow, I found a joyful letter, full of such loving anticipation that I must have been of marble if it had not moved me; from my Guardian, too, I found another letter, asking me to tell Dame Durden, if I should see that little woman any where, that they had moped most pitiably without her, that the housekeeping was going to rack and ruin, that nobody else could manage the keys, and that every body in and about the house declared it was not the same house, and was becoming rebellious for her return. Two such letters together made me think how far beyond my deserts I was beloved, and how happy I ought to be. That made me think of all my past life; and that brought me, as it ought to have done before, into a better condition.

For, I saw very well that I could not have been intended to die, or I should never have lived: not to say, should never have been reserved for such a happy life. I saw very well how many things had worked together, for my welfare; and that if the sins of the fathers were sometimes visited upon the children, the phrase did not mean what I had in the morning feared it meant. I knew I was as innocent of my birth as a queen of hers; and that before my Heavenly Father I should not be punished for birth, nor a queen rewarded for it. I had had experience in the shock of that very day, that I could, even thus soon, find comforting reconcilements to the change that had fallen on me. I renewed my resolutions, and prayed to be strengthened in them; pouring out my heart for myself, and for my unhappy mother, and feeling that the darkness of the morning was passing away. It was not upon my sleep; and when the next day's light awoke me, it was gone.

My dear girl was to arrive at five o'clock in the afternoon. How to help myself through the intermediate time better than by taking a long walk along the road by which she was to come, I did not know; so Charley and I and Stubbs—Stubbs, saddled, for we never drove him after the one great occasion—made a long expedition along that road, and back. On our return, we held a great review of the house and garden; and saw that every thing was in its prettiest condition, and had the bird out ready as an important part of the establishment.

There were more than two full hours yet to elapse, before she could come; and, in that interval, which seemed a long one, I must confess, I was nervously anxious about my altered looks. I loved my darling so well that I was more concerned for their effect on her than on any one. I

was not in this slight distress because I at all repined—I am quite certain I did not, that day—but, I thought, would she be wholly prepared? When she first saw me, might she not be a little shocked and disappointed? Might it not prove a little worse than she had expected? Might she not look for her old Esther, and not find her? Might she not have to grow used to me, and to begin all over again?

I knew the various expressions of my sweet girl's face so well, and it was such an honest face in its loveliness, that I was sure, beforehand, she could not hide that first look from me. And I considered whether, if it should signify any one of these meanings, which was so very likely, could I quite answer for myself?

Well, I thought I could; after last night, I thought I could. But to wait and wait, and expect and expect, and think and think, was such bad preparation, that I resolved to go along the road again, and meet her.

So I said to Charley, "Charley, I will go by myself and walk along the road until she comes." Charley highly approving of any thing that pleased me, I went; and left her at home.

But before I got to the second mile-stone, I had been in so many palpitations from seeing dust in the distance (though I knew it was not, and could not be, the coach yet), that I resolved to turn back and go home again. And when I had turned, I was in such fear of the coach coming up behind me (though I still knew that it neither would, nor could, do any such thing), that I ran the greater part of the way, to avoid being overtaken.

Then, I considered, when I had got safe back again, this was a nice thing to have done! Now I was hot, and had made the worst of it, instead of the best.

At last, when I believed there was at least a quarter of an hour more yet, Charley all at once cried out to me as I was trembling in the garden, "Here she comes, miss! Here she is!"

I did not mean to do it, but I ran up-stairs into my room, and hid myself behind the door. There I stood, trembling, even when I heard my darling calling as she came up-stairs, "Esther, my dear, my love, where are you? Little woman, dear Dame Durden!"

She ran in, and was running out again when she saw me. Ah, my angel girl! the old dear look, all love, all fondness, all affection. Nothing else in it—no, nothing, nothing!

O how happy I was, down upon the floor, with my sweet beautiful girl down upon the floor too, holding my scarred face to her lovely cheek, bathing it with tears and kisses, rocking me to and fro like a child, calling me by every tender name that she could think of, and pressing me to her faithful heart.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

If the secret that I had to keep had been mine, I must have confided it to Ada before we had been long together. But it was not mine, and I did not feel that I had a right to tell it, even to my Guardian, unless some great emergency arose. It was a weight to bear alone; still my present duty appeared to be plain, and blest in the attachment of my dear, I did not want an impulse and encouragement to do it. Though often when she was asleep and all was quiet, the remembrance of my mother kept me waking, and made the night sorrowful, I did not yield to it at another time, and Ada found me what I used to be—except, of course, in that particular of which I have said enough, and which I have no intention of mentioning any more, just now, if I can help it.

The difficulty that I felt in being quite composed that first evening, when Ada asked me, over our work, if the family were at the House, and when I was obliged to answer, Yes, I believed so, for Lady Dedlock had spoken to me in the woods the day before yesterday, was great. Greater still, when Ada asked me what she had said, and when I replied that she had been kind and interested—and when Ada, while admitting her beauty and elegance, remarked upon her proud manner, and her imperious, chilling air. But Charley helped me through unconsciously, by telling us that Lady Dedlock had only staid at the House two nights, on her way from London to visit at some other great house in the next county; and that she had left early on the morning after we had seen her at our view, as we called it. Charley verified the adage about little pitchers, I am sure; for she heard of more sayings and doings in a day than would have come to my ears in a month.

We were to stay a month at Mr. Boythorn's—my pet had scarcely been there a bright week, as I recollect the time, when one evening after we had finished helping the gardener in watering his flowers, and just as the candles were lighted, Charley, appearing with a very important air behind Ada's chair, beckoned me mysteriously out of the room.

"Oh! if you please, miss," said Charley, in a whisper, with her eyes at their roundest and largest. "You're wanted at the Dedlock Arms."

"Why, Charley," said I, "who can possibly want me at the public-house?"

"I don't know, miss," returned Charley, putting her head forward, and folding her hands tight upon the band of her little apron; which she always did, in the enjoyment of any thing mysterious or confidential, "but it's a gentleman, miss, and his compliments, and will you please to come without saying any thing about it."

"Whose compliments, Charley?"

"His'n, miss," returned Charley: whose grammatical education was advancing, but not very rapidly.

"And how do you come to be the messenger, Charley?"

"I am not the messenger, if you please, miss," returned my little maid, "it was W. Grubble, miss."

"And who is W. Grubble, Charley?"

"Mister Grubble, miss," returned Charley.

"Don't you know, miss? The 'Dedlock Arms, by W. Grubble,'" which Charley delivered as if she were slowly spelling out the sign.

"Ay? The landlord, Charley?"

"Yes, miss. If you please, miss, his wife is a beautiful woman, but she broke her ankle and it never joined. And her brother's the sawyer, that was put in the cage, miss, and they expect he'll drink himself to death entirely on beer," said Charley.

Not knowing what might be the matter, and being easily apprehensive now, I thought it best to go to this place by myself. I bade Charley be quick with my bonnet and vail, and my shawl; and having put them on went away down the little hilly street, where I was as much at home as in Mr. Boythorn's garden.

Mr. Grubble was standing in his shirt sleeves at the door of his very clean little tavern, waiting for me. He lifted off his hat with both hands when he saw me coming, and carrying it so, as if it were an iron vessel (it looked as heavy), preceded me along the sanded passage to his best parlor—a neat carpeted room, with more plants in it than were quite convenient, a colored print of Queen Caroline, several shells, a good many tea-trays, two stuffed and dried fish in glass cases, and either a curious egg or a curious pumpkin (but I don't know which, and I doubt if many people did) hanging from the ceiling. I knew Mr. Grubble very well by sight, from his often standing at his door. A pleasant-looking, stoutish, middle-aged man, who never seemed to consider himself cosily dressed for his own fireside without his hat and top-boots, but who never wore a coat except at church.

He snuffed the candle, and backing away a little to see how it looked, backed out of the room—unexpectedly to me, for I was going to ask him by whom he had been sent. The door of the opposite parlor being then opened, I heard some voices, familiar in my ears I thought, which stopped. A quick light step approached the room in which I was, and who should stand before me but Richard.

"My dear Esther!" he said, "my best friend!" and he really was so warm-hearted and earnest, that in the first surprise and pleasure of his brotherly greeting, I could scarcely find breath to tell him that Ada was well.

"Answering my very thoughts—always the same dear girl!" said Richard, leading me to a chair, and seating himself beside me.

I put my vail up, but not quite.

"Always the same dear girl!" said Richard, just as heartily as before.

I put my vail up altogether, and laying my hand on Richard's sleeve, and looking in his face, told him how much I thanked him for his kind welcome, and how greatly I rejoiced to see him; the more so, because of the determination I had made in my illness, which I now conveyed to him.

"My love," said Richard, "there is no one with whom I have a greater wish to talk, than you, for I want you to understand me."

"And I want you, Richard," said I, shaking my head, "to understand some one else."

"Since you refer so immediately to John Jarndyce,"—said Richard; "I suppose you mean him?"

"Of course I do."

"Then I may say at once that I am glad of it, because it is on that subject that I am anxious to be understood. By you, mind—you, my dear! I am not accountable to Mr. Jarndyce, or Mr. Anybody."

I was pained to find him taking this tone, and he observed it.

"Well, well, my dear," said Richard, "we won't go into that, now. I want to appear quietly in your country house here, with you under my arm, and give my charming cousin a surprise. I suppose your loyalty to John Jarndyce will allow that?"

"My dear Richard," I returned, "you know you would be heartily welcome at his house—your home, if you will but consider it so; and you are as heartily welcome here."

"Spoken like the best of little women!" cried Richard, gayly.

I asked him how he liked his profession.

"Oh, I like it well enough!" said Richard. "It's all right. It does as well as any thing else, for a time. I don't know that I shall care about it when I come to be settled; but I can sell out then, and however, never mind all that botheration at present!"

So young and handsome, and in all respects so perfectly the opposite of Miss Flite! And yet in the clouded, eager, seeking look that passed over him, so dreadfully like her!

"I am in town on leave, just now," said Richard.

"Indeed!"

"Yes. I have run over to look after my—my Chancery interests before the long vacation," said Richard, forcing a careless laugh. "We are beginning to spin along with that old suit at last, I promise you."

No wonder that I shook my head.

"As you say, it's not a pleasant subject." Richard spoke with the same shade crossing his face as before. "Let it go to the four winds for to-night.—Puff! Gone!—Who do you suppose is with me?"

"Was it Mr. Skimpole's voice I heard?"

"That's the man! He does me more good than any body. What a fascinating child it is!"

I asked Richard if any one knew of their coming down together? He answered, No, nobody. He had been to call upon the dear old infant—so he called Mr. Skimpole—and the dear old infant had told him where we were, and he had told the dear old infant he was bent on coming to see us, and the dear old infant had directly wanted to come too; and so he had brought him. "And he is worth—not to say his sordid expenses—but thrice his weight in gold," said Richard. "He is such a cheery fellow. No worldliness about him Fresh and green-hearted!"

I certainly did not see the proof of Mr. Skimpole's unworldliness in his having his expenses paid by Richard: but I made no remark about that. Indeed, he came in, and turned our conversation. He was charmed to see me; said he had been shedding delicious tears of joy and sympathy at intervals for six weeks on my account; had never been so happy as in hearing of my progress; began to understand the mixture of good and evil in the world now; felt that he appreciated health the more, when somebody else was ill; didn't know but what it might be in the scheme of things that A should squint to make B happier in looking straight; or that C should carry a wooden leg to make D better satisfied with his flesh and blood in a silk stocking.

"My dear Miss Summerson, here is our friend, Richard," said Mr. Skimpole, "full of the brightest visions of the future, which he evokes out of the darkness of Chancery. Now that's delightful, that's inspiriting, that's full of poetry. In old times, the woods and solitudes were made joyous to the shepherd by the imaginary piping and dancing of Pan and the Nymphs. This present shepherd, our pastoral Richard, brightens the dull Inns of Court by making Fortune and her train sport through them to the melodious notes of a judgment from the bench. That's very pleasant, you know! Some ill-conditioned growling fellow may say to me, 'What's the use of these legal and equitable abuses? How do you defend them?' I reply, 'My growling friend, I *don't* defend them, but they are very agreeable to me. There is a shepherd-youth, a friend of mine, who transmutes them into something highly fascinating to my simplicity. I don't say it is for this that they exist—for I am a child among you worldly grumblers, and not called upon to account to you or myself for any thing—but it may be so.'"

I began seriously to think that Richard could scarcely have found a worse friend than this. It made me uneasy that at such a time, when he most required some right principle and purpose, he should have this captivating looseness and putting-off of every thing, this airy dispensing with all principle and purpose at his elbow. I thought I could understand how such a nature as my Guardian's, experienced in the world, and forced to contemplate the miserable evasions and contentions of the family misfortune, found an immense relief in Mr. Skimpole's avowal of his weaknesses and display of guileless candor; but I could not satisfy myself that it was as artless as it seemed; or that it did not serve Mr. Skimpole's idle turn quite as well as any other part, and with less trouble.

They both walked back with me, and Mr. Skimpole leaving us at the gate, I walked softly in with Richard, and said, "Ada, my love, I have brought a gentleman to visit you." It was not difficult to read the blushing, startled face. She loved him dearly, and he knew it, and I knew it. It was a very transparent business, that meeting as cousins only.

I almost mistrusted myself as growing quite wicked in my suspicions, but I was not so sure that Richard loved her dearly. He admired her very much—any one must have done that—and I dare say, would have renewed their youthful engagement with great pride and ardor, but that he knew how she would respect her promise to my Guardian. Still I had a tormenting idea that the influence upon him extended even here: that he was postponing his best truth and earnestness, in this as in all things, until Jarndyce and Jarndyce should be off his mind. Ah me! what Richard would have been without that blight I never shall know now.

He told Ada, in his most ingenuous way, that he had not come to make any secret inroad on the terms she had accepted (rather too implicitly and confidingly, he thought), from Mr. Jarndyce; that he had come openly to see her, and to see me, and to justify himself for the present terms on which he stood with Mr. Jarndyce. As the dear old infant would be with us directly, he begged that I would make an appointment for the morning, when he might set himself right, through the means of an unreserved conversation with me. I proposed to walk with him in the park at seven o'clock, and this was arranged. Mr. Skimpole soon afterward appeared, and made us merry for an hour. He particularly requested to see Little Coavinses (meaning Charley), and told her, with a patriarchal air, that he had given her late father all the business in his power; and that if one of her little brothers would make haste to get set up in the same profession, he hoped he should still be able to put a good deal of employment in his way.

"For I am constantly being taken in these nets," said Mr. Skimpole, looking beamingly over a glass of wine-and-water round upon us, "and am constantly being bailed out—like a boat, or paid off—like a ship's company. Somebody always does it for me. *I* can't do it, you know, for I never have any money. But Somebody does it. I get out by Somebody's means; I am not like the starling; I get out. If you were to ask me who Somebody is, upon my word, I couldn't tell you. Let us drink to Somebody. God bless him!"

Richard was a little late in the morning, but I had not to wait for him long, and we turned into the park. The air was bright and dewy, and the sky without a cloud. The birds sang delightfully; the sparkles in the fern, the grass, and trees, were exquisite to see; the richness of the woods seemed to have increased twenty-fold since yesterday, as if in the still night, when they had looked so massively hushed in sleep, Nature, through all the minute details of every wonderful leaf, had been more wakeful than usual for the glory of that day.

"This is a lovely place," said Richard, looking round. "None of the jar and discord of law-suits here!"

But there was other trouble.

"I tell you what, my dear girl," said Richard,

"when I get affairs in general settled, I shall come down here, I think, and rest."

"Would it not be better to rest now," I asked.

"Oh, as to resting *now*," said Richard, "or as to doing any thing very definite *now*, that's not easy. In short, it can't be done; *I* can't do it, at least."

"Why not?" said I.

"You know why not, Esther. If you were living in an unfinished house, liable to have the roof put on or taken off—to be from top to bottom pulled down or built up—to-morrow, next day, next week, next month, next year—you would find it hard to rest or settle. So do I. Now? There's no now for us suitors."

I could almost have believed in the attraction on which my poor little wandering friend had expatiated, when I saw again the darkened look of last night. Terrible to think, it had in it also a shade of that unfortunate man who had died.

"My dear Richard," said I, "this is a bad beginning of our conversation."

"I knew you would tell me so, Dame Durden."

"And not I alone, dear Richard. It was not I who cautioned you once, never to found a hope or expectation on the family curse."

"There you come back to John Jarndyce!" said Richard impatiently. "Well! We must approach him sooner or later, for he is the staple of what I have to say; and it's as well at once. My dear Esther, how can you be so blind? Don't you see that he is an interested party, and that it may be very well for him to wish me to know nothing of the suit, and care nothing about it, but that it may not be quite so well for me?"

"O Richard," I remonstrated, "is it possible that you can ever have seen him and heard him, that you can ever have lived under his roof and known him, and can yet breathe even to me in this solitary place, where there is no one to hear us, such unworthy suspicions?"

He reddened deeply, as if his natural generosity felt a pang of reproach. He was silent for a little while before he replied in a subdued voice:

"Esther, I am sure you know that I am not a mean fellow, and that I have some sense of suspicion and distrust being poor qualities in one of my years."

"I know it very well," said I. "I am not more sure of any thing."

"That's a dear girl!" retorted Richard, "and like you, because it gives me comfort. I had need to get some scrap of comfort out of all this business, for it's a bad one at the best, as I have no occasion to tell you."

"I know perfectly," said I. "I know as well, Richard—what shall I say? As well as you do—that such misconstructions are foreign to your nature. And I know as well as you know, what so changes it."

"Come, sister, come," said Richard, a little more gayly, "you will be fair with me, at all events. If I have the misfortune to be under that influence, so has he. If it has a little twisted me, it may have a little twisted him, too. I don't say that he is not an honorable man out of all this complication and uncertainty; I am sure he is. But it taints every body. You know it taints every body. You have heard him say so fifty times. Then why should *he* escape?"

"Because," said I, "his is an uncommon character, and he has resolutely kept himself outside the circle, Richard."

"Oh, because and because!" replied Richard, in his vivacious way. "I am not sure, my dear girl, but that it may be wise and specious to preserve that outward indifference. It may cause other parties interested to become lax about their interests; and people may die off, and points may drag themselves out of memory, and many things may smoothly happen that are convenient enough."

I was so touched with pity for Richard, that I could not reproach him any more, even by a look. I remembered my Guardian's gentleness toward his errors, and with what perfect freedom from resentment he had spoken of them.

"Esther," Richard resumed, "you are not to suppose that I have come here to make underhanded charges against John Jarndyce. I have only come to justify myself. What I say is, it was all very well, and we got on very well, while I was a boy, utterly regardless of this same suit; but as soon as I began to take an interest in it, and to look into it, then it was quite another thing. Then John Jarndyce discovers that Ada and I must break off, and that if I don't amend that very objectionable course, I am not fit for her. Now, Esther I don't mean to amend that very objectionable course: I will not hold John Jarndyce's favor on those unfair terms of compromise, which he has no right to dictate. Whether it pleases him or displeases him, I must maintain my rights, and Ada's. I have been thinking about it a good deal, and this is the conclusion I have come to."

Poor dear Richard! He had indeed been thinking about it a good deal. His face, his voice, his manner all showed that too plainly.

"So I tell him honorably (you are to know I have written to him about all this), that we are at issue, and that we had better be at issue openly than covertly. I thank him for his goodwill and his protection, and he goes his road, and I go mine. The fact is, our roads are not the same. Under one of the wills in dispute I should take much more than he. I don't mean to say that it is the one to be established; but there it is, and it has its chance."

"I have not to learn from you, my dear Richard," said I, "of your letter. I had heard of it already, without an offended or angry word."

"Indeed?" replied Richard, softening. "I am glad I said he was an honorable man out of all this wretched affair. But I always say that, and have never doubted it. Now, my dear Esther, I know these views of mine appear extremely harsh to you, and will to Ada when you tell her what has passed between us. But if you had gone into the case as I have, if you had only applied your-

self to the papers as I did, when I was at Kenge's, if you only knew what an accumulation of charges and counter-charges, and suspicions and cross-suspicions they involve, you would think me moderate in comparison."

"Perhaps so," said I. "But do you think that among those many papers there is much truth and justice, Richard?"

"There is truth and justice somewhere in the case, Esther—"

"Or was once, long ago," said I.

"Is—is—must be somewhere," pursued Richard, impetuously, "and must be brought out. To allow Ada to be made a bribe and hush-money of, is not the way to bring it out. You say the suit is changing me; John Jarndyce says it changes, has changed, and will change every body who has any share in it. Then the greater right I have on my side when I resolve to do all I can to bring it to an end."

"All you can, Richard! Do you think that in these many years no others have done all they could? Has the difficulty grown easier because of so many failures?"

"It can't last forever," returned Richard, with a fierceness kindling in him which again presented to me that last sad reminder. "I am young and earnest; and energy and determination have done wonders many a time. Others have only half thrown themselves into it. I devote myself to it. I make it the object of my life."

"O Richard, my dear, so much the worse, so much the worse!"

"No, no, no, don't you be afraid for me," he returned, affectionately. "You're a dear, good, wise, quiet, blessed girl; but you have your prepossessions. So I come round to John Jarndyce. I tell you, my good Esther, when he and I were on those terms which he found so convenient, we were not on natural terms."

"Are division and animosity your natural terms, Richard?"

"No, I don't say that. I mean that all this business puts us on unnatural terms, with which natural relations are incompatible. See another reason for urging it on; I may find out when it's over, that I have been mistaken in John Jarndyce. My head may be clearer when I am free of it, and I may then agree with what you say today. Very well! Then I shall acknowledge it, and make him reparation."

Every thing postponed to that imaginary time! Every thing held in confusion and indecision until then!

"Now, my best of confidantes," said Richard, "I want my cousin Ada to understand that I am not captious, fickle, and willful about John Jarndyce, but that I have this purpose and reason at my back. I wish to represent myself to her through you, because she has a great esteem and respect for her cousin John; and I know you will soften the course I take, even though you disapprove of it; and—and in short," said Richard, who had been hesitating through these words, "I—I don't like to represent myself in this litigious, contentious, doubting character to a confiding girl like Ada."

I told him that he was more like himself in those latter words, than in any thing he had said yet.

"Why," acknowledged Richard, "that may be true enough, my love. I rather feel it to be so. But I shall be able to give myself fair-play by-and-by. I shall come all right again, then, don't you be afraid."

I asked him if this were all he wished me to tell Ada.

"Not quite," said Richard. "I am bound not to withhold from her that John Jarndyce answered my letter in his usual manner, addressing me as 'My dear Rick,' trying to argue me out of my opinions, and telling me that they should make no difference in him (all very well of course, but not altering the case). I also want Ada to know that if I see her seldom just now, I am looking after her interests as well as my own—we two being in the same boat exactly—and that I hope she will not suppose from any flying rumors she may hear, that I am at all light-headed or imprudent; on the contrary, I am always looking forward to the termination of the suit, and always planning in that direction. Being of age now, and having taken the step I have taken, I consider myself free from any accountability to John Jarndyce; but Ada being still a ward of the Court, I don't yet ask her to renew our engagement. When she is free to act for herself, I shall be myself once more, and we shall both be in very different worldly circumstances, I believe. If you will tell her all this, with the advantage of your considerate way, you will do me a very great and a very kind service, my dear Esther, and I shall knock Jarndyce and Jarndyce on the head with great vigor. Of course I ask for no secrecy at Bleak House."

"Richard," said I, "you place great confidence in me, but I fear you will not take advice from me?"

"It's impossible that I can on this subject, my dear girl. On any other, readily."

As if there were any other in his life! As if his whole career and character were not being dyed one color!

"But I may ask you a question, Richard?"

"I think so," said he, laughing. "I don't know who may, if you may not."

"You say yourself you are not leading a very settled life?"

"How can I, my dear Esther, with nothing settled!"

"Are you in debt again?"

"Why, of course I am," said Richard, astonished at my simplicity.

"Is it of course?"

"My dear child, certainly. I can't throw myself into an object so completely without expense. You forget, or perhaps you don't know, that under either of the wills Ada and I take something. It's only a question between the larger sum and the smaller. I shall be within

the mark any way. Bless your heart, my excellent girl," said Richard, quite amused with me, "I shall be all right! I shall pull through, my dear!"

I felt so deeply sensible of the danger in which he stood that I tried in Ada's name, in my Guardian's, in my own, by every fervent means that I could think of, to warn him of it, and to show him some of his mistakes. He received every thing I said, with patience and gentleness, but it all rebounded from him without taking the least effect. I could not wonder at this, after the reception his pre-occupied mind had given to my Guardian's letter, but I determined to try Ada's influence yet.

So when our walk brought us round to the village again, and I went home to breakfast, I prepared Ada for the account I was going to give her, and told her exactly what reason we had to dread that Richard was losing himself, and scattering his whole life to the winds. It made her very unhappy of course, though she had a far, far greater reliance on his correcting his errors than I could have—which was so natural and loving in my dear!—and she presently wrote him this little letter:

"My dearest Cousin,

"Esther has told me all you said to her this morning. I write this, to repeat most earnestly for myself all that she said to you, and to let you know how sure I am that you will sooner or later find our cousin John a pattern of truth, sincerity and goodness, when you will deeply, deeply grieve to have done him (without intending it) so much wrong.

"I do not quite know how to write what I wish to say next, but I trust you will understand it as I mean it. I have some fears, my dearest cousin, that it may be partly for my sake you are now laying up so much unhappiness for yourself—and if for yourself, for me. In case this should be so, or in case you should entertain much thought of me in what you are doing, I most earnestly entreat and beg you to desist. You can do nothing for my sake that will make me half so happy as for ever turning your back upon the shadow in which we both were born. Do not be angry with me for saying this. Pray, pray, dear Richard, for my sake, and for your own, and in a natural repugnance for that source of trouble which had its share in making us both orphans when we were very young, pray, pray let it go forever. We have reason to know by this time, that there is no good in it, and no hope; that there is nothing to be got from it but sorrow.

"My dearest cousin, it is needless for me to say that you are quite free, and that it is very likely you may find some one whom you will love much better than your first fancy. I am quite sure, if you will let me say so, that the object of your choice would greatly prefer to follow your fortunes far and wide, however moderate or poor, and see you happy, doing your duty and pursuing your chosen way; than to have the hope of being, or even to be very rich with you (if such a thing were possible) at the cost of dragging years of procrastination and anxiety, and of your indifference to other aims. You may wonder at my saying this so confidently with so little knowledge or experience, but I know it for a certainty from my own heart.

"Ever, my dearest cousin,

"Your most affectionate,

"Ada."

This note brought Richard to us very soon; but it made little change in him, if any. We would fairly try, he said, who was right and who was wrong—he would show us—we should see! He was animated and glowing as if Ada's tenderness had gratified him; but I could only hope, with a sigh, that the letter might have some stronger effect upon his mind on re-perusal, than it assuredly had then.

As they were to remain with us that day, and had taken their places to return by the coach next morning, I sought an opportunity of speaking to Mr. Skimpole. Our out-of-door life easily threw one in my way, and I delicately said, that there was a responsibility in encouraging Richard.

"Responsibility, my dear Miss Summerson?" he repeated, catching at the word with the pleasantest smile, "I am the last man in the world for such a thing. I never was responsible in my life—I can't be."

"I am afraid every body is obliged to be," said I, timidly enough: he being so much older and more clever than I.

"No, really?" said Mr. Skimpole, receiving this new light with a most agreeable jocularity of surprise. "But every man's not obliged to be solvent? I am not. I never was. See, my dear Miss Summerson;" he took a handful of loose silver and halfpence from his pocket; "there's so much money. I have not an idea how much. I have not the power of counting: call it four and ninepence—call it four pound nine. They tell me I owe more than that. I dare say I do. I dare say I owe as much as good-natured people will let me owe. If they don't stop, why should I? There you have Harold Skimpole in little. If that's responsibility, I am responsible."

The perfect ease of manner with which he put the money up again, and looked at me with a smile on his refined face, as if he had been mentioning a curious little fact about somebody else, almost made me feel as if he really had nothing to do with it.

"Now when you mention responsibility," he resumed, "I am disposed to say, that I never had the happiness of knowing any one whom I should consider so refreshingly responsible as yourself. You appear to me to be the very touchstone of responsibility. When I see you, my dear Miss Summerson, intent upon the perfect working of the whole little orderly system of which you are the centre, I feel inclined to say to myself—in fact I do say to myself, very often—*that's* responsibility!"

It was difficult, after this, to explain what I meant; but I persisted so far as to say, that we

all hoped he would check and not confirm Richard in the sanguine views he entertained just then.

"Most willingly," he retorted, "if I could. But, my dear Miss Summerson, I have no art, no disguise. If he takes me by the hand, and leads me through Westminster Hall in an airy procession after Fortune, I must go. If he says, 'Skimpole, join the dance!' I must join it. Common sense wouldn't, I know; but I have *no* common sense."

"It was very unfortunate for Richard," I said.

"Do you think so?" returned Mr. Skimpole. "Don't say that, don't say that. Let us suppose him keeping company with Common Sense—an excellent man—a good deal wrinkled—dreadfully practical—change for a ten-pound note in every pocket—ruled account-book in his hand—say, upon the whole, resembling a tax-gatherer. Our dear Richard, sanguine, ardent, overleaping obstacles, bursting with poetry like a young bud, says to this highly respectable companion, 'I see a golden prospect before me; it's very bright, it's very beautiful, it's very joyous; here I go, bounding over the landscape to come at it.' The respectable companion instantly knocks him down with the ruled account-book; tells him, in a literal, prosaic way, that he sees no such thing; shows him it's nothing but fees, fraud, horse-hair wigs, and black gowns. Now you know that's a painful change; sensible in the last degree, I have no doubt; but disagreeable. *I* can't do it. I haven't got the ruled account-book, I have none of the tax-gathering elements in my composition, I am not at all respectable, and I don't want to be. Odd perhaps, but so it is!"

It was idle to say more, so I proposed that we should join Ada and Richard, who were a little in advance, and I gave up Mr. Skimpole in despair. He had been over the Hall in the course of the morning, and whimsically described the family pictures as we walked. There were such portentous shepherdesses among the Ladies Dedlock, dead and gone, he told us, that peaceful crooks became weapons of assault in their hands. They tended their flocks severely in buckram and powder, and put their sticking-plaster patches on to terrify commoners, as the chiefs of some other tribes put on their war-paint. There was a Sir Somebody Dedlock, with a battle, a sprung-mine, volumes of smoke, flashes of lightning, a town on fire, and a stormed fort, all in full action between his horse's two hind legs, showing, he supposed, how little a Dedlock made of such trifles. The whole race he represented as having evidently been, in life, what he called "stuffed people"—a large collection, glassy eyed, set up in the most approved manner on their various twigs and perches, very correct, perfectly free from animation, and always in glass cases.

I was not so easy now, during any reference to the name, but that I felt it a relief when Richard, with an exclamation of surprise, hurried away to meet a stranger, whom he first descried coming slowly toward us.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Skimpole. "Vholes!"

We asked if that were a friend of Richard's.

"Friend and legal adviser," said Mr. Skimpole. "Now, my dear Miss Summerson, if you want common sense, responsibility, and respectability, all united—if you want an exemplary man—Vholes is *the* man."

We had not known, we said, that Richard was assisted by any gentleman of that name.

"When he emerged from legal infancy," returned Mr. Skimpole, "he parted from our conversational friend Kenge, and took up, I believe, with Vholes. Indeed, I know he did, because I introduced him to Vholes."

"Had you known him long?" asked Ada.

"Vholes? My dear Miss Clare, I had had that kind of acquaintance with him which I have had with several gentlemen of his profession. He had done something or other, in a very agreeable, civil manner—taken proceedings, I think, is the expression—which ended in the proceeding of his taking *me*. Somebody was so good as to step in and pay the money—something and fourpence was the amount; I forget the pounds and shillings, but I know it ended with fourpence, because it struck me at the time as being so odd that I could owe any body fourpence—and after that, I brought them together. Vholes asked me for the introduction, and I gave it. Now I come to think of it," he looked inquiringly at us with his frankest smile as he made the discovery, "Vholes bribed me, perhaps? He gave me something, and called it commission. Was it a five-pound note? Do you know, I think it must have been a five-pound note?"

His further consideration of the point was prevented by Richard's coming back to us in an excited state, and hastily presenting Mr. Vholes—a sallow man with pinched lips that looked as if they were cold, a red eruption here and there upon his face, tall and thin, about fifty years of age, high-shouldered, and stooping. Dressed in black, black-gloved, and buttoned to the chin, there was nothing so remarkable in him as a lifeless manner, and a slow fixed way he had of looking at Richard.

"I hope I don't disturb you, ladies," said Mr. Vholes; and now I observed that he was further remarkable for an inward manner of speaking. "I arranged with Mr. Carstone that he should always know when his cause was in the Chancellor's paper, and being informed by one of my clerks last night after post time that it stood, rather unexpectedly, in the paper for to-morrow, I put myself into the coach early this morning and came down to confer with him."

"Yes!" said Richard, flushed, and looking triumphantly at Ada and me, "we don't do these things in the old slow way, now. We spin along, now! Mr. Vholes, we must hire something to get over to the post town inn, and catch the mail to-night, and go up by it!"

"Any thing you please, sir," returned Mr. Vholes. "I am quite at your service."

"Let me see!" said Richard, looking at his watch. "If I run down to the Dedlock, and get

my portmanteau fastened up, and order a gig, or a chaise, or whatever's to be got, we shall have an hour then before starting. I'll come back to tea. Cousin Ada, will you and Esther take care of Mr. Vholes while I am gone?"

He was away directly, in his heat and hurry, and was soon lost in the dusk of evening. We who were left walked on toward the house.

"Is Mr. Carstone's presence necessary to-morrow, sir?" said I. "Can it do any good?"

"No, miss," Mr. Vholes replied. "I am not aware that it can."

Both Ada and I expressed our regret that he should go, then, only to be disappointed.

"Mr. Carstone has laid down the principle of watching his own interests," said Mr. Vholes, "and when a client lays down his own principle, and it is not immoral, it devolves upon me to carry it out. I wish in business to be exact and open. I am a widower with three daughters—Emma, Jane, and Caroline—and my desire is so to discharge the duties of life as to leave them a good name. This appears to be a pleasant spot, miss."

The remark being made to me, in consequence of my being next him as we walked, I assented, and enumerated its chief attractions.

"Indeed," said Mr. Vholes, "I have the privilege of supporting an aged father in the Vale of Taunton—his native place—and I admire that country very much. I had no idea there was any thing so attractive here."

To keep up the conversation, I asked Mr. Vholes if he would like to live altogether in the country?

"There, miss," said he, "you touch me on a tender string; my health is not good (my digestion being much impaired), and if I had only myself to consider, I should take refuge in rural habits; especially as the cares of business have prevented me from ever coming much into contact with general society, and particularly with ladies' society, which I have most wished to mix in. But with my three daughters, Emma, Jane, and Caroline—and my aged father—I can not afford to be selfish. It is true, that I have no longer to maintain a dear grandmother who died in her hundred-and-second year, but enough remains to render it indispensable that the mill should be always going."

It required some attention to hear him, on account of his inward speaking and his lifeless manner.

"You will excuse my having mentioned my daughters," he said. "They are my weak point. I wish to leave the poor girls some little independence, as well as a good name."

We now arrived at Mr. Boythorn's house, where the tea-table, all prepared, was awaiting us. Richard came in, restless and hurried, shortly afterward, and leaning over Mr. Vholes's chair, whispered something in his ear. Mr. Vholes replied aloud—or as nearly aloud, I suppose, as he ever replied to any thing—"You will drive me, will you, sir? It is all the same to me, sir. Any thing you please. I am quite at your service."

We understood from what followed that Mr. Skimpole was to be left until the morning, to occupy the two places which had been already paid for. As Ada and I were both in low spirits concerning Richard, and very sorry so to part with him, we made it as plain as we politely could, that we should leave Mr. Skimpole to the Dedlock Arms, and retire when the night-travelers were gone.

Richard's high spirits carrying every thing before them, we all went out together to the top of the hill above the village, where he had ordered a gig to wait; and where we found a man with a lantern standing at the head of the gaunt pale horse that had been harnessed to it.

I never shall forget those two seated side by side in the lantern's light; Richard, all flush and fire and laughter, with the reins in his hand; Mr. Vholes, quite still, black-gloved, and buttoned up, looking at him as if he were looking at his prey and charming it. I have before me the whole picture of the warm dark night, the summer lightning, the dusty track of road closed in by hedgerows and high trees, the gaunt pale horse with his ears pricked up, and the driving away at speed to Jarndyce and Jarndyce.

My dear girl told me that night, how Richard's being thereafter prosperous or ruined, befriended or deserted, could only make this difference to her, that the more he needed love from one unchanging heart, the more love that unchanging heart would have to give him; how he thought of her through his present errors, and she would think of him at all times; never of herself if she could devote herself to him, never of her own delights if she could minister to his.

And she kept her word?

I look along the road before me where the distance already shortens and the journey's end is growing visible; and true and good above the Dead Sea of the Chancery suit, and all the ashy fruit it casts ashore, I think I see my darling.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—A Struggle.

When our time came for returning to Bleak House again, we were punctual to the day, and were received with an overpowering welcome. I was perfectly restored to health and strength, and finding my housekeeping keys laid ready for me in my room, rang myself in as if I had been a new year, with a merry little peal. "Once more, duty, duty, Esther," said I, "and if you are not overjoyed to do it, more than cheerfully, and contentedly, through any thing and every thing, you ought to be. That's all I have to say to *you*, my dear!"

The first few mornings were mornings of so much bustle and business, devoted to such settlements of accounts, such repeated journeys to and fro between the Growlery and all other parts of the house, so many re-arrangements of drawers and presses, and such a general new beginning altogether, that I had not a moment's leisure. But when these arrangements were completed, and every thing was in order, I paid a visit of a few hours to London, which something in the letter I

had destroyed at Chesney Wold had induced me to decide upon in my own mind.

I made Caddy Jellyby—her maiden name was so natural to me that I always called her by it—the pretext for this visit, and wrote her a note previously, asking the favor of her company on a little business expedition. Leaving home very early in the morning, I got to London by stage-coach in such good time, that I walked to Newman Street with the day before me.

Caddy, who had not seen me since her wedding-day, was so glad and so affectionate that I was half inclined to fear I should make her husband jealous. But he was, in his way, just as bad—I mean as good—and in short it was the old story, and nobody would leave me any possibility of doing any thing meritorious.

The elder Mr. Turveydrop was in bed, I found, and Caddy was milling his chocolate, which a melancholy little boy who was an apprentice—it seemed such a curious thing to be apprenticed to the trade of dancing—was waiting to carry upstairs. Her father-in-law was extremely kind and considerate, Caddy told me, that they lived most happily together. When she spoke of their living together, she meant that the old gentleman had all the good things and all the good lodging, while she and her husband had what they could get, and were poked into two corner rooms over the Mews.

"And how is your mamma, Caddy?" said I.

"Why, I hear of her, Esther," replied Caddy, through Pa, "but I see very little of her. We are good friends, I am glad to say, but Ma thinks there is something absurd in my having married a dancing-master, and she is rather afraid of its extending to her."

It struck me that if Mrs. Jellyby had discharged her own natural duties and obligations, before she swept the horizon with a telescope in search of others, she would have taken the best precautions against becoming absurd; but I need scarcely observe that I kept this to myself.

"And your papa, Caddy?"

"He comes here every evening," returned Caddy, "and is so fond of sitting in the corner there, that it's a treat to see him."

Looking at the corner, I plainly perceived the mark of Mr. Jellyby's head against the wall. It was consolatory to know that he had found such a resting-place for it.

"And you, Caddy," said I, "you are always busy, I'll be bound."

"Well, my dear," returned Caddy, "I am indeed; for to tell you a grand secret, I am qualifying myself to give lessons. Prince's health is not strong, and I want to be able to assist him. What with schools and classes here, and private pupils, *and* the apprentices, he really has too much to do, poor fellow!"

The notion of the apprentices was still so odd to me, that I asked Caddy if there were many of them?

"Four," said Caddy. "One in-door and three out. They are very good children, only when they get together they *will* play—children-like—instead of attending to their work. So the little boy you saw just now waltzes by himself in the empty kitchen, and we distribute the others over the house as well as we can."

"That is only for their steps, of course?" said I.

"Only for their steps," said Caddy. "In that way they practice, so many hours at a time, whatever steps they happen to be upon. They dance in the academy; and at this time of year we do Figures at five every morning."

"Why, what a laborious life!" I exclaimed.

"I assure you, my dear," returned Caddy, smiling, "when the out-door apprentices ring us up in the morning (the bell rings into our room, not to disturb old Mr. Turveydrop), and when I put up the window and see them standing on the door-step with their little pumps under their arms, I am actually reminded of the Sweeps."

All this presented the art to me in a singular light, to be sure! Caddy enjoyed the effect of her communication, and cheerfully recounted the particulars of her own studies.

"You see, my dear, to save expense, I ought to know something of the Piano, and I ought to know something of the Kit, too, and consequently I have to practice those two instruments as well as the details of our profession. If Ma had been like any body else, I might have had some little musical knowledge to begin upon. However, I hadn't any, and that part of the work is, at first, a little discouraging, I must allow. But I have a very good ear, and I am used to drudgery—I have to thank Ma for that, at all events—and where there's a will there's a way, you know, Esther, the world over." Saying these words, Caddy laughingly sat down at a little jingling square piano, and really rattled off a quadrille with great spirit. Then she good-humoredly and blushingly got up again, and while she still laughed herself, said, "Don't laugh at me, please; that's a dear girl!"

I would sooner have cried, but I did neither. I encouraged her, and praised her with all my heart. For I conscientiously believed, dancing-master's wife though she was, and dancing-mistress though in her limited ambition she aspired to be, she had struck out a natural, wholesome, loving course of industry and perseverance, that was quite as good as a Mission.

"My dear," said Caddy, delighted, "you can't think how you cheer me. I shall owe you, you don't know how much. What changes, Esther, even in my small world! You recollect that first night, when I was so unpolite and inky? Who would have thought, then, of my ever teaching people to dance, of all other possibilities and impossibilities!"

Her husband, who had left us while we had this chat, now coming back, preparatory to exercising the apprentices in the ball-room, Caddy informed me she was quite at my disposal. But it was not my time yet, I was glad to tell her; for I should have been vexed to take her away then. Therefore we three adjourned to the apprentices together, and I made one in the dance.

The apprentices were the queerest little people. Besides the melancholy boy, who I hoped had not been made so by waltzing alone in the empty kitchen, there were two other boys, and one little limp girl, in a dirty gauzy dress. Such a precocious little girl, with such a dowdy bonnet on (that, too, of a gauzy texture), who brought her sandaled shoes in an old threadbare velvet reticule. Such mean little boys, when they were not dancing, with string, and marbles, and crampbones in their pockets, and the most untidy legs and feet—and heels particularly. I asked Caddy what had made their parents choose this profession for them? Caddy said she didn't know; perhaps they were designed for teachers; perhaps for the stage. They were all people in humble circumstances, and the melancholy boy's mother kept a ginger-beer shop.

We danced for an hour with great gravity; the melancholy child doing wonders with his lower extremities, in which there appeared to be some sense of enjoyment, though it never rose above his waist. Caddy, while she was observant of her husband, and was evidently founded upon him, had acquired a grace and self-possession of her own, which, united to her pretty face and figure, was uncommonly agreeable. She already relieved him of much of the instruction of these young people, and he seldom interfered, except to walk his part in the figure, if he had any thing to do in it. He always played the tune. The affectation of the gauzy child, and her condescension to the boys, was a sight. And thus we danced an hour by the clock.

When the practice was concluded, Caddy's husband made himself ready to go out of town to a school, and Caddy ran away to get ready to go out with me. I sat in the ball-room in the interval, contemplating the apprentices. The two out-door boys went upon the staircase to put on their half-boots, and pull the in-door boy's hair, as I judged from the nature of his objections. Returning with their jackets buttoned, and their pumps stuck in them, they then produced packets of cold bread and meat, and bivouacked under a painted lyre on the wall. The little gauzy child, having whisked her sandals into the reticule and put on a trodden-down pair of shoes, shook her head into the dowdy bonnet at one shake; and answering my inquiry whether she liked dancing, by replying, "Not with boys," tied it across her chin and went home contemptuous.

"Old Mr. Turveydrop is so sorry," said Caddy, "that he has not finished dressing yet, and can not have the pleasure of seeing you before you go. You are such a favorite of his, Esther."

I expressed myself much obliged to him, but did not think it necessary to add that I readily dispensed with this attention.

"It takes him a long time to dress," said Caddy, "because he is very much looked up to in such things, you know, and has a reputation to support. You can't think how kind he is to Pa. He talks to Pa, of an evening, about the Prince Regent, and I never so Pa so interested."

There was something in the picture of Mr. Turveydrop bestowing his Deportment on Mr. Jellyby, that quite took my fancy. I asked Caddy if he brought her papa out much.

"No," said Caddy, "I don't know that he does that; but he talks to Pa, and Pa greatly admires him, and listens, and likes it. Of course I am aware that Pa has hardly any claims to deportment, but they get on together delightfully. You can't think what good companions they make. I never saw Pa take snuff before in my life, but he takes one pinch out of Mr. Turveydrop's box regularly, and keeps putting it to his nose and taking it away again, all the evening."

That old Mr. Turveydrop should ever, in the chances and changes of life, have come to the rescue of Mr. Jellyby from Borrioboola Gha, appeared to me to be one of the pleasantest of oddities.

"As to Peepy," said Caddy, with a little hesitation, "whom I was most afraid of—next to having any family of my own, Esther—as an inconvenience to Mr. Turveydrop, the kindness of the old gentleman to that child is beyond every thing. He asks to see him, my dear! He lets him take the newspaper up to him in bed; he gives him the crust of his toast to eat; he sends him on little errands about the house; he tells him to come to me for sixpences. In short," said Caddy, cheerily, "and not to prose, I am a very fortunate girl, and ought to be very grateful. Where are we going, Esther?"

"To the Old Street Road," said I, "where I have a few words to say to the solicitor's clerk, who was sent to meet me at the coach-office on the very day when I came to London, and first saw you, my dear. Now I think of it, the gentleman who brought us to your house."

"Then, indeed, I seem to be naturally the person to go with you," returned Caddy.

To the Old Street Road we went, and there inquired at Mrs. Guppy's residence for Mrs. Guppy. Mrs. Guppy occupying the parlors, and having indeed been visibly in danger of cracking herself like a nut, in the front parlor door by peeping out before she was asked for, immediately presented herself, and requested us to walk in. She was an old lady in a large cap, with rather a red nose and rather an unsteady eye, but smiling all over. Her close little sitting-room was prepared for a visit, and there was a portrait of her son in it, which, I had almost written here, was more like than life; it insisted upon him with such obstinacy, and was so determined not to let him off.

Not only was the portrait there, but we found the original there too. He was dressed in a great many colors, and was discovered at a table reading law papers, with his forefinger to his forehead.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Guppy, rising "this is indeed an oasis. Mother, will you be so good as to put a chair for the other lady, and get out of the gang-way."

Mrs. Guppy whose incessant smiling gave her quite a waggish appearance, did as her son requested, and then sat down in a corner, holding

her pocket-handkerchief to her chest, like a fomentation, with both hands. I presented Caddy, and Mr. Guppy said that any friend of mine was more than welcome. I then proceeded to the object of my visit.

"I took the liberty of sending you a note, sir," said I.

Mr. Guppy acknowledged its receipt by taking it out of his breast-pocket, putting it to his lips, and returning it to his pocket with a bow. Mr. Guppy's mother was so diverted that she rolled her head as she smiled, and made a silent appeal to Caddy with her elbow.

"Could I speak to you alone for a moment?" said I.

Any thing like the jocoseness of Mr. Guppy's mother now I think I never saw. She made no sound of laughter, but she rolled her head, and shook it, and put her handkerchief to her mouth, and appealed to Caddy with her elbow, and her hand, and her shoulder, and was so unspeakably entertained altogether that it was with some difficulty she could marshal Caddy through the little folding-door into her bedroom adjoining.

"Miss Summerson," said Mr. Guppy, "you will excuse the waywardness of a parent ever mindful of a son's appiness. My mother, though highly exasperating to the feelings, is actuated by maternal dictates."

I could hardly have believed that any body could in a moment have turned so red, or changed so much, as Mr. Guppy did when I now put up my vail.

"I asked the favor of seeing you for a few moments here," said I, "in preference to calling at Mr. Kenge's, because remembering what you said on an occasion when you spoke to me in confidence, I feared I might otherwise cause you some embarrassment, Mr. Guppy."

I caused him embarrassment enough as it was, I am sure; I never saw such faltering, such confusion, such amazement and apprehension.

"Miss Summerson," stammered Mr. Guppy, "I—I—beg your pardon, but in our profession—we—we—find it necessary to be explicit. You have referred to an occasion, miss, when I—when I did myself the honor of making a declaration which—"

Something seemed to rise in his throat that he could not possibly swallow. He put his hand there, coughed, made faces, tried again to swallow it, coughed again, made faces again, looked all round the room, and fluttered his papers.

"A kind of a giddy sensation has come upon me, miss," he explained, "which rather knocks me over. I—er—a little subject to this sort of thing—er—By George!"

I gave him a little time to recover. He consumed it in putting his hand to his forehead and taking it away again, and in backing his chair into the corner behind him.

"My intention was to remark, miss," said Mr. Guppy, "—dear me—something bronchial, I think—hem!—to remark that you was so good on that occasion as to repel and repudiate that declaration. You—you wouldn't perhaps object to admit that? Though no witnesses are present, it might be a satisfaction to—to your mind—if you was to put in that admission."

"There can be no doubt," said I, "that I declined your proposal without any reservation or qualification whatever, Mr. Guppy."

"Thank you, miss," he returned, measuring the table with his troubled hands. "So far, that's satisfactory, and it does you credit. Er—this is certainly bronchial!—must be in the tubes—er—you wouldn't perhaps be offended if I was to mention—not that it's necessary, for your own good sense, or any person's sense, must show 'em that—if I was to mention that such declaration on my part was final, and there terminated?"

"I quite understand that," said I.

"Perhaps—it may not be worth the form, but it might be a satisfaction to your mind—perhaps you wouldn't object to admit that, miss?" said Mr. Guppy.

"I admit it most fully and freely," said I.

"Thank you," returned Mr. Guppy. "Very honorable, I am sure. I regret that my arrangements in life, combined with circumstances over which I have no control, will put it out of my power ever to fall back upon that offer, or to renew it in any shape or form whatever. But it will ever be a retrospect entwined—er—with friendship's bowers." Mr. Guppy's bronchitis came to his relief, and stopped his measurement of the table.

"I may now perhaps mention what I wished to say to you," I began.

"I shall be honored, I am sure," said Mr. Guppy. "I am so persuaded that your own good sense and right feeling, miss, will—will keep you as square as possible—that I can have nothing but pleasure, I am sure, in hearing any observations you may wish to offer."

"You were so good as to imply, on that occasion—"

"Excuse me, miss," said Mr. Guppy, "but we had better not travel out of the record into implication. I can not admit that I implied any thing."

"You said on that occasion," I recommenced, "that you might possibly have the means of advancing my interests and promoting my fortunes, by making discoveries of which I should be the subject. I presume that you founded that belief upon your general knowledge of my being an orphan girl, indebted for every thing to the benevolence of Mr. Jarndyce. Now, the beginning and the end of what I have come to beg of you is, Mr. Guppy, that you will have the kindness to relinquish all idea of so serving me. I have thought of this sometimes, and I have thought of it most, lately—since I have been ill. At length I have decided, in case you should at any time recall that purpose, and act upon it in any way, to come to you, and assure you that you are altogether mistaken. You could make no discovery in reference to me that would do me the least service, or give me the least pleasure. I am acquainted with my personal history; and I have it in my power to assure you that you never can advance my welfare by such means. You may, perhaps, have abandoned this project a long time. If so, ex-

cuse my giving you unnecessary trouble. If not, I entreat you, on the assurance I have given you, henceforth to lay it aside. I beg you to do this, for my peace."

"I am bound to confess," said Mr. Guppy, "that you express yourself, miss, with that good sense and right feeling for which I gave you credit. Nothing can be more satisfactory than such right feeling, and if I mistook any intentions on your part just now, I am prepared to tender a full apology. I should wish to be understood, miss, as hereby offering that apology—limiting it, as your own good sense and right feeling will point out the necessity of, to the present proceedings."

I must say for Mr. Guppy that the shuffling manner he had had upon him improved very much. He seemed truly glad to be able to do something I asked, and he looked ashamed.

"If you will allow me to finish what I have to say at once, so that I may have no occasion to resume," I went on, seeing him about to speak, "you will do me a kindness, sir. I come to you as privately as possible, because you announced this impression of yours to me in a confidence which I have really wished to respect—and which I always have respected, as you remember. I have mentioned my illness. There really is no reason why I should hesitate to say that I know very well that any little delicacy I might have had in making a request to you, is quite removed. Therefore I make the entreaty I have now preferred; and I hope you will have sufficient consideration for me to accede to it."

I must do Mr. Guppy the further justice of saying that he had looked more and more ashamed, and that he looked most ashamed, and very earnest, when he now replied, with a burning face:

"Upon my word and honor, upon my life, upon my soul, Miss Summerson, as I am a living man, I'll act according to your wish. I'll never go another step in opposition to it. I'll take my oath to it, if it will be any satisfaction to you. In what I promise at this present time touching the matters now in question," continued Mr. Guppy, rapidly, as if he were repeating a familiar form of words, "I speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so—"

"I am quite satisfied," said I, rising at this point, "and I thank you very much.—Caddy, my dear, I am ready!"

Mr. Guppy's mother returned with Caddy, now making me the recipient of her silent laughter and her nudges, and we took our leave. Mr. Guppy saw us to the door with the air of one who was either imperfectly awake or walking in his sleep, and we left him there, staring.

But in a minute he came after us down the street without any hat, and with his long hair all blown about, and stopped us, saying fervently:

"Miss Summerson, upon my honor and soul, you may depend upon me."

"I do," said I, quite confidently.

"I beg your pardon, miss," said Mr. Guppy, going with one leg and staying with the other, "but this lady being present—your own witness—it might be a satisfaction to your mind (which I should wish to set at rest) if you was to repeat those admissions."

"Well, Caddy," said I, turning to her, "perhaps you will not be surprised when I tell you, my dear, that there never has been any engagement—"

"No proposal or promise of marriage whatsoever," suggested Mr. Guppy.

"No proposal or promise of marriage whatsoever," said I, "between this gentleman—"

"William Guppy of Penton Place, Pentonville, in the county of Middlesex," he murmured.

"Between this gentleman, Mr. William Guppy of Penton Place, Pentonville, in the County of Middlesex, and myself."

"Thank you, Miss," said Mr. Guppy. "Very full—er—excuse me—lady's name, Christian and surname both?"

I gave them.

"Married woman, I believe?" said Mr. Guppy. "Married woman. Thank you. Formerly Caroline Jellyby, spinster, then of Thavies Inn, within the city of London, but extra-parochial; now of Newman Street, Oxford Street. Much obliged."

He ran home, and came running back again.

"Touching that matter, you know, I really and truly am very sorry that my arrangements in life, combined with circumstances over which I have no control, should prevent a renewal of what was wholly terminated some time back," said Mr. Guppy to me, forlornly and despondingly, "but it couldn't be. Now *could* it, you know! I only put it to you."

I replied it certainly could not. The subject did not admit of a doubt. He thanked me, and ran to his mother's again—and back again.

"It's very honorable of you, miss, I am sure," said Mr. Guppy. "If an altar could be erected in the bowers of friendship. But, upon my soul, you may rely upon me in every respect, save and except the tender passion only!"

The struggle in Mr. Guppy's breast, and the numerous oscillations it occasioned him between his mother's door and us, were sufficiently conspicuous in the windy street (particularly as his hair wanted cutting), to make us hurry away. I did so with a lightened heart; but when we last looked back, Mr. Guppy was still oscillating in the same troubled state of mind.

MISS HARRINGTON'S PREDICTION.

"JANET, I tell you again, you will rue this foolish marriage. You are only preparing a life of misery for yourself; and you will repent too late that you did not follow my advice."

Janet, between laughing and crying, shook her head, and twisted her apron-strings, as waiting-maids do on the stage. Then seeing that her mistress expected her to answer, she said, "But ma'am, he loves me so much that I can not be unhappy! He will be kind and steady, and how can I be miserable then?"

"'He loves me so much!'—how many women, Janet, that delusion has led to their ruin!

What an absurdity! The only answer a silly girl can give, when warned of her folly, is, 'Oh, but he loves me so much!' And on this fickle fancy of an unprincipled man—all men are unprincipled, Janet—she expects to find her happiness for life!"

"I know, ma'am, that you are against us girls in service marrying," answered Janet, gently. "I have heard you say so often, and how silly you think us for giving up a comfortable home for all the misery women get in marriage. And yet, ma'am, if you love a person, you would rather live in a hole in the ground with them, than in the Queen's palace without."

Miss Harrington frowned. She was a severe lady of the "nature repression" school; and she thought her waiting-maid's speech neither so womanly nor so modest as it ought to have been.

"I don't approve of women loving so very furiously," she said, with a sharp accent in her voice. "There are bounds of propriety even to the love of a wife; and as for an unmarried woman, Janet, whether engaged or not, she ought never to allow herself such an expression as you have made use of just now. It is not at all proper, nor what I approve of."

Janet's great hazel eyes looked down under their eye-lashes at this. She was a simple girl, and could not understand æsthetics. Her Rule of Right was contained in a very few broad touches, and Miss Harrington's metaphysical ethics were always lost on her.

"Well, go away now, Janet," she said, rather peevishly, "and if you have any common sense left, remember my warning. I tell you that this marriage with Robert Maylin will make you the most miserable woman in existence. He is a worthless fellow"—Janet pouted, and gave her head the slightest possible inclination of a toss—"and he will get tired of you before the year is out. And when he has spent all your money, for he is marrying you for nothing else"—Miss Janet pursed up a very pretty pair of lips: "something better than that," she thought—"and when he has drunk away all your income, he will get cross to you, and perhaps beat you, and then leave you on the parish. This is the history of nine-tenths of you young fools who marry for love, as you call it. And, who knows?—you *may* have some little children; the thing is not impossible; but if you have, what will you do when you can not give them bread? Think of that!—a squalling, starving family about you! Go along, you foolish girl. I am provoked with your obstinacy. To prefer that good-for-nothing fellow, and all his wicked ways, to a comfortable home and an indulgent mistress—it is really too bad! And how *I* am to be suited when you leave me, I'm sure I don't in the world know. But you girls are so ungrateful, it is of no use to be kind to you. As soon as you have got into our little ways, and begin to understand us, you leave us without gratitude or remorse, and we have all the trouble of teaching a new servant over again. There, go along—do; try if you can not spend half an hour in the day usefully; and go and trim my blue cap, and do it better than you did last time. I won't have Robert Maylin's love in my work; and I am sure since you have been mad after that fellow you have done nothing well, and scarcely done any thing at all."

And Miss Harrington, drawing her easy chair closer to the fire, adjusted her spectacles, and began on the police sheet of the Times; feeling that she had disburdened her conscience, and performed her duty to society.

Janet shut the drawing-room door, thoughtfully: not because she believed implicitly in all the forebodings of her mistress; but they struck on her sadly somehow, and she wished they had not been said. But Robert Maylin, to whom she told a little—not all—that had passed, called Miss Harrington "a stupid old muff," and told Janet so often that she was a fool to listen to her, that at last Janet believed him, and said, "Yes, she was a fool," too.

And then he swore eternal love for the hundredth time that week; and looked so handsome while he did so, that Janet, gazing at him with a kind of wondering spell-bound admiration, thought there was more truth in one of his smiles, and more worth in one of his words, than in all Miss Harrington's fancies and frets put together.

"I am sure you will always be kind to me, Robert," she said, suddenly, laying her hand on his shoulder, and looking at him in her guileless way, right into his eyes.

She was a pretty girl, our Janet, with an open, truthful forehead, and a loving smile; and Robert thought he had never seen her look so pretty as now.

"Kind, Janet? Am I a man, and could I be any thing else but kind to any woman in the world—still less to one I loved? I could not lift my hand against a woman, if you paid me for it. I am not one of those brutes who kick and cuff you about like dogs. Kind! no woman ever found me unkind yet. I love them all too well for that—though, perhaps, a precious set of you have found me too much the contrary," he added, with a slight laugh below his breath. Janet did not hear this last clause; which, perhaps, was quite as well, as matters stood.

Janet was comforted, credulous, and convinced. She knew nothing of a young girl lying pale in her shroud in a certain church-yard, because Robert Maylin had first loved and then deserted her. She had never heard either of Mary Williams, the wife of young John Williams, the baker, who took to drinking about a year after she had known Robert Maylin, to hide her love and remorse together, and who had been willing to leave her three little ones, if he would have taken her off with him, as he offered. She was ignorant of the history of the pretty housemaid in Berkeley Square, where Robert was footman, who had lost her situation—and more too—for love of that handsome villain; and who had been afterward taken up near Waterloo Bridge, mad with despair and destitution. People did say he had stolen her savings as well, though she was

so infatuated with him she would not prosecute him; and only cried like one distraught when he left her to the workhouse or to the streets. She knew nothing of the life he had led since he left home, a bold and beautiful boy of fifteen, to seek his fortune in the world; and treated as slanders the faint rumors every now and then flying about, of the curse he had been to every pretty woman who had taken his fancy. She believed in his worth, because she loved him for his good looks; and she made, as all women do, the hero of her heart the model of her morality also.

The wedding-day came at last. Miss Harrington, who had been dignified and ill-used, sulky and snappish by turns, gave the dinner—from charity, she said—gave the wedding clothes, because country girls have no notion of propriety, and she did not choose her old servant to disgrace her house; and she gave two-thirds of the furniture—"only to keep the poor wretch from the workhouse at first; she will be sure to go there in the end."

"It is not because I approve of the match, or like the man," she said. "I do neither; it is only from the merest charity that I give any thing to them. It is so shocking to imagine that a person who has been as long about one as Janet has been about me, should go to the union and live on the parish, after she has made one's very caps, and worn one's very gowns! It is horrible! and I can not bear the thought of it. So I have done all this just to keep her out of the House for my own sake. As far as she is concerned, she might go to-morrow for any thing I should mind. Her folly in marrying that Robert Maylin deserves some punishment."

Miss Harrington was one of those old maids who are determined that Heaven shall have nothing to do with them. Their charity is only contemptuous almsgiving; their mortified affection, vindictive spitefulness; if they love you, it is from selfishness; and if they do you good, it is from selfishness again. She was resolute in making herself out as evil-minded as possible, and took a crabbed pleasure in being virtuous and appearing vicious. On the day of the marriage, she sat up-stairs and cried the whole time; but she said it was from vexation at the blunders of the little red-haired parish oaf—she had chosen the ugliest and most stupid girl in the school—who had taken Janet's place. As for Janet—on the whole, she thought she was glad to get rid of her. She had found out that she did not quite suit her.

To do Robert Maylin justice, he was as much attached to Janet as he could be attached to any one. But his love was of a kind that did not wear well: it was love born of personal fancy alone; drawing nothing of its nourishment from respect, and less from principle. It was all very well while the gloss of newness lasted on it; but it soon grew threadbare and shabby, and then he got tired of it. The first months of his married life went on smoothly enough. The pretty cottage and the pretty wife, the air of peace and love within those four walls, had a charm for Robert which surprised himself, vagrant as he was by nature. He liked his new occupation too—that of a market-gardener—and felt the effect of its healthful action on his frame, which was not a little enfeebled by his London habits. And being a very clever fellow, handy and capable, he soon learnt his business as well as the best of them, and made some splendid hits in cabbages and cauliflowers. It was a pleasant change to him altogether, and he did not regret his plush and gold-knobbed stick more than once or twice a week—when he was teased with snails, or baffled by blight.

But this season of pleasure did not last long. With the waning summer sun faded Robert Maylin's frail flowers of love; and when the autumn moon had passed away, scarce a leaf remained to scent the air. His garden became stupid, and his work degrading; his house was small and mean—so different to the jolly times of Chesham Place and Berkeley Square! His wife was growing ugly, and deemed tiresome; somehow he wished that he had never married. He was a deal better off as he was. What need had he to screw himself up for life in a village, with a silly woman and a parcel of yokels? he used to say, as he went to the alehouse; where he found more amusement in skittles, and the barmaid's saucy blue eyes, than in his own home, or his own wife. This was his nature. If he had married an angel, he would have exchanged her for a devil; and six months of Venus would have seen him Medusa's lover on the seventh.

Janet saw the change, but she tried to soothe it away like a sickness. She did her best to make her house inviting, and herself smart—a quality which Robert placed at the head of all feminine virtues. But all would not do. He had wearied of matrimony as he had wearied of love so often before; and you can not bring back the dead to life. He was tired of her affection, and bored by her attentions; and he wished twenty times a day that he had never left his plush and his footboard. And at last he told Janet plainly, that she bothered him, and he wished she would leave him alone.

Janet had a pair of red eyes that evening when Miss Harrington sent for her to give her a scolding, and a baby's cap.

"Perhaps it teases Robert that I am changed, and can't do as I used, and don't look as I used," she thought, as she slowly walked to her former home. "When it is all over, and things put to rights again, and when he has baby to play with he will like his own home again. Men are different to us, and don't feel the happiness we do in these things." And she concluded her soliloquy by sobbing bitterly, which of course was a manifestation of the happiness she was feeling at present.

When her mistress rated her for her red eyes, after she had scolded her sufficiently for her impropriety, and vowed that she had made an unhappy marriage after all—in the tone of a policeman charging her with murder, Janet stoutly denied all moral causes for depression, and stood by the physical like a heroine.

"One feels differently at these times, ma'am, and one can not help crying for nothing. It does one good, and seems to relieve one. Robert is kind as kind can be, and I have no fault to find with any one."

And then she sat down on a chair, and wept as if her heart was breaking.

When she went to bed that night, she asked pardon for her falsehood. But as she looked at her husband lying there, half-drunk, and thought how handsome and manly he was, she felt she had been justified in lying for him. And then she pushed his curls from off his forehead; when he swore, and struck out clumsily, and called her bad names in his brutal, stupid, drunken sleep.

The baby was born, and Robert less inclined for home than ever. He hated to hear it cry—and what baby will not cry?—and he hated to see his wife nurse and fondle it. And how are babies to live, if wives don't nurse and fondle them?

Things went on in this manner; only getting worse as Robert fell from weariness to neglect, from neglect to dislike, and finally to ill-usage. Every tear from Janet was a reproach vehemently resented; every caress an annoyance brutally rejected; her plaintive voice was the very thing to drive him from home for amusement, and her forced cheerfulness sent him out of doors for quiet. Sad or gay, smiles or tears, love or reproach—it was all the same; he would be ill-used, and find an excuse for himself in her conduct.

Another baby was born—almost within the year—making such a rapid advance toward a patriarchal condition of household that Robert talked moodily of the workhouse. But Janet thought that drink, not babies, would bring him to the workhouse, if ever he went there.

Things grew worse daily; Janet had black eyes and bruised lips often now, and her gait and actions were those of a person badly lamed. Robert had taken to beat her whenever he was tipsy—which was almost every night—till sometimes she thought he would murder her. And if it had not been for the children, she would rather have preferred his putting her out of the way, as she called it, if he would not have been hung for it!

One morning she rose early, after a night of heavy, dreamless sleep. But not so early as her husband, whose place by her was empty. As she glanced round the room, something strange and unfamiliar struck her. She did not at first understand what it was, but soon the open drawers, the rifled boxes, the scattered furniture, told her that she had been robbed while she slept so heavily that past night. Trembling she called her husband; but no one answered. Hurrying on a few clothes, she ran down stairs, where a scene of infinitely worse confusion shocked and frightened her still more. The little stock of plate, partly bought by her own money, partly given by good Miss Harrington, and greatly prized, was gone; the best of the books—not best for their contents, but for their bindings, which was all Robert Maylin was likely to think of—had likewise gone; the portable little prettinesses about the house; and, when Janet came to examine more minutely into matters, a small sum of money, which she had saved as a beginning for the children, had been carried off. All her best gowns and shawls were missing as well, and Robert Maylin with them. An amethyst brooch, which Miss Harrington had given her on her wedding-day; a little alabaster figure of more beauty than worth, but which Janet had loved almost like a living creature; and an old-fashioned gold-watch that had been an heir-loom in the family for generations, and which was popularly believed to have belonged to that fabulous squire, whom most country families claim as their original progenitor—these had disappeared, together with the rest; and poor Janet felt utterly bereft of every possession in the world.

Search was made throughout the country; but Robert Maylin was not to be found. Janet was obstinate in her belief in ditches and drunkenness, and often expressed her conviction that her husband would turn up again somehow. She refused positively to look on him as the thief, and used to cry bitterly when her neighbors, in their rough way, asserted that her own husband had robbed her. He might desert her, because he no longer loved her; but how could she think him capable of such a wickedness as this? However, a letter from Liverpool set the matter at rest. For, without touching on the robbery, Master Robert coolly asserted his intention of proceeding forthwith to the United States, whither he was driven, he said, by the fear of a large family, and from whence he would return when he could support his wife and children as became him. It was an artful letter, and left a large margin for future events. It ended by exhorting Janet to be a sensible girl, and not to fret after him; that he should work for her, and she would be better without him. In which opinion many of the villagers concurred.

Janet found that loneliness is not always friendlessness. As if called up by magic, a host of kind hands pressed round her in her hour of need; a host of kind hearts offered her their sympathy, and loving faces spoke their pity. Miss Harrington was generous and acid as usual. She rated Janet for hours together for her folly in marrying that good-for-nothing fellow; for her wickedness in having two children so fast on each other's heels, when she had nothing to give them; and for her babyish belief in the possibility of any other robber than her husband. At the same time, she gave the babies food and clothing, and set up Janet as a greengrocer in the neighboring town; for which business her apprenticeship in her husband's market-garden peculiarly fitted her.

Time wore on, and fortune gave good gifts to Janet. By steadiness to her business, she gathered a large trade together. Something, perhaps, was owing to her touching history, and something also to her touching manners; which, tranquil and gentle, had such a tinge of melancholy in them, that even a casual customer must

have been won over. Her children were her pride. Well dressed, well educated, they might stand among the children of far grander people than she, as pretty and oftentimes better behaved than any of them. She did not spoil them, though she sacrificed every thing for them, but she was bringing them up with almost patrician delicacy, and with full as much patrician tenderness. They were sweet children, and she might well be proud of them, and not unwisely anchor her whole cargo of future happiness on their well-being and good conduct.

The children had been just put to bed, and Janet was working in the back parlor. The shop was shut, and all was silent; only the hurried tread of a few passers-by was heard, mingled with the shrill laughter of idle boys and girls congregated in the lanes by the scanty gas-lights of the little town.

A knock came to the street-door. Who could it be at this time of night? The widow led a quiet and respectable life, and was not accustomed to visitors so late as this—and was not fond of them either. However, it might be a neighbor wanting assistance in some way; so she rose and went to the door, which she opened with a kind of quake, feeling that presence of evil which sensitive natures do feel, even while undiscovered.

"Who is there?" she said, shading the candle with her hand, so that all the light flared upon her own face.

"Janet, do you not know me?" said a voice she knew too well. A man's hand touched her arm, and her husband strode into the shop.

He was paler than when she saw him last, thinner, a trifle bald, and his hair was sprinkled with gray. His eyes were bloodshot, perhaps with traveling, and his whole appearance was worn and shabby. Janet sat down the candle, and stood for a moment irresolute. She neither screamed nor fainted; but she looked ghastly by the flickering light, and she could scarcely breathe.

"Janet," said her husband, in his gentlest tone, taking her hand lightly between his own, as one holding by sufferance, not by right, "are you glad to see me again, or have I behaved so badly, and you have been too angry ever to forgive me? Shall I go back, Janet, to all the misery of my self-reproaches, feeling that you have not forgiven me, and that God has not accepted my repentance, or will you live with me again, a penitent and reformed man? I have repented, wife, most bitterly of all that I have done wrong against you. Will you not allow my penitence to produce my pardon? Eh, Janet?"

Janet was overcome. After all he was her own husband, lawfully married by the creed of her childhood, and bound by ties that no man was to put asunder—the minister had said so—and he was the father of her children. If she herself still nourished feelings of bitterness against him, had she the right to deprive her little ones of a father? Poor Janet! She gave a deep sob, and then flung her arms around the man's neck, and murmured some misquoted passages about a prodigal son, which seemed to relieve her soul mightily, though they were not quite correct.

Robert was taken to see his children as they lay sleeping in their little cots by the side of the mother's bed. And the sight affected him much, to judge by his tears and upturned eyes, his low-breathed blessings, and tender caresses. By the side of those little cots he told Janet how guilty he had been, but only for leaving her; he stoutly denied all knowledge of, or participation in the robbery, occasioned, he suggested, by his leaving the cottage-door ajar; how deeply he felt his wickedness; and how resolved he was that a future of untiring good should wash out his past of evil. Janet, naturally a credulous woman—because a fond one—was doubly convinced and doubly happy. She had received back, not only her husband, but a saint as well, and henceforth might expect sanctification of heart together with happiness of life in her renewed wedlock. She kissed her husband tenderly, and welcomed him anew, saying, "I always believed you innocent!"

Janet's friends were all displeased when it was noised abroad that Robert had returned, and had been received by her. Miss Harrington withdrew her custom, and denied her house; and many of her old supporters grumbled at her loudly, and called her a fool for her pains. Janet let them grumble. Too happy in her love, and too confident in her happiness, she was indifferent to the storm without; and, though not ungrateful for all that had been done for her, she felt that she had taken the better part by her reconciliation so fully, that these murmurs sank into insignificance before the weight of her spiritual convictions. If she had been foolish, yet she had been also morally right; and a conscientious person can well bear up against the charge of folly, when backed with this conviction of right.

"Janet," said Robert, after he had been with her about a month, "your custom has fallen off very much. Your books do not give one half they did before I came. How is this?"

He spoke in a dry unpleasant voice, with a sharp suspicious glance, and a dictatorial manner.

"I don't know, Robert," replied Janet, quietly, "unless it be that I have offended some of my friends, which I know I have done, and my business has suffered in consequence."

"We can't go on in this way," Robert said, with a still more unpleasant manner.

"Oh! I am not afraid? Steadiness will bring it all back again."

"And in the mean time are we to starve?"

"Starve!—no, dear. I have plenty. I have saved fifty pounds already. It is in the bank, and we shall do very badly if we eat up that before I get my custom back again."

Robert's eyes sparkled. "Fifty pounds!" he said, coaxingly. "Little miser! you never told me of this!"

Janet blushed painfully. Something foreboded evil to her, and she would willingly have retracted her admission, if she could have done so. Not that she had any definite suspicion or any

definite fear. It was simply the vague foreboding that usually accompanies a false step.

"It is for the children," she said, hurriedly. "And so I keep it sacred, even from myself. Only the workhouse should drive me to use it."

This was said gently, but with a certain firmness of voice and decision of manner not to be mistaken.

Robert was silent. But all that day, and the next, and the day after, he was more loving, playful, tender, fascinating, than he had ever been, either before or after their marriage.

"You had much better sell your stock and good-will and go out to America," he said, suddenly, on the fourth day. "You are losing your custom more and more every day, and soon you will have nothing left to sell. Take my advice, and part with all while you can command your market. You will do better with me in New York."

They were alone. It was evening, and the little ones were in bed. Robert drew his wife on his knee and kissed her.

"Sell all that you have," he repeated, "and come back with me to America. I had a capital situation in New York, which I gave up to come to you; but I may have it again if I go back and ask for it within the year. My master promised it. Be advised by me, Janet. I know the world better than you do. Is not our fortune the same?"

Janet at first demurred, then wept, then relented. then refused again, wept afresh, and finally consented; won over by the grand promises and tender caresses her husband lavished on her alternately. He had behaved so well since he came back—he seemed to be so thoroughly reformed—that Janet felt she would have been wicked to have doubted him. And was she not bound by the laws of God and man to obey and follow him whithersoever he might command? Janet's religion somehow always took the form of conjugal obedience—though who should say it was from conjugal affection?

It was then agreed between them that a sale should be announced, and that Janet should dispose of her house and trade, her furniture, goodwill, every thing she had called her own (Robert always said "ours"), and set out with her husband to the New World, to begin afresh, and enter on a new and blessed life of prosperity alone.

Amidst ridicule, entreaties to reconsider her step, and representations of the bitterest misery, amidst prophecies of desertion, perhaps of murder, and earnest prayers to cast off this infatuation, Janet stole softly among her friends on the day of the sale, trying hard to keep up her heart, and to believe in her own wisdom, and her husband's goodness, but failing miserably, as each fresh volley of satire or of entreaty burst upon her. If she could have retracted she would; but the thing was done now; and right or wrong she must abide by her own decision.

The sale was effected, and by it Janet realized a large sum of money; larger than what she expected, or would have gained, had she not been so popular and beloved. Altogether, taking out the fifty pounds before mentioned, she made up one hundred and fifty pounds, and with this her husband asserted to her and every body else, they could make their fortunes in five years.

They took ship at Liverpool and sailed for New York.

They had a prosperous voyage, and Janet and the children bore it well. Robert, though nothing like the old Robert of brutality and ill-usage, was yet nothing like the tender husband he had been of late. He was moody and snappish, and more than once he told Janet that a wife was a great hindrance to a man, and that if he had been alone with such a capital to start with, he would have been a gentleman in a year or two.

"But if you had been alone, dear, you would not have had such a capital," said Janet, simply. "You know I made it for us."

He growled something unintelligible, and walked away. Janet's heart sank within her.

"If I have been a fool after all!—if I have been deceived again!" she thought, as she watched him stalking in the distance. But she would not give way to such a thought, and felt quite penitent that it had crossed her.

"You must not mind my humors," said Robert, coming back after a short time. "I was always a sulky, ill-tempered boy, and, Heaven mend me! I am not much better now. Don't mind me, Janet, I don't mean half I say."

He patted her head kindly, and kissed her forehead, and for the next two or three days they were very happy.

Land was in sight, and all was animation. People running frantically above and below, rushing after their luggage like mad things, crying with pleasure or stilled by anticipation, the fond heart beating, the needy soul hoping, mothers calling to their little ones to look at that dim strip in the horizon, and to believe that it was America; all the bustle of a passenger-ship nearing port bewildered rather than amused Janet.

"Here, Janet, take out the money from that box," said Robert. "In all this confusion it is not safe, for I shall have to leave you on board, while I go and look for lodgings. Take it out, and I will secure it."

Janet obeyed unhesitatingly.

"Where shall I put it?" she asked.

"Sew it into the inside of my waistcoat," said Robert, quietly. "It will be safe there."

She did as she was told; stitching it in securely.

"I will come back again for you and the children," he then said, kissing her, "as soon as I have found lodgings. It is such a tramp for us all to go together; you stay quietly till I come and fetch you. Hurrah, Janet! we are at home at last!"

He ran up on deck gayly, and flung himself into the first boat going off to shore. As long as Janet could see him he stood in the stern, waving his hand and then his handkerchief.

Hours—long, weary, endless hours passed by, and no one returned for Janet. By degrees and in time the whole vessel was emptied, and only the wife and her two children remained. It was against rules that they should stay any

longer, and the first mate came and told her they must "clear out."

"My husband has gone for lodgings for us, sir," said Janet, trembling. "He has not come back yet, and I do not know where to go to."

The first mate was very sorry—they should have managed better—he would have allowed her to stay if he could, but it was against orders and he must obey his captain. He was really very sorry for her; but she must clear out in double quick time for all that. Rules must be obeyed, and discipline kept up.

There was no help for it. Janet was put on shore with her two children, and must fare for herself as well as she could. She had five shillings in her pocket, which she calculated would give them all supper and a bed to-night, and to-morrow she would find her husband if he was alive in New York.

Wandering about, all bewildered at the strange place, not knowing where she was or where she must go, holding her children in her hand, one of whom was crying bitterly from weariness and dread, she met a motherly-looking, handsome woman of middle age, with a kind eye and positive brow; a woman that made you love her and obey her at the same moment. She looked hard at Janet and half stopped. Janet, swayed by one of her impulses, stopped too, and spoke to her.

"My husband left me in the ship this morning," she said, "to look for lodgings for me and the children. I am afraid that some accident has happened to him, for he has never come back; I was obliged to leave the vessel; they would not let me sleep there—"

"It is against orders," said the stranger promptly.

"Yes, so the mate told me, ma'am. But as I am a perfect stranger here, I don't know where to go to, and my children are getting tired and sleepy. Can you tell me where I can find a respectable lodging for the night?"

"Come home with me," said the woman, after a moment's pause. "I see that you are a stranger, and I am sure you are respectable. I will give you a bed to-night, and you can look for your husband to-morrow. A fool! to leave you in this manner. What was the man about, I wonder?"

Janet thanked her gratefully, and the woman took her home.

They had supper and beds prepared for them; all done in a certain great-hearted, motherly, majestic way, that impressed Janet deeply. Not much conversation passed; for the poor girl was both too tired and too anxious to talk; but she kissed her hostess in a child-like, loving manner, and cried on her neck, and clung to her tenderly, and thanked her with an almost passionate gratitude. "Not for herself so much," she said, "as for her dear children." And the stranger seemed to read right down to the bottom of her guest's heart, and to renew again and again all the freshness of her motherly cares. And so they parted for the night; Janet holding the hand of her hostess long and lingeringly, and wondering at herself afterward at the strength of the impulse which attracted her.

She went to bed, early as it was, but she could not sleep. A thousand nervous fancies, a thousand horrible fears, disturbed her. She tried to hope there was some mistake on her husband's part, but she failed sorely in her attempt; and at last, abandoning herself to a fit of despair—almost like madness—she gave herself up to the terrible belief that she had again trusted, and been again deserted. Deserted, robbed, left to starve and die, she and her children, in this strange, wild city! And this was the man she had loved so trustingly; this was the man who had perjured himself so fearfully!

A voice called cheerily through the hall—"Bessie! Bessie! wife! come down." A man's step strode rapidly through the rooms, and Janet heard her husband laugh as he met her hostess merrily, and called her "wife," and "sweetheart." He was laughing gayly, singing snatches of popular ballads; and the mistress of the house was laughing too.

"You ungrateful vagabond," said the woman he had called Bessie. "Is this the way you behave to your lawful wife the first day of your return, after such a long absence? What trick have you been playing now, I wonder?"

Robert said something, but Janet could not catch the words. He seemed, however, to be giving the woman something, for she laughed gently and cried, "How beautiful!" and then she stifled her voice somehow, and then they both laughed again gayly, gayly; and in a short time they sat down to supper so merry and happy! while that poor pale girl lay like death between her children.

"What do you think I have done, Robert?" said the woman after a short pause.

"What, Bess? I am no hand at riddles and can not guess. Out with it, old lady."

"Why, I met a poor woman to-day with her two children; she had just come from England, and her fool of a husband had left her on board, while he went to look for lodgings for them. He left her so long that she was obliged to clear out before he came back. She is a nice, pretty, respectable young thing, and I was glad to serve her. Besides"—and that genial voice took such a tone of womanly tenderness, it made Janet's heart ache to think how sadly misplaced!—"she was a countrywoman of yours, dear, and I could not help thinking somehow of your sister, or—or—your first sweetheart."

When she said this, it seemed to Janet as if she kissed him.

"You shall see her to-morrow, dear, perhaps you may know something of her. By-the-by I dare say she came over in your ship! I never thought to ask her the name. How stupid of me! but how lucky that I met her. You may be able to do something for her—perhaps find her lout of a husband, and teach him not to lose his wife again. Poor young creature! It so went to my heart to see her look so pale and desolate."

Every word of which Janet heard as if a thousand trumpets had sounded.

There was a dead silence. It seemed as if her husband was too much startled, too much oppressed, to venture on an answer. Perhaps he was afraid of his voice, which would either betray his agitation to the one, or his existence to the other.

"Are you not well, my dear?" then said Bessie, kindly. "How pale you have turned all at once!"

"It is nothing, dear," answered Robert, in so low a voice, that had not Janet's hearing been sharpened to intensity by agony, she could not have understood what he said. He seemed afraid of being overheard, she thought, and spoke almost in a whisper.

"But something *is* the matter, dear. Tell me what it is!"

"Nothing, nothing; only a little pain in my chest. Come! give me another glass of brandy; that will cure me, I warrant."

After this Janet heard nothing more distinctly. The conversation was carried on in a subdued tone, as between people sitting close, side by side. Only once Janet distinguished the words, "successful spec—above a hundred pounds—waistcoat—give it you to-morrow."—Soon after this they went to bed, and Janet heard them both talking in low whispers, in the room next her own. She could distinguish their different steps across the floor, and hear their faintest movement through the thin partition. She even knew when they came to the side next her room, and could fancy all their actions. She herself lay as still as death, for she thought that Robert was listening; she heard him come to the partition, and stand there for a moment quite quiet, as if to hear whether she was astir or asleep.

A few hours passed. They made the fond wife cast down her fondness as a winter tree its leaves; they changed the soft heart into one of stone and iron, and nerved the trembling hand and stilled the throbbing blood. They made her blush till her temples burnt with shame at her gross credulity—with shame at her childish faith; but they also made her heart spring up like a strong man's courage—masculine and resolute, equal to its fate. And this because of those two sleeping little ones. By herself she would have sunk utterly prostrate; as guardian to them she stood like a lioness at bay. Nothing stronger—nothing more determined—nothing braver drew breath in New York than that timid, patient, girlish wife, transformed into the heroine by maternal love!

She listened, and by their breathing she knew that Robert and his poor American wife were asleep. Even at this moment her woman's nature yearned in gratitude to that kindly face and great maternal heart; and she felt that she would have suffered any torment herself rather than have caused an hour's pain to one who had so blessed and befriended her.

"*She* shall not suffer by me," she thought, as she determined on her plan.

Quiet and pale as a ghost she arose—dressing herself noiselessly, and with incredible speed. She then took up her sleeping children, and dressed them, still asleep. Leaving them on the bed, she softly opened the door of her room, and stole to that of her husband. A faint light shone underneath and through the crevices: it was a night-light, which Bessie always burnt. She turned the handle and entered. By the glimmering of the light she made out the place where Robert had thrown his clothes, and walked softly to where they lay. She took up the waistcoat, unstitched the notes, and placed them in her bosom. As she turned to leave the room, with one last look of despair directed at him—one loving look of gratitude at her—her husband opened his eyes full upon her. She stood and met his eyes; then saying—"Take the curse of the widow and the fatherless, the curse of the deceived and the ruined!" she turned from him and left the room. He was too much stricken—partly by fear and partly by inability to escape from the coil of circumstances which he had woven round himself, too much awed by her manner, and too much crushed by his conscience to answer. And so she escaped from the house without hindrance, and without disturbing the faintest dream of its kind hostess.

She took sail by a boat leaving for England that morning, and returned to her old place. With her capital of one hundred pounds she set up anew, in another business, and soon regained all the friends she had lost. Foolish as she had been, what could they do now but pity her; and if they pitied, aid? Even Miss Harrington scolded her in her old way, and loaded her with presents as before; and Janet found that she was happier now than ever—in her quiet, gentle, saint-like way—since she had thrown aside her weakness, and been sufficient to herself. And she was right. In weakness lies misery; in strength of will and singleness of purpose lies peace, be the circumstances what they may.

Janet never heard of her husband again, until years after, when a letter came from "Elizabeth Maylin," telling her of his death. Though Bessie still preserved the name, more from habit than from pride, she knew now that she had not been his real wife. On his death-bed he had confessed all to her; and who had been that pretty stranger, whom she had taken to be a common thief and impostor. And Bessie wrote one of the noblest letters that woman ever penned to woman, and spoke of her unintentional wrong in such a large heroic manner, that Janet felt as if she had been almost the one to blame in having caused such evil fortune to one so great and good. But they made it up between them, and finally agreed not to reproach themselves any more; and in future years, Bessie Maylin received one of Janet's children, when he had grown a man, and made him the heir of all her property. And then Janet wrote to her, and said how strangely they had both exemplified the truth of the old Hebrew words, "Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

ATTENTION during the month has been much occupied by a highly interesting debate in the United States Senate, provoked by a resolution of inquiry, touching British Colonies in Central America. The resolution was offered by General Cass, prior to the holidays. The executive response speedily followed, and among the documents transmitted was discovered an agreement between Mr. John M. Clayton and Sir Henry Bulwer, the negotiators of the Treaty of Washington, of April 19, 1850, construing the stipulations of that instrument as not affecting British territorial claims in the vicinity of the Isthmus. This ancillary understanding was found to have passed between Mr. Secretary Clayton and Sir Henry, July 4, 1850; but not before the American negotiator had obtained from Mr. William R. King, then chairman of the Senate Committee upon Foreign Relations, an assurance that such had been the impression of the Committee and of the Senate prior to the ratification. The subsequent message of President Taylor to the Senate, conveyed a similar idea. Whether properly or improperly, the Secretary seemed to have guarded his action quite carefully, in order to throw the responsibility upon other shoulders than his own. No little surprise was therefore excited, when General Cass, Messrs. Downs, Chase, and others, declared that such had never been the sense of the Senate; and that the treaty could never have been ratified, had it been imagined that by it any foothold whatever was reserved to British settlements in Honduras. The conduct of the administration of General Taylor was reviewed quite sharply in the heat of discussion. Mr. King, whose constantly declining health prevented his attendance during the debate, took occasion to deny that Mr. Clayton had ever obtained his sanction to the treaty upon any such understanding. Mr. Clayton at once published several documents rectifying the recollection of the Vice-President elect. The Legislature of Delaware at the same moment elected Mr. Clayton to the United States Senate, and as he was to take his seat on the fourth of March, his political friends endeavored to postpone further discussion, until the censured statesman might be there in the flesh to vindicate himself. The postponement was not accorded; and, on the 10th of January, Mr. Seward took the floor in vindication of General Taylor and his administration. The principal ground assumed by Mr. Seward was that the whole difficulty rested upon a confusion of political and geographical terms; the ambiguity of the appellation "Central America," as used in the treaty, and in common parlance, involving all the points in controversy. He took especial pains to point out the several occasions, when the Clayton and Bulwer agreement had been presented to the Senate; and to charge members with forgetfulness rather than defective knowledge of the fact. The speech of Senator Seward was not without influence. The apparent issue of veracity between the Vice-President elect and the ex-Secretary was subsequently explained away. Mr. Cass, however, persisted in the prosecution of the subject, moving a call for the Nicaragua Treaty, which Mr. E. G. Squiers had negotiated; and, pressing the matter still further, proposed to instruct the Committee upon Foreign Relations to inquire what steps, if any, were proper for the Senate to take, in reference to the Clayton and Bulwer interpretation of the Treaty of 1850. His motion has not yet been acted upon.

This embarrassing business, along with the proposed tripartite treaty, to which we referred at length in our last, brought the whole subject of foreign intervention in American affairs before the Senate. Mr. Cass, on the 4th of January, presented to that body two resolutions, embodying the well known "Monroe Doctrine." A fortnight after, that gentleman supported his views by an elaborate speech upon the broad topic of foreign colonization in America. He showed the origin of the principle of exclusion, and the repeated sanctions it had received from a succession of American statesmen, from the days of Mr. Monroe to those of President Polk; quoted language addressed to Mr. Rush by the famous Canning, admitting the reasonableness of the principle; and inferred that it had become identified with the whole policy of the government. He then pointed to several actual violations of the rule, inviting our energetic interposition. With respect to isthmus and overland routes to California, he indicated obvious proofs of a disposition on the part of France and of England to throw themselves across our way to the westward. Passing to the Cuban question, he turned back to the resolutions of Congress, in 1811, in relation to Spanish Florida, arguing the wisdom of preventing the transfer of the territory from Spain to any other than our own hands. He announced his wish for the acquisition of the island; but repeated the sentiment which he had uttered previously, that Cuba must become independent of Spain by its own act, before it can be honorably annexed to the United States. In short, Mr. Cass endorsed all the views embraced in the able letters of Mr. Everett, already analyzed in these pages, and without endeavoring to dictate our future policy in that specific case, urged with much animation the announcement of a grand principle, that should forbid future encroachments of European interest; and especially all further attempts at colonization. Mr. Cass was followed by Messrs. Butler and Mason, who contended that the principle ascribed to Mr. Monroe had been designed for no other than momentary application. They cited Mr. Calhoun to prove that it was the anticipated interference of the Holy Alliance to repress republicanism in the Spanish American States, to which the language used by the message of 1823 was directed; and that neither Mr. Monroe nor any one of his cabinet contemplated its existence as a permanent and organic law of our foreign policy. Mr. Soulé shared in the debate, insisting that the Monroe doctrine had become a national axiom; and that to ascertain its hold upon the popular credence, it was only necessary to move its abrogation. Confining himself narrowly to the case of Cuba, Mr. Soulé coincided in the view of Mr. Cass, that Cuba can only come to us through the independent act of its population, whenever they shall be so fortunate as to rid themselves of Spanish misrule. In this connection, the eloquent Senator uttered a touching, though, possibly, exaggerated tribute to the victims of the Lopez expedition; and for a moment the whole effort seemed tending to favor the passive encouragement by this government of Cuban endeavors for emancipation; when, turning abruptly aside, he concluded without offering any of the suggestions which had been anticipated, respecting the policy of the next administration. This dropping out of the fifth act of Mr.

Soulé's drama, disappointed a large number of Cuban sympathizers, who had been taught to expect in the speech, the inauguration of a new system better suited to their enterprising designs. Mr. Seward succeeded Mr. Soulé, summing up the argument, and claiming the paternity of the doctrine in dispute for Mr. John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State in the cabinet of Mr. Monroe. He pronounced the introduction of the subject in the midst of a short and busy session, ill-timed and injudicious; yet, since it had been agitated and must be brought to a vote, declared his intention of recording an emphatic opinion against further colonization. At an earlier stage of the debate, Mr. Cass had reviewed Mr. Seward's conduct in reference to the Taylor cabinet with considerable acrimony. Mr. Seward, at the time, declined to reply; but, in the present speech, he retorted with keen irony upon Mr. Cass some allusions which the latter had incautiously let fall in reference to British Tory opinions respecting Cuba; and so incensed that gentleman as to elicit a caustic and not perfectly good-natured response. The debate reached this point on the 27th of January, and was then temporarily postponed.

While these brilliant discussions in the Senate attracted a large measure of attention, the House of Representatives was addressing itself to business, without, however, accomplishing very startling results. A proposition, originating with a member from California, to place ten millions of dollars in the hands of the new President, in order to meet probable exigencies in our foreign relations, received no favor, the House, by a decided vote, refusing to entertain it. Bills to prevent frauds upon the Treasury, and to provide for the erection of a colossal equestrian statue of Washington at the capital were passed; while another, providing for the establishment of a Branch Mint in New York City, was rejected. The deliberations of the House have otherwise been without special interest.

The Annual Report of the Secretary of the Treasury was laid before Congress on the 15th of January. The following is an abstract of its more important features and figures:

RECEIPTS.

Receipts for fiscal year ending June 30, 1852	$49,728,386
Balance in Treasury, July 1, 1851	10,911,645
Total	$60,640,031

EXPENDITURES.

For fiscal year ending June 30, 1852	$46,007,896
Leaving in the Treasury, July 1, 1852	$14,632,163

Of the foregoing Receipts, there were received from Customs, $47,339,326, and from Lands and Miscellaneous, $2,389,060.

Among the Expenditures were the following payments on account of the Public Debt:

Interest, including that on the $5,000,000, of Five per Cent. Stock, issued to Texas	$4,000,297
Redemption of the principal of Loans	1,961,460
Redemption of outstanding Treasury Notes	300
Stock for fourth and sixth installments of the Mexican Indemnity	287,596
Debt of cities in District Columbia	60,000
Last installment to Mexico, under Treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo	3,180,000
Awarded to American citizens under same Treaty	529,980

For the fiscal year ending on the 30th June, 1854, the total receipts were estimated at $51,200,000. Add estimated balance in the Treasury on the 1st July next, and the total means for the year would be $56-203,753. This would leave an estimated unappropriated balance in the Treasury, on the 1st of July, 1854, of $10,388,525.

The Public Debt had been enlarged by the payment of $6,000,000 of Stock Certificates, delivered to Texas under the Act of Congress of September, 1850; and the aggregate registered Debt now is $67,560,395. This had been reduced up to Jan. 1, by $2,428,702.

The actual Debt was therefore $65,131,692, exclusive of the remaining $5,000,000 of Stock deliverable to Texas.

The Secretary recommended several measures, some of which will undoubtedly meet the approval of Congress, while others were simply reiterations of views, to which the party now uppermost is well known to be unfriendly. Upon the whole, the exhibit of national finances is even more satisfactory than the prosperous condition of the people had led us to anticipate; and the estimates for the ensuing fiscal year include a largely augmented reduction of the national debt.

The inability of the President elect to frame an efficient and coherent Cabinet has, of course, proved a pregnant topic of political gossip. A more general theme of conversation, however, has been the proposal of a company, embracing the wealthiest of New York capitalists, to construct a trans-continental railroad from New York to San Francisco. Incorporated by the Legislature of New York, these gentlemen have proposed to Congress to complete the great enterprise within three years; requiring no territorial cessions from the General Government, beyond a mere right of way; and no pecuniary aid, save a loan of the public credit for thirty millions of dollars, to be guaranteed by the work itself. The total capital of the enterprise is placed at a hundred millions of dollars. As presenting a feasible plan for achieving a splendid undertaking, imperatively required by the national wants and wishes; and as relieving Government from participating in the hazards involved in all such schemes, the New York proposition has met with an eminently favorable reception, and if so shaped in its details as to conciliate the several less practicable plans, which ante-dated it, will no doubt be the one adopted.

In the course of the month the President addressed a message to Congress, in regard to the removal of the Seminole tribe to the Indian territory. Presently after, intelligence was received that the Indians had resorted to arms, and were committing violent excesses upon the white settlers of the bordering district of Florida. It was rumored that General Hopkins, and a small force stationed in the neighborhood to control the savages, had been cruelly butchered, and that instant assistance was needed from the Federal Government for the restoration of order and safety. Later accounts happily fail to verify these fearful stories. It is hoped that nothing worse has occurred than disturbances among the Indians themselves, in consequence of the promises respecting removal westward which their chief, Billy Bowlegs, is supposed to have made to the President during his visit to the north. It is hoped that some action will be taken at once to rid the peninsula of those prescriptive pests.

MEXICO.

During the past month the affairs of Mexico have traveled rapidly the easy descent from bad to worse, from confusion to anarchy. In our last we left them in the midst of daily *pronunciamientos*, springing up in the several departments with the thrift of mushrooms. The plan of Jalisco, or of Guadalajara, as the basis of revolution was indifferently called, was meeting with general acceptance. The extra Session of Congress continued through December, authorizing gov-

ernment loans which could not be had, and directing the levy of troops who refused to serve. Throughout, however, there was no manifestation of real interest in the result. The condition of the Republic was the last thing to which the deliberations of the Chambers seemed to be directed. Although rebellion was at the gates, and revolution inevitable, Congress was only retained in session by a hope of securing a share in the profit of the Tehuantepec job, which it was resolved at all hazards to dispatch before adjournment. Members were variously interested in the several bids. The contest was accordingly eager and well balanced, and the extra meeting reached the term fixed for the commencement of a regular one before the dispute showed any symptoms of accommodation; and in the Annual Message of President Arista, on the 1st of January, that functionary found it needful to urge the immediate close of the business. It is a little remarkable that no expression occurs in this document recognizing the existence of an American claim to the Isthmus, or the fact that the Government of the United States had assumed, with respect to it, an attitude of threatened hostility. This is not the only indication in the last Message of General Arista that he considered a political deluge at hand, and agreed with Congress in the Epicurean dogma—*dum vivimus vivamus.* In the meantime General Miñon, commanding the handful of troops who still clung to the national flag for want of opportunity to desert it, pressed into Guadalajara, carrying the war into the fount and origin of revolt. He was closely watched by General Uraga, the revolutionary leader, who wisely declined a battle while it could be avoided, inasmuch as the constant growth of his own forces, and depletion of those of Miñon, promised to end the war bloodlessly. Miñon, however, had a due sense of the same fact, and therefore precipitated a battle, was routed, and took to flight. The arms of the revolutionists thus proved as prevalent as their principles. Tampico had already declared against government. Vera Cruz, castle and town, now did so with imposing unanimity; and finding the limits of his feeble authority confined almost entirely to the State of Mexico, and, indeed, to the city itself, General Arista suddenly resigned the Presidency, and withdrew. Congress at once placed General Cevallos at the head of a provisional government, but without hope of making head against the revolution; and General Cevallos has called to his cabinet General Blanco, as Secretary of War; Ladron de Guevara as Minister of Finance; and Signor Fuentes as Secretary of Justice. And thus stands the Mexico of to-day. The return of Santa Anna is hourly expected; and with the ex-dictator's return we may look for a temporary cessation of arms and agitation.

We referred in our last to the disastrous termination of the French expedition to Sonora. The Mexican papers contain a card from M. Lenoir, who acted as the lieutenant of the Count Raousset-Boulbon, in which the result is boldly ascribed to the poltroonery of the Count's little army. M. Lenoir asserts that success was within reach; that notwithstanding the illness of the commander, there could have been no difficulty in so strengthening the position of the force as to have extorted highly advantageous terms from the Mexican general; but that, finding his volunteers incorrigible, he had resigned the command, and refused to surrender his arms to the enemy. He speaks of the profound chagrin of Count Raousset at this *dénouement;* at the same time commending the moderation and courtesy of General Blanco.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The month has furnished us with little news from the Southern Continent. From Peru we learn that much disquietude is felt, in view of probable hostilities with Ecuador, New Grenada and Bolivia. As yet no act of hostilities has occurred, but all relations are suspended, and the several parties are arming for a contest, with immense industry. The internal affairs of Peru are not satisfactory. The opposition to General Echenique, the President, has increased in spirit and numbers; and to repress it, the dictator has resorted to severe measures, justifiable perhaps in the critical state of external relations; but quite inconsistent with republican theories. The amicable arrangement of the Guano question has elicited a highly complimentary and congratulatory letter from the Foreign Secretary, addressed to our chargé at Lima. There is no affectation, probably, in the joy of the Peruvian Government, in view of the stormy period before it, at having that item of business off its hands. Chili has presented no more notable feature, than a threatened collision with the American Government, arising from the unjust incarceration of one Taylor, an American citizen, at Valparaiso. Applications for his release were made some time since by Mr. Baylie Peyton, our Minister to Santiago, and Mr. Duer, consul at the port, but received no attention. The matter was then referred to Washington; and it is understood, that instructions were sent to Mr. Peyton to renew his demand, and that he would be supported by the United States frigate *St. Lawrence*, ordered to the station for the purpose. Rumor states that the St. Lawrence had orders to fire into the city if the refusal were persisted in. The latest advices leave us in doubt as to the result. One statement declares that Taylor had been discharged; and another, of the same date, denies it, and states that the arrival of the St. Lawrence was anxiously expected.

GREAT BRITAIN.

With a list of the new Ministry, called into being by Lord Aberdeen, our last number closed. No sooner was the roll completed than the Premier took occasion to lay before the House of Peers, in general terms, the programme of his coalition ministry. He declared that he had been entirely unprepared for the summons with which her Majesty had honored him, but that a sense of duty obliged him to comply with it. He had taken no part in the overthrow of the previous ministry. With some warmth, he repelled the idea that that event was the consequence of any deliberate plan or conspiracy, as Lord Derby had not hesitated to say. The administration he had formed had proved satisfactory to the Queen, and he hoped would be equally so to the country. As for the general policy of government, it was to undergo no radical change. The foreign relations would be conducted as heretofore, upon the principle of conceding the entire liberty and independence of each European State; its right to select whatever form of government suited it best; and of avoiding all needless intervention in continental politics, as destructive to that peace so essential to every British interest. The measures of defense hitherto demanded by a wise precaution were not, however, to be discontinued. The commercial system established by Sir Robert Peel was to be perpetuated. He (Lord Aberdeen) believed it to be the one adapted to the condition of the manufacturing and agricultural classes, insuring to both a substantial prosperity, derivable from no other policy. Upon the mooted question of direct or indirect tax-

ation, he was unprepared to make any engagements, preferring to leave it for the present to such friendly or unfriendly conjectures as the differing antecedents of the coalition might suggest. The subject of National Education was represented as one to which the earliest attention of government would be directed. No pledge was given, that the influence of the Established Church with the system should be what Lord Derby had undertaken to make it—entirely unconditional. Lord Aberdeen, on the contrary proposed to restrain it within limits compatible with perfect religious freedom, prejudicing the convictions of no dissenting sect. With respect to the law reforms, commenced by his predecessors, they were to be prosecuted with all energy. In round terms, the Premier pronounced his administration to be liberal-conservative. He believed no government was possible in England, unless Conservative; and equally believed that none was possible that was not Liberal. The character of those who composed it was an assurance of this duplicate trait. He, Lord Aberdeen, would certainly never have coalesced with Lord John Russell, had he not regarded him as a Conservative; and Lord John Russell would have declined place in the new order of things, had he not believed Lord Aberdeen to be Liberal. The phrases were partisan ones; and the new government was to be both Conservative and Liberal. Referring to lamentations of Lord Derby, over the democratic tendencies of the day, Lord Aberdeen declared that he perceived no such tendencies; and that he believed the Constitution of England had never been more secure in the affections, the prosperity, the enlightenment of the people than at the present time. And the fact he did not hesitate to ascribe to the action of free-trade legislation. In conclusion, the Premier, moved that the House adjourn to the 10th day of February.

Writs were, of course, issued at once for such seats in the House of Commons as were vacated by official appointments. The addresses of the several ministerial candidates to their constituents were read with much eagerness, as affording a more satisfactory insight into the character of the new government. That of Lord John Russell to the electors of London may be regarded as a type of the rest. Lord John said he had little to add to the declarations contained in his addresses of May 22, 1852. He announced his firm adherence to the several professions then made in favor of free-trade, of reform in the legal methods of transferring land, and in the alteration of the complicated machinery of the Customs' department, and in the removal of all remaining burdens upon the shipping interest. To the enlargement of the elective franchise, which he then advocated, he was still devoted. He assured his constituents that the Ministry of the Earl of Aberdeen was pledged to apply itself seriously to the task of parliamentary reform;—and, closing, he avowed his belief that by joining the administration of Lord Aberdeen he should best promote the cause to which his political life had been devoted—that of rational and enlightened progress. It was to progress that all their efforts were to be directed. He looked to the extension of education, of civil and religious liberty, of commercial freedom, and of political rights as the true means of preserving those institutions under which the people of England had enjoyed so much happiness. It will be perceived that Lord John's manifesto harmonized perfectly with Lord Aberdeen's, as far as the latter went; but going farther, it gives, as a leading condition of his adhesion to the administration, a pledge that a measure, the same or similar to the one upon which he left office only a year ago, should be adopted and supported by the anxious efforts of Government. How far this announcement suited the views of Lord Aberdeen, it is impossible to say. Certainly Lord John has since given out that he is only the occupant *ad interim* of the Foreign Office, holding that post in trust for the Earl of Clarendon, who is to assume it directly.

The elections have generally resulted in favor of the former incumbents. At Oxford the contest has been sharper than elsewhere. Mr. Gladstone, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by the growing liberality of his views upon religious and educational questions, and by joining the mosaic Ministry of Lord Aberdeen, has exposed himself to the censure of those ultra-Churchmen who people the cloisters of that Tory sanctuary. A strong effort was accordingly made to defeat him, Mr. Spencer Perceval, grandson of the once famous minister, appearing the High-Church candidate in opposition. It was thought that Mr. Perceval's election would not only serve as a direct personal rebuke to the lapsed representative, but deprive ministers of the prestige which the support of the University might be supposed to give them. When the latest advices we have received left England, the polling was proceeding with unflagging efforts of both parties to succeed, Mr. Gladstone leading his antagonist by some 125 votes.

A prominent topic of every-day and editorial discussion in England has been a round of entertainments given to the American Minister in Lancashire. On the 4th of January the first of the series came off at the Adelphi Hotel, Liverpool, the hosts of the evening being the Chamber of Commerce. The chair was occupied by Eyre Evans, Esq., supported by the Earls of Derby and Sefton, Col. de Rinzy, and William Brown, Esq., M.P. The speeches were in the usual complimentary vein. The chairman was not parsimonious of agreeable things; and when the health of the guest had been drunk, Mr. Ingersoll responded in a speech of great length and ability. We shall not attempt to analyze this effort, nor comment upon the new character which the Envoy appeared willing to give to the relations between America and England. Doubtless Mr. Ingersoll would sincerely regret to have his post-prandial oratory gauged by the measure of a rigid diplomatic interpretation; and certainly no error could be more absurd than for a British audience to receive expressions of the sort as the deliberate sentiment of our people. Mr. Ingersoll was followed by ex-Premier Derby; who did not fail to applaud some remarks of the Envoy, approbatory of the House of Peers as an invaluable branch of the British Constitution. The occasion seemed to have been enjoyed vastly by all parties. The satisfaction of the dinner-givers arose from causes doubtless far from flattering to the political party in this country to which Mr. Ingersoll is attached: the success of General Pierce in the November election being naturally construed into a permanent overthrow of the dogma of protection, and therefore exciting the liveliest feelings of fraternity among English merchants and manufacturers. Mr. Ingersoll understood this very well, and deserves credit for avoiding the subject of commercial reciprocity as adroitly as he did. Three days after, a similar festival took place at Manchester. The speakers were Mr. Ingersoll, Mr. John Bright, and several distinguished representatives of the manufacturing interest; and once more an opportunity of exchanging prodigal assurances of international good-feeling was afforded. Birming-

ham, not to be left behind by its cotton-receiving and cotton-spinning rivals, was the next to fête the American Minister; and notwithstanding we are not at this moment in receipt of the proceedings in that city, we may suppose that very little was either eaten, drank, or uttered there of which there had not been satiety upon the previous occasions.

FRANCE.

French politics are used to deal so largely in incidents of great dramatic effect, that the quietude of the past month appears by contrast the extreme of dullness. The probabilities of a general acknowledgment of the Empire have formed the staple of interest. Especially, whether the Autocrat of the Russians would promptly open his arms to the new comer, was a question of vast moment; and when it was understood that M. Kisseleff, the Muscovite embassador, was about to offer his credentials it became important to ascertain the form and substance of the imperial letter. Fortunately for Parisian curiosity, M. Kisseleff was instructed to forewarn the Foreign Office of certain material points. A few days before his audience at the Tuileries, he had an interview with M. Drouyn de Lhuys, in which he announced that the terms "Sire" and "Majesty" employed in his credentials, were only to be construed in that limited and Pickwickian sense in which they had been addressed to Louis Philippe. The French minister was indignant; all the more so because the address of the documents was not in the usual formula between Sovereigns—*Mon Frère*—but in that more distant and ceremonious style, *Mon Ami*. So well assured was the Russian Envoy that his papers would be rejected that, agreeable to his instructions, all his preparations for leaving Paris were complete on the morning of his proposed audience. The minister had publicly declared that he could not be received. A night's reflection and consultation, however, corrected the temper of the imperial cabinet; and the Russian Envoy was admitted to his audience, without further remark. Nothing however could have been more offensive to the Emperor, than an assurance carefully conveyed to him by the Czar, that it was the determination of the great powers to maintain the territorial limits, established by the convention of 1815, in all their integrity. All the European governments have now sanctioned the French Empire; and apparently nothing is left for its ruler but to devote his days and nights to fabricating a programme of the approaching coronation, which shall eclipse all predecessors in splendor. And yet one shadow rests on the picture. Capitalists and politicians equally appreciate its meaning. The Bourse doubts the stability of the new *régime*. The rentes and other securities persist in a steady decline. None of the ordinary resorts of government for bolstering up its credit have had the least influence. The alarm of the Tuileries is not concealed. The *Moniteur* complains bitterly, attributing the fact to undue and unfortunate speculation indulged in by a prominent member of government, whose operations, it is stated, are to be investigated forthwith. It is quite certain that some cause, which has not yet fully developed itself, is at work, producing highly mischievous effects. The solution is necessarily postponed to a future leaf of our Record.

The contemplated marriage of the Emperor with the Spanish Countess de Teba is the uppermost topic of world-talk, as we close this chapter. The suddenness of the engagement, and the abandonment implied by it of all politico-matrimonial arrangements, lend the fact vastly greater importance than it would otherwise deserve. The lady is of Irish extraction, her family having intermarried with the noble Spanish house of Palafox. Wealthy, of rare personal beauty, and brilliant social charms, she has been the centre of Parisian fashion during the winter; especially attracting, perhaps by design, the attentions of the new monarch. His proposals to her were made and accepted on the 16th of January; on the following day the fact was announced publicly: and the immediate consequence was the resignation of the ministers, and a still gloomier aspect of things at the Bourse. The resignations were, however, declined. The civil rites of marriage are presumed to have had place at once. The religious ceremonies were to be solemnized on the 29th of January.

TURKEY.

A new and highly interesting question in Oriental politics has transpired within the month. Montenegro, one of those several Turkish provinces which border on Christendom, partaking of the religion of the latter while borrowing the political institutions of Islam, is in a state of insurrection. Annexed to the Turkish Empire by conquest a hundred and twenty years ago, the right of sovereignty in the Porte is now for the first time called in question, although occasional turbulence has required the intervention of an Ottoman army. At different periods and in the most solemn and emphatic ways, Russia, Austria, and the supreme authority of the Montenegrins have confessed the fealty of the province to the Sultan. It is only quite recently that there seems to have been any thought of disowning the Turkish authority. The happiest opportunities to do so, when that authority was prostrate, and the course of revolution would have been unimpeded, have been allowed to pass without improvement. The Montenegrins number some sixty or eighty thousand souls, a number for war purposes, vastly enlarged by the coalition of divers neighboring tribes. A movement among these is therefore formidable to the divan; and a series of events in the province during the past year, has at last induced the Porte to quarter vast bodies of troops on the frontiers. The Prince-Bishop, Peter Petrowitch, died about a year ago, and agreeably to custom, his nephew, David Petrowitch, succeeded him. He immediately set out on a visit to Vienna and St. Petersburg, where he was duly congratulated on his accession; and at the latter capital received his episcopal investiture from the Czar. His return home was marked by the introduction of several new ideas into the management of public affairs. A strict alliance was formed with the Austrian and Russian courts. Numbers of young Montenegrins were dispatched to Vienna and St. Petersburg to be educated and civilized. And pursuing his plans yet further, the Bishop has thrown off the Ottoman yoke; declared his independence, and, as David I., bids the neighboring chieftains send their tithes and tributes to his little treasury rather than all the way to Constantinople. The Sultan does not regard these proceedings with complacency. His troops have poured into the country, and several sharp conflicts have taken place. Of course, with such vast disproportion as exists between the parties to the contest, there is little hope for the Bishop, without the intervention of Austria and Russia, and it becomes a subject of curious conjecture, whether Russia will or will not interpose, or whether the interposition of Austria will be permitted. There is much reason to believe that the whole demonstration has been prompted by the secret agents of the Czar, for objects which time will speedily disclose.

Editor's Table.

THE LATEST RUSE OF MODERN INFIDELITY, is the most significant name we can give to a movement which, for tactical skill in its managers, and timely adaptedness to some of the superficialities of our age, bids fair to be one of the most mischievous that ever originated in the camp of unbelief. To every well-balanced and well-informed mind its bare exposure is its refutation, and yet with many its very impudence is its strength, while its bold assumption of victory is the very thing which gives it an apparent triumph, and sometimes a real success. It can no longer be called *the latest* FORM *of infidelity*, as it was not long since styled by a learned theologian, himself of the most liberal school of Christianity; for since that day it has ceased to have *form* altogether. It has retired even beyond the region of negations. It presents no more any thing tangible, any thing visible, any thing that can be reduced to logical statement or definition. It would have astonished the old infidels of the eighteenth century. Hume, and Voltaire, and Paine, would not have known what to make of it; though, doubtless, a kindred instinct would have suffered them to entertain no doubt of its spirit. It has no *dogmas*, no first or last truths, no premises, no conclusions. But it has abundance of *names* as shadowy as itself. It calls itself, "the new phase of faith"—it is the "breadth and scope of modern thought"—it is the "religion of the intuitions" as distinguished from the dogmas of the "logical understanding"—it is the "old creed," if any would prefer to call it so, but "lifted into higher forms of thought"—it is the "spirit in distinction from the letter"—it is the new translation of the gospel from the "historical" into the "ideal"—it is *Christianity come of age*, and having outgrown those mythical and miraculous swathing bands that were indispensable to its Jewish infancy—it is the eclectic synthesis of all creeds, the "harmony of all opposing polarities," &c., &c., &c.

For the general mind, however, the chief weapon is the *ad captandum* assumption that there is something in the modern skepticism far more profound than any thing the world has ever seen, or known, or thought before. It is a new and terrible enemy coming up from the "vasty deep" of the future, and already occupying, to some extent, the field of the present. An antagonist as strange as the beast of the prophet's vision, and "speaking great things," is entering the lists, and "Biblical Christianity" is warned, in all friendship, that she must furnish herself with new armor, and cast about for new defenses, since now the old will avail her naught.

But who is this "Black Knight," if we may borrow another metaphor, so proudly entering the field with visor closed, and lance in rest, and bearing these "names of mystery" upon his shield? Is it the Old Infidelity?

> New-horsed, new-helmed, new-falchioned for the fight?

Oh, no—Infidelity, once so called, is vulgar, ribald, coarse, and blasphemous. It had its narrow dogmas as well as the narrow creeds which it assailed. It was unphilosophical—unspiritual. It had no subjective "insight." It was all "outward," like the Christianity it rejected. It belonged to the soulless and faith-lacking eighteenth century. That "old infidelity" is dead and gone, like giants Pope and Pagan. It was a poor, caviling, word-disputing unbelief, as ignoble as the common faith itself.

But what then is this new faith, or this new-believing skepticism that so transcends all creeds, all forms, all dogmas, all miracles, all historical facts, all objective statement, all outward literality? Define to us its lineaments—give us, at least, its position in the field. How unreasonable the request, they would reply. The very making of such a demand betrays the inveterate influence of the old dogmas. It is the low appeal to the mere "logical understanding." Who can give the infinite in the forms of the finite? Who would attempt to confine within any dogmatic inclosure the limitless intuitions of the "spiritual insight?"

It would be churchly, too, and use a churchly language. Coleridge has made the thing respectable, and some of the latest vagaries of Germanism seem settling in the same direction. Its cloud-built *Nephelokokkyngia*—if we may resort to that Aristophanic mint so rich in names for all similar idealisms—it would style the "Church of the Future," the "Church of the Humanity," the "Church of the New Development." With gracious condescension it admits that the Church is an "immense reality." It "accepts the Church," it tells us; it "adopts the Church;" it most benignly takes under its care a word and an idea which has been so wretchedly misunderstood by almost all in every age who have borne the Christian name.

It would adopt, too, with equal graciousness, the most sacred language of the Scriptures, and employ it with as much familiarity as though it had been its first-formed, first-lisped vernacular tongue. It has its baptism, its regeneration, its incarnation, its redemption, its "*at-one-ment*," and even its "justification by faith." A late and much-lauded writer of the school "accepts" this doctrine too. It was thought to have something about it so peculiarly uncompromising as to render impossible all attempts to find an easy and harmonious place for it in the new gospel. But he gives us to understand that all that need be done, is to pull off the deforming disguises in which the ignorance of Paul had wrapped the dogma, and then it stands forth at the very summit of philosophy. It is the faith by which the individual "comes into unity with the universe." This is a meaning, to be sure, of which apostles never dreamed. It is as much beyond the reach of any of the usual laws of interpretation, whether employed by the learned or the unlearned, as the Jewish Cabala, or Swedenborg's Dictionary of Correspondences. But, then, this only adds to its value; it makes it so much more transcendental an affair than that vulgar dogma which has so long usurped the name.

Here, then, is the secret of success. It is the continual assumption of this unknown approaching power ever threatening, yet never really grappling with the antagonist it professes to despise. It is the continual putting forth that there is something in this age of ours, its opinions, its science, its peculiar position, far more formidable than any thing the Church or Christianity has ever before encountered. This has a most powerful effect on certain minds. Its constant reiteration gives it the appearance of something no longer to be called in question. The immense pains that are taken to spread it, in every form, on the wings of our most widely-circulated

periodical literature, are producing an impression which is due neither to its argument, nor to its originality. Especially is this the case with the young. They certainly would not be behind the age; and when they are met by this artifice in so many of its *ad captandum* forms—when they can hardly take up a newspaper of a certain class, or a book of the more popular literature, or read the report of a lecture without having forced upon them some remark on "obsolete opinions," or a "fossil faith," or "minds in the rear of the modern intelligence," or some eulogy on this "breadth and scope of modern thought," —when, go where they will, there is this incessant and systematic puffing by which the men of the school are ever keeping one another before the public, and especially when they find some of the professed friends of older truth apparently awed by these impudent assumptions, and disposed to talk of concessions and modifications, and thereby adopt the same style, and even give currency to the same detestable cant—in such circumstances, we say, it is no wonder that the current of the young thought of the age should take a direction which must terminate in a wreck of all true faith in any Biblical or objective revelation.

Another part of the game consists in that affected longing to believe, which is so taking with our young sentimentalists—the representation, they would call it, of a spirit, a noble spirit, "yearning" for faith, yet distressed by those cruel "old dogmas," which its "higher intelligence" can not "accept." There is the struggle of the "transition period," the elevating, though painful, skepticism that vulgar believers can not feel, and which is at the same time the grief and the glory of its possessors. Oh, could we but believe! say some of them—could we but rest in that simple faith in which our fathers trusted, and which is the consolation of *common* souls! But alas! alas! our "higher intelligence" is our severe misfortune! The food that once gave nourishment to an Augustine, an Anselm, a Baxter, a Butler, an Edwards, and a Wesley, fails to satisfy the "higher longings" of our famishing spirits! All this has a mighty charm for many souls. It presents a man, especially a young man, in such a very interesting position. It combines so many elements of egotistical vanity, of pseudo-spiritualism, of a false, inflating humility as far as possible from that repentance which "brings down every high thought and every vain imagination in subjection to the cross." No wonder it takes with the young, or, when adroitly managed, has a success which the soundest reasoning often fails to command.

Especially is this ruse played off with most appearance of triumph, when an opportunity is presented in a notice or review of some work on the Evidences of Christianity. The whole of this department is sometimes ignored with one sweep of the pen. We have nothing more to do with such books. The treatises of Paley, and Lardner, and Chalmers, were very well in their day. They were quite respectable productions, well adapted, perhaps, to meet the objections of the vulgar infidels of the eighteenth century; but similar treatises now do not, and can not, as a matter of course, at all come up to the "new phase of faith," neither are they at all calculated to meet that new and terrible phase of infidelity whose coming on is betokened by so many signs and forecast shadows of the remarkable age in which we live. 'No, no: the old line of defense is no longer tenable.' The day is past for any longer maintaining the dogma of special Biblical Revelation.' "We say it in sorrow," exclaims a writer in the July number of the Westminster Review, "the received theory of the divine origin of Christianity can no more be *restored*." Let the reader mark the word we have italicised. It contains a dispensation of all argument, and, for the shallow admirer of the school, this contemptible trick of rhetoric often stands in the place of all logical proof. "We had *hoped*," continues this sorrowing apologist, "that our modern defender was about to take up the problem of Christianity with a real appreciation of its altered conditions." But, alas—we paraphrase instead of quoting farther—it is only the old story, to which this enlightened age, with all its immense discoveries in science and philology, can never listen. It is the old argument about miracles and the supernatural. But miracles, or rather the mythical legends so called, were for the infancy of faith. Historical facts, too, if facts they were, were merely its swathing bands. Both must be cast off if we would walk forth into that spiritual freedom which makes the *actual* of no value in comparison with the *ideal;* or they must be "translated into that higher form of belief" which recognizes the divine in nature and humanity alone.

And so on through reviews, essays, lectures, novels, poetry, newspapers, paragraphs, in every form through which the most intolerable sameness of ideas can be combined with the greatest variety of expression. It is the same everlasting round of vaunting assertion with the most sparing amount of proof, the same assumption of a learning which can all be traced to the latest German Encyclopedia or Conversations-Lexicon, the same complaint of a waning faith, the same ill-concealed hatred of the Old Christianity, or what they call a "book revelation," the same impudent insinuations that it has fallen behind the intelligence of the age, and that every man who regards his intellectual credit must disguise his reception of such a creed by the most essential and important modifications.

All this, we repeat, is very taking; but there have been times—to their disparagement shall we say it, or their credit?—when its effect would have been just nothing at all. There have been ages which, although far behind us in objective science, would have, at least, held those who wrote for them to the necessity of having distinct ideas expressed in clear language, fortified by coherent, logical, and probable proof. There have been ages, unscientific, yet of intellectual force and intellectual honesty—prone to believe in the marvelous, yet intolerant of nonsense—ages in which the writers of the transcendental phase of faith would have obtained no hearing from any class, because there was not enough of false learning in the masses to make them pleased with what they did not understand, and yet enough of true learning and logical training in the better educated to enable them to have discovered at once the inanity of its pretensions. The Schoolmen would have dispersed it with one chapter of analysis and definition; the Reformers would have laughed it to scorn for its utter want of all logical as well as moral power; the contemned Eighteenth Century would have annihilated it with one blow from the hammer of its plain, common sense, "logical understanding." Could such a scene be realized, it would indeed, be glorious sport to see how the giants, Horsley, or Warburton, or Butler, would have dealt with this kind of thing. Could we fancy, for example, the immortal author of the Analogy engaged with some of the discourses of Mr. Parker, or Mr. Francis Newman, or with some of the effusions of the numerous newspaper correspondents and imita-

tors of the Westminster reviewers in our own country, with what astonishment would he, at first, eye his strange antagonist. How puzzled would be this well-trained, truthful intellect, so superior to all the petty arts of style and tricks of mannerism—how puzzled would he be in determining the best way of taking hold of what seemed to present no tangible mode of logical assault, or whether it was really worth the putting forth an effort for its refutation. But how long, think you, would the conflict be when one severely disciplined to rigid thinking like Butler, or Usher, or our own Edwards, should once really get his tight grasp upon such an antagonist, and after crushing out of his "ideals" his "intuitions," his "new phases of faith," all the meaning that could possibly be obtained from them, should lay himself out in earnest to refute whatever residuum of argument they might seem to possess.

It is often made a complaint by writers of this school—and it is a prominent part of the general ruse—that they are not understood, not appreciated; the old mind of the age fails in coming fairly up to their "stand-point." And this, too, is very taking. It may provoke a smile from those who do understand their nonsense better than they do themselves, and know full well the very ground, or want of ground, they appear to occupy; but with many, and especially the young, it has all the effect which the obscure adds to the sublime, and the cant of mysticism imparts to the conception of vast profundity. It is only the love of the marvelous of former days now turned into a different channel. It gives an immense idea of what is coming, when even the forerunning heralds of its advent find it so difficult to make intelligible their "mission" to the world. It is in this way our youth are led to believe that there is somewhere in the Cimmerian cave of German philosophy, perhaps, a vast store of materials for blowing up the old faith. They love to be told of something very profound that is going to produce some very profound result, because it argues great profoundness on their part to believe and acknowledge it.

And yet it may be safely, as well as boldly, affirmed, that there is nothing in Strauss, or the profoundest German of them all, that has not been advanced for *substance*, and we might say in *form* too, by the old English deists, who called themselves deists and infidels without any disguise. This may seem a strange assertion to some, and even were it a mere assertion, it would be a sufficient answer to that which can justly claim for itself no higher character. We make it, however, very deliberately. We put it forth with the full belief that it can be sustained, and with the offer to sustain it against any of that School that claims affinity with the Westminster Review. We challenge them to produce a substantial objection to Christianity derived from any thing latent or patent in the Old and New Testament that is not more than a century old. We might even go farther and maintain that most of the German objections now paraded as something new, and against which, it is said, former defenses will not avail, are as old as the days of Porphyry and Celsus. There may be some new verbal difficulties raked up by German exegesis, but involving no really new objection—for this is the great point—presenting no "new aspects" as the reviewers say, no "new problems," no "altered conditions." The questions arising from the apparent discrepancies in the Gospels, the diverse genealogies of Mathew and Luke, the seeming misapprehensions in regard to the second coming of Christ, the alleged difficulties of the Old Testament, the hardening of Pharaoh's heart, the destruction of the Canaanites, &c., &c., all of which Mr. Newman and others parade as though they were fresh discoveries, are coeval with the first centuries of Christianity. Even the stale witticisms of Jonah's fish and Balaam's ass have about them the mould of almost two thousand years. They all date from that early period when the Gospel first aroused the critical acumen of the depraved soul in calling forth its sleeping enmity to the highest forms of truth.

But Christianity, Biblical Christianity, still lives, still is strong, while its enemies are ever "changing their countenances" and hasting away. Our new school of progress should be told that they are really not keeping up with the times. Some of the cycles are coming round again. The best and newest German criticism is revolting at the inconsistent theories in respect to the late origin of the Old Testament. Men and books now grow old more rapidly than in former times. Strauss, too, is becoming musty, and receding fast behind the age. He had more show of a certain kind of learning, but was never the equal of Paine, either in acuteness or originality. The once famous *Leben Jesu* has had its day as well as the Age of Reason, and no man who has a real reputation for learning would now refer to either as authority.

There need, too, be no hesitation in making the same challenge in respect to the discoveries of science. One might be led to suppose, from what is often said, that physical science had somehow rendered obsolete all the old questions in theology, and made necessary an entirely modified view both of revelation and faith. But wherein? Physiology, some would say, has made it impossible to believe any more the dogma of a resurrection. Of this, however, our youthful readers may be fully assured—such an assertion never comes from men of science themselves. They know too well how far beyond their keenest investigation still lies the principle of life and bodily organization to hazard any such rash limitation of the Divine power, or to deny the possibility of what is so clearly revealed.

But Geology and Astronomy—these are the watchwords of the times. On the first we need not dwell. It presents no "altered conditions of the problem of Christianity;" although it might affect our interpretation of one page in the written record. The exegesis, however, which removes the difficulty is one known long before geology was ever heard of; and in regard to the science itself, it is enough to remark, that it is daily tending more and more to establish that position, of the late origin of the human race, than which there is none more opposed by the infidel, or more directly connected with the verity of the earliest records of the Bible. It is storming too, the skeptic's strongest fortress by driving him out to an admission of the supernatural. On this point we do not deem it impertinent to refer the reader to some thoughts in our Editor's Table for December, 1851.

The supposed *new* objection from astronomy dates from the time when the first thinking soul first meditated on the boundless expanse of the Heavens. It is the difficulty of sustaining steadily in the finite, time-measured, space-ruled human mind, the idea of the Divine care constantly exercised toward a creature as insignificant as man, when contemplated in connection with the immensity of the universe. The thought is not dependent for its suggestion on any scientific details of astronomy. David felt it more powerfully, and was certainly more humbled by it, than any of our men of the new "phase of

faith." That God's empire must extend far beyond *our* finite sense, must even be boundless to our finite thought, is as much an *a priori* demand of the reason as an *a posteriori* induction of science. That the worlds were even infinite in number was a favorite speculation of the old philosophy. Modern astronomy may bring the thought more frequently to mind, but has given it no new or peculiar force. Never was it set forth with more power than by Addison at a period, when it is admitted, the "old Biblical Christianity," remained undisturbed—set forth, too, not as a scientific discovery, but as one of the most natural musings of the contemplative mind, deriving the very thought, and the humbling feeling which it inspires, from one of the most ancient parts of God's written revelation "*When I behold the Heavens —What is man!*" Here we have the whole of it—all that is comprehended, and far more than is felt, by this whole length and "breadth and scope of modern thought."

No objection shows a greater self-ignorance. We will explain what we mean by this. The inconsiderable magnitude of this earth, it is said, makes incredible what the Bible reveals respecting the divine care in the creation, government, and redemption of man. Independent, then, of this new aspect, we have a right to assume, for the sake of the argument, that such revealed care would be rational in theory and credible in fact—that is, if our earth were the only world, it would not be beyond belief. Does it become incredible, then, on a supposed addition to the universe, or to our view of the universe? If so, it can only be on the ground that the Divine care over each part must diminish in proportion as the whole enlarges. Now this is "anthropopathism," if we may use one of "the great words which the Horn speaketh"*—it is the very thing they are so fond of charging upon the believers in a Biblical revelation. It is measuring the infinite by the finite. That our moral value, and consequently the Divine estimate of it, is just the same as it would be if our world, our race, ourselves, were alone in the universe, is a decision of the eternal *a priori* reason, coming directly out from the idea of the Infinite God. It is a decision at which indeed the soul staggers, but it is because its lower part rebels against the higher; —the imagination is too closely allied to the sense to follow with unfaltering gaze this high behest of the reason and the conscience. These objectors, then, are the anthropopathists, they are the men who "think the Deity altogether such an one as themselves"—they are the men who would measure sins by space, and make them great or small or just nothing at all, according to our ever-varying conceptions of the outward universe.

The whole fallacy consists in mistaking our relation to two distinct states of being, and applying to the moral what is only true of the physical world. In the latter, *quantity*, either of space or motion, must be the universal standard, and by its measurement alone are all things great or small. Physically, we may be animalcules of animalcules, or as the contemned Old Testament expresses the same thought, "*less than nothing before Him and utter vanity.*" Morally, no such consideration, can have place. All value here is intrinsic. Each holy emotion has the same preciousness, each malevolent feeling is deserving of the same condemnation, each soul's moral redemption requires the same priceless ransom, as though that single soul had been alone with its Maker—the sole subject in his immeasurable dominions. So says the Reason—so teaches the Bible. The anthropopathic infidel feeling would deny it, and then seek to cover its own groveling conception with the mantle of philosophy, and claim for it the merit of transcending any view of the "obsolete Biblical Christianity."

As far, then, as this science is concerned, the mighty question remains just where it was before. It would be well, however, if their own objections would have the effect of producing humility in those who are ever opposing astronomy to the Bible. But we do not find that they are at all more humble than other men; we do not find that they are any the less inclined to boast of the grand philosophy by which they would prove their own moral as well as physical nothingness. And this leads us to ask—if such be the diminishing effect on the religion, what must it be on the science? If human sins, and human salvation become such small affairs when seen through this glass, what becomes of human knowledge, and human philosophy? What becomes of those great ideas of "destiny," and "progress," and the wonderful things humanity is to accomplish, on which this school, of all others, do so delight to dwell? What is "perfectibility" to us who are so infinitely behind in the long race of the universe? At the immense distance back to which the telescope throws us, all measurable differences vanish away, and our boasted science becomes of no higher appreciable rank in the immeasurable scale than the social and political economy of the infusorial tribes that gather their phalansteries among the invisible fibres of the marsh-grown *conferva*. Certainly may this be logically affirmed of many departments of physical science; for they belong entirely to space and motion, and can not, therefore, refuse to be measured by the standard applied to higher truth in the speculations of those who maintain that physics has in this way introduced an altogether "altered condition of the problem of Christianity."

We can compare the effect which they seem to think their new view would have, to no other than that occasioned by the inversion of a magnifying-glass; in consequence of which objects that before seemed near are thrown to a vast distance, and proportionally diminished. But can they not see that there is no stopping in this process? One position no more furnishes a resting-place than another. Take a certain distance—assume a certain extent of the universe—and the Old Christianity becomes invisible. Carry our view farther, and the "new phase of faith" altogether disappears. At another stage, every thing resembling a particular providence, or a care of any kind for the individual man, becomes of course incredible in this time and space ratio. Prayer is gone, and hope, and all individual fear and love of God. Farther on, every idea of a general providence is swept away. Not only the earth, but solar, and even stellar, systems become infinitesimals, or quantities that may be *neglected*, in the calculus that sums the infinite series. Every conception of every relation of a personal Deity to finite beings utterly disappears, and a view no better than blank atheism—yes, worse than atheism, for that does not mock us with any pretense of theism—takes the place of all morals, of all religion, of all reverence whatever.

The effect on the mind is something like that produced by reading Campbell's Vision of the Last Man. But we awake from our dream and find the old Earth still standing, and the old Heavens still rolling about us. So, too, will it be in the moral world, when the "new phase of faith" shall have waned

* Daniel vii 11.

away into a very old phase of infidelity, and Mr. Newman, and Mr. Parker, and the Westminster Reviewers, shall have long since gone the way of Strauss, and Paine, and Hume, and Bolingbroke. There will still be left the "Old Christianity," with its "old demands upon our belief"—the "old Biblical Christianity," with its old "difficulties" for the unyielding heart, its old "problems," its old "unaltered conditions." The worth of the moral world, the value of each moral agent, and of each moral emotion, will be just the same as when the estimate was made, and the price was paid for them, on the Cross of Calvary.

The subject is one of vast importance, and not out of place, we trust, in the pages of our Magazine. The assumption we have called in question is making numerous converts by the very boldness and impudence of its style. We indulge the hope that we may have done a service to our readers—especially the younger portion of them—in exposing certain aspects of the fallacy, although space would not permit us to go into that detail of argument which the subject so justly deserves.

Editor's Easy Chair.

FOUR weeks ago, as we rounded off the labors of the month, the unwonted geniality of the season drew from us a paragraph or two touching the weather, which we wrote with casement half open, the white ashes vailing the dim fire in our office grate. But as we passed the folder through the leaves damp from the press (a full fortnight, reader, before that Number met your eye, for steam itself can not urge our edition through the press in less time than that), the grate was heaped full with glowing Lehigh, and the snow-laden wind played all sorts of weird marches against our window panes.

This storm was but the advance guard of that mighty host which had encamped in the region through which we had rambled, in the autumn months, knapsack on shoulder, oblivious of primrose kids and patent leathers. The morning journals came freighted with fabulous tales of the cold at Franconia, and of the depth of the snow-drifts upon which the "Old Man of the Mountains" gazed with brow as unvarying as that with which we had seen him look, but a few weeks before, upon the parti-colored forests at his feet; bringing up visions of wide chimneys piled with brave hickory and maple.

In town, the pedestrians breasted the storm with heads depressed and set teeth, like a forlorn hope, charging through a tempest of grape-shot. The cars of our city railroads were for a time blocked up, as fast as the Discovery Ships in the polar ice; and the omnibus drivers were in great glee as they passed their late successful rivals. The fairy-like sleighs which had looked so out of place in the warm December sunshine, vanished from the carriage ware-rooms, and reappeared freighted with the fur-draped denizens of the Fifth Avenue. The great omnibuses lumbered through the streets, perfect pyramids of human heads, and the town kept carnival on runners. For a week New York might have passed itself off for St. Petersburg.

Now as the snow is melting, the streets have the aspect of rivers of slimy mud, and every crossing is beset with a group of children armed with dilapidated brooms, paddling, often with bare feet, in the half-melted snow. Pedestrians as we are by choice, it is impossible to resist the imploring whine with which they levy contributions upon the passers by, and already our purse, never too well filled, begins to show signs of depletion from this new demand upon its contents; and another week will force us to keep a carriage, as a matter of economy.

Whence come these hordes of vagrant and neglected children? is a question which will force itself even upon our Easy Chair moments. Still graver is the question, Whither are they going? They will go in many directions; for, as the old proverb hath it: Every road leads to the world's end. A few will diverge into paths of honest industry and enterprise, and from small beginnings will become the "Merchant Princes" of the next generation, and will inhabit our up-town palaces, when the sons of their present occupants are forced to abandon them. A few more will work their way by grog-shop influences, and become City Fathers, and with bribes sticking to their fingers, will protest their incorruptible integrity as loudly as our present Forty—and will be just as much believed. But the great majority will pursue humbler paths. They will recruit the ranks of what we call the "dangerous classes." They will grow up Short Boys, Rowdies, Thieves, Blacklegs, Desperadoes, and Filibustiers, vibrating between the Five Points, the Tombs, the Hospital, and the Penitentiary. Sing-Sing will open its remorseless doors for not a few; while the career of many will be cut short upon that scaffold which within these few days past has claimed the life of two, before twenty summers had passed over their heads. Thus much for the vagrant boys: but for the vagrant girls there is but one career open: for them the street leads but in one direction: the downward road has no turning or return. All honor and a cordial support be given to the few brave souls who have voluntarily bound upon themselves the cross of laboring for and among the vagrant children of the town. This is the least which we of weaker faith and more infirm purpose can do.—But we are moralizing, where we should gossip, displaying the tragic mask upon the stage dedicated to the comedy of life.

THE golden treasures of California, poured so profusely into the lap of our Island Metropolis, have stimulated business and pleasure to their utmost tension. The present amusements of the town may be enumerated somewhat as follows: The Theatres, the Opera, Lectures, buying City Property, projecting Railroads through the streets, getting up fictitious Banks, and writing for the Magazines. To some or all of these we purpose to devote a paragraph.

THE Drama, if we were to judge by crowded benches, was never in a more palmy state. But if we are to measure it by the merits of the pieces presented, or the capacity of the performers, its condition was never lower There is not upon our boards a single actor capable of delineating the higher creations of the dramatist; and we could reckon up on our ten fingers every performer for whom the slightest claim to be considered an artist, even in the lower sphere of comedy, can be advanced. To these we may add some three or four low comedians who possess the unenviable faculty of rendering a low character still lower than the author designed it; who, not content with giving point to every vulgar allusion and obscene *double entendre*, omit no opportunity of foisting in others not set down in the text. The pieces introduced belong for the most part to the vulgar cockney school. It is long since a new piece has been produced with the slightest claim to be a transcript of human character and life This is only partially, at least, the fault

of the public. Let the "Lady of Lyons," for instance, be at all adequately represented, and it never fails to "draw." The reason is, that though this play abounds in stage trickery, tinsel rhetoric, and false sentiment, there is running through it an under current of human feeling and passion, which constitutes its main attraction.

Yet there is a lower descent to which the stage seems tending: the permanent naturalization of the ballet. We had been fain to believe that the crowds who shouted *brava* and flung bouquets at some *entre-chat* or *pirouette* more daring than usual, or at some *pas* or *pose* of unusual blandishment or seduction, were made up of the countrymen of the *figurantes*, the natives of Southern Europe, races effete and worn out, beyond hope of resurrection, who, having nothing worthier to be proud of, may be suffered to plume themselves upon the saltatory feats of their countrywomen. But closer inspection shows among them the notorious American features of blacklegs, men about town, worn-out roués, fast men, and habitués of fashionable drinking and gambling saloons. We much fear that these together will form a body sufficiently numerous to support among us a regular ballet troupe; so that the malady, from having been an occasional pestilence, will become endemic to the climate.

THE professors of legerdemain and necromancy have been turning the spirit-rappings to golden account; and the "second sight" of M. Heller casts into the shade the clairvoyant wonders of the genuine "mediums." One of our gravest religious newspapers prescribes a course of these performances as a remedy in the case of those troubled with a tendency to belief in the rappings, on the Hahnnemanic principle, we suppose, that *similia similibus curantur.*

A COMPANY of Chinese jugglers have slightly jogged the town's organ of wonder. Some of the performances of the almond-eyed Celestials are really very clever. Their chief attraction, however, is the knife-throwing feat. One of them places himself against a board at the front of the stage, and another amuses the spectators by throwing knives at him from the distance of a few paces. The knives, long, heavy, sharp-pointed weapons, flung with force sufficient to drive them deep into the wood, strike within a hair's breadth of the limbs, throat, and head of the performer: the slightest deflection in their course, the trembling of a nerve in the thrower, apparently, and the poor Celestial would never again behold the Flowery Land. That such a performance should prove attractive indicates a tendency to barbarism underlying all our luxury. It is true the play-bills affirm that there is no danger; but the spectators do not believe it. The real or supposed danger is the attraction, not the skill of the cast. It is because arteries pulsate and nerves quiver within a hair's breadth of the keen steel, that crowds flock to witness the feat. Let the manager try the experiment of substituting a *dummy* for the living Chinaman, and nobody would stay for the performance. The ladies who look on it with so much delight have little to boast of over their Spanish sisters who sit out a bull-fight unmoved; or over those of the later Roman times, who bent their delicate thumbs into the shape of the fatal letter which announced death to the vanquished gladiator in the arena.

MID-WINTER was inaugurated by the almost simultaneous advent of Alboni and Sontag in Opera Poor Ferdinand Palmo, who expended the savings of a lifetime in the fruitless attempt to naturalize that costly exotic, the Italian Opera, and who, the papers say, is now cook at some restaurant, doubtless has thoughts of his own when he sees the flower in such superb bloom in the hot-houses of more lucky gardeners. Meanwhile the town has flocked to hear the rival artists, and has abundantly rewarded both by golden opinions, and still more precious golden coin. Yet, querulous creatures that we are, whom little else than every thing will content, and little more than nothing will disquiet, we are annoyed that Sontag, a staid matron of fifty, is not all that we had imagined she must have been at five-and-twenty, and that her rival's luxuriant proportions overpass the limits of romantic beauty. Art and the dress-maker can do much, but they are not omnipotent. They can not undo the work of a quarter of a century, nor cheat the eye into the belief that a heroine of twelve stone is a sylph. Yet let us take gratefully the good the gods provide, and content ourselves with the possession at one and the same moment of the two foremost *artistes* of the time, without even troubling ourselves to decide which is the greater.

OUR glowing anticipations of traversing Broadway in our own cars, upon our own railroad, have met the fate of the visions of Alnaschar. The State Legislature has broken the basket of china upon which our hopes were based. Our sharp partners, who were to be, have not proved so sharp as we supposed. If, as is currently believed, our City Fathers have received in advance their share of the profits that were to accrue from the twenty-dollars-a-car contract, we submit that they ought to refund the amount—*minus*, of course, a suitable sum as compensation for any laceration their feelings may sustain, in case they should find themselves some day in prison for contempt of Court, on account of their over-zeal to carry out their side of the contract. We are quite disinterested in this opinion, for no part of this sum will find its way into our purse. We paid nothing for the small share in the contract that was promised us, and shall lose nothing by its failure, beyond the profits we had hoped to have made.

A CORRESPONDENT who, we think, is not sufficiently aware of the blessing of space enough to be able to keep "Shanghais" and "Berkshires," with leisure to enjoy the company of "W. Shakspeare, deceased," and to stroll into the "good old woods," having the woods aforesaid to stroll in withal, writes envyingly of our enjoyment in our Easy Chair. He would preach himself a sermon on contentment, could he look into our sanctum on those fateful days of the week devoted to clearing our table of the ever-accumulating piles of manuscript. An opinion seems to be gaining ground, that for every additional ten thousand added to our circulation, we must require an additional score or two of monthly contributors; and our eyes are dim with reading, and our brain weary with pondering the articles offered for our editorial acceptance. Yet there are limits to the capacity of our ample pages; and we are forced to refuse the greater number offered. It is harrowing to think of the Claras, and Ediths, and Marys, whose fates and fortunes must remain forever unknown to our readers. Nor is it pleasant to quench the aspirations of young writers in whose productions are to be seen no doubtful traces of genius. There is, however, some satisfaction in writing

"Rejected" upon solemn stupidity, false sentimentality, audacious plagiarism, and stupid jokes, vamped and revamped, but the elements of which were old when Joe Miller was young. From the number of delicate manuscripts headed, "Translated from the German," we infer that the study of that language is increasing among our fair readers. Most of them steer their pens deftly enough in the smooth currents of plain narrative, but drift hopelessly among the broken rapids of Teutonic eloquence, and are sadly wrecked upon the jugged *da*'s, and *auch*'s, and *weil*'s, around which the current of German thought is apt to make such sudden turns and whirls.

We can not admit the justice of the strictures of an anonymous correspondent, upon our characterizing the Duke of Wellington as the "Great Englishman." Our censor is inclined to look upon it as a willful "attempt to rob poor Ireland of the credit which in justice she ought to receive for her distinguished characters." When we speak of an Irishman in distinction from an Englishman, we refer to the Celtic as distinguished from the Saxon stock. Richard Colley (or Cowley), the grandfather of the Duke, who assumed the name of Wellesley on acceding to the Wellesley estates, was of English origin, and the Celtic blood in the veins of the Duke must have been very limited, if any. Besides, and this was the point of our designation, the modes of life and thought, and the entire character of the Great Duke, both as to its merits and its defects, were most intensely and thoroughly English, consequently just as thoroughly un-Celtic. The Irish branch of the Celtic family has produced its full share of great men; but among them the Duke of Wellington can not fairly be counted.

We plead guilty to the charge of an Eastern correspondent, in the matter of limiting Lope de Vega to the authorship of the beggarly number of "only three hundred plays." We know not how we could have fallen into this error, with Prescott on our table, and Ticknor at our elbow. We hasten to make the *amende honorable* to the shade of the prolific Spaniard, by stating, on the unquestionable authority of Mr. Prescott, that "He left 21,300,000 verses in print, besides a mass of manuscript. He furnished the theatre, according to the statement of his intimate friend, Montalvan, with 1800 regular plays, and 400 *autos*, or religious dramas—all acted. He composed, according to his own statement, more than 100 comedies in the almost incredible space of twenty-four hours each, and a comedy averaged between two and three thousand verses, great part of them rhymed and interspersed with sonnets and other more difficult forms of versification. He lived seventy-two years; and supposing him to have employed fifty of that period in composition, although he filled a variety of engrossing vocations during that time, he must have averaged a play a week, to say nothing of twenty-one volumes quarto of miscellaneous works, including five epics, written in his leisure moments, and all now in print!"

The gallant Scribe and the everlasting Dumas, backed by their subsidiary starvelings of the Latin Quarter, will toil in vain to equal these feats of the Castilian "Miracle of Nature."

Just as we close our Easy Chair gossip, the steamer brings tidings that the new French Emperor has improvised an Empress as suddenly and unexpectedly as he did the Empire. The politicians are wondering and prophesying what will come of it. We too speculate, but say nothing; and dismiss transatlantic affairs with a little drama of the day which we lift with our pen out of the *pot-pourri* of French columns; it bears no special title; but we, on our part, venture to christen it,

A SNEEZE IS AS GOOD AS A WIFE.

The Sieur V—— was a bachelor; just one of those sort of men who, though living for a series of years at the House of Gold and the *Café de Paris*, was never noticed by any body, and never would be noticed, if he were to live forever.

He was well-made, well-preserved, with a fine fortune, a good appetite, a straight nose, a gentlemanly walk, a gold-headed cane, a tolerable knowledge of the world, and boots that fitted to a charm. Just such men are to be found in all large cities, all over the world; who live and die, and are born and live; and drop off silently and uselessly; and have white marble tablets to tell how much they were lamented, and how stricken are the mourners.

Well, the Sieur V——, being a bachelor, was unhappy; in the same easy, good-for-nothing, unimpressive way in which all bachelors are unhappy. He felt a want; a want for a partner of his luxuriance; a want for his solitary hours; a want for his capricious and decaying heart. With these several wants preying on him, he sat one day upon a chair, in the sun, upon a balcony of the great House of Gold. He scarce looked at the passers-by, but dozed; and as he lifted his head, and caught the warm sunshine in his eye, he—sneezed.

"God bless you!" said a pleasant voice—a lady's voice.

The Sieur V—— lifted his head in earnest, and saw a fine figure of a woman passing along the street before him; displaying, as she stepped across the gutter, one of the most fairy-like ankles he had ever the good or ill fortune to see in his life.

He roused from his doze, and seizing his hat and cane, scarce knowing what he was doing, he strode on after the lady. She walked well; a little Blenheim, held in leash, pattered along at her side. "If I could only see her face," thought he. Her dress was elegant, and worn with exquisite taste. He strolled on, glowing, and growing warm in the pursuit. She was a rapid walker, and he had but just dined. The odds were uneven. Presently, however, she stopped carelessly at a shop-window; offering to view, as she turned, one of the neatest profiles he remembered ever to have seen.

The Sieur V—— palpitating, stopped at another shop-window—very carelessly, of course. Bachelors understand this thing as well as not a few married men. "Upon my soul," thought the Sieur V——, "I should like to marry that woman."

The lady presently strolled on; presently, the Sieur V—— strolled on. And so it happened, oddly enough, that the Sieur V—— strolled for a long time in the same direction, and at nearly the same rate of speed with the lady of the elegant dress, and the pretty ankle, and the frisky Blenheim dog.

In a certain side street, it may well have been the Rue de Luxembourg, she disappeared. The Sieur V——, full now of the ardor of pursuit, did not abandon his hopes even now. He loitered about the door for a few moments, then boldly rang the bell, and thus addressed the *concièrge*:

"Madame—eh—*mon Dieu!* I forget the name; but the lady who walks with the little Blenheim dog, is within?"

"She is, monsieur; she has just returned."

"And Monsieur—*mon Dieu!*—that name again; it slips me strangely!"

"Pardon, monsieur"

"Her husband, he is in?"

"Pardon, monsieur; you do not know, then, that he is dead these two months?"

"Ah, *mon Dieu!* is it possible? I will step up and speak with the poor lady."

The Sieur V—— trembled a little, as he rang the bell, and gave his name to the *femme de chambre.* Madame received him complacently, and beckoned to a vacant chair. Above the mantle was hanging a portrait, draped in crape; doubtless the portrait of the late Monsieur Duhamel.

"Madame," said the Sieur V——, after a long silence, "you do not recognize me?"

"No, monsieur."

"Not at all?"

"Not in the least."

"And yet, an hour ago, you passed along the Boulevard?"

"It is quite likely, monsieur."

"And have you no recollection of saying 'God bless you?'"

"Oh, yes."

"Very well, madame, I am the person to whom you showed that honor—so undeserved (madame was looking, with her great eyes full of surprise, prettier than ever), and so dear to me."

"And pray what then, monsieur? You appeared to have a cold; you sneezed; I said, God bless you! What was more natural?"

"Ah, madame, did you then cast those words upon me, as you would throw a penny to a beggar?"

"Precisely."

"And yet I had hoped—dared to hope—still dare to hope ——."

"Monsieur!" and the lady rises (very gracefully), "I can not listen longer to you. Marie (ringing for the *femme de chambre*), you will conduct Signor V —— to the door."

And the disconsolate wooer, more desperate than ever, is led away. Twelve successive days he calls, and leaves twelve cards for Madame Duhamel. But always she is out or engaged. Hope begins to grow faint; when a ruse occurs to him. He knows her attachment to little Follette, the Blenheim dog; and with a jealous ire he determines to steal the favorite.

He secrets himself one day near to her house, and following her as she goes out, places himself near her in the garden of the Tuileries. From behind one of the orange trees of the garden, he decoys poor Follette by a dainty morsel, and renewing the temptation until he has seduced him near to the gate, suddenly seizes him, and drives off with his wailing captive.

Madame Duhamel is desolate. She searches every where, and offers large rewards. Still nothing is heard of her dear Follette.

One morning the Sieur V—— presents himself at her rooms, announcing that he has intelligence of her favorite. Madame Duhamel hears indeed the cry of the little pet, and rushes forward to greet the welcome visitor.

"It is you, then, monsieur, who bring me back my dear Follette."

"Yes, madame, and that after a pursuit of two hundred leagues."

And thereupon he drops into the ear of the listening widow, a story of the adventures of her poor dog; how he had been stolen by a street boy, who had sold him to a conductor of the diligence which goes to Angoulême; how in Angoulême he had again been stolen, and carried further to the south; and how he, the Sieur V——, knowing the interest of madame in the poor wanderer, had followed, until the ransom was effected, and the favorite should be restored to the arms of his lovely mistress.

Madame Duhamel was looking more prettily than ever, as she thanked the Sieur V——, and tendered the double of the proffered reward. But the Sieur V—— professed himself no dog-hunter by calling; for the money, he was rich enough without it; and for the reward, her smiles would pay him—if only he might stand in the regard of a friend, and visitor.

How could madame refuse? "And your cold," said she, "I hope it is better!"

"The blessing you bestowed, has rested on me, madame."

From that day, the Sieur V—— observed that the crape was removed from the portrait of the late Monsieur Duhamel.

The Sieur V—— called regularly; but he made unfortunately little progress. If a man march not fast in matters of love, he is not apt to march at all. A halting pace never wins.

So it happened one morning, that Madame Duhamel (growing more blooming every day), announced carelessly her determination to leave for the country.

"She must not go," said the Sieur V—— to himself; and puzzling how he should detain her, his thought fell again upon poor Follette. The day before that fixed for her departure, Follette disappeared. Search was altogether vain. Early evening the Sieur V—— reported, with tears almost, that all his efforts were vain. And for his tender pity, Madame Duhamel thanked him graciously, and removed the portrait of the late Duhamel to the anteroom.

But fearing that her favorite was lost for ever, Madame Duhamel again renewed her preparations for departure.

"Wait yet a little while," said the inventive lover.

"And why?" said the plaintive widow; "my poor dog is dead; I shall never see him more."

"Who knows?" said the Sieur V——, smiling.

"For God's sake," said madame, "tell me if you have any news: what can you mean?"

"You may not indeed find him alive; but if you could behold his image once again, madame?"

"Stuffed?"

"No, madame—painted?"

"And by whom, pray?"

"By myself."

"Oh, and you know painting, then?"

"Very well, madame (a lover's lie); and if I do not overate my power, I can from memory render to you his image."

"Oh, thanks, monsieur; and in how long a time?"

"Two months, madame."

"It is very long;" said madame, "but to recover my poor Follette, even in picture, I will wait."

The Sieur V —— took the dog to the first artist of the town. Every morning he came to report progress; relieving the widow's solitude with choice books, and with such talk as made the two months trip away, as pleasantly as the frisking feet of poor dead Follette.

And finally when the Sieur V——, in his best toilet, brought the beautiful picture of the lost Blenheim, and laid it in its brilliant frame upon the mantle of Madame Duhamel, she thought nothing in comparison of the deceased Duhamel, in the anteroom.

She soon delayed still longer her visit to the country, and when, as she did do, she accepted the

hand of the Sieur V——. She received, rolled up, in a rich cashmere of India, the old, and the loving Follette, who had cost her so many tears, and all remembrance of the dead Duhamel!

Editor's Drawer.

NOW it is the "wild and stormy month of March;" now, in the great and wide city, do the fitful winds, snow or sleet-laden, howl in fitful gusts along the comfortless streets. Now do loose and clattering window-shutters "bang" in the night-watches; and night-capped heads are thrust out to see "what is the matter;" now, in the thoroughfares, do little dogs, with bushy tails, make marvelous head-way. Now do pedestrians find their hats suddenly lifted from their heads, and borne away upon the invisible "wings of the wind;" now rolling in the gutter, now crossing the street, now crushed beneath the feet of gallivanting steeds, and now at last reclaimed—"a shocking bad hat," while the owner hesitates long whether or no he shall crown his occiput with it. Also there is laughter heard all around him, and little boys taunt the unfortunate loser, but commend his "running." Now do poor naked wretches cower in desolate tenements, and inly ruminate their coming sorrow, when even the elements have become their enemies.

Now, in the country, are the farmers, boys and men, getting ready for "spring work." Now are the "sap-buckets" taken from the garret and got ready for the delicious juice of the sweet sugar-maple; now is the smell of red cedar "spouts" through which the nectar is to distill into the "bucket," the stone-trough, and the potash kettle, when boiling, foaming, rising and sinking, the compound "stands at last confessed," Maple Sugar in the Grain. Now the thin blue spiral smoke-column rises over the reddening woods, and many a night-gathering is there before the blazing "sugar-fires," in comfortable wigwams, with odorous clean straw upon the "ground"-floors. Now red-hot coals are "sponked" upon green maple logs, and the naked forest resounds with cannon-like reports, and the ringing laughter of honest, careless hearts. Now the willow-basket of apples stands in the corner of the great kitchen fire-place, and a pitcher of sweet cider keeps it company; and the boys are cracking and munching the rich brown butternuts, by way of variety. Now we will close this reminiscence of city and country life. Now we will stop.

THAT was not a bad reply that was made by an old and very able New England preacher to a very young and inexperienced clergyman who had just been remarking that he could write a sermon every day in the week, and "make *nothing* of it."

"So can I," said the elder preacher; "but I don't want to make *nothing* of *my* sermons; I want to have *something* in them; something that *I* feel, and that I wish my congregation to feel likewise."

This reminds us of a colloquy between two parishioners of a certain church in a flourishing town in New England:

"Which do you like best to hear preach—Mr. C—— or Mr. D——?"

"Why," replied the other, "I like Mr. D—— best."

"Why so?"

"Because I don't like *any* preacher of their stamp; and Mr. D—— comes the nearest to *nothing* of any man that I ever heard!"

THOSE persons who lived in Providence, Rhode Island, some twenty years ago, will remember an exemplary but somewhat eccentric grocer, whose advertisements in the public journals were oftentimes of the most amusing description. Many of these, we remember, were at the time copied all over the States, and were wont to excite a great deal of merriment.

It is this tradesman, there is reason to believe, of whom the following circumstance is related:

"A layman in Providence, Rhode Island, who occasionally exhorted at evening meetings, thus expressed his belief in some doctrinal position he was assuming:

"'I am just as confident, brethren, that this is true, as I am that there is flour in Alexandria; and *that* I know for certain; for I yesterday received from there a lot of three hundred barrels of fresh, superfine, which I will dispose of as low as any person in town!'"

This may probably remind the reader of an inscription on one of the tomb-stones in the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, at Paris:

"Here rests the body of Antoine ——, aged," etc. "His disconsolate widow still keeps the shop Number Sixteen Rue Vivienne, where may be found a large and select assortment of gloves, hosiery, etc.!"

WE know not whom to credit with the following sketch of "*An Unfaithful Husband Done For*," but it is too good an instance of just retribution, not to find a place in "The Drawer:"

"A lady at San Francisco, on the morning of the sailing of one of the Pacific steamers, was quietly seated, reading over the list of those persons who had entered their names as passengers, when she suddenly laid down the paper, and exclaimed:

"'Can I believe my eyes!—why, my husband is a passenger here!'

"She was right. Her husband's trunk had been carefully packed; he had informed her that he was 'obliged to go to Sacramento on business, which would detain him a few days;' and she saw the whole game at a glance. He was about to desert her—to return to New York—and to leave her destitute in a land of strangers.

"Startled as well as convinced by the truth thus made manifest to her, she concluded to open the trunks of her husband, which he had left word would be sent for, which she at once proceeded to do. In them she found eight thousand dollars in hard cash. this she divided, taking three thousand herself, and leaving five thousand dollars (her woman's generosity declining the 'lion's share'), locking the trunks as before she found them.

"In due time the 'affectionate' husband came back to the house, accompanied by a porter, bade his wife good-by with many tokens of endearment; bade her not be down-hearted, for he should be back in four or five days; little suspecting all this while, that his wife was not only perfectly cognizant of his villainy, but that, out of his abundance, she had amply supplied herself with means to return to her friends; having the good sense to perceive that a husband who would once have deserted her could never thereafter deserve or receive her confidence.

"The husband left, went on board the steamer, and while on his way to New York learned for the first time that at least one unfaithful husband had been most justly 'taken in and done for!'"

"THE following is narrated "of an old physician in a certain town, which shall be nameless," which

seems to be rather indefinite of the *locality* of the anecdote, whatever it may be of the *fact* recorded:

"Dr. —— was very much annoyed by an old lady 'in his beat,' who was always seen to accost him, with great pertinacity, in the street, and entertain him with a long story of her ailments, real or imaginary. On one occasion she met him in the street when he was in an exceeding great hurry, and began to go over the old story:

"'Oh, ay; I see; you are quite feeble,' said the doctor. 'Now, if you please, shut your eyes and show me your tongue!'

"The old lady, who was slightly deaf, among her other grievances, followed the doctor's directions, while he, quietly moving off, left her standing in that ridiculous position, to the great diversion of all the passers-by who witnessed the amusing scene.

LET those young men who are approaching (or those, more mature, who have reached) the top of the hill of life, ponder upon the words which follow:

"We love the man or the woman who looks reverently upon those whose steps are fast going down to the grave. Young people too often shun the aged, as though their unavoidable infirmities were contagious. Old hearts are grieved, and weep in secret at such treatment. They themselves cling fondly to the young, and feel quickly the kindly tone or the helping hand. The old man's mind has garnered a good store of observation and experience, and he is always happy to impart it to others. His heart responds quickly to the voice of youth, and the dim eye kindles with a renewed light as he talks of the Past.

"We love the old man or woman. They are but a little way before us in the onward march of life. A few brief years, at most, and *we*, if our lives are spared, shall stand, as *they* stand, in the dim twilight of two worlds. Do the young ever think of this? Do they ever dream that years will steal upon *them*, until their black locks are gray, and their now strong limbs shrunken and tremulous? Does the springtime of years last to the journey's end? Is there no autumn?—no cheerless winter? Yes, young man—young maiden—*you* too are growing old! You would not wish to be shunned because Time had carried *you* into the 'sere, the yellow leaf' of earthly existence.

"Shun not, then, the old. It is painful to witness such neglect of that veneration and respect to those who, like ripened shocks of grain are awaiting the harvest of death:

"'Speak gently to the aged one,
Grieve not the care-worn heart!
The sands of life are well-nigh run—
Let such in peace depart"

"Pity old age, within whose silver hairs honor and reverence evermore have reigned! Think how soon you may be called to say, in the pathetic and touching language of the poet SOUTHEY:

"'My *hopes* are with THE DEAD; anon
My *place* with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on,
To all eternity:
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That shall not perish in the dust.'"

But "the memory of the wicked" we are told, "shall perish;" and is it *less* than wickedness to fail to do honor and reverence to the sorrows and infirmities of Age?

THE spelling of the following—which is not excelled by any thing in Thackeray's "Yellowplush Papers" for condensation and pungency—is the least of its amusing attractions. This "*Kard of Job Sass*," written some months since to the editor of the Boston Herald, is not without a sly satire on its *subject*, which will scarcely fail to be appreciated:

Job Sass of wallpole (But residing Now at The phoenix tarvern in deadham)—Presents his thanks to The follerin Societies & parsonages therein named For favurs received On His late tower tu Boston, to wit:

tu konducktur boyd on The Raleroad. i shant forgit his kindness For 1 month Or 6 weeks tu kum. i think i Never see such A perlite man. his attenshuns displayed tu parsengers—Of high degree and Low—wun my universal Approbashun. mister boyd is A man arter my own Hart.

tu the Keeper of the bite tarvern. his attenshuns Will be held In everlastin remembrance. he is well kalkilated to Keep that tarvern—I of the Fust Class as i heer Tell. "suksess tu The Bite Tarvern!" will bee my dyin mottoc.

tu the Appul wumon On the korner of State street—for Her civilities while i Stood a Eatin a pint of chessnuts in frunt of Her stand. her konversyshun Was truly aggreeabel. she is ably kalculated to Raise my Expectashuns on Wumon.

tu mistur Kimball of The Museum. he invited Me tu see the kongaroos & Katamounts—stuffed elephants & Rhinozorees. awl free Of charge. wich i akordinly Did.

tu the editur Of the boston Herald—for allowin Me tu sit In His sanctum Sanctorum a readin The papurs of The Day without interrupshun for 4 Hours runnin. wen he Meets me at hum i Will try to Return the kompliment.

tu the Owners Of the exchange Koffee Howse for privilege Of a Cheer wile takin A morning siesty (so kalled). i Shall not soon forget their unblemished civility.

tu the Parson & proprieturs of the Stone church in summer street—for a Chance to promenard Up & Down the broard lle of the same on Sunday last—in sarch Of a seat—without bein molested. & tu The saxton Of the same for An offer of a Free seat in the garret.

tu konductur hawkins on the raleroad for special Priviliges on my Return. i telled him i hadn't Got but 16 coppurs Left on my Expenses Of the Tower—and the Fare was 25—but He lett me parse tu The detriment of 9 cents tu The raleroad. i wud Rekommend mistur charles hawkins tu The travellin Kommunity as A man who Knows at a Glance who's who—& who Aint.

tu mistur Farrington for an eskort in His Karriage from depot tu Tarvern.

tu mistur howe & Boarders for Hart-felt Welkome on the Pizarra of the phenix. their bowin & Shakin of hands was exhiliratin, & i was kind o' glad i Had got back.

Witness my hand, JOB SASS.

N.B. publish in 1 paper, inside thereof, & forrid Bill tu phoenix tarvern—postage Paid.

THE following incident, connected with the death of our late illustrious statesman, DANIEL WEBSTER, will possess interest at this time for all readers:

A few days before his death, he wished to leave his chamber once more, and look upon the little paradise which his taste had adorned about his mansion. He dressed himself with care, was aided to descend, and walked about his house, and, finally, to his library.

During the previous night there had been a severe gale, and he expressed solicitude for the safety of the fishermen off the coast. As he looked from one of the back-windows of his library, his eye rested upon some pleasure-boats that were moored at a little mound in an artificial pond, in the rear of his house.

"Well," said he, "the *Home Squadron* is safe: I think I will go back!"

This pleasant playfulness of remark was a common characteristic of Mr. Webster, and was, unquestionably, one of the many causes of his popularity among those who loved him the best, and had known him the longest.

A PLEASANT political wag in Albany is in the habit of mentioning the odd manner in which he once secured an unanimous vote for a Presidential candidate, while journeying (or, perhaps, "*voyaging*" would be a better term, although canal-traveling is very amphibious locomotion, at best) on the Erie Canal. The way of it was this:

He was traveling with a large party, in high political times, on the deck of a canal-packet, with a great number of heated politicians; among whom an animated discussion had been going on for some time, relative to the comparative merits of the opposing candidates. At length, it was proposed to "take the sense," as it is called, of the passengers, all of whom were promenading on the deck, it being about sunset, of a pleasant autumnal day, while the cabin was hotter than a furnace seven times heated.

Silence, at length, was called, and the question stated. The proposer had chosen a good time, for the boat was approaching a low bridge, and the steersman called out, as usual—

"Bridge! Bridge!"

But the people, anxious to take the vote, didn't think of any thing else but the "question," until the proposer roared out:

"All those in favor of Martin Van Buren for President of the United States, *stoop down:* all those contrary-minded, stand erect!"

The boat had just reached the bridge, and every man dropped as if he had been shot.

"It's an unanimous vote!" exclaimed the proposer, amid the laughs and cheers of even those who would have been far from swelling the same vote under less compulsory circumstances.

WE forget who it is that mentions the fact—but we have no doubt of its authenticity—that when the flag of the "*Victory*" was to be buried with Nelson, the sailors, when it was lowering into the grave, tore it in pieces to keep as relics.

Now this act, performed by any other persons, would have been very properly considered a gross outrage; but it was the *motive* which justified the *act*.

And this reminds us of a very odd circumstance that occurred soon after the great battle of Waterloo. At the time there was a magnificent representation of that renowned contest at one of the great theatres of London. So bitter was the general hatred of the British toward the French, that it was found, by the managers of the theatre, an exceedingly difficult thing to procure the necessary number of English supernumeraries to represent, even in a play, the French troops upon the stage, although double pay was offered for the performance of that branch in the theatrical military service.

However, the necessary Gallic army *was* obtained, and they went through the preparatory exercises, for several days, with exemplary order and discipline.

At length, the final rehearsal took place, and every thing promised fair for a gorgeous display of the great battle. But the following "talk" among the *in*-"subordinates" of the *British* army, gave the managers to understand what was to be expected when the troops came into action:

"I say, Bill, are you goin' to let them bloody Frenchmen make us beat a retreat? Are you goin' to run for a slab-sided, mustached Parley-voo?"

"Hush!" replied Bill; "say nothin' about it now: let's retreat at this last rehearsal: nobody'll *see* us run, don't you see? But, *to-night*, when the reg'lar thing's under way, let us stand our ground, and run the whole gang of frog-eating rascals off the stage!"

And although, as we have said, the plan was overheard, and all precautions taken against its execution, it was carried out to the letter in the evening. The entire French army—horse, foot, and dragoons—were driven either off the stage, at the "wings," or into the pit—and the British, without even the first repulse, retained possession of the hard-fought field!

A LATE writer supposes—plausibly enough, it seems to us—that the "indifference to danger," which most people exhibit on board steamboats, springs from the commonplace look that every thing wears. "Who ever believes," says he, "that a thousand horses are tugging to get out of a boiler, when he sees this immense power kept in subjection by a knock-kneed man in a paper hat and ill-reaped chin?"

Speaking of steamboats and "indifference to danger," isn't it sometimes the case that passengers themselves are a little at fault? Do you know of any man that doesn't rather look down upon passengers sailing in a boat somewhat smaller and slower than the one on which he may happen to be traveling? And don't such people have a good deal to do, oftentimes, in encouraging a spirit of racing on the part of the captain and officers of the boat?

There was a very amusing remark made upon this subject many years ago, by a venerable Quaker of Rhode Island. The old steamboats President and Franklin (if we recollect aright), were trying their speed one pleasant day through Long Island Sound. The deck was full of little groups of passengers, carefully watching the comparative progress of the two boats, and discussing their several chances of beating; confirming and strengthening each other's opinions, &c.

At length, an eager listener addressed our staid "Friend," the Quaker aforesaid, with:

"Mr. Brown, do *you* think the President has gained any on the Franklin within the last fifty miles?"

"Well, I do not *know*," replied Broadbrim, "and I should not be willing to express a decided opinion; but I should *think* she had."

"How much, Mr. Brown? how *much* should you think she had gained—in your *opinion?*" pursued the eager questioner.

"I don't know that I could approach the exact distance, but I should think—*about an inch!*"

A roar of laughter burst from all within hearing of this reply; but the speaker himself turned away, without the least semblance of a smile upon any lineament of his countenance!

Is it not a little remarkable that so many men, (and sometimes women, although it seems to us not half so often), should sit deliberately down, and with "murder aforethought" write on paper, and afterward send to the printers, and read the proof, matter which they fondly think to be "poetry," but which is of a kind that "neither gods nor men permit," and that not one man or woman out of five thousand would ever think of reading? But this fact doesn't stop the writing of such "poetry" in any degree; for the writers *would* write if they were the only readers in the world. Look at the following, for example; a passage from a long poem in a *book* not long since published in this country. We think the "least said about it the better;" and as to the author, "let his name rest in the shade:"

"O those gloomy thoughts
You may drive away and
Think no more of sight.
Only look on that black

Eyed dame, who is on that
Noble floor. None
In the giddy dance—
Her cheeks as fair as
The blooming rose in
The morn of life. O with
Her in your embrace, O
How can you think of
Aught but happiness.
O when I have ever
In this condition been
Roving on the Eastern cliff,
Not a thought of horror
But eternal mirth."

* * * *

"It is more
Than kind, for you
Do them honor and yourself
Dishonor, or the truth
In part you have
Spoken, in part with
You coincide. I had
Rather die than live,
Than be compelled to
Inhale the atmosphere that
Bears resemblance to
These fools around us."

And so on and on, through thirty or forty pages. *Jam satis!*

We have spoken elsewhere of the duty which the young owe to the aged; let us now hear, in the language of one who wrote wisely and well, what is due from Age to Youth, as well as from age to itself:

"Let us pray ever," that as we still move on in life, traveling, as of necessity we must gradually, and imperceptibly, day by day, farther from the freshness, the joyousness, and the romantic ardor of our youth, that we may be privileged to carry with us the remembrance at least, if not a single vestige, of our bright experience; so shall we be blessings to the young; neither churlish nor discontented ourselves, nor a source of uneasiness to others. Let us bear in our years that knowledge of our youth that will suffice to save the elder from becoming the envier of the young; for what is that incessant evil-eying of the amusements of early life—those surly, fretful, and over-hasty complainings at its pleasures—but envy, the most malignant, the most odious, and the most unprofitable? Yes, let us pray that our sunset may be streaked with the memories and shadows only of the brilliant dawn."

The learned Dr. Francis once made himself "memorable" by a remark which he made in a Homœopathic discussion; namely, the boiling of the *shadow* of a pigeon in a bottle of water, and dividing the fluid into infinitesimal quantities, and administering this powerful "concentrated medicine to the patient once every six months," at night, before going to bed.

Something like this, "in *substance*," is the novel idea of a certain Yankee "down East" who has invented "*A New and Cheap Plan for Boarding:*" One of the boarders mesmerizes the rest, and then eats a hearty meal; the mesmerized, meanwhile, being entirely satisfied from "sympathy," which is the basis of the theory. One of the boarders, however, having recovered, mesmerized the landlady once a day, and endeavored to settle for the whole company by paying for one—but *that* plan wouldn't work.

Some modern American author has "shown up" the ridiculousness of many of the names of towns and counties in this country. In an Eastern State, he passed through "South Smith," "Smith's Corner," and "North Smith."

"Why were these so called?" asked the traveler of the driver.

"From one of the heroes of the war," answered the Jehu, "who shot a man, or a man shot him—I don't know which!"

"A town would sometimes be thus descriminated: "Lafayette," "Lafayette Centre," "Lafayette Bridge," "Lafayette Ferry," "Lafayette Cross-Roads" and "Lafayette Corners." One town had eight corners, and these not on its edge but in its middle.

All this seems foolish enough; but it is scarcely less ridiculous than the substitution of classical names for the sweet-sounding Indian and other names, in two adjoining counties of our own State: "Dryden," "Homer," "Tully," "Pompey," "Camillus," "Marcellus," "Cicero," "Cato," "Lysander," and the like. This selection of names for towns arose from the classical tastes of the original Surveyor-General of the State, who meant to leave a memorial of them behind him. It is a gratifying thing, however, that many of the most beautiful Indian names of rivers, lakes, and towns in the State have been preserved.

Here is a graphic sketch of "*Holiday Love-Making*" in the streets of Gotham:

"I was amused, during my walk down to the Battery, by an instance of street love-making in the lower walks of life. The parties were evidently fellow-servants in some family in town—probably the chamber-maid and head-waiter. They had been to Hoboken, and I suppose had concluded to finish their holiday by a stroll upon the Battery. They were walking slowly along, hand in hand, swinging them thus united, as you have seen two loving school-boys, during their truant rambles. John had most likely asked Susan to marry him next Sunday: to which Susan, with proper maidenly reluctance, answered:

"O, no!—not so soon."

"O, yes!" earnestly responded John

"O, no!" faintly repeated Susan.

"O, YES!" again repeated John.

"O, no!" was the reply. "O, yes!"

"O, no!" "O, yes!" "O no!" and thus, unmindful of every thing around them, "the world forgeting," but not by "the world forgot," they "dawdled" down the street, repeating the foregoing words, the articulation of them at each step becoming more and more indistinct, until it dwindled into a gentle sigh, on the part of Miss Susan, and a deep guttural sound on the part of the loving and ardent *John*."

An English wag thus writes off a "*Scene in a Western Editor's sanctum, in the United States:*"

"The following affair is said to have 'come off' somewhere 'out West' lately.

"Editor in his sanctum, discovered writing: a six-foot customer approaches, with a newspaper in his hand.

"Visitor (pointing out a particular article).—'Look here, Mister; did you write that?'

"Editor.—'I expect I did.'

"Visitor (laying off his coat).—'Well, I'm going to whip you; so you'd better peel.'

"Editor.—'Indeed! but I prefer *not* being whipped.'

"Visitor.—'Can't help it: got to do it: better be pullin' off your coat.'

"EDITOR (drawing a six-shooter).—'Thank you, sir; but I believe I'll keep my coat on!'

"VISITOR.—'What! you're not goin' to use that shootin'-iron, are you?'

"EDITOR.—'Not unless you render it necessary.'

"VISITOR.—'Now, see here; that ain't gentlemanly. Just lay that thing aside, and let us take it out in a way that's becoming.'

"EDITOR.—'Sorry not to be able to oblige you; but I can't do it, positively.'

"VISITOR (putting on his coat, and backing out).—'Well, if you are *that* sort of a fellow, I want nothin' to do with you: you are beneath the notice of a respectable citizen.'"

There is a good deal of exaggeration, of course, in this cockney sketch; and yet scenes not in all respects unlike it have heretofore occurred, we believe, in certain of the chivalric river-towns of the Southwest.

"FRIENDSHIP," says the facetious Dow, Junior, "may sometimes be termed a fledgeling of Love, to turn to love itself as soon as it is able to fly. Then it is no longer Friendship, but Love—the same as a pollywog ceases to be a tadpole, and turns to a frog, after Time pulls his tail of." There ensue some touching "*Lines by a Bashful Lover*," who never knew that his friendship had changed into love until it was too late to retrieve his error:

"I never spoke to her of love,
Though summer, fall, and spring;
I changed my dickey and my boots
To do that very thing!
But while I sat (though I went in,
Resolved to dare my fate,)
My resolution, with my dog
Lay shivering at the gate.

"For years her shadow was my light,
She must have known it all;
Although I only blushed and sighed,
And stammered in the hall.
Once only, 'Dearest, I—,' the blood
Ran crimson to her cheek!
My heart lay beating on my tongue—
'Twas all I dared to speak!

"She read the meaning of my flowers,
She treasured all my rhymes;
'Faint heart ne'er won,' upon the snow
She wrote a hundred times:
And in the silver sand she'd try
To make me rhyme her 'dove,'
But stupid! I, with all her help,
Would never write my 'love.'

"I never spoke to her of love,
My tongue failed at the start,
And so I lived to vow I would,
And blame my chicken-heart.
One steady pulse, one grasp of pluck,
To nerve my quickening flame,
And I had bravely spoken out—
Alas! they never came!

"One fierce and desperate effort!
It ended in a cough:
The words were burning on my tongue,
But I could'nt get 'em off!
I never spoke to her of love,
But another fellow *did!*
He call'd, one lucky night for him,
And did the thing, and 'slid!'"

HERE is a fair hit, by an American editor, at a certain affectation of avoidance of common terms in conversation:

"Names do make a difference in things, no doubt. At least most people think so, and act in accordance with the supposition. Certain defects and diseases have been rendered 'quite genteel' for a time, by dint of elegant names. Even a 'cold in the head,' the most provoking and vulgar disorder possible to honest people, can be dignified and palliated a little by calling it an '*influenza*.'

"We once called upon a gentleman and his wife—the former a plain, blunt man, the latter a 'genteel,' affected woman—and both thoroughly sick with a 'cold in the head.' The man was taking it naturally and hard. The woman was dressed in rather a showy, carefully-made *deshabille*, and was clearly doing her best to make a handsome thing of her uncomfortable situation.

"'And how is Madame to-day?' said we, addressing the lady.

"'Oh, shockingly ill!' she replied, trying to look interesting, in spite of her swollen eyes and red nose; 'I am afflicted with the per-re-vailing *id'nflued'nzah!*'

"She pronounced the last word as if she were establishing the character of a fashionable woman by her elegant manner of having the 'id'nflued'n-*zah!*'

"'And *you* are sick too?' said we, addressing the husband.

"'Yes, sir,' said he, with honest emphasis—'yes, sir; I'm having this confounded *horse-distemper* that's round here!'"

THE following lines were written and posted upon a tree at the entrance of a swampy "corduroy" road:

"The road is not passable,
Not even jackass-able;
When that you travel,
Pray take your own gravel."

"COAL is *coal* now," said a city coal-merchant to a man who was remonstrating with him upon its high price.

"I am glad of that," replied the other, "for the last lot you sold me was half of it stone!"

"How is coal *now?*" inquired a gentleman of an Irishman, who was "dumping" a load in the street.

"Black as ever!" responded Pat.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

A FRENCH lawyer residing at the town of Mende, while searching in the library of La Ferté Saint Aubin, discovered an old book, entitled, "*Questions d'Avenir*," by Galaos, a monk of the Abbey of Saint Benoit-sur-Loire. From this book are taken the following figures, which constitute a numerical prediction:

12·15·22·9·19—14·1·16·15·12·5·15·14—
2·21·15·14·1·16·1·18·20·5—18·5·16·18·5·19·5·14·20·1·14·20—
4·21—16·5·21·16·12·5—4·5—4·9·23—
4·5·16·1·18·20·5·13·5·14·20·19—19·5·18·1—
16·18·5·19·9·4·5·14·20—4·5—18·5·16·21·2·12·9·17·21·5—
6·18·1·14·3·1·9·19·5—9·14·4·9·22·9·19·9·2·12·5—16·1·18—
12·5—19·21·6·6·18·1·7·5—21·14·9·22 5·18·19·5·12—
22·5·18·19—12·5—4·9·23—14·5·21·22·9·5·13·5—
19·9·5·3·12·5.

By taking each of the preceding figures as a letter, 1 as *a*, 2 as *b*, 12 as *l*, and so on, we find the following sentence—*Louis Napoléon Buonaparte, représentant du peuple de dix départements, sera président de République Française, indivisible, démocratique, par le suffrage universel, vers le dix neuvième siècle*, which translated into English is—"Louis Napoleon Buonaparte, representative of the people from ten departments, will be president of the French Republic, indivisable, democratic, by universal suffrage, about the nineteenth century."

The addition of all the figures representing letters of every word gives the following numbers:

Louis	77	*Brought forward*	1086
Napoléon	92	indivisible	114
Buonaparte	113	démocratique	131
répresentant	155	par	35
du	25	le	17
peuple	75	suffrage	73
de	9	universel	128
dix	36	vers	64
départements	140	le	17
sera	43	dix	36
président	110	neuvième	94
de	9	siècle	53
République	126		
Française	76		1848

As will be seen, the total of these figures makes exactly 1848, the year of his election.

Spiritual intercourse (so called) has become a fashionable amusement in up-town circles. It has got to be quite the rage to unite a select party of friends to witness the supernatural dancing of chairs and tables. These pretended phenomena are not paraded before the public credulity for the first time. Madame Elizabeth the sister of Louis XVI., in a letter written in June, 1788, to her friend Madame de Raigecourt, stated that for some time previous the most unaccountable phenomena had been taking place in the palace of Versailles. "The doors open and close by themselves; the pictures move without any human agency; the queen who is by no superstitious or timorous, was very much frightened a week or two ago, while she was alone in her chamber—all the various articles of furniture in the room began to move about. The same thing happened at the same hour in the king's apartments. I confess that all these singular events sadden and alarm me. Does not heaven forewarn us by these miracles that something dreadful is about to happen to the kingdom of France and the house of Bourbon?"

An egotistical friend of ours—who believes himself at the same time the centre, the object and the cause of every thing that exists, and every thing that takes place, said to us the other day: "It is only to me that such misfortunes happen!"

"What is the matter?" we asked.

"Don't you see that it is raining," he answered.

Some one remarked to us last summer. "At this season of the year, there is one thing which the least observant mind can not fail to notice. I mean, that female modesty is very much a matter of habit, fashion, and convention.

"We have here at New York, at the Battery, floating baths, very much resorted to by ladies and young girls who learn to swim there. Their costume is precisely the same as that worn at Newport and Rockaway. Upon no pretext is a father permitted to enter the establishment with his daughter, or a husband with his wife. A man who should dare to show his nose there, would be greeted with any thing but cordiality by the assembled naiads.

"But at the watering places it is different. At Newport, for example, the ladies bathe full well with the gentlemen, and no one takes offense at it."

The above was listened to by us with all proper indignation, and although we perfectly perceived the point of our friend's charge, we determined to refute him, which we did in the following terms.

You have undoubtedly heard the story of the Christian Virgin, who cut her nose off in order to escape the importunities of a Roman proconsul.

Well, you can see at Newport, Rockaway, Cape May, Rye Beach, and various other places, hundreds of women who follow this boasted example twice a day.

With their bathing costume, their jackets, pantaloons, and oiled-silks, they look like a crowd of dripping monkeys gamboling on the beach.

Obliged to bathe among the men, they have ingeniously adopted the plan of making themselves as ugly as possible

My adversary withdrew crestfallen, and I have prided myself, from that day forth, not a little upon my successful defense of the fair sex.

The following affair occurred at Paris two or three years ago. A gentleman well known in the political world went one evening to the theatre of the Variétés on the Boulevard. As he was leaving, after the performance was over, a man whom he did not know, but who had evidently been dining out, trod upon his toes several times.

Mr. —— became angry, and after some not particularly complimentary words, they exchanged cards.

The next morning Mr. —— went to the residence of a friend, related his adventure to him, and placed his adversary's card in his hand, begging him to make the necessary arrangements.

"What is the appearance of this person?" asked the friend.

"He is stout and short, with light whiskers."

In about an hour the friend returned.

"Well?"

"The arrangements are made."

"What are they?"

"Pistols—at ten paces."

"What! was there no other way of settling it?"

"None. I arrived at the enemy's house—he was expecting me, for he opened the door himself. 'Sir,' I said to him, 'are you Monsieur de C——?'"

"'Yes, sir.'

"'I came from ——'"

"'I understand, sir. In reference to the quarrel at the Variétés?'"

"'Yes, sir.'"

"'Well, sir! what arms does your friend prefer?'"

"'But, sir, it appears to me that—'"

"'Impossible, sir! Your friend behaved in such a manner that I would accept no apologies.'"

"Of course I answered that I was not instructed to make any."

"Well?"

"Well, as I was just saying—at Vincennes—pistols and ten paces."

"This is very disagreeable."

"Yes, it certainly is; but it seems to me that you must have been very rude."

"Are you mad? He trod upon my foot, and told me that if I did not like it, he would give me satisfaction."

"My poor friend! your memory deceives you. Monsieur de C—— has just been telling me the same story—only reversing the parties."

"I give you my word—"

"No—we had been dining together—and you do not recollect—"

"But I tell you that it was he who trod upon my foot. I gave him no provocation; I doubt if I should recognize him."

"I should think so. The description which you gave me is no more like him than if you had never seen him. You told me that he was stout and short, with light whiskers; on the contrary, he is tall, thin,

and beardless. Come, his carriage is below—we will follow in mine."

"I must, indeed, have been drinking very deep. Upon my honor, I was unconscious of giving any offense!"

They jump into the carriage and start. It was raining piteously.

They reach Vincennes—the two adversaries are face to face.

"There is some mistake here, gentlemen," said Mr. ——; "this is not the person with whom I had a difficulty!"

"Be quiet," said his friend, in his ear; "you had been taking too much wine."

"But," said Monsieur de C——, "this is not the gentleman with whom I exchanged cards last evening!"

"Was it," said Mr. ——, "on coming out of the Variétés?"

"No; on going in."

"You are mistaken; it was on coming out."

"No; I say it was on going in."

"Be quiet," repeated Mr. ——'s friend; "I tell you that you had taken too much."

"You trod on my foot!" said Monsieur de C——.

"Just the reverse!"

"Excuse me! I am very sure—"

"At any rate, whoever was in the wrong, we have had a quarrel, and we have come to fight. You were certainly the man. Load the pistols, gentlemen! It is very odd; I took you to be much stouter."

"And I supposed you to be infinitely smaller."

"You had been dining out," continued Mr. ——, while the distance was being measured.

"I!—on the contrary, I had not dined at all!"

"Gentlemen, take your places," said the seconds.

Mr. ——, placed opposite De C——, drew from his waistcoat pocket his adversary's card, and, reading it once more, said: "Fire, Monsieur de C——!"

"No," said Monsieur de C——, "I never fire first: fire yourself, Mr. Leonard."

"Leonard?"

"That is the name upon your card."

"You are mistaken."

"Look for yourself."

"This is not my card. My name is ——."

The seconds interfere. "What does all this mean?"

"I certainly, on coming out, exchanged cards with a man who trod upon my foot, and who, in answer to my demand for an explanation, said: 'If you are not satisfied, here is my card!'"

"But," said Monsieur de C——, "this is just what happened to me on going in."

"My man is stout and short, and has light whiskers."

"Mine is stout and short. I did not remark his whiskers."

"He was quite drunk."

"I did not like to say how drunk he was, when I supposed that you were the person."

"It was undoubtedly the same individual."

Explanations followed, which satisfied all that the mysterious Mr. Leonard had first had a quarrel and an exchange of cards with Monsieur de C——, on going into the theatre, and that on going out, he renewed the same scene with Mr. ——; but, instead of giving his own card, he had given Monsieur de C——'s, which he had just received.

"It is a mistake," said Mr. ——. "But where does he live?"

They examined Mr. Leonard's card—there was no address.

"It is rather an exhibition of good sense," said Monsieur de C——: "he evidently thought that if two men could be found mad enough to take up seriously such a quarrel, it was with one another they ought to fight."

Literary Notices.

A COMPLETE edition of COLERIDGE'S WORKS is in press by Harper and Brothers, to be comprised in seven handsome duodecimos, and edited by Professor SHEDD. The first volume has been issued, containing *The Aids to Reflection* and *The Statesman's Manual*, with President MARSH'S admirable Preliminary Essay to the former work, and an Introductory Essay to the present edition, on the Philosophy and Theology of Coleridge. In common with the numerous admirers of the genius of Coleridge in this country, we welcome this publication, which embraces the only complete edition of his works in prose and verse, as an important and valuable memorial to the rare gifts of one of the most profound thinkers of the present century. Such an edition has been repeatedly called for by our most intelligent scholars, and we rejoice that their wishes, in this respect, are to be so fully gratified. This is not the place to present a critical estimate of the position of Coleridge as a poet, philosopher, and theologian. Nor is it necessary. His merits as a poet are universally acknowledged by cultivated readers. If he does not claim so lofty a niche as that assigned by common consent to Wordsworth, Byron, or Scott, he fills a sphere of brightness and purity peculiar to himself, and in which he may boldly challenge the pretensions of every rival. As a philosopher and theologian, his claims are clearly and forcibly stated in the elaborate Introductory Essay prefixed to this edition. Describing his intellectual progress from the early Pantheism, in which he was involved, to the elevated Platonic and Christian Spiritualism, which he subsequently attained, the writer ably discusses the influence exerted on his mind by the philosophers of Germany, candidly points out the defective elements in his system of speculation, but warmly vindicates his title to the character of an orthodox theologian. According to Professor Shedd, the Pantheistic tendencies of Schelling find their most cogent refutation in the teachings of Coleridge, who was himself more fully imbued with the spirit of the Kantian philosophy than of any other modern system. "After all the study and reflection which Coleridge expended upon the systems of speculation that sprang up in Germany after that of Kant, it is very evident that his closest and longest continued study was applied to Kant himself. After all his wide study of philosophy, ancient and modern, the two minds who did most toward the formation of Coleridge's philosophic opinions were Plato and Kant. From the Greek he derived the doctrine of Ideas, and fully sympathized with his warmly-glowing and poetic utterance of philosophic truths. From the German he derived the more strictly scientific part of his system—the fundamental distinctions between the

Understanding and the Reason (with the sub-distinction of the latter into Speculative and Practical), and between Nature and Spirit. With him also he sympathized in that deep conviction of the absolute nature and validity of the great ideas of God, Freedom, and Immortality—of the binding obligation of Conscience—and generally of the supremacy of the Moral and Practical over the purely Speculative. Indeed any one who goes to the study of Kant, after having made himself acquainted with the writings of Coleridge, will be impressed by the spontaneous and vital concurrence of the latter with the former—the heartiness and entireness with which the Englishman enters into the method and system, of this, in many respects, greatest philosopher of the modern world." Next to the founder of the Critical Philosophy, Professor Shedd maintains that it was the devout and amiable Jacobi, with whom Coleridge exhibited the most profound intellectual sympathies. "In thus siding ultimately with the Critical Philosophy rather than with the system of Identity that succeeded it, Coleridge had much in common with Jacobi. Indeed it seems to us that speaking generally, Coleridge stands in nearly the same relation to English Philosophy, that Jacobi does to that of Germany, and Pascal to that of France. Neither of these three remarkably rich and genial thinkers has left a strictly scientific and finished system of philosophy, but the function of each was rather an awakening and suggestive one. The resemblance between Coleridge and Jacobi is very striking. Each has the same estimate of instinctive feelings, and the same religious sense of the pre-eminence of the Moral and Spiritual over the merely Intellectual and Speculative. Each clings, with the same firm and lofty spirit, to the Ideas of Theism, and plants himself with the same moral firmness, upon the imperative decisions of Conscience and Moral Reason. But in no respect do they harmonize more than in their thorough rejection of the pantheistic view of things—of that mere Naturalism which swallows up all personality, and thereby, all morality and religion. In reading Jacobi's *Von göttlichen Dingen* one is struck with the great similarity in conception, and often in statement with remarks and trains of discussions in the *Aids to Reflection*. The coincidence in this case, it is very plain to the reader, does not arise, as in the case of Coleridge's coincidence with Schelling, from a previous study and mastery of a predecessor, but from sustaining a similar relation to Kant, together with a deep sense of the vital importance and absolute truth of Theism in philosophy. The coincidence in this case is not a mere genial reception, and fresh transfusion, of the thought of another mind, but an independent and original shoot, in common with others, from the one great stock, the general system of Theism. Add to this, that both Coleridge and Jacobi were close students of Plato, and by mental constitution, were alike predisposed to the moulding influence of this greatest philosophic mind of the Pagan world, and we have still another ground and cause for the resemblance between the two."

In regard to the theology of Coleridge, as modified by his personal religious experience, Professor Shedd offers some discriminating remarks. "The biographical materials for forming an estimate of the spirituality, and religious experience of Coleridge, are exceedingly meagre, but there is full reason for believing, from the gushes of tender devotional feeling that burst up spontaneouly, and with the utmost unconsciousness, on the slightest hint or occasion, that a most profound Christian experience lay warm and tremulous under the whole of his culture and character. We think we can see plainly in these most touching expressions of a sense of bondage which sometimes escape from him, that Coleridge in common with the wise and the holy of all ages, was slowly but triumphantly fighting through that great fight between the flesh and the spirit, which, far more than the richness of a merely human endowment, is the secret of that lofty and melancholy interest with which, even if personally unacquainted with the struggle, every truly noble and thoughtful mind, contemplates the lives of those elect spirits whom God's grace has chosen as its distinguished organs of manifestation—that unearthly contest which, more than all else, is the secret of that superior charm, which sets the *Confessions* of Augustine as high above the *Confessions* of Rousseau, as the heavens are above the earth. In this connection we believe that the opium-eating of Coleridge, about which so much has been said in a pharisaic spirit by those who had small if any knowledge of that publican-like humility and lowly self-despair which is the heart and kernel of a Christian, as distinguished from a merely pagan or ethnic character, was the occasion, as are all evil habits in the regenerate soul, of this deep and continually deepening religious consciousness; and that if that peculiarity, which resulted from this struggle with an evil habit, were to be taken out of Coleridge's experience as a Christian, it would lose much of its depth, expanse, and true elevation. We have not the slightest doubt that when told, 'the tale of his long and passionate struggle with, and final victory over, the habit, will form one of the brightest, as well as most interesting traits of the moral and religious being of this humble, this exalted Christian.' The pious-minded believer who finds an analogy in his own experience to this struggle with the relics of an evil nature, and the truly philosophic inquirer who traces the Christian life to its hidden and lowest springs, are both of them alike, far better qualified to be judges and censors over such a frailty and sin as the one in question, than those moralists, who are precluded, as of old, from both the reception and the apprehension of an evangelical spirit, by their self-righteousness, and whose so-called religion is that merely negative thing, which owes its origin not to the conflict of grace with sin, but to an excess of lymph in the blood." In concluding the Introductory Essay, the writer sums up his views concerning the leading points in the Philosophy and Theology of Coleridge, in the following condensed and luminous statement: "We have not been anxious to defend this Author upon each and every one of the various topics on which he has given the world his thoughts, believing that on some of them he is indefensible. At the same time we have expressed a decided opinion, that in respect generally to the highest problems of Philosophy and Theology, the opinions of Coleridge are every way worthy of being classed with those of the master minds of the race. We are confident that these volumes contain, after subtracting the subtrahend, a body of thought upon the highest themes of reflection, well worthy of the study of every mind that is seeking a deep, clear, and expanded development of itself. Into the great variety of philosophical theories, and the great diversity in the ways and methods of thinking, characteristic of this age, we think the speculations of Coleridge deserve to be cast, and believe that just in proportion as they are thoroughly apprehended, and thereby enter vitally into the thinking world, will they allay the furious fermentation that is going on, and

introduce unity, order, serenity, and health, into the mental processes of the times. We believe that they will do still more than this. We believe that they will help to fortify the minds of the rising generation of educated men, in that Platonic method of philosophizing, which has come down through all the mutations in the philosophic world, which has survived them all, which, more than any other method, has shown an affinity with Religion—natural and revealed—and which, through its doctrine of seminal and germinant Ideas, has been the fertile root of all the finest growths and fruitage of the human mind."

It will be perceived from the use we have made of Professor Shedd's Essay in this slight notice, that we cherish a high opinion of its ability and value. Indeed, we seldom find in American literature, a more intelligent, profound, and discriminating discussion of a philosophical theme. It is singularly lucid in thought, consecutive in argument, and chaste and appropriate in expression. Evidently well versed in the achievements of speculative inquiry, both in ancient and modern times, and richly endowed with genuine philosophic acumen, the author possesses rare qualifications for treating the difficult topics which arise in the discussion. It is certain that very few men who write in the English language, could have done them more exact and complete justice. We mean to give his Essay the highest praise which, perhaps, it could receive, when we say that it is worthy of the place which it occupies, at the side of President Marsh's Preliminary Essay, which every competent judge regards as one of the noblest modern specimens of philosophical composition.

Redfield has issued an edition of MACAULAY'S *Speeches*, in two volumes, reprinted from Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, embracing the whole of his career in the House of Commons, from 1830 to his retirement from political life. Many of the subjects discussed in this work have more than a temporary interest, and will attract the attention of the intelligent reader, no less by their important historical bearings, than by the ability and eloquence with which they are treated.

The Tell-Tale, by H. TRUSTA, consists of a series of sketches originally written for *The Boston Traveler*, by the gifted author of *Sunny Side*, Mrs. PHELPS, daughter of the late Professor STUART, of Andover. Since her lamented decease, they have been collected in the present volume, and now furnish a pleasing memorial of her rare accomplishments and virtues. They are among the most vivid and natural pictures of New-England life with which we are acquainted. Blending a subdued vein of satire with warm human sympathies, and active religious feelings, they open the interior of many hearts and homes, in a manner at once delightful and instructive. (Published by Phillips, Sampson, and Co.)

History of the National Flag of the United States, by Captain SCHUYLER HAMILTON, gives a succinct account of the origin of our national colors, with a variety of curious information on the general subject of military emblems. It exhibits a good deal of successful antiquarian research, and can not fail to rove a seasonable publication at the present time. Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.)

The Annual Engraving presented to the subscribers of the *Albion* newspaper for the present year, is a charming full-length portrait of *Mary Queen of Scots*, from a painting in the possession of the editor, WILLIAM YOUNG, Esq. It represents the celebrated Queen in the flush of youthful beauty, with sweet and winning features that no one can associate with the commission of crime.

Songs of the Seasons, by JAMES LINEN. (Published by Redfield.) There is much agreeable poetry in this little volume. Without soaring to the highest flights, the writer understands the art of versification, and expresses himself in appropriate and often vigorous language. His specimens of Scottish songs show that his admiration of Burns has not been in vain.

The Life of Mrs. Seton, by Rev. CHARLES G. WHITE. (Published by Edward Dunigan and Brother.) The subject of this memoir was the foundress of the religious order of the Sisters of Charity in this country. The volume contains a complete account of her religious history, and many interesting details in regard to the progress of Catholicism in this country.

The Farm and the Fireside, by Rev. JOHN L. BLAKE. A collection of miscellaneous sketches, partly original, on the romance of agriculture. Matters of fact, however, are not excluded from the volume, which is well adapted for reading in the snatches of leisure enjoyed at the farmer's fireside. (Auburn: published by Alden, Beardsley, and Co.)

Pastoral Theology, translated from the French of VINET, by THOMAS H. SKINNER, D.D. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) Few topics relating to the theory or practice of the parochial office are omitted in this comprehensive manual. Its author was one of the most distinguished divines on the Continent of Europe in modern times; the subject of this work had received his closest attention for a series of years, and he has embodied in it not only the fruits of profound reflection, but of great personal experience in the department to which it relates. The whole compass of duty involved in the pastoral charge is considered in every variety of aspect—the most judicious principles are laid down in regard to difficult cases—and singularly suggestive counsels are presented for the wise, efficient, and benign exercise of the functions of the sacred office. No one consecrated to "the cure of souls" can read this volume without obtaining fresh incentives to activity and zeal, and luminous directions for the appropriate discharge of duty in every sphere. A spirit of admirable gravity and tenderness pervades the work. The author writes with an earnest sympathy with the efforts of the devoted pastor, and a feeling appreciation of the peculiar trials and responsibilities of his position. Nor is the interest of his work confined to ministers of the gospel. "The pastor is not, in his view, an isolated being, far removed from the community of Christians into the desert of a solitary dignity, to which ordinary believers must not aspire. He conceives of him as less above them than as their head, and in the advance in the work of charity. Neither are his labors exclusive; on the contrary, all should associate themselves actively with him, and will do so according to the measure of their fidelity. The pastor is not essentially different from a Christian—he is the representative Christian—the model of the flock. All Christians will find in this book valuable lessons, which they should treasure up." The value of this treatise is greatly enhanced, especially for American readers, by the original matter contributed by the learned translator, who in other respects has performed his task with conscientious fidelity and excellent taste.

The Footpath and Highway, by BENJAMIN MORAN, is the title of an unpretending and very agreeable volume of recent travels in Great Britain. It does not indeed claim the charm of novelty—for who can glean any thing new in this well-harvested field?—

but as a lively record of the adventures and observations of an intelligent humorist, it will richly reward perusal. (Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.)

The Mine Explored, is one of the recent publications of *The American Sunday School Union*, taken from a valuable English work, intended as a help to the reading of the Bible. It discusses the divine authority of the Holy Scriptures, explains the general principles of their inspiration, and gives a detailed account of the character and purposes of the several books. In a condensed form, it contains a copious fund of Biblical information.

The Adopted Child, by Miss JEWSBERY, *Agatha's Husband*, by the author of *Olive*, and BULWER'S *My Novel*, are among the most recent works of fiction issued by Harper and Brothers. Each of these novels, though widely differing in character, will be found to possess no ordinary attractiveness. The readers of our Magazine need not be informed of the rare merits of Bulwer's Novel, and the two others are not surpassed in interest by any recent production of the London press.

Sir ROBERT PEEL has presented a portrait of JOHN KNOX to the library of Geneva, and it has been received by the disciples of Calvin with marked pleasure. It is copied from the portrait of the reformer at Holyrood.

In an address delivered by the Chevalier BUNSEN to the President of the Royal Society, on receiving the Copley Medal for presentation to ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT, in consideration of his distinguished scientific services, we find an admirably expressed tribute to his great work on the Universe, now passing through the press in Europe and this country:

"But Humboldt attempted something higher, and by the consent of mankind he has accomplished it in a very eminent degree. He thought that he could show why and how this world and the universe itself is a Kosmos, a divine whole of life and intellect, namely, by its all-pervading *eternal laws*. Law is the supreme rule of the universe: and that law is wisdom, is intellect, is reason, whether viewed in the formation of planetary systems or in the organization of the worm; and man is the microcosmus and centre of this creation, contemplating, and more or less perceiving, this universal order; and science is called upon to investigate and to interpret them as far as she is able. This work, in short, is not a *farrago*, it is an original composition, part of which is illustrated by the rest, and the whole of which is greater than all its component parts together. As Herodotus, after he had traveled over the greatest part of the civilized portion of the ancient world, comprehended the results in his immortal History, thus Humboldt, after having observed the phenomena of nature from the Chimborazo to the frontiers of China, concentrated his thoughts and researches in his immortal *Kosmos*."

The gentleman who is to replace Mr. Empson in the editorship of the *Edinburgh Review* is, Mr. GEORGE CORNEWALL LEWIS—long the Whig financial secretary at the Treasury—and on three occasions an unsuccessful candidate for election into the present Parliament. Mr. Lewis is favorably known as an author—is distinguished for his knowledge of political economy—and though not himself a contributor to the higher classes of literature, is said to appreciate literature in all its branches with a hearty and discriminating relish.

There is some talk in London of a new Magazine, on a new and victorious "principle," to be conducted by Oxford men, chief among them Mr. BUCKLEY, a well-known contributor to *Bohn's Classical Library*. There are also whispers of something being planned in the magazine way by Young Cambridge. In this respect the two great Universities may well say that the harvest indeed is plentiful, but the laborers are few.

Mr. Bentley announces the *Memorials and Correspondence of Charles James Fox*, on which the late Lord Holland was understood to be so long engaged The work, however, is now to be edited by Lord JOHN RUSSELL, and to extend to two volumes octavo. The same publisher promises a History, in one large volume, of *The Administration of the East India Company*, by Mr. KAYE, author of the *History of the War in Affghanistan*—and a History, in two volumes octavo, of *The Colonial Policy of the British Empire from* 1847 *to* 1851, by the present Earl GREY.—The fifth and concluding volume of *The Letters of the Earl of Chesterfield*, including some new letters now first published from the original MSS, under the editorship, as before, of Lord MAHON, will, we believe, shortly appear.—Two volumes of *Letters of the Poet Gray*, so often announced by Mr. Bentley, are to come out at last during the present season. They will be edited by the Rev. J. MITFORD, author of *The Life of Gray*.—Nor is Mr. Murray without his usual attractive bill of fare for the literary appetite. *The Lowe Papers*, left in a mass of confusion at the death of Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, are now nearly ready; and the St. Helena *Life of Napoleon* will appear, it is said, for the first time (as far as Sir HUDSON LOWE is concerned) in its true light. *The Castlereagh Papers* (now in Mr. Murray's hands) will include matter of moment connected with the Congress of Vienna, the Battle of Waterloo, and the occupation of Paris. The same publisher announces *The Speeches of the Duke of Wellington* (to which we called attention some time back)—also a work by Mr. GEORGE CAMPBELL, called *India as it may be*—and another by Captain ELPHINSTONE ERSKINE, about the Western Pacific and Feejee Islands.

"*Castle Avon*," says the *London Critic*, "does not exhibit the same traces of haste or of exhaustion as did Mrs. MARSH'S last novel. It has much of the freshness of her earlier works. The spirit of the *Admiral's Daughter* reappears in these pages and we are riveted to them by the same spell. The story is more than commonly interesting It is thoroughly *romantic* combining elements which, however people pretend to despise them in theory, they are always pleased with in practice; there is mystery—there is crime—there is sorrow—there is suffering virtue—triumphant vice—and, in the end, poetical justice, each one his desert. We can assure our readers that if they want a thoroughly exciting, 'absorbing' story, they will find it here, and it is told with Mrs. MARSH'S well known power of pathos, and much of her earliest capacity for graphic description."

The veteran Dr. WARDLAW has just put forth a treatise *On Miracles*, which, though small in compass, is one of the best we have yet seen on that important subject. Without much originality, it displays considerable power, and presents to the reader an excellent summary of the principal arguments that have been adduced by the opponents of miraculous interposition, all of which he combats with singular ease and dexterity. The author, although now

a septuagenarian, writes with all his former vigor. His first published work, namely, on the Socinian controversy, appeared nearly forty years ago, and achieved an immediate reputation for its writer, which he has ever since sustained, and which will be widely extended by his present effort.

Besides such "old stagers," to use Lord PALMERSTON's expression, in literature and politics, as himself and Lord JOHN RUSSELL, there are at least two younger men of some mark in the literary world who hold prominent places in the new administration—Mr. GLADSTONE and Sir WILLIAM MOLESWORTH. Mr. Gladstone began life as a literary upholder of the "High" party in the Church; and on some future occasion we may perhaps have a sketch of the vicissitudes of his intellectual career, from *The State in its Relations to the Church*, onward to his recent pamphlet on *Religious Liberty*. Sir William Molesworth was the founder of the *London*, afterward the *London and Westminster Review*, and is still better known as the editor of a costly collection of the writings of HOBBES. Politics, like poverty, effect strange companionships—seldom stranger than this, of the compiler of *Selections from the Liturgy for Family Use*, with the living collector and illustrator of the works of the chief English Atheist!

"Among the most attractive of the new religious publications," says a London journal, "is a volume entitled *The American Pulpit:* a collection of sermons by the most eminent divines of America. It contains fourteen sermons on various subjects, by names that have a world-wide fame, and they are remarkable for a large grasp of their subjects, and for a mastery and novelty in the treatment of them, almost unknown in the English pulpit."

The *Athenæum*, reviewing (with much ability) the literary character of the past year, remarks that France is, for the moment, blotted out from the list of literary nations. "All the Muses are silent on her soil. Her poets are exiles—her wits and orators silent. Her historians, with one bold and noble exception, are abashed and idle." What is true of literary France, is true in its degree of almost every other country on the Continent of Europe. "In Prussia, the Muses have been gagged, as FREILIGRATH would tell us did we need his words for such a fact; in Austria they have been sent to jail; in Italy they have been shot in almost every market-place."

"While Mr. THACKERAY," says the *London News*, "is expressing gratitude for the honors thrust upon him at New York, an American writer, not less widely known, Mr. W. C. BRYANT, is paying the most modest of visits to London, his arrival even not having been mentioned by any other journal than our own. When an English author, even such an one as Mr. Tupper, visits the United States, he raises a cloud of dust before he has been there a week, but when such men as Irving, Prescott, Bancroft, Cooper, and Bryant cross from their side of the Atlantic, the fact is barely chronicled in our journals, and the greetings awaiting them are confined to one or two literary parties."

M. PHILARETE CHASLES has given in the Revue Contemporaire of December, the translation of the first two acts of CORNELIUS MATTHEWS' American tragedy of *Witchcraft*. In the introductory preface, M. Chasles says—"We offer to our readers, in its integrity, and with a complete fidelity, this literary curiosity, the first American tragedy worthy of the name, or rather the first drama, bearing the impress, not of imitation from the English, but of the essential genius of the United States."

The copyright of the complete works of VICTOR HUGO, together with the stock and engravings on hand, have just been sold in Paris for 82,000 francs —£3280—by the company which purchased them several years ago. The new proprietors intend to publish the works in parts, at four sous each. This form of publication has already been adopted with immense success for the works of GEORGE SAND, BALZAC, SUE, and other popular writers; also for translations of SCOTT, BYRON, COOPER, and DICKENS.

Another eminent name must be added to Emperor Napoleon III.'s long list of literary and scientific victims—that of M. POUILLET, Member of the Academy of Sciences. This distinguished *savant* has just been dismissed from the Professorship of Physical Sciences in the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers, for having declined, from conscientious motives, to take an oath of fidelity to "His Imperial Majesty."

The French translation of Mr. MACAULAY's *History of England*, has been published within the last few days at Paris, and has been, as was expected, eagerly read.

Professor PETERMANN, as we hear from Berlin, is at present engaged at Damascus in copying, with the aid of other learned men, a Syriac New Testament of the sixth century, which, it is said, there is reason to believe was itself translated verbally from one of the earliest and most authentic Greek manuscripts.

We had occasion to draw attention some time back to the extensive and very able forgeries of autographs and letters of distinguished personages, of olden and modern times, made of late years in France and Germany. More forgeries have just been detected in the late sale at Paris of a vast collection of autographs, which belonged to a Baron de Tremont, recently deceased. One of them is a letter purporting to have been written by Rabelais from Nice, giving an account of the negotiations in that city between Pope Paul III., Francis I. of France, and the Emperor Charles V. But it turns out that at the very time Rabelais was at Montpellier, and that the letter, which is in bad Latin, is a literal copy of a passage in a work left some time after by the Cardinal du Bellay, in whose service he was. Yet the paper, ink, and handwriting of this epistle are so admirably imitated, that they would deceive the sharpest connoisseur.

ALEXANDER DUMAS has commenced publishing in the *feuilleton* form, in one of the Paris daily newspapers, a new work, called *Isaac Laquedem*. In a sort of introduction, he tells the public that it is to occupy *eighteen* volumes, and that it is to be the result of twenty years' reading and reflection, and of innumerable journeyings—in fact, the grand work of his life—that on which he will base his claim to fame.

A new volume by COMTE has appeared. It is called *Catechisme Positiviste, ou sommaire Exposition de la Religion Universelle*, and contains, in the form of dialogues between a priest and a woman, a popular exposition of his religious views.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



PROGRESS OF LUXURY.

BILL.—I say Jake, they're a-bringing up the Meat now; don't you want a smell? It's a Prime Joint, and no mistake.

JAKE.—Joints be blowed! I'm tired of 'em! Why couldn't they get some Poultry? But you tell me when they bring up the Dessert. Maybe I'd relish a smell o' the Pudd'n.



AN AFFAIR OF IMPORTANCE.

HARRIET.—Oh! I'm so glad you are come, Blanche! I have been so perplexed I could hardly Sleep all Night.

BLANCHE.—Well! What is it, Dear.

HARRIET.—Why, I don't know whether to have my new Merino Frock Violet or Dark Blue!



FAILURE OF THE CROTON.

GROCER.—Yaas, Mr. P'leeceman, he be von Dirty Boy; I give him whole Bucket Water to wash hisself, an' he drink it all up, he so dry, he say.



AN ELIGIBLE OPPORTUNITY.

"Wanted, an Apprentice to be treated as one of the Family."

Fashions for March.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—BALL AND WALKING DRESS.

FIGURE 1.—BALL TOILET FOR YOUNG LADY.—The hair is raised in front, and the back hair is disposed in a plat and a smooth torsade rolled together. A moss rose, with a few buds and some foliage, is arranged on one side between the ear and the knot. A few loops of a narrow silver ribbon are mixed with the bunches of flowers. Three ends of ribbon of unequal length hang down at the side. Dress of pink lisse crape with a silver stripe. Under dress of pink silk. Body low and round, bordered with a silver stripe three quarters of an inch wide. The crape is gathered under the silver stripe on each side of the body in front. The middle of the chest is plain like the top of the shoulder. The sleeves of pink taffeta are short and puffed; they have a small upper sleeve of pink crape, slit up so as to form three points; they are gathered in the arm hole, edged with a silver stripe, and float loose at bottom. The skirt is pink taffeta and very full. That of lisse crape is composed of four widths, which are attached to the body without being sewed together, except against the waist, where they are just tacked so as to keep them near together. These widths are all bordered with a silver stripe an inch wide; and at bottom they have a hem four inches deep.

FIGURE 2.—WALKING DRESS.—Bonnet of black and blue velvet and black lace, with curled black feathers, and narrow No. 4 black and blue velvet ribbon, all mounted on a shape of black tulle, and wired. The brim of black tulle is two inches wide. The edge is formed of a rather large roll of black velvet; a lace an inch wide is sewed rather full to the edge of the roll against the brim. The sides of the crown are composed of blue velvet five inches wide, the edge lying on the brim in six rounded points, about an inch in length, bordered with a roll of black velvet, under which is sewed a black lace that covers the space between the blue velvet and the roll at the edge. The other edge of the blue velvet is straight, and is also bordered with a roll of black velvet. A black lace covers the blue velvet, and its scolloped edges follow the velvet vandykes. Another piece of blue velvet forming large round points with black velvet piping round them, is cut in the fanchon, 10 inches long by 14 wide. A black lace also covers this fanchon, which forms the top of the crown and the curtain. A cordon of curled black feathers divides the crown into two parts, and comes to the hollow of the cheeks, where it forms tufts of feathers. The inside of the brim is covered with blonde laid even on the black lace that forms the brim.—Dress of Scotch velvet. The body is high, and is continued on the hips like stays. The skirt is sewed on under the edge of the body. The trimmings are about an inch and a half deep; they are crimped and sewed on the dress with a piping to conceal the seam entirely. The sleeves are large

at top, and gradually less down to the wrist. The first trimming of the top of body crosses the breast, and is continued round the top of the sleeve, and turns behind under the arm. A second trimming forms a second row, on the shoulder, and dies away under the arm behind and before; there are next three cross bands, one over the other, and then a trimming that marks the natural waist, and ends at the side seams on the hips. The bottom of the body is trimmed with two rows, forming a point in front, and rounded off well on the hips and behind, an inch or two below the natural hollow of the waist. The front of the skirt is trimmed with a crimped band. The sleeves have a plain wristband, an inch wide, and two rows of trimming placed like the cuff of a gauntlet. A small guipure projects on the hand. A chevalière collar in guipure.

Dinner Costume.—Coiffure, black velvet ribbon and taffeta ribbon worked with gold. This coiffure, very simple though elegant, is composed of a band of velvet 16 inches long and very near an inch wide, along which runs a gold ornament. The two extremities of the band meet under a piece of velvet, on which are loops of velvet and figured ribbon. On the top there are five velvet loops, viz., one 5½ inches long, starting from the middle and covering the back hair; then two on each side, under which are three unequal loops and a floating end of No. 12 taffeta ribbon figured with gold. The hair, in puffed bandeaux, is parted so that the velvet band passes under the upper platt, which is brought to join the waved and puffed bandeau. Dress of black moire, trimmed with black velvet and lace. The body, also of moire, is low and heart-shaped in front, somewhat rounded behind. It is trimmed, at top, with a velvet bertha, which forms a point in front, widens on the shoulders, where it is slit up, and rounded behind. It is bordered with a narrow black lace. The bottom of the body is composed of a sham velvet lappet, coming over the hip, and sloping off to form a point like the body. The skirt, very ample (four yards round), is put on to the edge of the false lappets, and forms hollow plaits, laid one on the other, to near the middle. The trimming of the skirt is composed of twelve large leaves of velvet, almond-shape, sewed on the moire, and surrounded by a lace an inch wide. The pieces of velvet are at bottom seven inches wide. The corners are rounded. They diminish in width toward the top, and are 28 inches deep. At bottom there is an interval of twelve inches between them. The sleeve, of moire, is seven inches long; it is rather wide, and open from top to bottom. It is decorated all round with velvet leaves, miniatures of the others. The under-sleeve is composed of two bouillons of black lace, the second of which comes below the elbow, and is terminated at bottom by a handsome black lace, with vandykes at the edge. The chemisette is made of white lace.

Lace waistcoats and jacket bodies are less worn for evening costume. Bodies *en stomacher* are most in favor. Narrow parti-colored fringes are being introduced for trimming evening dresses. Satins and rich silks are also trimmed with rather broad and full silk fringes.

Cap of silk tulle, with small velvet spots; silk fanchon, trimmed with fringe and black velvet; taffeta barbes, pinked and trimmed with black velvet.



Figure 3.—Dinner Costume.



Figure 4.—Cap.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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NOTES FROM THE COPPER REGION.*

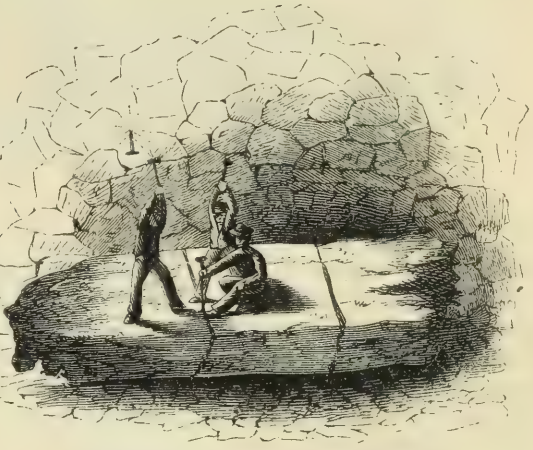
BY ROBERT D. CLARKE.



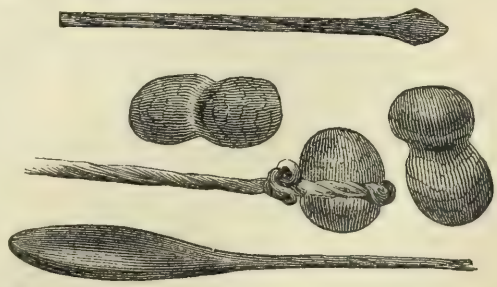
VIEW NEAR AN ANCIENT EXCAVATION.

DOUBTLESS there is nothing which the visitor will see in the copper region, which will produce in him such lively emotions of wonder and admiration, leading the mind directly to the mighty, yet hidden and mysterious forces of nature, as the Mass Copper. Whether regarded as the product of the same convulsive throes by which the Trap Range was heaved to its present position; or as afterward injected or formed by chemical action in the fissures then created; in either case, he beholds before him the palpable result of secret and marvelous agency. Reflections like these will arise to him, when landing at the Sault, he first beholds upon the dock a pile of such masses as we have before described; and again at Eagle River, where a similar pile awaits him at the warehouse of the Cliff Mine. But nowhere are these impressions so vivid and powerful, as when standing deep in the recesses of the aged rocks, he beholds uncovered before him, *in situ*, and in solid connection, an extent of the metal, which, fairly estimated, has a gravity of fifty tons, and all, saving a slight admixture of quartz, of the utmost purity and malleability. Methinks it is something to behold a sight like this! Methinks it is something to see these huge blocks taken from the bowels of the earth, of such purity, yet *native!*—to strike your foot against them, as you may against the thinner ones, and hear them *ring!**

To fit these masses for conveyance to the upper air, subdivision is of course necessary. This is effected by a slow and tedious method, yet the only one as yet found practicable. The masses are separated into manageable blocks solely by the chisel and hammer: one man holding the chisel, while two others strike alternately with seven pound hammers, as in the case of *stoping*. In this way, by the successive removal of small narrow chips, still increasing in length, until this reaches the thickness of the mass, the separation is finally effected. Many



SEPARATING THE COPPER BLOCKS.



of the ancient stone hammers, chisels, &c., here represented, have been found near the remains of excavations made in early times. A mass of eighteen inches in thickness and four feet across, will in this way require eight days to divide it. Such a mass when severed, supposing the length the same as the breath will be found to weigh between 4000 and 5000 pounds. It

* Concluded from the March Number.

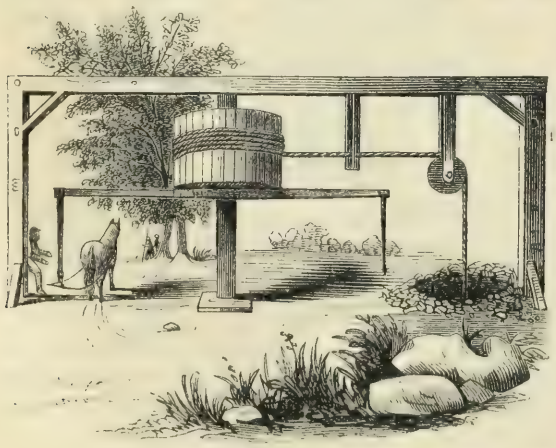
* The largest mass of native metal which has been found in the Cliff Mine, uncovered at one time, has been estimated by the superintendent at eighty tons.

has been attempted by the application of the circular saw, to effect this subdivision more rapidly, and much expenditure was made by the Copper Falls Company in this attempt; hitherto, however, without satisfactory results. This is owing to the fact, already noticed, that along with the copper, and running through it in irregular but narrow veins, occasionally occur thin deposits of the quartz rock. The hardness of this mineral is proof against steel of any temper; and not only so, but is the speedy destruction of the saw. When divided into masses of proper size it is next raised from its position on the ground by means of a portable framework of iron, provided with an arrangement of wheels,



PLACING COPPER ON THE TRUCKS.

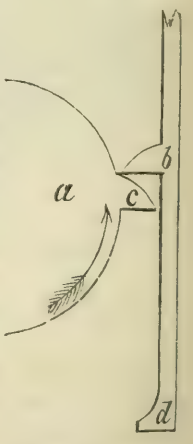
cranks, and ropes, by which, when placed over the mass, the workmen are able to raise it upon the truck. It is then rolled out upon the railroad, with which the drifts are provided, to the shaft, where it is elevated in the manner before described. Once upon the surface it is weighed, and the weight, with the initials of the establishment having been impressed upon it, it is hauled to the lake for shipment to the smelting furnace. In perpendicular shafts, the masses of copper are raised to the surface by means of a whin, operated by horse-power.



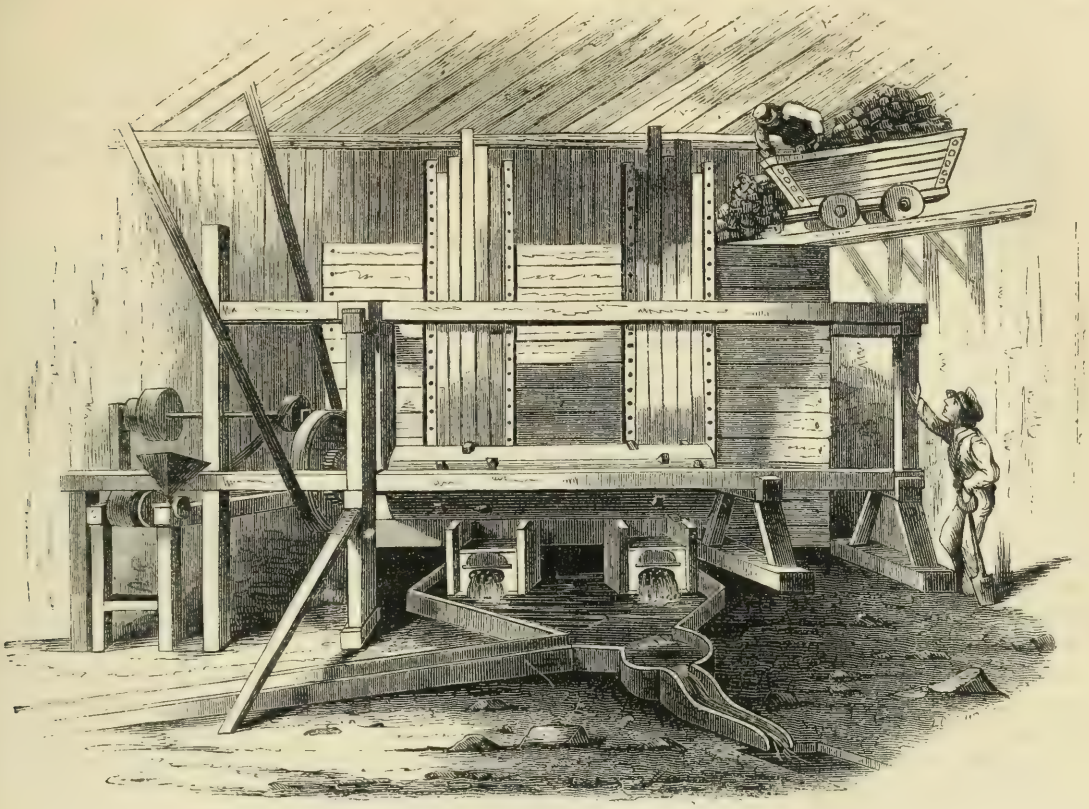
A WHIN.

The metalliferous portion of the veinstone, which the workman readily distinguishes, undergoes further processes. It is first collected in the kiln, a pit some 14 feet square, perhaps sunk a few feet below the top of the ground. Upon the bottom of this, which, in order to render it of proper solidity, is covered with cast-iron plates, fire-wood is piled to the depth of three feet. The veinstone is then placed upon this, till it reaches the quantity of about 60 tons. The fire is then applied, and the veinstone is thus roasted, and made much more easily separated. After the roasting, the veinstone is broken by the hammer into small pieces, the largest seldom exceeding two pounds in weight. It is then shoveled into a truck, and slid out upon a tram road to the *stamps*.

The truck, being provided with a movable bottom, or front piece turning upon a hinge—readily confined or loosened by the turning of a bolt—is emptied of its contents into the *pass*. This is a large chest or box, some ten feet in height, and eight feet through, running along in the rear of the stamps. There being openings in this opposite each *cover* or battery of stamps, the stone comes through, as fast as it is removed and shoveled into the *covers*. Into these at the same time is admitted a stream of water, the same in part derived from the draining of the mine. This greatly assists in reducing the stone to a gravel-like fineness. In the illustration the reader is presented with two covers of stamps, consisting of five each, those which are now in use, there being five covers of new ones now in course of erection. The stamps consist of heavy blocks of cast-iron, weighing with the pestle of wood to which they are attached (*b d*), from 400 to 500 pounds. These work with great force and rapidity in the chests or covers, being successively elevated and dropped by the cams (*c*) which, in diagonal rows, are inserted in the cylinder (*a*) revolving in front of them. The machinery is impelled by a small engine of eight horse power.



As fast as the stone is made fine enough to pass the wire grating near the bottom of the covers, it passes out with the water into the angular space in front. From this the heaviest portion tends to the small pool on the right; the balance passing off by the trough to the left. Of the portion entering the pool, the heaviest particles settle there, the rest going to join the stream on the left. As well the stream flowing from the pool, as that which runs off through the trough to the left, pass into and through the *pits*, which are two large receptacles just outside of the stamp-room in the present arrangement. Here it again loses the heaviest portion of its copper. The copper taken from the pool, together with that found adhering to the stamps, and on the bottom of the covers, termed the stamp-heads, is put into barrels, and is then ready for shipment to the smelting furnace. The residue of the matter left in the pool, is again, after having been passed through the small hopper (to be noticed in the illustration) where it is triturated to a still greater de-



STAMPS.

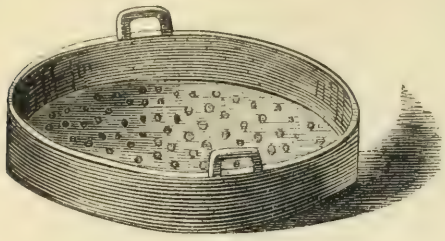
gree of minuteness, placed under the stamps, and worked over. The copper deposited in the pits, which become filled every 48 hours—the top or earthy portion having been first removed as poor-stuff—is piled up to be worked over on the *Floors*, in order to obtain a more perfect freedom from earthy matter. The contents of these pits accumulate during winter, at which time the operations of washing on the floors is suspended, till they form an embankment of many tons.

The water which escapes from the pits proceeds through a trough on its way to the floors, losing its heaviest contents again, in that portion passing through the diverging trough first on the right, as seen in the illustration. This trough leads to one of the trenches on the floors, where a process of washing is performed, technically termed *jiggering*. The trench for this purpose is let some 12 or 18 inches into the floor, and is provided with a spring-board at the lower end beneath the water, which greatly



THE FLOORS.

assists the boy who executes the process. The *jigger* is a kind of low tub, with a bottom of

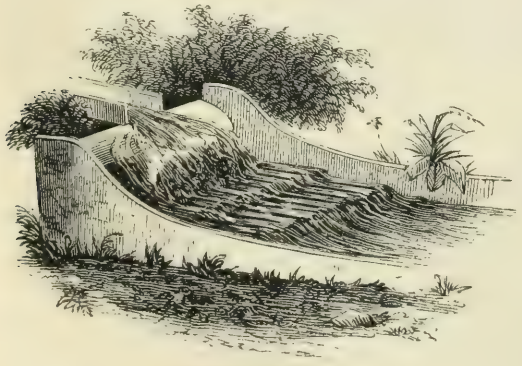


JIGGER.

sheet brass finely perforated. A portion of the deposits from the heads of this trench or from the *strike*, to be noticed directly, having been shoveled into the tub, the boy stands astride of the trench, and by sundry vertical and whirling motions in the water as well as out, gives it the proper degree of agitation. Then resting it upon the floor, he with a scraper removes the surface. The copper lies in a deposit of reddish particles beneath. The top is thrown in a heap by itself, to undergo further washings at the *buddles*. The jigger separates the largest grained and roughest copper which is obtained from the floors.

The next heaviest contents of the stream from the stamps will seek their place of deposit at the next diverging trough on the left of the jiggers. This is termed by the workman the *strike* or *tie*. Of what settles here, the whole being supposed to be divided into three parts, the first, or part next the entrance of the water, termed the *headings*, as well as the next portion termed the *middles*, are reserved for repeated washing in the strike. The *second* middles, or lowest portion is washed over in the jiggers. The *hutch* is the designation for the next trench, and its contents are all passed through the strike.

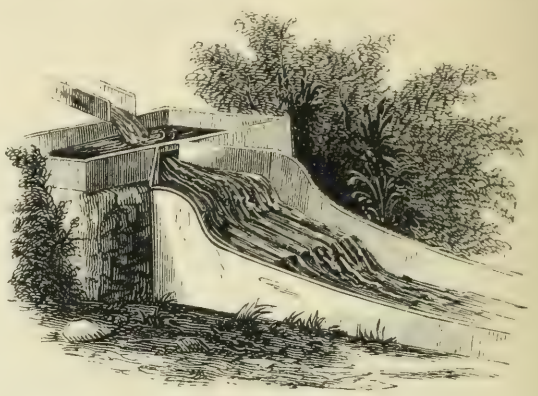
The two trenches last on the left, to which the lightest contents of the water from the stamps find their way are denominated respectively, the first and second *buddles*. At the head of the first buddle may be observed a small



FIRST BUDDLE.

grating in a flat or horizontal position. On this is placed the material received from the jiggers before mentioned, as well as that from the *slime pits*—two pits outside of the floors, which in succession receive all the water passing from the trenches. The water from above passing through this material, carries it in suspension down through the fan-like contrivance of small partitions, by which it is distributed evenly over the bottom of the trench. The *headings* of this trench are reserved for the second buddle. The *middles* are worked over in the first.

In the second buddle may be observed a contrivance somewhat similar to that noticed in the first (though the grating is absent), in which the stuff from the first buddle is washed over



SECOND BUDDLE.

and distributed by a similar contrivance over the bottom. The *headings* of the second buddle, the balance being reserved for repeated washing as before, are taken to the *keaves*. These are large iron-bound tubs, truncated cones, set upon the smaller end. They are kept half-full of water, and the matter from the buddle being frequently agitated by the shovel, its copper contents are deposited at the bottom. The water having been removed by buckets, and the poor-stuff carefully shoveled off, the *finest grained* copper from the floors is obtained, as the jiggers afford the coarsest.

At each stage of the process there is a quantity of refuse matter, or poor-stuff, which is wheeled off in barrows to the *bursom*, or waste pile. This is also the term for a similar deposit of poor-stuff from the mine. It may be seen in the view which we have given of the Cliff Mine, constituting an enormous embankment extending quite over the road, the latter being protected by an arch-way.

There is a second suit of floors, as already mentioned, the material for them being derived from the winter accumulations of the pits first noticed.

The process here detailed of extracting the metal from the veinstone, was introduced here by Captain Jennings, from the tin mines of Cornwall. The copper of Cornwall, being in the form of the sulphuret chiefly, is obtained by a different process. In applying the same process in the North American works, it is said Yankee ingenuity has introduced some improvements. The yield of both floors at the Cliff Mine is eighty barrels per month—half this number averaging in weight 450 lbs.; the other half, 650 lbs. Sixty tons of veinstone are stamped per week.

Having thus followed through all its steps the method of getting the copper from its native beds, the further prosecution of the subject would lead me to an account of the last process by which it is prepared for the purposes of the manufacturer. This is the *smelting*, which is

done, so far as the writer is informed, only at three points in the States—Detroit, Cleveland, and Pittsburgh. The process of smelting, accompanied with the rolling into sheets and bars, though it does not differ very greatly from that employed in regard to iron, is still highly interesting, and may be taken up on another occasion. In the mean time, I may be allowed to continue the somewhat discursive method which I had first adopted. And still a few items germane to the copper.

The appearance which the native metal often presents is in the highest degree interesting, but quite incapable of being represented to the reader here. The blue and green carbonate, and the red oxide, often present hues the most positive and beautiful, often crystallized and colored at the same time with sparkling brilliance. Often of a color and lustre which rivals that of gold, it occurs in highly fantastic shapes imbedded in the veinstone, or in the midst of rhombs of the most beautiful spar, or again in connection with transparent crystals of quartz. A more beautiful but less common appearance is when it spreads out into an admirable resemblance of the most delicate foliage, thin almost as gold-leaf, and scintilating with iridescent colors. Good specimens of all these appearances are not difficult to be obtained at any of the mines which have penetrated much below the surface.

Respecting the number of men employed at the mines, rates of wages, &c., a few particulars may not be without interest. The Cliff Mine employs at this time about 260 hands; the North American about 75, though when in full operation, requiring 150. The rate of wages for surface-men is $26 per month. Stoping is paid for by the cubic fathom, in obtaining which the product of the length and breadth, the *thickness* being omitted, is divided by 36. The rate varies, from $18 to $35, according as the rock is highly compact, or of slight cohesion. Drifting—the usual size of the drift being six feet by four—is paid for at the rate of $5 the foot horizontal. For sinking a shaft, whose usual size is 10 feet by 14, the compensation is from $10 to $15 the foot vertical. For cutting copper by hammer and chisel, the workmen receive from $1 34 to $1 50 *per diem*. In all cases the miner finds his own candles, his own fuse and powder.

The population of the "Cliff" and "North American," which are in close contiguity, is in the winter, when it is somewhat greater, about 900. That of the whole mineral region is supposed to be about 5000.

There are forty-one companies on Keewenaw Point, which are carrying on mining operations to a greater or less extent, besides one on Isle Royal.* There are also several on the British side, among which are the *Pointe aux Mines*, and Bruce Mines, in active or partial operation. Exploring parties are understood to be now out on that side.

Freights from Detroit to Lake Superior ports are usually $1 the barrel bulk—increased to $1 50 by the time of reaching the mines. The freight on copper to Detroit is $12 the ton. The charge at the portage is 5 cents the hundred pounds, which is included in the statements.

Horses are much used among the mines, but the hardiness of the mule renders him much better adapted to the climate. They are much used for the draught, and are an item of no small expense, every individual costing, by the time he reaches the mines from Kentucky, whence they are obtained, not less than $200.

That all higher social and humanizing influences are not wanting in these growing communities, the stranger will see gratifying evidence here in the church and schoolhouse. The Methodist denomination has a regularly officiating clergyman, and a school is supported by private patronage, at which some 36 pupils receive daily instruction.

No spirituous liquors are allowed to be sold on the locations, and stringent regulations exist for the control of such miners as show a disposition to disorderly behavior, or neglect of business. By their own consent, when receiving employment, penalties are often imposed, which, in cases of good conduct subsequently, are generally remitted.

One evening during my stay at the North American, I had the pleasure of a walk with Doctor C——, the physician to this as well as to the Cliff Mine, to the Farm, as it is called, of the former company. Here, on a clearing of some sixty acres of sufficiently rough land, were to be seen crops the most thrifty and promising of oats, timothy, and potatoes. The last mentioned, indeed, seems to be much cherished, as I saw their green and vigorous tops in every little patch attached to the miners' dwellings, as well as spreading clean along the face and upon the very summit of the bluff, wherever a potato could be stuck among the rocks, disputing possession with the blue-berry and the bramble. In the opinion of my Yankee friend from Massachusetts, the whole of this region, so far as examined by him, while not more rugged than much of the Bay State, presents a much better soil for agriculture. I was informed by Major B——n, formerly connected with the Indian department in this quarter, that he had raised at the *Anse*—a small cove or inlet in Keewenaw Bay, at which there is still an Indian settlement

* From the "St. Mary's Sentinel," a paper published at the Sault, the following list of the companies is taken: Northwest, Siskowit, Algonquin, Piscataqua, Ontonagon, Bohemia, Chesapeake, and Cape—8; which have their offices in Philadelphia; the Pittsburgh and Boston, Northwestern, North American, Iron City, Eureka, Ohio Trap Rock, Colling, Ohio, Aztec, Adventure, Ridge, and Fire-Steel—12; having their offices in Pittsburgh. The Minnesota, Norwich, Wheal Kate, Albion, Forest—5; with offices in New York. The Copper Falls, Phœnix, Winthrop, Dana, Douglass Houghton, Quincey, Alcomah, Farm, Toltec—9; with their offices in Boston: and the Montreal (Bruce Mine), whose office is in Montreal, Canada.

These, with a half dozen others, appear to be all that are now heard of out of a list of 104 companies, which are given in Houghton's work on the Mineral Region of Lake Superior, published in 1846, the list at that time being confessedly incomplete.

—crops of corn (of the eight-rowed yellow species) tomatoes, onions from the seed, cabbages, squashes, ruta-baga, and other turnips, besides potatoes, oats, and timothy, of as good quality as he has seen any where in the States. All these crops, according to Major B——n, with the exception of corn, which is not reliable as a regular crop, can be raised with ordinary care any where back from the coast, where the land is suitable for tillage. One of the most cheering sights which offers itself to the eye of the visitor in this land of very broken surface, is the extensive fields of oats and timothy, which, like a verdant carpet, spreads out at his feet, as he first draws in sight of these mines. This is on the "Cliff" location, and though still thickly studded with charred stumps, bidding defiance to the exterminating hand of the husbandman, it still looms up in the not distant future a vale of gardens, blooming with beauty and teeming with the rich productions of nature.

The climate of this latitude, about 47° 30′, is that in which most persons would be disposed to think the inhabitants of this region must experience their chief disadvantage. This is not so, however, if credit is to be given to their own representations, the winter being that season, which, save in respect of the inconvenience of being cut off from communication with the lower country, affords far the most satisfaction. The temperature, while producing no greater sensation of cold than the Middle States, is yet regular at that temperature. Extremes are more rare, and it is consequently very healthy. With the first fall of snow, affording the desired facilities for winter travel, begins among the residents of the different settlements, a round of social visits, festivities, and amusements, which are protracted till the snow leaves them as the sun enters Taurus. It is true the snow sometimes descends to a degree quite adverse to locomotion, and there are some days of biting severity; but generally overhead, the eye of day is bright and unclouded; underneath, the ground is smooth and slippery for the snow-shoe and the sleigh; while around is an air, keen, bracing and exhilarating even as the strength of racy liquors. Such at least is the effect of exercise in the winter air of Lake Superior, as I was informed by one who, generally an explorer, has sometimes taken a turn at wood-cutting. The inexpressible elasticity and buoyancy of spirits which it produced in him, he could liken to nothing else but the effects of intoxicating drinks.

From one fact, the degree of cold would seem to be very great: this is the freezing at the Cliff Mine of the dripping water some 300 feet down the shaft. At such a time it clogs up the ladders, and is a source of serious annoyance to the miners. It happens in consequence of the draught occasioned by the winses from one level to another.

The famous purity of the water of this region is indeed one of the most extraordinary things to be noticed here. So great is this purity, so entirely free is the water of the streams and springs from earthy or foreign matter of any kind, that the daguerreotypist finds it better for his purposes than the best distilled water of the chemist. For laundry purposes, as I was informed by the ladies at the North American, it is rivaled only by that which falls from the clouds. It is remarkable again that in this last particular the water of Lake Superior, however pure in other respects, exhibits very different properties, being by the same authority entirely unfit for the laundry without a previous "breaking," by soda or other means. I had expected to find the water of Lake Superior at least soft, but it seems that the hardness which characterizes the waters of Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Erie, and which is so unpleasantly perceptible to the feel, belongs also to it. It probably arises from similar causes in all —that of rolling over calcareous beds, somewhere in their vast course, though to consult only the formation of Keewenaw Point, there is nothing to encourage such a theory as regards Lake Superior.

One morning during my stay at the North American, I clambered up the precipice which hems in the valley, in order to enjoy the prospect of the rising sun from such an elevation. This bluff, while one of the highest upon the whole ridge, is provided with a kind of mast, leading by steps to a round-top, the whole being surmounted with a flag-staff. From the round-top the sweep of the eye embraces three-fourths of the circle upon the lake; while, in the other quarter, save the pleasant little oasis about the mines, spreads an immense solitude—a boundless forest of pines, stretching away in deepening files, or piercing the sky like the spears of giants. The mists rising from the valleys to meet the glorious orb of day were transformed by his touch into clouds of amber, while down—down—far, far away—rolled the broad and majestic Superior, a sea of blazing crystal. But words are inadequate to paint the magnificence and grandeur of such a prospect.

Having accomplished most of what I had intended in a visit to these mines, after a few days' stay I took leave of my hospitable friends one afternoon, and at four o'clock was pursuing my way on foot to the river. As I walk along the road leading close by the field to which I have before alluded, I am greeted with the rural and grateful sight of hay-making. The laborers are Canadian French, and are giving loose to all the merriment which to them is constitutional, as well as excited by the occasion.

As I pursued my solitary way down the long declivity leading to the river, I was constantly tempted to delay my progress by the abundance of raspberries and thimbleberries with which the bushes were laden to oppression. Now in the perfection of maturity, it seemed to me that I could have gathered them in unlimited quantities. The thimbleberry is a large and luscious species of raspberry, destitute of briars. To me, though acquainted with most of the productions of the States from the Lakes to the Gulf, this was a new species. So likewise was a species

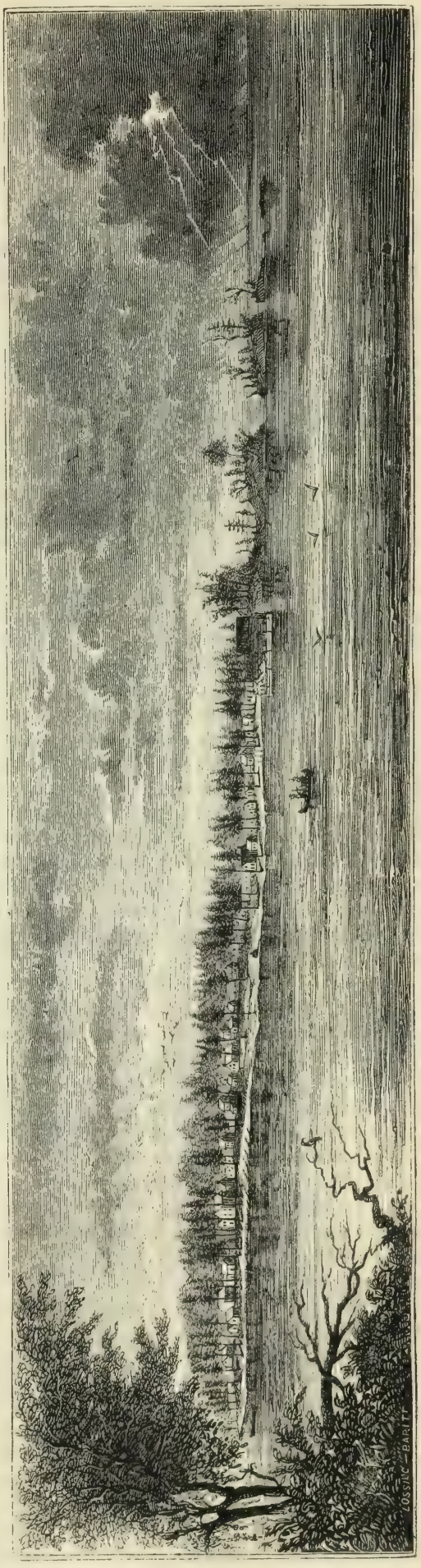
of elder, whose clusters of scarlet berries, so dazzlingly brilliant, seemed to light up all the woods. This I had first noticed at Mackinaw, though not then ripe. The fruit grows not in umbelliferous bunches, as in the common elder, but in irregular clusters—more of a botryoidal form.

As I approached the village of Eagle River, which consists of some 20 or 30 houses, I was much struck with an appearance which in going to the mines had escaped me. This was the great number of poles which rise up every where. as if to rival the trees of the forest still scattered through the village. Almost every house on top of the hill appeared to be provided with one of these appendages, to which was also attached a cord, as if for running up a flag. It was soon shown that these houses were "groceries," a sort of scrub-tavern quite common in the western world, where very cheap and very bad liquor is sold to the miners, and those who will patronize them. Each one has its flag-staff from which on particular occasions, as Sunday, they hoist their respective colors, like ships of different nations. The Eagle River House where I stop, I soon perceived has the tallest and most conspicuous of this sort of signs in the place, indicating that it is a sort of man-of-war in the business. Indeed the traveler may find worse accommodation than he will meet with from my German host of the Eagle River House.

While waiting for the approach of the propeller, which is in sight, I sauntered about the village. Passing by a new log building, my attention was pleasantly arrested by a very clear merry whistle, which I soon discovered to proceed from a tall, gigantic son of Erebus, who, true to his African origin, preserved under the rigors of these northern skies his musical propensities. The air was one of those opera airs made so popular by Jenny Lind; and confident I am that no performer in an orchestra ever rendered it with more spirit and effect.

At length the "Manhattan" gets in—that is to say, as close as she can, for there is not water enough for her to come up to the pier. Casting anchor at a hundred yards out, the copper intended for shipment is first placed on board of a scow, on which the passengers also take a position, and is floated out to the propeller, and here being raised by a crane which is stationary upon the side of the vessel, is soon got aboard. Having at length weighed anchor just as "night," in Homeric phrase, "rushes down upon the sable deep," an hour's run brings us again to Eagle Harbor. Having still some further objects to accomplish here, I conclude to await the arrival of the "Baltimore." Many of the visitors at the Atwood House taking passage by the "Manhattan" down the lake, I am at length put in possession of a comfortable room.

One day, while staying at the harbor, I find myself on the rugged rocks of the point near the light-house, while the delicious freshness of a breeze from W. by N. sends through my frame sensations of delight. A little sail-boat scuds out of the harbor with a pleasure party on board. The gulls too are enjoying the beautiful motion



EAGLE HARBOR, FROM THE FOOT OF THE BAY.

of the water—their snowy forms rising and falling with the waves with a careless *abandon* which one almost envies. What on earth is so happy as the life of a gull? With pinions which can bear him at any time almost with the speed of a wish to the clear and cool depths of the upper air, or where the waters sleep in perfect tranquillity—or, if he love excitement, into the very heart of the storm—or, as now, when the genial breeze is sending the waters with gentle surges upon the shores—the gull seems formed specially for an existence of unalloyed felicity. Too insignificant a prey for man—hardly dreading a foe in "winter and rough weather"—he sails, indifferent to the future, alike the ethereal deep, or sways with the foam of the roaring billows. I believe he entertains similar notions, for his shrill note rises high upon the breeze, its weird music sounding in joy.

An incident which occurred on the boat while rounding Keewenaw Point in our outward trip, and is brought to mind by the appearance of these rocks, seems to crave a place here. One of the passengers, while surveying intently the red conglomerate coast, seemed suddenly to waken up with an idea. "What is that red rock there?" he eagerly asked; "*is that copper?*" It should be observed that the rock, as thus seen from the coast, is in breadth from 10 to 50 feet, and if this were indeed copper, all the marvels, so called, of the Ontonagon mass, the Copper Falls mass, and the immense masses of the "Cliff," would be mere pebbles, scarce worth the trouble of taking up if on the surface, much less of sinking for them 500 feet, cutting them into manageable masses, raising, and by expensive process hauling them several miles to the lake. Such are the ideas with which some men visit the copper region. Here was a man who thought it not incredible that he should see the waves of Lake Superior breaking against coasts of solid copper!

During a ramble along the shore I was able to find a number of beautiful agates, cornelians, and amethysts. Many flowers, too, of much beauty and peculiar species, are found interspersed among the rocks and pines. At a little lake, not far from the village, I found the water lilies spreading their starry disks far and wide over the water. They were of the same species (*Nymphæa* and *Nelumbium*), the white and yellow, which I had seen in Wisconsin and Minnesota. By the aid of a fallen pine, I am able to procure a magnificent bouquet, which makes me think of eyes far away, which such an offering would gladden. As the best disposition I can make of them, I prepare them for a little girl who, with her parents, is among the visitors at the Harbor. Resting a moment on the fine cliff of conglomerate, supporting a magnificent growth of pines which precipitously overhangs the water, I see suspended in its pure depths many little fishes of the size of brook trout, "their wavy coats dropped with gold."

One morning we were presented with a sight of the mirage, a phenomenon of frequent occurrence on this lake. On this occasion Isle Royal was seen with great distinctness of outline, elevated above the water, by a space of several degrees. A similar appearance was afterward exhibited at Granite Islet, which in shape somewhat resembles a rude pyramid rising out of the water. Under the effect of the mirage, its image was multiplied in a wonderful manner—represented as piled up in successive layers, still separated by belts of bright light

Respecting game, and animals *ferœ naturæ*, as the lawyers say, the stranger is surprised to find such an utter absence of every thing of the kind. Deer are very scarce; and of rapacious animals scarce any thing above the dignity of a wolf ranges these vast forests. Bears, it is true, are sometimes found, though very rarely. I was informed by a resident of the personal rencontre had with one of these animals, of the large brown species, by the chief of the Iron Band of the Chippeways. The Indian succeeded in slaying his adversary by means of his knife, but it was at the expense of being mutilated, and horribly "chawed up," as my informant stated, till he hardly bore any semblance to the figure of a man. The polar bear has been stated by Schoolcraft to have been seen upon the southern shore of this lake, and this I find confirmed by my inquiries. In fact, Devil's Lake, in Minnesota Territory—where they are hunted every winter by those engaged in trapping for furs—has a latitude precisely the same as Keewenaw Point.

The "Baltimore" at length enters the harbor one evening while we are at tea, on her return trip to the Sault. Having to return from this place some thirty miles up the lake, to bring down a portion of the engine of the propeller Monticello, wrecked at that point, her passengers, consisting of a pleasure party from the Sault and from northern Ohio, all come ashore at our hotel, to await the return of the boat. A large portion of them consisting of ladies, we are all turned out of our rooms once more. A dance having been determined on, the dining-hall is cleared, the musicians seated, and sets of still unwearied dancers are soon moving through the mazy cotillion. The night being Saturday, midnight sends all to bed. The gentlemen are stretched out on mattresses or sofas, over the parlor floor, which thus presents the appearance of a crowded hospital.

The steamer, for the gratification of the party, extended the usual length of her trip—which is only to Ontonagon—as far as La Pointe, at Madeline Island. This, by the representation of a gentleman of the party with whom I had much conversation, is indeed a very delightful spot. In situation somewhat more elevated than Eagle Harbor, though rising beautifully by a gradual ascent, it is backed by picturesque hills of about equal height with the trap range here. A few years ago the American Fur Company had a factory here, which has since been transferred to Saint Paul, on the Missouri. The dwellings, warehouses, gardens, are said to be still in excellent preservation, but the whole place wears

the appearance of extreme decay. The population is said to be some 600, chiefly Indians, with Canadian French and half-breeds; and it seems to the stranger a matter of difficult conjecture how they contrive to gain a subsistence. It is supposed to be chiefly by fishing. There has been for many years a Presbyterian mission at La Pointe, but the white population is very small. The party spent some time on shore there—the place affording one of the best as well as most beautiful harbors upon the lake In the gardens attached to some of the dwellings of the Fur Company they found ripe cherries, and apples of eight and ten inches in circumference. This property, it is understood, has been for some years offered for sale by the Fur Company, at a very moderate price; but though apparently eligible, and embracing many arrangements for comfort, it has not yet found a purchaser. It has been suggested that for agriculture, raising crops for the mines—to which an easy access can be had by sailing craft—this place presents advantages. The soil is said to be excellent for potatoes, barley, oats, and grass, and generally for such vegetables as are common to this latitude. An extension of the fisheries also would no doubt be found profitable, provided such skill in packing shall have been attained as will enable the fisherman to ship for the southern market in the spring, the season when they are mostly taken; for in this particular great errors have sometimes been committed. I was informed by a gentleman of Cleveland, interested for some years in the mines at Isle Royal, that the Fur Company had gone into the business one season at that island; but that, owing to the miserable system of packing, the fish when taken below could not be made to keep. The result was a loss to the Company of some $10,000 It is supposed that should the Ship Canal* be made around the Rapids, affording an easy passage in the fall before the close of navigation, that the fishing interest may be expected to grow, not only at La Pointe, but especially at Isle Royal, and other places eligible for the business.

Repairing to one of the large warehouses of the Fur Company, the party enjoyed a rare opportunity for the dance, which they improved for some time with great spirit. They were then favored by their Chippeway friends with a war-dance. After this, four young Indians were set to running a foot-race, the prize, got up by some of the party, being a barrel of flour. Starting with their blankets about them, they quickly threw them aside as useless encumbrances, and ran *puris naturalibus*. In this state the victor, to the great distress of the ladies, was brought up to receive the prize, which he rolled off with evident pride.

We are at length all on board the Baltimore, which is steaming away for the Sault. After rounding Keewenaw Point, and passing between the mainland and Manitou Island, the temperature, which for a few days past had been uncomfortably cool, becomes much milder and more pleasant. This is no doubt owing to our being sheltered by the land against the N.W. wind, to which, as well as from other quarters, the whole of Keewenaw Point is much exposed. For a similar reason, it is said, the climate at the west end of the lake is much milder, the winds which reach there not passing over so vast a surface of water, by which they must necessarily be chilled. The Baltimore found pleasant, even warm weather at La Pointe, while it was chill and disagreeable at the Harbor.

After we had just passed Manitou Island, bearing south for Marquette, at Carp River, having the bold, now rounded now darkly broken outline of the coast upon our right, between us and the occident, the scenery assumes a character of majesty and beauty which is very striking. On the high ridge of trap a few miles east of Copper Harbor, a fire was raging in the woods, sending up a dense and darkening volume of smoke. As the hills now loomed up in the flush of the evening sky—the sun having but just dipped beneath the wave, it required no great effort of imagination to transform the fiery glow into volcanic light, and to imagine before me one of those grandest of natural phenomena in full action—the column of smoke, which stretched far heavenward, the seeming ebullition of some veritable crater.

The boat lying here for several hours, some of the passengers visit the iron establishment, and the whetstone factory. At the latter is worked a species of novaculite which is found in this vicinity, and is represented as very superior. While here, there arrive a large birch canoe and a boat, full of Chippeways of the *Anse*. One of them, an old man, has his face tatooed in a horrible manner; and all, men and women, are painted, and decorated with feathers in their hair and bead-work belts and leggings. Their mode of painting the face is generally by a stripe of vermillion horizontally across the nose and cheeks. They bring for traffic whortleberries and game—venison and pigeons. An old squaw has hanging over her breast four large metallic plates, of circular form, perforated with small holes. The plates are about six inches in diameter, and somewhat convex. Some of the men have the hair wrapped behind with scarlet ribbon, forming a sort of brilliant queue, terminated with two streaming tails formed by the ends of the ribbon. The women have papooses hanging over their shoulders in a fold of the blanket, at the breast, or on their backs. There are among them little children large enough to run about, hanging in perfect security over the sides of the boat, playing with their long black hair as it dips in the water, or clapping their little swarthy hands. The canoe was one of the largest class—a four-fathom canoe—handsomely constructed, and painted with significant characters

They are glad to get whisky in exchange for their commodities, and some of the boat people are vile enough to furnish it in pailfuls. The

* In the list of appropriations made by Congress at its recent session, it is with pleasure we notice one of $350,000 for this very important object.



IRON ESTABLISHMENT.

whortleberries, which are large and fine, are contained in large baskets or hampers of birchen bark.

The iron establishment at Marquette is not at this time in operation, nor, it is believed, any other in the iron region. This is understood to be owing to embarrassing legal difficulties, now in course of adjustment.

Leaving the Harbor between nine and ten in the morning, the varied character of the scenery from which we are receding becomes very interesting. Granite Islet has not a speck of verdure. and bald rocks on the main shore, generally inclining at an angle, alternate with smooth beaches of sand. As we proceed the view changes, opening up toward the north a magnificent outline of hills the most varied and picturesque I have yet noticed. Just now the sky for some ten degrees up is covered with the most airy and delicate little cloudlets, of the same amethystine tints which, as with a halo, invest the peaks running along the coast. The beautiful and reposeful character of the scene, under the calm clear light of the morning—the waters spreading tranquilly away, is strongly suggestive of that with which we are presented in Italian views—such as of the Bay of Naples.

At noon we are in sight of the celebrated "Pictured Rocks," which now appear to the southeast, some ten miles off. It is said this is neither the time of day, nor yet the proper distance, to see them to the best advantage. For this purpose we should have gone on the inside of Grand Island, which we omitted, the captain discovering our position too late to order a change of course. From here, a portion of the appearance seems like standing columns, such as remind us of the ruins of Tadmor: another portion lower down the lake strongly resembles a walled town, such as is given us in paintings of Asian and Syrian scenery. A little further on rises a magnificent temple with Grecian portico, in fact, upon the model of the Parthenon. Still, a little further on, a row of huge masses almost deceive you into the belief of extensive warehouses, and the illusion is assisted by certain other masses which resemble the sails of shipping, together presenting the picture of an extensive commercial mart.

These appearances are owing to the white sand cliffs which for some miles bound this part of the coast, and which are more or less invaded by the forest. They appear to have been first noticed as an object of curiosity by General Cass and Mr. Schoolcraft, in the account of their Expedition to discover the Sources of the Mississippi, in 1820. That some portion of these appearances may be imaginary and depending upon the eyes of the beholders seems evident from the fact that a gentleman by my side can see nothing in them but huge piles of *straw!*

After dinner we are just opposite the "cave," or "arch," and the "chapel," some five miles off. These are two remarkable features in the Pictured Rocks. We can see them distinctly with the naked eye, but the effect of their vast proportions, their admirable symmetry and beauty, are at this distance lost upon us. From a gentleman on board, who was attached to the first survey of this region under the lamented Doctor Houghton, as well as the more recent one of Foster and Whitney, and who is perfectly familiar with this locality, I receive some particulars of information, which the distance prevents me

from gathering personally. The inside elevation of the arch is, according to this gentleman, not less than 100 feet above the lake. It is supported by massive pillars on either hand, which rest in the water, and on the sides of which open other arches West of the grand arch extend a succession of others of less magnitude, from thirty to fifty feet in height. They are generally connected by interior openings. A boat may enter in full sail, and pass through without obstruction.

To the spectator whose memories are imbued with the classical, the Cave of Eolus is apt at once to occur . and though he can not suppose this rock in any sense the "prison of the winds," yet he may readily believe it forms a grand hall for their revelings, when Boreas comes down over the lake. At such a time, how grand to see the waves breaking around these massy pillars !—to hear the struggling winds and waters roaring and reverberating among these hollow caverns !

"Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoros."

. . . . . .

"Illi indignantes magno cum murmure rupis
Circum claustra fremunt."

Scarcely less is the nigh spectator impressed by the grand dimensions of the "chapel," though the "Doric Temple," as I also heard it called, would seem a more appropriate appellation. Regular walls of rock, rising a hundred feet in height, have as massive and regular a roof, over which is a depth of soil and growth of evergreens. The portal is as wide as the chamber, which in depth has an extent of forty feet—somewhat disproportioned, it is true, to its other dimensions.

For the best effect on the eye of the spectator, much depends, in viewing the Pictured Rocks, upon the position of the sun, as well as the distance. An evening sun, with a clear atmosphere, and a distance of a mile, brings out the objects more distinctly, while it allows one to catch the lively colors which stain the cliffs, and which tinge and vein the surface in many beautiful and fanciful shapes. These are occasioned by the red and brown oxide of iron, and the green carbonate of copper. On the other hand, too close a view is destructive of those beautiful resemblances which the fancy readily conjures up under the effect of distance.

At four o'clock we are opposite the Grand Sable. This is a very picturesque shore, and is owing to a similar cause to the Pictured Rocks. The difference is, that the Sable is moving sand, and is more entirely denuded of vegetation, while the other is mainly a sand rock. The Sable extends some two miles uninterruptedly along the coast, at an elevation of some 400 feet, and is unrelieved by any thing green—a scanty growth of firs alone tipping its summits. It reminds one strongly of several similar but not so extensive appearances on Lake Michigan. Of these, the one at the Sleeping Bear is, perhaps, the most remarkable.

As one intently regards this extensive barrier of sand, he seems gazing on the confines of some boundless desert—the Syrian or Sahara. It is not much, after this, if he almost looks for the camel to make its appearance, with some fiery Bedouin upon its hump—not much if he searches for their white tents upon the sands, and expects to see the glancing of their gay costumes and the whirling of their light *djereeds.*

I should not forget the mention of some beautiful specimens of marble found in the vicinity of Carp River, and which were shown me by the gentleman to whom I lately alluded. It is handsomely veined, and susceptible of a high polish. On a white ground, changing occasionally to a delicate shade of pink, veins of a lively chocolate color are ramified in a most pleasing manner. Other specimens have chocolate for the ground, with curious wavy veins of red blended with buff. Another piece is of a dark purple, varied with spots of the size and shape of a shilling-piece, and of an agreeable shade of yellow. It seems highly probable that the beds indicated by these specimens will be found to furnish some of the finest varieties of American marbles; such as, at no distant day, with improved means of access, may be in high request for ornamental building purposes. Shades of such delicacy and beauty, as exhibited by some of these specimens, are certainly of rare occurrence.

In the evening we have music, violins, and bugles, accompanied by cotillions and waltzing. The amusement seems to be losing its charms, however, as the voyage approaches its end, and the dancing terminates at an early hour. As day breaks, we are at the upper landing of the Sault.

Leaving my baggage to follow, I walk down the Portage with Mr. McKnight. This time I find the crowd is all at the other house—where, it is understood, the Governor is a lodger.

Remaining at the Sault till afternoon, we have an opportunity of witnessing a review at the Fort, in honor of the Governor. The soldiers, but a small squad, were marched about the due length of time, making the customary salutes, and then dismissed. Their movements were made with the usual precision; and their arms, which were clean and bright, shone with the well-known glitter, in the morning sun.

The "London" taking her departure at 2 P.M., we are all on board, and take leave of the Sault, bidding a reluctant adieu to the white-fish and the siskowit. As we recede from the village, I am more than ever impressed with the beauty of its site. The scenery along the banks of the river is peculiar and interesting, more from the character of the population, perhaps, than from any marked peculiarities of its own. The river, which is wide below the Rapids, soon contracts to a breadth of little more than a hundred yards. The banks, which are low and flat, are cultivated in a limited manner by the Canadian French and Half-breeds. These people live in happy contiguity—the Red Man and his wigwam of birch or cedar, side by side with the log-cabin of his Gallic kinsman. An idle, careless, dreamy life, it is they lead—with no aspirations for any thing better, nor fear of any thing worse, they dance

along the tide of existence, even as yon solitary Indian in his birchen boat dances upon the glancing stream. Opposite Garden River, some 12 miles from the Sault, we receive our supply of wood. While lying here, a number of the red people row across to us in their boats, generally having some small trafficking to do with the boat's crew, or otherwise led by curiosity. Among the French who sometimes accompany them, are some prettyish female faces. They generally wear the flat, whose broad brim, while affording such a grateful shade, has so rural and pleasing, nay, even romantic an effect. This is also to be observed as an article of costume at the Sault, where it is much worn by the Indian women, and with a striking improvement in their appearance.

Having received our supplies of wood, we resume our descent of the river, and at three o'clock in the morning, nothing worthy of notice having previously occurred, I am wakened up to get ashore at Mackinaw. Not intending any further stay here than to procure a boat for Lake Michigan, I stop at the nighest hotel, which is the Huron House. This is a new hotel, just opened by Mr. Boardman. It is well adapted, and furnishes very satisfactory accommodations.

Fortunately, I am not long detained; and the same evening finds me, with all the speed of a slow boat, steaming up the lake. The wind being stiff from the north, gives us something of a sea. The waves remind me of my first impressions, when, some years ago, I first met in Lake Erie, the sight of a large body of water in motion. The first thing which occurred to me as remarkable, was that the waves should all be running the *same way*. They still seemed to me like something alive, as whales or dolphins, chasing one another in immense droves. I don't know why, but I thought more of them as sea-horses—green coursers of the deep, with white manes and tails, such as I had seen in illustrations of mythology, where they are shown harnessed to the car of Neptune, as seated by Amphitrite, and holding his trident, he glides majestically over the flood, the Nereids and Tritons sporting around him, their temples bound with sea-weed, and making music with rare shells of ocean. I could not rid myself of the idea that I was looking upon herds of foaming coursers during the whole voyage, and seemed still expecting their heads to appear above the water.

CRUSOE-LIFE.*

A NARRATIVE OF ADVENTURES IN THE ISLAND OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

BY J. ROSS BROWNE.

THE GOVERNOR'S VISION.

THE highest peak on the island of Juan Fernandez is called the Peak of Yonka. It forms an abrupt precipice all round, of several hundred feet. Various attempts have been made from time to time, by sailors and others to ascend to the summit, but this feat has never been accomplished except in a single instance. A cross still stands upon it, which was erected by two Chilians many years ago, under very strange circumstances. It appears that the Chilian Governor at the time of the penal settlement in Cumberland Bay, went out riding one day near this mountain. On his return he related to his people a strange vision which he had seen in the course of his ramble. He said that while looking at the peak, he saw down in the valley that lay between, a tall man dressed in black, with a black hat on, mounted on a horse of the purest white. The strange rider turned toward him, showing a face of ghastly paleness. He looked at him steadfastly, with "eyes of fire," as the Governor declared, the glare of which made the air hot all around. The Governor, trembling with awe, made the sign of the cross, upon which the strange horseman put spurs to his horse, and rode straight up the precipice to the summit of the peak, where he stopped a moment to look back. He then upon seeing the sign of the cross made again, waved his hands wildly, as if in despair, and plunged out of sight on the other side. Being a devout man, and withal a believer in spirits, the Governor considered this to be an omen of some impending calamity, which could only be averted by planting a cross on the peak. For this purpose he selected two criminals, under sentence of death for the murder of a soldier, and offered them their liberty if they would make the ascent and erect the cross. In the one case there was the certainty of death, in the other a chance of life. The criminals therefore resolved to make the attempt. Ropes, ladders, and tools were furnished them by the Governor, and they were allowed such provisions as they required, with injunctions that at the expiration of ten days, in case of failure, they would be executed. For eight days they toiled incessantly. They drove spikes into the walls of rock, and day by day went up a little higher, letting themselves down again at night by ropes, to the base of the precipice. On the eighth day, they reached the summit, ready to die of fright, and worn to skeletons at the terrible ordeal through which they had passed. It took them all the next day to recover sufficiently to be able to resume their labors. The table on the top was of solid rock, not more than fifty feet in diameter. In the centre was a spring of clear water bubbling up and running over the rocks. One of them bathed in this water and was so refreshed that he thought it must have some magical properties. He went over to the edge on the western side and looked down to see where it fell. Directly beneath him, he saw a line stretched from two points of rock over the precipice, nearly covered with linen shirts, as white as the driven snow, and apparently of the finest texture. He called to his comrade to come and witness this wonderful sight. While the two men were looking over, there came a tremendous hurricane that compelled them to throw themselves flat on their backs to avoid being blown over into the abyss. After the hurricane had passed, they again looked over, but

* Concluded from the March Number.

the line and shirts had disappeared, and they saw nothing but the bare rocks. They then fell upon their knees and prayed, and the vision of an angel appeared to them telling them to put up the cross near the spring. As soon as they had planted the cross, they let themselves down by the ropes, and hastened to tell the Governor of the strange adventures that had befallen them. So impressed was he by their wonderful narrative that he immediately gave them their freedom, as he had promised, and sent them home laden with presents; and he had crosses erected on various parts of the island, and masses performed by the soldiers for a long time after.

"I wouldn't swear to it all," added Pearce, looking again toward Abraham. "But likely some of you gentlemen who have more schoolin' than I have may be able to account for it."

Abraham reddened a little and looked confused, but said nothing. A voice from the corner broke in.

"I know exactly how it happened; nothing is easier than to account for it. In the first place, it didn't happen at all. The Governor was dyspeptic. I'm raythor dyspeptic myself, gentlemen, and I know what sights a man sees when he gets the horrors from dyspepsia. I've seen stranger sights than that when it was bad on me—once, in particular, I was troubled a good deal worse than the Governor."

"Impossible," said Abraham, scornfully, "utterly impossible, sir, that you could ever have seen any thing half so strange as the Governor's vision."

"I didn't see a house made of glue," retorted the Doubter. "I didn't ride on wild horses; neither did I find a castle, with a skull in it. I didn't carry the skull six miles and then find out that it came off the head of a four-legged man; and that the four-legged man was cut to pieces by his lady-love; but I'll tell you what I did see."

"Hold, Sir! hold!" cried Abraham, now perfectly furious. "By heavens, gentlemen! I can't stand such insults as these! You must suffer me to chastise this wretch. Miserable poltroon! do you dare to taunt me in that manner? I'll see you, Sir—I'll see you to-morrow morning!"

"Likely you will," said the Doubter, coolly, at the same time shrinking back a little. "Likely you will, if you look in the right direction. Keep your dander down till then, and you'll see a good deal better. In the mean time, gentlemen, if you like to listen I'll tell you what happened when the dyspepsia was bad on me."

Of course any proposition calculated to restore harmony was heartily approved; and thereupon we were forced to listen to

THE DOUBTER'S DYSPEPTIC STORY.

Once when the dyspepsia was bad on me, I went to bed raythor low-spirited, and began to think I was going to die. I thought I couldn't live till morning. My stomach was as hard as a brick-bat, and I was cold all over. The more cover I piled on, the colder I got. The minute I shut my eyes, I was scared to death at the darkness. I felt as if something dreadful was going to happen, and didn't know exactly what it was. Sometimes I thought robbers were under the bed, and sometimes I heard strange noises about the house. My heart stopped beating altogether; I felt for my pulse but couldn't find it in my wrists or any where else. Every bit of blood seemed to have oozed out of me in some mysterious way, and to all intents and purposes my body was dead. There was no dream about it. I could move my limbs the same as ever and was as wide awake as I am this minute; but there was no sign of life about me except that my mind had power to move the dead flesh; for it was cold and clammy as that of a corpse. Any body else would have given up, and concluded he was a genuine corpse; but you see I was not the sort of man to believe such a thing as that without further proof. I therefore lay still awhile, in hopes I'd get warm by-and-by, and feel better; but I kept growing colder and colder, and at last was so cold that I felt like ice all over. I had the most dreadful and gloomy reflections. Every thing I thought about seemed blue and dreary, and hopeless; every body unhappy; the whole future a desert waste; without one ray of light. Despair was upon me; I cared for nothing; it was all the same to me whether I lived or died. I wanted neither help, nor pity, nor love, nor life—all, all was wrapt in despair. The gloom of this state brought on a kind of lethargy; a total unconsciousness of every thing, external. My mind only existed and operated, as it were, in perfect darkness. The body was nothing but a type of intense darkness and coldness, wrapt around the spirit. In this state, I at length heard whisperings in the air, outside of me as I thought. They drew nearer; the voices were strange and unnatural; I was conscious of a singular sensation, for a time, as if whirled rapidly through space; then I heard the voices say, in low tones, "How cold he is! how miserably cold he is! but we'll soon warm him!" I now became sensible of strong gases in the air, but they produced no further impression than the mere consciousness of their existence. Wild shrieks and moans, and dreadful hissing sounds arose around me. "Here we are," said the voices, "glad of it; for he's terribly cold." "Put him there in that big furnace; it'll soon warm him," said another voice, in a tone of authority. I was then tossed, as I thought some distance, and became suddenly still; but the same cold and impenetrable darkness was around my spirit. "There, that fire's



THE DOUBTER.

out!" said the voice, angrily; "put him in another, and keep him well stirred up" Again there was a movement, and again I was still, but not so still as before, for I was conscious of a jarring sensation. "Out again!" roared the same voice, fiercely. "Out again! you don't keep him well stirred up!" "He's as cold as ice," said the other voices; "we can't do any thing with him." "Try him in the middle furnace!" said the chief voice, sternly; "that'll melt the ice out of him!" Again I was whirled through the gases and deposited in some imperceptible place; but all this time, I was growing colder and colder. There was a pause, and then the voices said, "He won't burn, Sir; don't you see he's putting the fire out." "Out again, by all the demons!" roared the chief voice, furiously. "Take him away! Carry him back to where you got him. The man's dyspeptic. We can't have such a miserable wretch here! By Pluto! he'd put out every fire we've got in a week. Bear a hand you rascals! for may I be blessed *if I ain't freezing, myself!*" Here the Doubter paused.

"Well, sir, well?" said Abraham, ironically; "have you any thing further to say on the same subject?—any thing equally reliable? Perhaps you can inform us how you got warm again?"

"Well, that doesn't properly belong to the story," said the Doubter, looking around meaningly upon the company. "I meant that it should end there; but if you insist upon it, I'll answer your question."

"Of course, Sir; the matter requires explanation. It comes to rather an abrupt conclusion."

"The way I got warm, then, was this: I picked up a skull when I was leaving the premises. It was full of hot glue. The fellows that were carrying me got their hands frost-bitten and had to let go at last. I fell on an island. The first thing I struck was the top of a mountain. I slid down for three miles without stopping. On the way I broke the skull, and spilt the glue all over me, which made me slip so fast that I was quite warm by the time I got to the bottom."

To this Abraham made no reply. Turning away from the Doubter, with ferocity and indignation depicted in every feature, he looked silently around upon the company; his breast heaved convulsively; his hands grasped nervously at the hair upon his goat-skin; he deliberately tore it out by the roots; he suppressed a rising smile upon the face of every individual in the party by one more look at the Doubter—one terrible, scathing, foreboding look of vengeance on the morrow; and then said, in a suppressed voice: "Gentlemen, suppose we turn in; it must be twelve o'clock."

BAD DREAM CONCERNING THE DOUBTER.

As well as we could judge, Abraham was right in regard to the time; and being all tired, after the story of the dyspeptic man, we set about arranging our quarters for the night. I must admit, however, take it all in all, not omitting even the drawbacks to our enjoyment occasioned by the unfortunate state of things between my friend and the Doubter, and the probability of a hostile meeting in the morning, that from the time of leaving home, four months before, I had not spent so pleasant an evening. It was something to look back to with gratification and enjoyment all the rest of the voyage, should we indeed ever be able to resume our voyage.

Pearce now pulled down an additional lot of goat-skins from the rafters, which we spread on the ground so as to make a general bed; and having piled some wood on the fire and bolted the door, we stretched ourselves in a circle with our feet toward the blaze, and made a fair beginning for the night. It was only a beginning, however, so far as I was concerned, for not long after I had closed my eyes and begun to doze, some restless gentleman got up to see if there were any Spaniards trying to unbolt the door; and in stepping over me he contrived to put one foot upon my head, just as I was trying to get from under a big rock that I saw rolling down from the top of a cliff. I was a good deal astonished, upon nervously grasping at it, to find that it was made of leather, and had a human foot in it, and likewise that it had a voice, and asked me, as if very much frightened, "What the deuce was the matter?" This again, upon falling into another doze, brought to mind the foot-print in the sand; which occasioned me the greatest distress and anxiety. I tried to get away from it, but wherever I went I saw that fatal mark; in the mountains, in the valleys, in the caves, on the rocks, on the trees, in the air, in the surf, in the darkness of the storm, I saw that dreadful foot-print; I saw it, through the dim vista of the past, upon the banks of the Ohio, where I had played in boyhood; I saw it again in my first bright glowing dream of the island-world, when,



THE FOOT-PRINT IN THE SAND.

with the simplicity of childhood, I prayed that I might be cast upon a desolate island; I saw it in the cream-colored volume—every where—back in childhood, in youth, now again in manhood—from the first to the last, at home, abroad—wherever thought could wander, I saw that strange and wondrous foot-print.

In trying to get up the cliff where I could

look out for the savages, I fancied the tuft of grass that I had hold of gave way, and I rolled over the precipice into the sea; and this was not altogether an unfounded idea, for I actually had worked myself off the goat-skin, and was at that moment paddling about in a sea of mud. Again I fell asleep, and a great many confused visions were impressed upon my mind I saw the savages down on the beach, going through all their infernal orgies. They had seized upon my



THE SAVAGE ORGIES.

comrades, and were roasting them in flaming fires, and eating the fattest of them with great relish. The flesh of the Doubter, I thought, was so lean and tough that they were unable to eat it; but they stripped it off in long flakes, and hung it round their necks, and danced with it swinging about their bodies, as if they regarded it as the finest ornament in the world. His head was cut off, and scalped, and his skull lay upon the ground. I thought Abraham had changed again into Friday, and I called upon him to look at this dreadful scene, and help me to kill these wretched cannibals; but no sooner did he catch sight of the Doubter's skull, than he ran from me toward the spot, and picked it up with a horrible shout of triumph, and sticking his gun into it he held it in the air, and danced all round in a circle laughing like a devil. The Doubter perceiving this in some strange way (for he was without a head) jumped to his feet, with his fleshless bones, and ran after Abraham, making signs for his skull; but Abraham only laughed the louder and danced the more, thrusting the skull at him, as he jumped about, and asking him in a sneering voice what he thought of it now?—was it a dog's skull yet? would he like to have it fastened on again with glue? how had he contrived to keep out of the fire? were the savages afraid he would put it out? did his present exercise warm him? each of which taunting questions he ended with a wild laugh of derision, and a snatch of his favorite song—

Tinkey ting tang, tinkey ting tang,
Oh, poor Robinson Crusoe!

This I thought, so incensed the Doubter that he turned away in disgust, and walked off shaking his neck as if it had the head still on; and when he was some distance from Abraham he sat down on the ground and slowly raised his right hand, placing the thumb where his nose would have been had the head still remained in its place, and then his left hand in the same way, fixing the thumb upon the little finger of the other, and thus he waved them to and fro, as if he had no confidence even in his own skull or in any of the circumstances connected with it While this was going on, the savages continued their infernal dance on the beach I now raised my gun and began shooting at them, killing them by scores. I could see their dark bodies roll over into the surf, and hear their yells of terror at the report of the gun: and when I rushed down to save my shipmates all I could see was Abraham, sitting upon a rock pounding the skull into small fragments, with a big stone, which he held in both hands; and the fleshless body of the Doubter sitting opposite to him, slowly waving the little finger of his left hand at him, in the same incredulous and taunting manner as before. And thus ended the dream.

THE UNPLEASANT AFFAIR OF HONOR.

When I awoke it was day-light. My mind was still harassed with the bad dream concerning the Doubter I had the most gloomy forebodings of some impending misfortune either to him or my friend Abraham. Every effort to shake off this unpleasant feeling proved entirely vain; it still clung to me heavily, and, although I was now wide awake, yet it seemed to me there was something prophetic in the dream. Unable to get rid of the impression, I got up, and looked around upon my comrades, who were all sleeping soundly after their rambles of the previous day. Instinctively, as it were, for I was unconcious of any fixed motive, I counted them. There were only nine! A sudden pang shot through me, as if my worst fears were now realized. But how? I thought. Where was the tenth man? What had become of him? Was it Abraham? Was it the Doubter? Who was it?—for the light was not strong enough to enable me to distinguish all the faces; partly hidden, as they were, in the goat-skins. I looked toward the door; it was unbolted, and slightly ajar. I opened it wide and looked out; there was nothing to be seen in the gray light of the morning but the bushes near the hut, and the dark mountains in the distance. It was time, at all events, to be on the look-out for the ship, so I roused up my comrades, and eagerly noticed each one as he waked. The Doubter was missing! Could it be possible that Abraham's threats had driven him to run away during the night, when all were asleep, and hide himself in the mountains? There seemed to be no other way of accounting for his absence. "Where is he?—what's become of him?—maybe he's drowned himself!" were the general remarks upon discovering his absence. "Come on! we must look for him! it won't do to leave him ashore!" We hurried down to the boat-landing as fast as we could, thinking he might be there; and on our way saw that the ship was still in the offing. The boat was just as we had

left it, but not a soul any where near. We then roused up every body in the Chilian quarter, shouting the name of the missing man in all directions. He was not there! All this time Abraham was in the greatest distress, running about every where, without saying a word, looking under the bushes, peeping into every crevice in the rocks, darting in and out of the Chilian huts, greatly to the astonishment of the occupants; and quite breathless and dispirited when he discovered no trace of our comrade. At last, when we were forced to give up the search and turn toward Pearce's hut, where we had left our host in the act of lighting the fire to cook breakfast, he took me aside, and said—"Look here, Luff, I'm very sorry I had any difficulty with that poor fellow. The fact is, he provoked me to it. However, I have nothing against him now; and I just wanted to tell you that I shan't go aboard the ship till I find him. If you like, you can help me to hunt him up, while the others are seeing about breakfast."

"To be sure, Abraham," said I, "we must find him, dead or alive. I'll go with you, of course. But tell me, as we walk along, what it was Pearce said to you last night—how did you get him back when he went out?"

"Oh, never mind that, now," replied Abraham, looking, as I thought, rather confused.

"You gave him a dollar, didn't you?" said I, "what was that for?"

"Why, the fact is, Luff, he made those marks himself in some idle hour as he lay basking in the sun up there. He told me that he often spends whole days among the cliffs or sleeping in the caves, while his sheep are grazing in the valleys. You may have noticed that he was rather inclined to burst when he left the hut. The fellow had sense enough not to say any thing before the company. I thought it was worth a dollar to keep the thing quiet."

"It was well worth a dollar, Abraham; but the skull—what about the skull?"

"Oh, the skull? *He* said he picked it up one day outside the cave, and hove it up there, thinking it would do for a lamp, some time or other. What excited me so when our shipmate spoke about it was, that he should call it a dog's skull."

"And wasn't it?"

"Why, yes; to tell the truth, Luff, it *was* the skull of a wild dog; but you know one doesn't like to be told of such a thing. However, we must look about for the poor fellow, and not leave him ashore"

By this time we had reached an elevation some distance back of the huts. We stopped a while to listen, and then began shouting his name. At first we could hear nothing; but at length there was a sound reached our ears, like a distant echo, only rather muffled.

"Hallo!" cried Abraham, as loud as he could.

"Hallo!" was faintly echoed back, after a pause.

"Nothing but an echo," said I.

"It doesn't sound like *my* voice," observed Abraham. "Hallo! where are you?" he shouted again, at the highest pitch of his voice. There was another pause.

"I'm here!" was the smothered reply.

"That's a queer echo," said Abraham; "I'll bet a dollar he's underground somewhere. Hallo! hallo! Where are you?" This time Abraham put his ear to the ground to listen.

"Here, I tell you!" answered the voice, in the same smothered tones. "Down here."

"He's not far off," said Abraham. "Come, let us look about."

We immediately set out in the direction of the voice. The path made a turn round a point of rocks some few hundred yards distant, on the right of which was a steep precipice. On reaching this, we walked on some distance, till we came to a narrow pass, with a high bluff on one side, and a large rock on the edge of the precipice. The path apparently came to an end here; but upon going a little farther, we saw that it formed a kind of step about three feet down, just at the beginning of the narrow pass, between the rock and the bluff, so that in making any further progress it would be necessary to jump from the top of the step, or in coming the other way to jump up. It was necessary for us, at least, to jump some way before long, for upon arriving at the edge, we discovered a pit about four feet wide at the mouth, and how deep it was impossible for us to tell at the moment. We thought it must be rather deep, however, from the sepulchral sounds that came out of it. "Here I am," said the voice, "down in the hole, here, if I ain't mistaken, but I wouldn't swear to it; I may be somewhere else: it feels like a hole; that's all I can say about it, except that it's tolerably deep, and smells of goats."

"A goat-trap!" exclaimed Abraham, in undisguised astonishment. "By Heavens, Luff! he's caught in a goat-trap!"

"It may be a goat-trap, or it may not. I want you to observe that I neither deny nor affirm the proposition. There's not much room in it, however, except for doubt."

"How in the world are we to get him out?" cried Abraham, whose sympathies were now thoroughly aroused by the misfortune of his opponent. "We must contrive some plan to pull him out. Hold on here, Luff; I'll go and cut a pole!"

While Abraham was hunting about among the bushes for a pole of suitable length, I sprang over to the other side of the pit, and getting down on my hands and knees, looked into it, and perceived that it spread out toward the bottom, so that it was impossible to climb up without assistance."

"This is rather a bad business," said I; "what induced you to go down there?"

"I didn't come down here altogether of my own will," replied the Doubter, "credulity brought me here—too much credulity; taking things without sufficient proof; assuming a ground, where no ground existed."

"How was that—I don't quite understand."

"Why, you see, I happened to come along this way about an hour ago, to see if the sun rose in the north, and not dreaming of goat-traps, I took it for granted that I could jump down a step in the path apparently not more than three feet deep. There's where the mistake was. A man has no business placing any dependence upon his eyes without strong collateral evidence from all the rest of his senses. I assumed the ground that there was ground at the bottom of the step. Accordingly I jumped. There was no ground for the assumption. To be sure I descended three feet, according to my original design; but I descended at least twelve feet more, of which I had no intention whatever. The fact is, there was some rotten brushwood, covered with straw and clay, over the mouth of the pit; which I went through without the least difficulty."

"Are you hurt?" said I, anxiously.

"Well, I was considerably stunned. Likely enough some of my ribs are broken, and several blood-vessels ruptured; but I won't believe any thing more for some time. I've made up my mind to that. I may or may not be hurt, according to future proof."

By this time, Abraham came running toward the pit as fast as he could, with a long pole in his hand, which he had cut among the bushes.

"This is the best I could get," said he, nearly breathless with haste, and very much excited; "there were some others, but I didn't think they were strong enough." Without further delay he sprang across the pit, to the lower side, and thrust the pole down as far as he could reach. It must have struck something, for he immediately drew it back a little, and the voice of the Doubter was heard to exclaim, in a high state of irritation:



THE DOUBTER BACK AGAIN.

"Hallo, there! What are you about? Confound it, sir, I'm not a wild beast to be stirred up in that way!"

"Never mind," said Abraham, "I didn't intend to hurt you. Take hold of the pole. I'll pull you out. Take hold of it quick, and hang on as hard as you can!"

"No, sir; it can't be done, sir. I'll not take hold of any thing upon an uncertainty."

"But there's no uncertainty about this!" cried Abraham, in a high state of excitement; "it's perfectly safe. Take hold, I tell you!"

"Can't be done, sir, can't be done!" said the Doubter; "there's not sufficient proof that you'll pull me out, if I do take hold. No, sir; I've been deceived once, and I don't mean to be deceived again."

"Now, by Heavens, Luff, this is too bad! He doubts my honor! What are we to do?" And Abraham wrung his hands in despair.

"Hallo, there, I say—hallo!"

"Well, what do you want?" answered the voice of the Doubter.

"I want to pull you out. Surely you don't think I'll be guilty of any thing so dishonorable as to take advantage of your misfortune?"

"I don't think at all," said the Doubter, gloomily; "I've given up thinking. You may or may not be an honorable man. At present, I have nobody's word for it but your own."

Here I thought it proper to protest that I knew Abraham well; that there was not a more honorable man living. "Besides," I added, "there's no other way for you to get out of the pit."

"Very well, then," said the Doubter; "I'll take hold, but you must take hold, too, and see that he doesn't let go. Pull away, gentlemen?"

Abraham and myself accordingly pulled away as hard as we could, and in a few moments the head of our comrade appeared in the light, a short distance below the rim of the pit. I had barely time to notice that his hair was filled with straw and clay, when Abraham, in his eagerness to get him entirely clear of danger, made a sudden pull, which would certainly have accomplished the object, had the Doubter come with the upper part of the pole. But such was not the case. On the contrary both my friend and myself fell flat upon our backs; and upon jumping up, we discovered that the Doubter had fallen into the pit again, carrying with him the lower end of the pole, which had unfortunately broken of at that critical moment. There he lay in the bottom of the pit, writhing and groaning in the most frightful manner.

"He's killed! he's killed?" cried Abraham, in perfect agony of mind. "Oh, Luff, to think that I killed him at last! It was all my fault! Here, quick! Lower me down! I must help him!"

Before I had time to say a word, Abraham seized hold of my right hand, and directing me to hold on with all my might, he began to let himself down into the pit. It required the utmost tension of every muscle to bear his weight,

but the excitement nerved me. "Let go, now!" said he, as soon as he got as far down as I could lower him without lowering myself, which I narrowly escaped; "let go, Luff!" I did so, and heard a dull heavy fall, and a groan louder than before.

"What's the matter, Abraham, did you hurt yourself?"

"Not myself," said Abraham, "but I'm afraid I hurt him. I fell on him."

"You did," groaned a voice faintly, "you fell on me. I'm tolerably certain of that. It was a shabby trick, sir; it wasn't bad enough to throw me down here, without jumping on top of me when I couldn't defend myself!"

"I hope you're not much hurt," said Abraham, "it was all accident—I swear it on my sacred honor!"

"Honor!" groaned the Doubter, contemptuously, "is it honorable to drop a man into a pit, and knock all the breath out of his body, and then jump on top of him? Honor, indeed! But it was my own fault; I was too ready to take things without proof."

"Now, by all that's human!" cried Abraham, stung to the quick at these unmerited reproaches, "I'll prove to you that I didn't mean it. Get up on my shoulders—here, I'll help you—and climb out. Would any but an honorable man do that?"

"It depends upon his motives," replied the Doubter, "I won't take motives on credit any more. I'm not going to get up on your shoulders, and have you jump from under me about the time I got hold of something above, and leave me to fall down and break my back, or hang there. No, sir, I want no further assistance. I've made up mind to spend the remainder of my days here."

"You *shan't* stay here!" cried Abraham, exasperated to the last degree by these taunts. "By Heavens, sir, you *shall* be assisted!"

Here there was a struggle in the bottom of the pit; the Doubter writhing like an eel all over the ground, in his attempts to elude the grasp of Abraham; but soon he was in the powerful arms of my friend, who, holding him up, shouted lustily, "Catch hold of him, Luff! Catch him by the hair or the coat-collar. Hold on to him, while I shove him up!"

The writhing form of the Doubter at the same moment loomed up in the light, and I called upon him to give me his hands; but he resolutely held them down, protesting that he would trust no man for the future; that he'd die before any body should deceive him again. In this extremity, driven almost frantic in my zeal for his safety, I grasped at the collar of his coat, and succeeded, after some difficulty, in getting a firm hold of it. "All right!" I shouted, "push away now, Abraham!" In spite of every exertion on Abraham's part, however, our unfortunate comrade rose no higher; which I can only account for by the depth of the pit. "A little higher, Abraham—just two inches—that's it—all right!" It certainly was all right so far; I had drawn him partly over the edge, and would eventually have drawn him entirely over, had it not caved in, by reason of the united weight of both on it at the same time; and thus the matter was prevented from being all right to any greater extent. The consequence of this disaster was, that we both fell heavily upon Abraham, who, unable to bear our united weight, fell himself under the Doubter, while I, being uppermost, formed a kind of apex to the pyramid. Our fall was thus broken in some measure; and, although Abraham groaned heavily under our weight, yet, as fortune would have it, nobody was hurt. The Doubter was the first who spoke.

"I told you so!" said he, faintly; "but you *would* try. You would try, in spite of all I could say, and now you see the consequence. It appears to me that there are three men caught in a goat-trap now instead of one; but I'll not insist upon it; there may be only one. My eyes have deceived me already, and likely as not they deceive me now."

"No, they don't," said Abraham, in smothered tones; "I'm quite certain there are two of you on top of me. Get off, if you can, for I can't breathe much longer in this position. You may depend upon it, there are three of us here."

"I shall depend upon nothing for the future," replied the Doubter, gloomily; "I depended upon a pole just now, and was dropped; I put faith in that pole, and both the faith and the pole were broken at the same time, and my back, too, nearly, if not quite broken."

"But I'm not a pole," groaned Abraham, "you may depend upon that. Get off now, do, for heaven's sake."

"You don't feel like a pole," said the Doubter, "but you may be one, for all I know; there's no telling what you are. However, I'll get off, lest you should break likewise."

I had already relieved Abraham of my weight; and being now entirely free he got up, and we began to consider how we were to get out of the pit.

As good luck would have it, we heard some voices approaching, which we soon discovered to be a couple of Chilians, to whom the trap belonged, coming thus early in the morning to see if it had caught any goats. When they looked over and saw the earth broken in, they were greatly rejoiced: but no sooner did they perceive that the game consisted of three full-grown men, than they ran away as fast as they could, shouting, "*Diabolo! Diabolo!*" Abraham, who had been studying Spanish during the voyage, understood sufficient of the language to call out, "*Americanos! Americanos! no Diabolo! Per amore Deos, viene' qui! Amigos! amigos! no Diabolo!*" This caused them to halt; and upon its being repeated a great many times, they ventured to the edge of the pit, where Abraham gave them every assurance that we were three unfortunate Americans, who had fallen into the trap by accident, and that we were in no way related to the devil. Upon this, they

took a coil of rope, which they had for pulling up goats, and making a noose on one end, they let it down. The first man that was fastened on was the Doubter. It required the united efforts of Abraham and myself to get him into the noose; but we eventually had the pleasure of seeing him go up through the hole without further accident. I then yielded reluctantly to Abraham, who insisted, as a point of honor, that he should be the last man. Being light, I was whirled out in a twinkling; and, finally, through this providential turn of affairs, we were all safely landed outside of the pit. The two Chilians, unable to divine the causes which had led to this singular state of things, looked on as if still half-afraid that they had pulled some very bad characters out of the ground, muttering, as we shook the dirt off our clothes, "*Madre de Deos! Santa Maria! Padre bonita!*" I considered this a fitting opportunity, in view of the happy issue of the disaster, to effect a full and complete reconciliation between Abraham and the Doubter; and therefore proposed that they should shake hands on the spot, and forego all future hostilities. My friend immediately held out his hand in the frankest manner; the Doubter hesitated a moment, as if afraid that it might result in his being pulled back again into the pit; but unable any longer to resist the hearty sincerity of his opponent, he gave his hand, and suffered it to be shaken; and so rejoiced was Abraham in finding every thing was thus happily settled, that he shook on with all his force for at least five minutes; during which the two Chilians, knowing no good reason why a pair of strange gentlemen, just pulled out of a goat-trap, should stand shaking hands with one another, exhibited the utmost surprise and consternation, exclaiming, as before, "*Madre de Deos! Santa Maria! Padre bonita!*"

We contrived to make up the sum of a dollar between us, which we gave to the men; telling them, at the same time, that they need not mention this matter, should they see any of our companions before we left the island. We then started for Pearce's hut, which we soon reached. The rest of the party had finished breakfast, and were waiting for us at the boat-landing. They had left directions with Pearce, that we were to follow without delay, with or without the missing man, as the ship had made a signal for us to come aboard. While the Doubter and myself were making a hasty snack, Abraham took a piece of bread and meat, and started off to let our friends know that we had found the missing man, and would soon be down. In a few minutes we concluded our snack, and were about leaving the cabin, when Pearce said he reckoned some of us had left a bundle, which he had found in the corner. The bundle consisted of a handkerchief tied up, with something in it, which I quickly discovered to be the relic we had found in Crusoe's Cave.

"Where did you get that?" said Pearce.

"We dug it up in Crusoe's Cave; it was made by Alexander Selkirk."

"No, it wasn't; it was made by me. I lived there a while when I first came on the island, and made it myself. I know the mark. I made it about a year and a half ago."

"But how is that?" said I, greatly astonished; "it looks to be over a century and a half old."

"It wasn't baked enough," said Pearce; "that's the reason it didn't keep well. The name's broke off, but there's part of what I writ on it."

"Impossible!" said I. "Don't you see, 'A S..... 170–?' What can that be but Alexander Selkirk, 1704? which was just the time he lived here!"

"No, 'taint; Alexander Selkirk never made that 'ere. I made it myself. I put my name on it; but the name's broke off. I writ, '*A Saucepan maid by W. Pearce*, 17 *Oct.*' That's all. 'Taint no use to me now; you may take it, ef you want to."

I took it without saying another word; tied it up again in the handkerchief; and asked Pearce if he was going down with us to the boat-landing. He said he would be down there presently. So, without further delay, we set out to join our companions. As we walked rapidly along the path, my shipmate suffered strange sounds to escape from his throat, indicative of his feelings. Suddenly he stopped, as if unable to restrain himself any longer.

"Where are you going?" said he.

"Going aboard, to be sure; come on, they're waiting for us."

"You are, eh? going aboard, eh? Well, any thing to humor the idea. It sounds very like reality, indeed—very."

"And why shouldn't it?" said I.

"Of course, why shouldn't it. Look here, Luff, you're rather a clever sort of fellow."

"Do you think so?" said I, a little embarrassed at so abrupt an opinion in my favor.

"Yes, I do;" said the Doubter; "I always did. Will you just have the goodness to look into my mouth (opening it at the same time as wide as he could). Now, just cast your eyes into this cavity."

I did as he desired me; thinking, perhaps, the poor fellow was suffering from his fall into the goat-pit.

"Well," said I, "there's nothing there, so far as I can see, except a piece of tobacco. Your tongue looks badly."

"It does, eh? No matter about that. This is what I want you to notice: that I have a tolerably big swallowing apparatus; but I'm not the style of man that's calculated to swallow an entire island. Possibly I might get down a piece of a skull, or an old saucepan, with a grain of salt; but I can't swallow Juan Fernandez, with Robinson Crusoe and Alexander Selkirk—two of the biggest liars that ever existed, on top of it. No, sir; it can't be done."

I thought myself that he was not a person likely to accomplish a feat of that kind; for his throat was not uncommonly large, and his digestive organs appeared to be weakly.

"No; I shouldn't think so," said I. "You

don't look like a man that could swallow so much."



SWALLOWING AN ISLAND.

"Very well, then; I'm willing to humor the idea. I'll imagine we're going aboard from Juan Fernandez, if you like. But the island *doesn't exist!* No, Sir; it reads very well on paper; it's a very romantic place, no doubt—if any body could find it; a very pleasant spot for a small tea-party between a pair of wandering vagabonds; but it doesn't exist any where else but on the maps. Don't you ever try, Luff, to make me believe that any of these things which we imagine to have occurred within the past three days, have the slightest foundation in fact."

I was not prepared to go to the full extent of denying the entire existence of the island; but, I must confess, there was a good deal in our experiences of the past three days calculated to inspire doubt; so much, indeed, that I hardly knew what to believe myself. Even now, after the lapse of four years, and the frequent repetition of all these adventures to my friends, which has given something more of reality to the doubtful points, I would hardly be willing to swear to more than the general outline; nor am I quite certain that even the main incidents would stand cross-examination in a Court of Doubters. Such, reader, is the deceptive nature of appearances!

While we were talking, Pearce overtook us with a bundle of goat-skins which we had bargained for the night before, and we all went down to the boat-landing together. There we found our shipmates all ready to start. The Anteus was lying to about eight or ten miles off, outside the harbor; and the sea being rather rough, we thought it best to agree with Pearce for some seats in his boat, and hire a couple of the Chilians to help us at the oars. In this way, having stored all our relics in the bow of the boat, except the earthen pot, which we had the misfortune to drop overboard, we set out for the ship, bidding a general good-by to Juan Fernandez and all its romantic vales, with three hearty cheers. A few heavy seas broke over us, when we got outside the harbor; and we saw the Brooklyn weighing anchor and preparing to stand out to sea, and a small brig that we had met in Rio beating in; but, with the exception of these little incidents, nothing occurred worth mentioning till we arrived alongside the Anteus. The captain and all the passengers received us in silence; not a word was spoken by any body; no sign of rejoicing or recognition whatever took place as we stepped on board. We thought it rather a cool termination to our adventures, and could only account for it by supposing that this was the way people thought to be dead and buried are usually treated when they come unexpectedly to life again after a great deal of grief has been wasted upon them. Nor were we wrong in our conjectures; for in about five minutes our friends on board, including the kind-hearted captain, finding themselves entirely unable to keep up such a state of displeasure, crowded around us in different parts of the ship and began shaking hands with us privately, and asking us a thousand questions about Juan Fernandez and Robinson Crusoe. We introduced our worthy host as the real Crusoe of the island; and brought both him and the Chilians down into the cabin, where we gave them as much as they could eat; besides honorably acquitting ourselves of our indebtedness by paying our friend Pearce all the ham and bread we had promised him, and loading him with sundry presents of clothing and groceries. The captain then ordered the yards to be braced; the boat swung off as we began to plow our way once more toward the Golden Land; and before noon the island was blue in the distance.

DOCTOR STILLMAN'S JOURNAL.

I have been kindly permitted to select the following from the private journal of Dr. J. D. B. Stillman, of New York, an intelligent fellow-passenger on the Anteus. It will give some idea of the state of feeling on board during our absence.

"*Sunday, May 20th.* Eleven passengers left the vessel yesterday in a small boat, with the intention of going ashore on the Island of Juan Fernandez for fruit and fresh provisions. At first they made but little progress ahead of the ship, but the wind soon fell away entirely, and about noon the boat could not be seen from the mast-head. Another party of eight passengers prepared to start about two o'clock this morning. The captain, however, was so uneasy at the absence of the other boat, that he refused liberty. Lights were kept burning in the rigging during the night. Toward morning a breeze sprung up. Short sail was carried for fear the boat should attempt to reach us and miss her way. At sunrise it was again calm. The islands loomed higher; but nothing could be distinguished. At 11 A.M. a stiff breeze sprang up from the direction of Masatierra, and the day was spent in beating to windward, and straining our eyes in the hope of discerning some traces of our lost comrades. The wind continued to freshen all day. At 8 P.M. the sea was quite rough

No light could be seen on the shore. The captain, who is well acquainted with the island, says if they attempted to land on the south side, they would be inevitably swamped, and some or all lost, as the shore is rock-bound, and the only safe landing is on the north side, fifteen miles farther on. The probability is that they were too much exhausted to attempt landing, and night would have fallen before they could have reached the land at any rate. I am confident in the opinion that they are on the north side of the island; and that they lay all last night on their oars, and landed this morning too much exhausted to attempt returning the same day. I have great confidence in some of the company; but to-night gloom is general, and a fearful presentiment seems to rest upon the minds of all that we shall soon have to record a melancholy casualty.

"*Monday*, 21*st*. The wind this morning is blowing very fresh. We have been all day beating nearer the island. Objects are quite distinct on the south shore. It is very high and nearly barren. Indeed so steep are the lofty mountain-sides that there does not appear to be soil enough adhering to the rocks to support a spire of grass, except near the summits which are over a thousand feet in height where they rise near the water; and every where, so far as we can see, the shore is rock-bound, upon which the surf beats fearfully. They could not be so wild as to attempt landing on this side. To-night the wind blows a gale, and we shall be compelled to await a change before we attempt the windward side. Hopes are getting faint. The distress of those who are most interested in the parties is great. Some of our best men were of the company. In fact, it is a question which has absorbed all others, What has become of the boat? To-night I have rather congratulated myself that I did not go. To add to our perplexity, the air is becoming thick and rain is coming on. The clouds hang heavy and dark over the mountains. At nightfall the wind suddenly changes to S.W. The ship is put about, and run for the north side of the island.

"*May* 22*d*. While I was writing last night, a loud shout called us all in great haste on deck. A light had been discovered on the shore, and hearty cheers expressed the deep anxiety of all, now in a great measure relieved. There was no doubt that they had reached the shore, and that some of the number were surviving. I felt assured that all was right. Signals were set from the rigging, and the vessel lay to during the night. At dawn of day we were twenty miles distant from the island. Made all sail and stood in for the harbor. As we neared the shore, discovered a large ship at anchor, and a brig rounding the western point. Soon after, we distinguished the tiny sail of our lost boat making for the ship. The captain, in order to show a proper resentment for the disobedience of orders, directed that no demonstrations of joy should be made; and, as they came alongside, they were received in silence."



DREAMS AND REALITIES.

The shades of evening were gathering upon the horizon. A murmur of life arose from the decks; but it fell unheeded upon my ear. For now, and for many days and nights in our dreary voyage, there was no life for me but in the past. I felt that my happiest hours were there.

Once more I turned to look upon the dim island that was fading away in the south. A steady breeze wafted us onward; the sun's last rays yet lingered in the sky; twilight hung upon the ocean, and its gentle spirit

> "——— rendered birth
> To dim enchantments—melting heaven to earth—
> Leaving on craggy hills and running streams
> A softness like the atmosphere of dreams."

And was this the last of the island-world; was it to be in future years a mere dream of the past; was I never more to behold its wild grottoes and green valleys; was all the romance of life to fade away with it in the twilight; was it, like the cream-colored volume, to reveal enchantments that henceforth could dwell only in the memory?

Fresh and fair and wondrous it was in its romantic beauty, when the mists were scattered away, and I beheld it for the first time in the glowing light of morning, with the white sea-foam sparkling on its shores, and the birds sing-



PEAK OF YONKA.

ing in its groves. How rich the air was with sweet odors; how varied and changing the colors upon the hill-sides; how softly steeped in shadows were its glens and woodland slopes—what a world of romance was there?

I had pressed its sod with my feet; reveled in its streams; lived again my early life in its pleasant valleys; passed some happy hours there with friends from whom I soon must part; and now, what was it? A dim cloud on the horizon, sinking in the sea; fading away in the shadows of night.

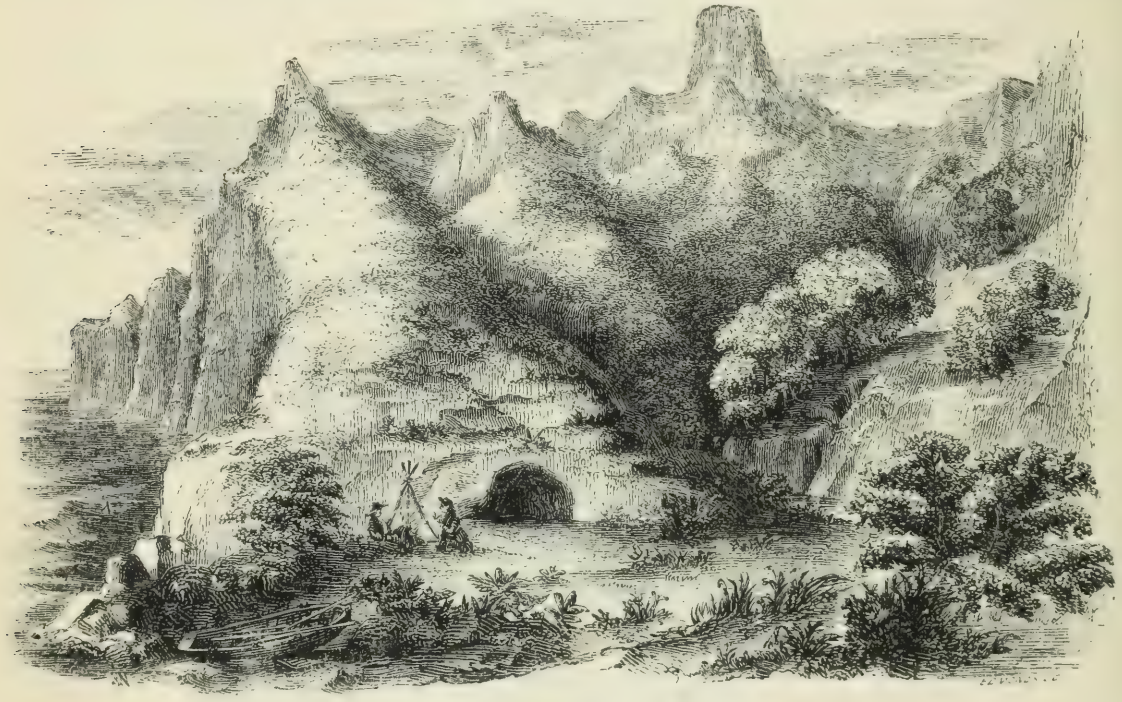
I looked again: faintly and more faintly still its mountains loomed above the deep. Weary with gazing, I closed my eyes, and for a moment I saw it again; but it was only in fancy. I looked—and it had passed away! Was it forever?

"And now the light of many stars
Quivered in tremulous softness on the air."

Yet not forever is it lost to me: for often in the busy world I pause and think of that dream-land in the far-off seas; and it rises before me as I saw it in the morning sun, all rich and strange in its beauty; and again I wander through its romantic vales, and again it brings back pleasant memories of the cream-colored volume; and as I look once more, startled from my reverie by the hum of life, it fades away as it faded then in the shadows of night; but not forever. Though I never more may behold it with mortal eyes, yet I see it where distance can not dim the sight: it hath not passed away forever.

CONFIDENTIAL CHAT WITH THE READER.

Now that we have finished our ramble together, and formed something of a speaking acquaintance, I hope, my dear reader, that you will not take it amiss if I hold you a moment by the button, and say a word in confidence. It has been so long the custom of adventurers to speak now and then about themselves, that I assume the privilege without further apology. If I have been so fortunate as to inspire you with a friendly interest in my behalf during our pleasant wanderings in the footsteps of Robinson Crusoe, I am sure you will be glad to learn that it has always been my greatest ambition to prove myself a worthy disciple of that distinguished adventurer. In this view I have, as you may have noticed, adhered to simple facts, and carefully avoided every thing that might be regarded in the light of fiction; though the temptation to indulge in occasional touches of romance was very difficult to resist. Indeed so thoroughly have I striven to become imbued with the true spirit of Crusoeism, that much which I thought at first a little doubtful myself, now seems quite authentic; and I think, upon the whole, you may rely upon the truthfulness of my narrative. That I was near being lost in an open boat, with ten others, in trying to get ashore on the island of Juan Fernandez, I conscientiously believe; that we did get ashore, and sleep in caves and straw huts, and climb wonderful mountains and explore enchanting valleys, I will insist upon to the latest hour of my life; that I have endeavored faithfully to describe the island as it appeared to me, and to give a true and reliable account of its present condition, climate, topography, and scenery, I affirm on the honor and veracity of a traveler; that in every essential particular it has been my aim to present a faithful picture of life in that remote little world, I will swear to on the best edition of Robinson Crusoe: more than that it would be unreasonable to expect. If, however, after this candid avowal, you still insist upon having a distinct and emphatic declaration in regard to any doubtful point, all I can say is, that, like the man who made a statement concerning the height of



SCENERY OF JUAN FERNANDEZ.

a certain horse, I am ready at all hazards to stick to whatever I said. If I spoke of a mountain as three thousand miles high instead of three thousand feet, why, in the name of peace, let it be three thousand miles; if I killed any savages, I



am sorry for it, but they must remain dead—it is impossible to bring them to life now; if I put some of my own ideas into the heads of others, it must have been because I thought them better adapted to the subject than what those heads contained already, and I hold myself responsible for them; if at any time I imagined myself to be the original and genuine Crusoe, with a man in my service called Friday, I still adhere to it that no Crusoe more certain than he was himself ever existed upon that island; if, in short, there is any one point upon which I have hazarded the reputation of a veracious chronicler of actual events, or a faithful delineator of strange scenes in nature, I hereby declare that I shall most cheerfully return to Juan Fernandez in an open boat with any ten readers who desire to test the matter by ocular demonstration, and thus convince the most skeptical that I have not made a single unfounded assertion.

And now, in the hope that we may meet again, I wish to leave you a trifling souvenir, by which to bear me in mind.

One of the sailors on board the Anteus was kind enough to make me a suit of clothes out of the goat-skins that I bought of Pearce. He made them according to a pattern of my own, which I intend some day or other to introduce in the fashionable circles. I stowed them carefully away in my berth, but the rats took such a fancy to them, that by the time I reached California there was nothing left but the tail of one goat upon which to hang a portrait; and I regret to say the accompanying sketch, taken from memory, affords but an imperfect conception of the suit as I originally appeared in it. I trust the apparent egotism of smuggling my likeness into print in a suit of goat-skins, on the pretext of exhibiting the suit itself, will be excused by the absolute necessity of filling it up with something. At the same time, I must be permitted to observe that the stiffness is in the material and not in the person of the author.



THE AUTHOR A LA ROBINSON CRUSOE.

EARLY VOYAGES TO JUAN FERNANDEZ.

The group known as Juan Fernandez consists of two chief and several smaller islands, situated in the Pacific ocean, about four hundred miles from the coast of Chili, in latitude 33° 40′ south, longitude 70° west. These islands were discovered in 1563, by Juan Fernando, a Spanish navigator, whose name they bear. The largest—lying nearest to the main land—is that which is commonly known by the name of the discoverer; it is also called Masatierra. The length of this island is about twelve miles; the breadth six or seven. Ninety miles west is the island of Masafuero, so named to distinguish it from Masatierra. Both are composed of lofty mountains; the harbors are small and unsafe, and the shores for the most part are rock-bound. The northern aspect, facing toward the equator, is slightly wooded, and the valleys are fertile; but the southern side, toward Cape Horn, is entirely barren. There are two or three large rocks included in the group, the chief of which, lying at the southern extremity of Masatierra, is called Goat Island, from the great number of goats found there.

According to the early navigators, it would appear that these islands must have been visited by the Indians of South America long before their discovery by Juan Fernando; but it was probably only for the purpose of fishing and catching seals.

The first attempt to form a regular settlement was made by Fernando himself, who, elated by his discovery and the prospect of colonizing the island, endeavored to obtain a patent

from the government at Lima. Failing to receive encouragement from the government, he resolved upon forming a settlement himself; and he visited the island soon after, taking with him some families, with whom he resided there a short time. A few goats, which they carried with them from Lima, speedily stocked the island; and this is probably the origin of these animals in Juan Fernandez, as no mention is made of their having existed there before. Eventually the colony was broken up, by the superior inducements held out to settlers in Chili, which at this time fell under the dominion of the Spaniards; and the Spanish authorities of Lima still refusing to grant a patent to Fernando, he was forced to abandon all hope of forming another and more permanent settlement.

For many years subsequently this group was the resort of pirates and buccaneers, who found it convenient in their cruising in the South Pacific to touch there for wood and water.



THE BUCCANEERS.

Captain Tasman, a Dutch navigator, sailed from Batavia, in 1642, and visited Juan Fernandez in 1643. A translation of his narrative, in Pinkerton's Collection, contains an entertaining account of the island at that period. He dwells enthusiastically upon the advantages of its position, the salubrity of the climate, the fertility of the soil; and strongly urges upon the Dutch East India Company the policy of forming a settlement there, as a dépôt for their commerce in the Pacific.

Alonzo de Ovalle, a native of Chili, gives, in his Historical Relation of the Kingdom of Chili, printed at Rome in 1649, a very entertaining account of what he says he "Found writ about these islands, in Theodore and John de Bry, in their relation of the voyage of John Scutten."

Ringrose, in his account of the voyages of Captain Sharpe and other buccaneers, mentions that a vessel was cast away here, from which only one man out of the whole ship's company escaped; and that this man lived five years alone upon this island, before he had any opportunity of getting away in another vessel.

Captain Watlin was chased from Juan Fernandez in 1681, by three Spanish ships. He left on the island a Musquito Indian, who was out hunting for goats when the alarm was given, and was unable to reach the shore before the ship got under way, and put to sea. This Indian, according to Dampier, whose narrative I quote, "had with him his gun and a knife, with a small horn of powder, and a few shot, which being spent, he contrived a way, by notching his knife, to saw the barrel of his gun into small pieces, wherewith he made harpoons, lances, hooks, and a long knife, heating the pieces first in the fire, which he struck with his gun-flint, and a piece of the barrel of his gun, which he hardened, having learnt to do that among the English." With such rude instruments as he made in that manner, he procured an abundant supply of provisions, chiefly goats and fish. In 1684, three years after, when Dampier again visited the island, they put out a canoe from the vessel, and went ashore to look for the Musquito man. When they saw him, "he had no clothes left, having worn out those he brought from Watlin's ship, but only a skin about his waist." The scene that ensued, is quaintly and touchingly described in the simple language of the narrative. "He saw our ship the day before we came to an anchor," says Dampier, "and did believe we were English, and therefore killed two goats in the morning before we came to an anchor, and dressed them with cabbage, to treat us when we came ashore. He came then to the sea-side to congratulate our safe arrival. And when we landed, a Musquito Indian, named Robin, first leapt ashore, and running to his brother Musquito man, threw himself flat on his face at his feet, who, helping him up, and embracing him, fell flat on his face on the ground at Robin's feet, and was by him taken up also. We stood with pleasure," continues the famous buccaneer, "to behold the surprise and tenderness, and solemnity of this interview, which was exceedingly affectionate on both sides; and when their ceremonies of civility were over, we also that stood gazing at them drew near, each of us embracing him we had found here, who was overjoyed to see so many of his old friends, come hither, as he thought, purposely to fetch him"

Five Englishmen were left on the island at another time by Captain Davis. After the vessel had sailed, they were attacked by a large body of Spaniards, who landed in one of the bays; but, in consequence of the facilities for defense afforded by the cliffs, they were enabled successfully to maintain their position, although one of the party deserted, and joined the Spaniards They were afterward taken away by Captain Strong of London.

Captain Woodes Rodgers, commander of the Duke and Duchess, privateers belonging to Bristol, visited Juan Fernandez in February, 1709. The original, and perhaps the most authentic

account of the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, is contained in a very curious and entertaining narrative of the voyage, written by Captain Rodgers himself; from which it appears that when the ships came near the land, a light was discovered, which it was thought must be on board of a ship at anchor. Two French vessels had been cruising in search of Captain Rodgers's vessel, and these vessels they supposed to be lying in wait for them close to the shore. The boats which had started for the shore returned, and preparations were made for action. On the following day, seeing no vessel there, they went ashore, where they found a man clothed in goat-skins, looking, as the narrative says, "wilder than the first owners of them." He had been on the island four years and four months. His name was Alexander Selkirk, a Scotchman, who had been master of the *Cinque Ports*. Having quarreled with Captain Stradling, under whose command he sailed, he was left ashore at his own request, preferring solitude on an unknown island to the life he led on board this vessel. Before the boat that put him ashore left the beach, he repented of his resolution, and begged to be taken back again; but his companions cruelly mocked him, and left him to his fate. It was he that made the fire which had attracted the attention of the two privateers. They took him on board, and being a good officer, well recommended by Captain Dampier, he was appointed mate on board Captain Rodgers's vessel, and taken to England. The account of his adventures during his long residence on the island is supposed to have formed the foundation of Robinson Crusoe, the most popular romance ever published in any language. A brief but very curious and graphic narrative of his adventures was published in London, soon after his arrival in England, under the quaint title of "Providence displayed. Or a very surprising Account of one *Mr. Alexander Selkirk*, Master of a Merchant Man called The *Cinque-Ports*; who, dreaming that the Ship would soon after be lost, he desired to be left on a desolate Island in the South Seas, where he lived Four Years and Four Months, without seeing the Face of Man, the ship being afterward cast away as he dreamed. As also, How he came afterward to be miraculously preserved and redeemed from that fatal Place, by two *Bristol* Privateers, called the *Duke* and *Duchess*, that took the rich *Acapulco* Ship, worth one hundred Ton of Gold, and brought it to England. To which is added, An Account of his Birth and Education. His description of the Island where he was cast; how he subsisted; the several strange things he saw; and how he used to spend his Time. With some pious Ejaculations that he used during his melancholy Residence there. Written by his own Hand, and attested by most of the eminent Merchants upon the *Royal Exchange*." *Quarto*, containing twelve pages.

Lord Anson visited this island in 1741, for the purpose of recruiting his ships, after a succession of melancholy disasters in their passage round Cape Horn. An accurate topographical survey, and a full and most reliable description of Juan Fernandez may be found in the narrative of that expedition, compiled from Lord Anson's papers, and other materials, by Richard Walter, chaplain of the Centurion. The style of this delightful narrative is admirable for its simplicity; and the information with which it abounds, in regard to the topography, climate, and productions of the island, is perhaps the most authentic of the time.

In 1743 Ulloa visited this group. He gives among many interesting facts, a curious relation of the origin of the dogs which abound there. "We saw many dogs," he says, "of different species, particularly of the grayhound kind; and also a great number of goats which it is very difficult to come at, artfully keeping themselves among those crags and precipices, where no other animal but themselves can live. The dogs owe their origin to a colony sent thither, not many years ago, by the President of Chili, and the Viceroy of Peru, in order totally to exterminate the goats, that any pirates or ships of the enemy might not here be furnished with provisions. But this scheme has proved ineffectual, the dogs being incapable of pursuing them among the fastnesses where they live, these animals leaping from one rock to another with surprising agility."

Don George Juan, touched at Juan Fernandez in 1744, and made several observations of its latitude.

Don Joseph Pizarro gives, in his narrative of his voyages, an account of a visit a few years later.

In 1750 the Spanish government founded a settlement on the principal island, and built a fort for the protection of the harbor. In the following year both the fort and the town were destroyed by a violent earthquake. They were afterward rebuilt further from the shore, and were in good order and inhabited, in 1767, when Cataret visited the island. Soon after the settlement was broken up, and the town and the fortifications were abandoned.



CHILIAN.

The Chilian government established a penal colony on the same spot, in 1819, which, according to some authorities, was discontinued, after repeated efforts to main-

tain it, on account of its expense; according to others, in consequence of a terrible earthquake by which the houses and fortifications were destroyed



CHILIENNE.

When Lord Cochrane visited the island in 1823, as it appears from a synopsis of Howel's Life of Selkirk, there were but four men stationed on it, apparently in charge of some cattle. A lady who accompanied Lord Cochrane, gives the following description of its condition and appearance at that time: "The island is the most picturesque I ever saw, being composed of high perpendicular rocks, wooded nearly to the top, with beautiful valleys, exceedingly fertile, and watered by copious streams, which occasionally form small marshes. The little valley where the town is, or rather was, is exceedingly beautiful. It is full of fruit-trees and flowers, and sweet herbs, now grown wild; near the shore it is covered with radish and sea-side oats. A small fort was situated on the sea-shore, of which there is nothing now visible but the ditches and part of one wall. Another, of considerable size for the place, is on a high and commanding spot. It contained barracks for soldiers, which, as well as the greater part of the fort, are ruined; but the flag-staff, front wall, and a turret are still standing; and at the foot of the flag-staff lies a very handsome brass gun, cast in Spain, A.D., 1614. A few houses and cottages are still in a tolerable condition, though most of the doors, windows, and roofs have been taken away, or used as fuel by whalers and other ships touching here. In the valleys, we found numbers of European shrubs and herbs—'where once the garden smiled.' And in the half-ruined hedges, which denote the boundaries of former fields, we found apple, pear, and quince-trees, with cherries almost ripe. The ascent is steep and rapid from the beach, even in the valleys, and the long grass was dry and slippery, so that it rendered the walk rather fatiguing; and we were glad to sit down under a large quince-tree, on a carpet of balm bordered with roses, now neglected, and feast our eyes on the lovely view before us. Lord Anson has not exaggerated the beauty of the place or the delights of the climate. We were rather early for its fruits, but even at this time we have gathered delicious figs, cherries, and pears, that a few days of sun would have perfected. The landing-place is also the watering-place. There a little jetty is thrown out, formed of the beach-pebbles, making a little harbor for boats, which lie there close to the fresh water, which comes conducted by a pipe, so that with a hose, the casks may be filled without landing, with the most delicious water. Along the beach some old guns are sunk, to serve as moorings for vessels, which are the safer the nearer in shore they lie; as violent gusts of wind often blow from the mountain for a few minutes. The height of the island is about three thousand feet."

"With all its beauties and resources," adds the biographer of Selkirk, "the island seemed destined never to retain those who settled on it; whether from its isolated position, at so great a distance from the continent, or from some other cause, is uncertain. Not long after Lord Cochrane's visit, however, it received an accession of inhabitants, some of them English, who settled in it under the protection of the Chilian government."

These islands (Masafuero and Masatierra) have been convulsed by several of those destructive earthquakes which prevail to such an alarming extent on the western coast of South America. In 1751 and 1835 the destruction was unusually great. The earthquake of 1835 was attended by some remarkable phenomena. An eruption burst from the sea, about a mile from the land, where the water was from fifty to eighty fathoms deep. Smoke and water were ejected during the day, and flames were seen at night.

Mr Richard H. Dana, Jun., who visited Juan Fernandez in November, 1835, on his voyage to California, gives, in his admirable narrative (Two Years Before the Mast), the following graphic account of its condition at that period: "I was called on deck to stand my watch at about three in the morning, and I shall never forget the peculiar sensation which I experienced on finding myself once more surrounded by land, feeling the night-breeze coming from off shore, and hearing the frogs and crickets. The mountains seemed almost to hang over us, and, apparently from the very heart of them, there came out, at regular intervals, a loud echoing sound, which affected me as hardly human. We saw no lights, and could hardly account for the sound, until the mate, who had been there before, told us that it was the 'Alerta' of the Spanish soldiers, who were stationed over some convicts, confined in caves nearly half-way up the mountain. At the expiration of my watch I went below, feeling not a little anxious for the day, that I might see more nearly, and perhaps tread upon, this romantic, I may almost say classic island. When all hands were called it was nearly sunrise, and between that time and breakfast, although quite busy on board in getting up water casks, &c., I had a a good view of the objects about me. The harbor was nearly land-locked, and at the head of it was a landing place protected by a small breakwater of stones, upon which two large boats were hauled up, with a sentry standing over them. Near this was a variety of huts or cottages, nearly a hun-

dred in number, the best of them built of mud and white-washed, but the greater part only Robinson Crusoe-like—of posts and branches of trees. The Governor's house, as it is called, was the most conspicuous, being large, with grated windows, plastered walls, and roof of red tiles, yet, like all the rest, of only one story. Near it was a small chapel, distinguished by a cross; and a long, low, brown-looking building, surrounded by something like a palisade, from which an old and dingy-looking Chilian flag was flying. This of course was distinguished by the title of *Presidio*. A sentinel was stationed at the chapel, another at the Governor's house, and a few soldiers armed with bayonets, looking rather ragged, with shoes out at the toes, were strolling about among the houses, or waiting at the landing place for our boat to come ashore."

Not long after Mr. Dana's visit this settlement was entirely broken up. The houses and fortifications were destroyed by an earthquake, and the penal establishment was discontinued.

From time to time, up to the present date, there have been straggling settlers on this island, but there has been no attempt since 1835 to colonize it permanently until recently. It has been occasionally visited by vessels of different nations for supplies of wood and water, and such vegetable productions as the valleys afford. American whalers have found it a very convenient stopping place in their cruisings on the coast of Chili and Peru; but of late years the whales becoming scarce in these seas, they are forced to push their voyages into more remote regions. Many still touch there, however, on their way to and from the northern coast.

At the time of the writer's visit to Juan Fernandez (May, 1849), the gold excitement had but recently broken out, and vessels bound to California had just commenced making it a place of resort for refreshments in their outward voyages. Since that period, it is stated in the newspapers that an enterprising American has taken the island on lease from the Chilian government, and established a settlement upon it of a hundred and fifty Tahitians, with the design of cultivating the earth, and furnishing vessels touching there with supplies of fruit and vegetables.

ALEXANDER SELKIRK AND ROBINSON CRUSOE.

It is stated in Howel's life of Selkirk that the singular history of this man (Alexander Selkirk) was soon made known to the public, and immediately after his arrival in London he became an object of curiosity, not only to the people at large, but to those elevated by rank and learning. Sir Richard Steele, some time after, devoted to him an article in the paper entitled "The Englishman," in which he tells the reader that, as Selkirk is a man of good sense, it is a matter of great curiosity to hear him give an account of the different revolutions of his mind during the term of his solitude. "When I first saw him," continues this writer, "I thought if I had not been let into his character and story, I could have discovered that he had been much separated from company, *from his aspect and gesture;* there was a strong but cheerful seriousness in his look, and a certain disregard of the ordinary things around him, as if he had been sunk in thought. In the course of a few months," as it appears by the same writer, "familiar converse with the town had *taken off the loneliness of his aspect, and quite altered the expression of his face.*"

"De Foe's romance of Robinson Crusoe was not published till the year 1719, when the original facts on which it was founded must have been nearly forgotten. There is no record of any interview having taken place between Selkirk and De Foe, so that it can not be decided whether De Foe learnt our hero's story from his own mouth or from such narratives as those published by Steele and others."

On this point a biographer of De Foe remarks: "Astonishing as was the success of De Foe's romance, it did not deter the curious from attempting to disparage it. The materials, it was said, were either furnished by or surreptitiously obtained from Alexander Selkirk, a mariner who had resided for four years on the desert island of Juan Fernandez, and returned to England in 1711. Very probably his story, which then excited considerable interest and attention, did suggest to De Foe the idea of writing his romance; but all the details and incidents are entirely his own. Most certainly De Foe had obtained no papers or written documents from Selkirk, as the latter had none to communicate."

Robinson Crusoe, however, can not be considered altogether a work of fiction. Without adhering strictly to the actual adventures of Selkirk or of the Musquito Indian who preceded him, it gives, in the descriptions of scenery, the mode of providing food, the rude expedients resorted to for shelter against the weather, and all the trials and consolations of solitude, a faithfully-drawn picture from these narratives, and a most truthful and charming delineation of solitary life, with such reflections as the subject naturally suggested. De Foe was the great medium through which the spirit of the whole was fused; it required the splendor of his genius to preserve from oblivion the lessons therein taught—of the advantages of temperance, fortitude, and, above all, an implicit reliance in the wisdom and mercy of the Creator. He presents them in a most fascinating garb, with all the originality of a master-mind; and it detracts nothing from his credit to say that the pictures are drawn strictly from nature.

As Captain Rodgers well observes in his simple narrative of the adventures of Selkirk, "One may see by this that solitude and retirement from the world is not such an insufferable state of life as most men imagine, especially when people are fairly called or thrown into it unavoidably, as this man was; who, in all probability, must otherwise have perished in the seas, the ship which left him being cast away not long after, and few of the company escaped. We may perceive by this story that necessity is the

mother of invention, since he found means to supply his wants in a very natural manner, so as to maintain his life, though not so conveniently yet as effectually as we are able to do with all our arts and society. It may likewise instruct us how much a plain and temperate way of living conduces to the health of the body and the vigor of the mind, both of which we are apt to destroy by excess and plenty, especially of strong liquor, and the variety as well as the nature of our meat and drink; for this man, when he came to our ordinary method of diet and life, though he was sober enough, lost much of his strength and agility."

De Foe does not, as may be seen by reference to the fourth section of "Robinson Crusoe," lay the scene of his narrative in Juan Fernandez. Robinson starts from the Brazils, where he has been living as a planter, on a voyage to the coast of Guinea. Driven to the northward along the coast of South America by heavy gales, the captain of the vessel found himself "upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond the River Amazon, toward that of the River Oronoco, commonly called the Great River; and began to consult with me," says Robinson, "what course he should take, for the ship was leaky and very much disabled, and he was for going directly back to the coast of Brazil. I was positively against that; and looking over the charts of the sea-coast of America with him, we concluded there was no inhabited country for us to have recourse to, till we came within the circle of the Caribbee Islands, and therefore resolved to stand away for Barbadoes; which, by keeping off to sea, to avoid the indraft of the Bay or Gulf of Mexico, we might easily perform, as we hoped, in about fifteen days' sail; whereas we could not possibly make our voyage to the coast of Africa without some assistance both to our ship and ourselves.

"With this design we changed our course, and steered away N.W. by W. in order to reach some of our English islands, where I hoped for relief: but our voyage was otherwise determined: for, being in the latitude of twelve degrees eighteen minutes, a second storm came upon us, which carried us away with the same impetuosity westward, and drove us so out of the very way of all human commerce that, had our lives been saved, as to the sea, we were rather in danger of being devoured by savages than ever returning to our own country.

"In this distress, the wind still blowing very hard, one of our men early in the morning cried out, Land! and we had no sooner run out of the cabin to look out, in hopes of seeing whereabouts in the world we were, but the ship struck upon a sand, and in a moment her motion being so stopped, the sea broke over her in such a manner that we expected we should all have perished immediately; and we were immediately driven into our close quarters to shelter us from the very foam and spray of the sea."

It will be seen from the above that Robinson Crusoe was not wrecked on the Island of Juan Fernandez In all probability he never saw that island I regret the fact as much as any body can regret it, because I always thought so till I referred more particularly to his history; but a due regard for truth compels me to give the facts as I find them.

POPULARITY OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

"The History of Robinson Crusoe," says the biographer of Defoe, already quoted, "was first published in the year 1719, and its popularity may be said to have been established immediately, since four editions were called for in about as many months, a circumstance at that time almost unprecedented in the annals of literature. It rarely happens that an author's expectations are surpassed by the success of his work, however astonishing it may seem to others; yet perhaps even Defoe himself did not venture to look forward to such a welcome on the part of the public, after the repulses he had experienced on the part of the booksellers; for, incredible as it now appears, the manuscript of the work had been offered to, and rejected by, every one in the trade.

"The author of Robinson Crusoe would be entitled to a prominent place in the history of our literature, even had he never given to the world that truly admirable production; and yet we may reasonably question whether the name of Defoe would not long ago have sunk into oblivion, or at least have been known, like those of most of his contemporaries, only to the curious student, were it not attached to a work whose popularity has been rarely equaled—never, perhaps, excelled. Even as it is, the reputation due to the writer has been nearly altogether absorbed in that of his hero, and in the all-engrossing interest of his adventures: thousands who have read Robinson Crusoe with delight, and derived from it a satisfaction in no wise diminished by repeated perusal, have never bestowed a thought on its author, or, indeed, regarded it in the light of a literary performance. While its fascination has been universally felt, the genius that conceived it, the talent that perfected it, have been generally overlooked, merely because it is so full of nature and reality as to exhibit no invention or exertion on the part of the author, inasmuch as he appears simply to have recorded what actually happened, and consequently only to have committed to paper plain matter of fact, without study or embellishment. We wonder at and are struck with admiration by the powers of Shakspeare or Cervantes; with regard to Defoe we experience no similar feelings: it is not the skill of the artist that enchants us, but the perfect naturalness of the picture, which is such that we mistake it for a mirror; so that every reader persuades himself that he could write as well, perhaps better, were he but furnished with the materials for an equally interesting narrative."

THE MORMONS.



THE PROPHET.

WITHIN the last seven years, our Republic has been the theatre of a spectacle unparalleled in the history of the world in its general aspect and promised results. Two great migrations of people, from the bosom of our confederated States to the wilderness of the farther West, have taken place; and two distinct commonwealths, already populous and full of progressive energy, have been founded, and added to our galaxy of united republics.

The motors which impelled these migrations were antipodal in essence, yet equally puissant in their attractive forces and interior energy. These were, *acquisitiveness* and *religious enthusiasm*, two powerful agents in moving the masses, and confined in their manifestations to no particular time, people, or creed. The former, addressing itself to the material nature of man—his to-day—makes him brave and enduring. With these qualities as a basis of action, a vast number of our political kindred have founded a flourishing State upon the far-off coast of the Pacific ocean, and are spreading the sails of trade upon the bosom of that hitherto almost solitary sea, bearing the key to the vast commercial treasures of the Oriental world. The latter, addressing itself to man's spiritual nature—his to-morrow—makes him still more brave and enduring, because the prize to be won lies beyond the events of Time, and is subject to no physical contingencies. Impelled by this higher motive, which has given martyrs to the fury of persecution in all ages, a large number of our political kindred, commingled with a greater host from the British Isles and the European continent, have congregated in fertile valleys among the rugged mountains of the interior of our continent, in the direct pathway from the elder States to the capital of the Pacific commonwealth. The memory of the fiery Past, and the bright visions of the peaceful Future, inspire them with indomitable perseverance and surprising energy; and system, order, and political wisdom have there been wonderfully developed among a heterogeneous mass gathered from many nations, and out of almost every class of common society.

In the midst of the vast solitudes of the Rocky Mountain region, where, six years ago, the Utah and the grizzly bear disputed possession, a nation has been born, and a populous city, encircled by broad fields, made richer by the tiller's culture, is full of busy men, plying the implements of almost every industrial pursuit, and is continually sending forth from its swarming hive energetic workers, to found other cities and plant other gardens in Deseret—the land of the Honey Bee. Let us consider the origin and brief history of this wonderful people.

About thirty years ago, Joseph Smith, an illiterate and not over-scrupulous young man of eighteen years, residing with his parents, near Palmyra, in the interior of the State of New York, attracted the attention of his kindred and neighbors by his pretensions to the character of a favored recipient of direct revelations from the councils of the Most High. For some time his mind had been disturbed by excitements at religious meetings, when, as he asserts, while praying for light and spiritual guidance, two angels appeared to him, and announced that he was the chosen Apostle and Prophet of God, to preach the *true* gospel to the world in its purity and power. A few evenings afterward (September 21, 1823), he was again visited by a heavenly messenger, "whose countenance was as lightning, yet it was pleasing, innocent, and glorious." This personage announced himself as a special messenger from the Great Throne, to reveal to the chosen Apostle the hidden things of the Future, and to lead him to the depository of the written records of the lost tribes of Israel—"the progenitors of the American Indians." These records, engraved upon plates of gold, contained not only the history of the long-lost tribes, but also divine instructions pertaining to the promulgation of the true gospel, and vivid prophecies concerning the Millennial era, then about to dawn upon the world. Twice during the night the angel visited the fledgeling Seer; and the following morning, while the Chosen was at work in his father's field, the Divine Instructor came and bade him go immediately to the "hill of Cumorah,"* and unearth the golden book. The task was easy, for the storms of centuries had removed the soil, and a portion of the stone box in which the plates were secured was visible. In the bottom of the box (which was carefully made air and water tight by cement), were three short pillars, and upon these were laid the sacred oracles of God. Beneath them was a breast-plate,

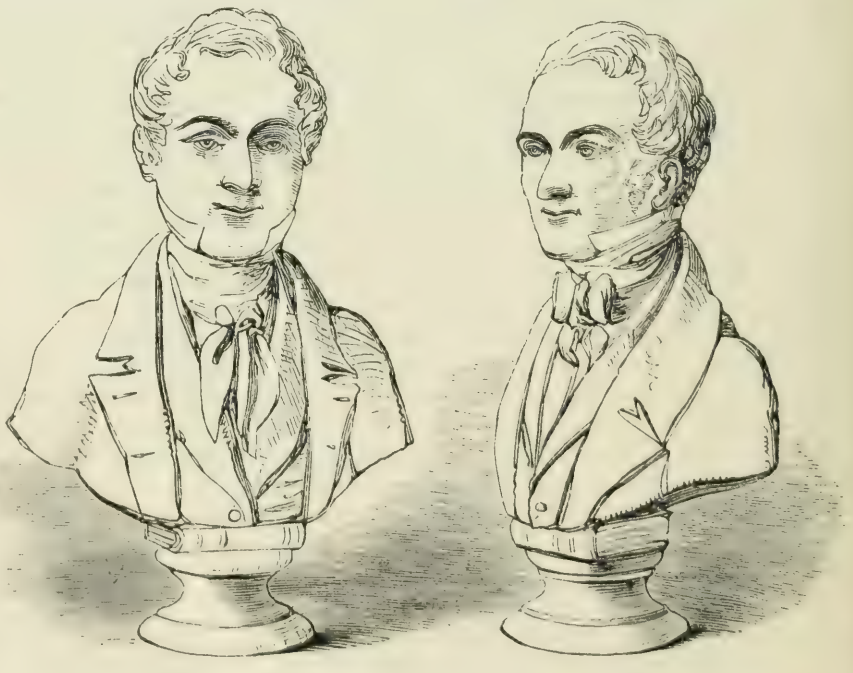
* This hill is about four miles distant from Palmyra, on the east side of the post road leading from that village to Canandaigua, and near the little town of Manchester. The alleged place of deposit of the golden plates is marked by several trees on the western slope of the hill.

such as the ancients used, and lying upon it were two stones, "clear as crystal, set in two rims of a bow," like a pair of spectacles. These were reputed to be identical with the *Urim* and *Thummim* of the Hebrews, by which things distant or future were made manifest. While the young prophet was gazing upon these sacred objects in wonder and awe, the angel appeared, his interior vision was opened, and heaven with all its glory stood revealed to the mortal. Suddenly the Prince of Darkness and his demon train passed by, and the good and the evil were thus displayed before him. The dark host disappeared, and then the angel, after giving Smith many consoling promises, informed him that "the fullness of time" had not yet arrived when he should receive the plates, and translate the divine records.

For four years the chosen prophet was denied possession of the golden book, yet he was frequently comforted by the presence of the angel. On the morning of the 22d of September, 1827, "the fullness of time" arrived, and Smith received, with wonder and delight, the precious volume. Its leaves were apparently of fine gold, thinner than sheets of vulgar tin, seven by eight inches in size, and covered on both sides with "improved Egyptian" characters, neatly engraved. The leaves were fastened together by three rings, and formed a volume about six inches in thickness. A part of it was sealed, to be opened at a future time; the remainder Smith was directed to translate by the assistance of the enormous crystal spectacles found with the book. During these four years—the chrysalis period of the Anointed, while changing from the mortal grub known as "Joe Smith, the money-digger," to the immortal winged creature of the new revelation, whose element was the skies—he was not an idle dreamer nor ascetic recluse. He wandered up and down the head waters of the Susquehannah, in search of mineral treasures, duping one and swindling another; and finally eloped with and married the daughter of a mortal, an intelligent young lady of New Harmony, Pennsylvania. With his wife he settled down near his father's house, ceased money-digging, and, under the direction of his good angel, opened a far more productive treasure in the "hill of Cumorah."

Money, reputation, and learning were essential in the promulgation of the new gospel. Smith lacked these, and he at once sought for them among his credulous neighbors. His earliest disciples were his father and two brothers, whom the world would willingly believe were accessories in a most unblushing imposture. They immediately spread the wonderful story of the golden book. It was confirmatory of a legend long known to money-diggers in Canada that a golden Bible was somewhere buried. The credulous among the people of a sparsely populated district listened, wondered, and believed; and a farmer, possessing many acres but little knowledge of the world, became a dupe, and furnished Smith with money to enable him to engage in the holy work of translation. The curious began to ask questions, and Smith was almost daily hard pressed for answers. His natural shrewdness was brought into requisition, and he conceived an admirable method of evasion, and declared that he could divulge nothing except by "special revelation!" This conception, the child of an impostor's necessity, was the germ of the power by which his career was made successful, and by which the chief ruler of the Mormon church now wields an autocratic sceptre. From that time, whatever Smith desired to do, he was sure to have a *special revelation* commanding him to do it. This policy marked his whole career, and such is still the ingenious and potential policy of his successors in the church.

By "special revelation" the farmer was made to contribute his money freely to the work of translating and publishing the sacred book. Common sense sometimes raised doubts in the farmer's mind. He once ventured to ask for proof of the divinity of the book in Smith's possession, and even made a journey to the city of New York with some of the "improved Egyptian" characters, transcribed by Smith on paper, to consult the learned Professor Anthon, of Columbia College. He was assured by that gentleman that all was gross deception, yet the poor man, under the influence of the basilisk eye of the special revelator, suppressed his wicked doubts, and



JOSEPH HYRUM.

piously lent his time and money to the holy work, until foreclosures of mortgages upon his farm expelled himself and family from his homestead. Yet piety was not the chief motive. The farmer was a miser, and Smith excited his acquisitiveness to the highest degree, by promises of great worldly treasure. He meekly became "a scribe like Baruch for Jeremiah," and wrote the words as the prophet delivered them from behind a screen. The scribe was not allowed to see the sacred plates, for the angel had said that no man but Joseph Smith could look upon them and live! To this day no mortal eyes have rested upon them, save those of the great Seer.

When the farmer's money was exhausted, his mission was ended, and Smith procured another scribe, and money from other sources. His disciples now numbered a half dozen. The sacred translations were printed under the title of *The Book of Mormon*, and its divinity was attested by the six disciples. Among these were Smith's father and two brothers; of the latter Hyrum was the most intelligent, and at the time of his death held a conspicuous place in the Mormon church.

The Book of Mormon professed to contain a history of the ancient inhabitants of America, who were a branch of the house of Israel, of the tribe of Joseph; the present tribes of North American Indians being a remnant. It asserts that the principal nation of them having fallen in battle in the fourth or fifth century of the Christian era, one of their prophets, whose name was Mormon, made an abridgment of their history, prophecies, and doctrine, which he engraved on plates of gold. Being afterward slain, the record fell into the hands of his son, Moroni, who, being hunted by his enemies, was directed to deposit the record safely in the earth, with a promise from God that it should be preserved, and brought to light in the latter days by means of a Gentile nation who should possess the land. The sacred deposit was made about the year 420, on a hill then called Cumorah, where the prophet Smith found it through the ministry of angels, and translated it by inspiration Such is the belief of the followers of the prophet.

It was evident to the Gentiles that the Book of Mormon was the production of a mind far superior in spirituality and cultivation to those of Smith and his confreres, but was disfigured by ignorant men in endeavoring to adapt it to the purposes of the pretended revelation. For some time its origin was a puzzle to unbelievers, but at length "its sin found it out." The well attested fact was revealed that almost twenty years before, a highly educated clergyman of Cherry Valley, New York, married, and, with his wife, settled at New Salem, Ohio. His health there declined, and he was obliged to cease preaching. At that time the literati were engaged in the discussion of the theory that the North American Indians are descendants of the lost ten tribes of Israel. In the vicinity of New Salem were mounds erected by the ancient inhabitants of the continent These had excited the curiosity of the invalid clergyman, and together with the discussion then going on, turned his thoughts to the subject of the Aborigines and their early history. He had a lively imagination, and he conceived the idea of writing a sort of religious novel, having that theory for its basis. He devoted the leisure of three years to the preparation of his work, which he entitled *The Manuscript Found*. It was written in the quaint style of the Scriptures, to give it the antique character claimed for it. In it *Mormon* and *Moroni* figured conspicuously. It was claimed to have been translated from a record made by one of the lost nation, and to have been recovered from the earth, where it was hidden by *Moroni*, the son of *Mormon*. In this manuscript, completed about the year 1813, was given most of the pretended history found in the *Book of Mormon*. The writer read many chapters to his wife and neighbors, and thus he beguiled the tedious hours of ill-health in the production of a work purely imaginative.

The appearance of the *Book of Mormon* awakened the memory of those who had heard chapters of *The Manuscript Found* read by the author. Among those was his wife, then a widow, and her testimony went forth to refute the imposture. It is clear and explicit; is corroborated by others, and is believed by all except the dupes of the prophet. The undoubted possession of this manuscript by Smith and his co-workers is as clearly proven as the strongest circumstantial evidence can establish a fact. The interpolations by hands guided by ignorant minds are every where visible in the *Book of Mormon*, and that "Bible of the Latter Days," upon which the faith of almost two hundred thousand souls is at this day grounded, is unquestionably the joint production of a pious heart and highly imaginative mind, innocent of all wrong, and of scheming men who became possessed of the fiction long after the pure spirit of its author had gone to its rest in

"The bosom of his Father and his God."

With great boldness and indomitable perseverance, Smith pressed forward in his scheme for establishing a new church upon the earth, with himself its founder and head. Promises of spiritual and temporal benefit were commingled in his doctrines, revealed from time to time, and his preaching soon began to show fruit. Men of character and cultivation became his disciples. On the 6th of April, 1830, they were organized at Manchester, Ontario County, New York, under the title of "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," and in June following their first conference was held, when Smith found himself at the head of a visible church of about thirty people This was the grain of mustard seed now become a large and flourishing shrub.

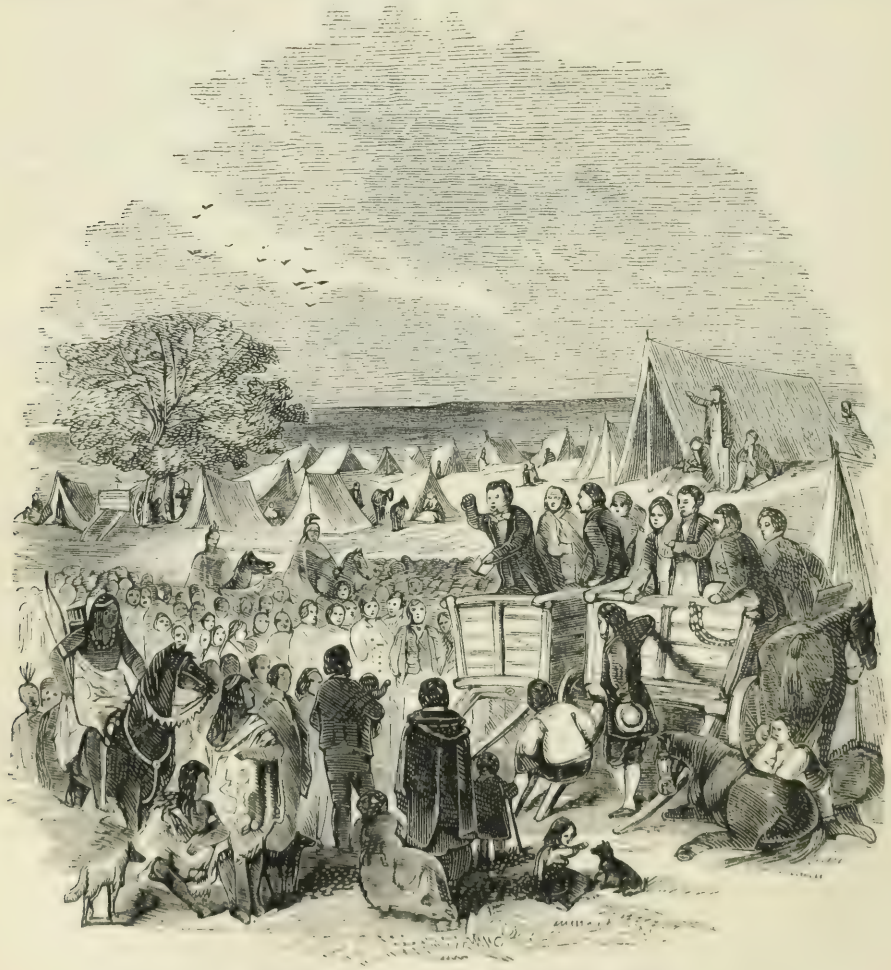
Persecution began with the first organization of the Mormon church. A dam cast across a stream of water by Smith, for baptismal purposes, was destroyed by some of the people in the vicinity, and the prophet was boldly charged with robbery, swindling, and lying, and was menaced

with personal injury. With the cunning of a shrewd tactician, Smith meekly acknowledged his past sins, plead his repentance, and called God to witness his present purity of life. This disarmed violence, if not opposition. Yet the future appeared lowering, and from that time the eyes of the "Saints" were turned toward the more generous soil of the West. Oliver Cowdrey, a schoolmaster, and Sidney Rigdon, and Parly B. Pratt, ready writers and fluent speakers, who had been preaching heterodoxy in Pennsylvania and Ohio, had embraced the Mormon faith, and soon arrangements were made to plant the church on the borders of the Western wilderness. In January, 1831, a revelation was made, commanding the Saints to emigrate to Kirtland, Ohio, where Pratt and Rigdon had already gathered over a thousand converts to receive them. Great rejoicings were had on the arrival of the prophet, and the meetings of the Saints exhibited some of the wildest phases of fanaticism. Intelligence of the new wonder spread abroad, and from all the lake country, a hundred miles distant, people flocked to see and hear the novelty. The infection spread, and many of the illiterate backwoodsmen illustrated the line,

"Those who came to scoff, remained to pray."

A new revelation was given. A command went forth to plant the new Jerusalem, where Christ was to reign with his saints, a temporal King, deeper in the wilderness. Cowdrey explored the forests and prairies beyond the Mississippi, and made reports of the beauty and fertility of the country, as glowing as those of the Hebrew spies from among the grape-vines of Eschol. Smith and a few friends started for the land of promise. Leaving St. Louis, they penetrated the wilderness on foot to Independence, in Jackson county, Missouri, three hundred miles distant. They were charmed with the climate and the scene, and near Independence Smith chose the spot for building Zion. It was designated by a special revelation, and he immediately set about the great work. He preached fervidly to crowds of Indians, squatters, and negroes, some of whom became converts. He laid out the area for the great temple and dedicated the spot to the Lord. He established a bishop there, and after a sojourn of three weeks departed for Kirtland, accompanied by ten Elders of the church.

Kirtland was made a "Stake" or support of Zion, and it was resolved to remain there five years, until the temple in the wilderness should be built. A bank was established, with Smith for president, and Rigdon, cashier. The chief men were also partners in a mill and store, and soon the whole of the Prophet's family were raised from poverty to affluence. Joseph continued to preach in various parts of the country, proselyting and procuring money from his dupes for the ostensible purpose of building the Temple and the City of Zion. The preaching and the practice of the Saints did not always agree and



SMITH PREACHING IN THE WILDERNESS.

they fell into disrepute with their neighbors. Feuds arose in the body of the church because "common men" pretended to receive revelations from God. Their meetings were often disturbed by the "Gentiles;" and on one occasion, in mid-winter, the Prophet was dragged from his bed, at a little village called Hiram, where he was residing, and after being severely handled, was tarred and feathered. Rigdon was in the same village, and was similarly treated by the mob. Soon after this outrage Smith left Ohio to "fulfill the revelation" in Missouri.



TARRING AND FEATHERING OF JOSEPH SMITH.

A special revelation informed Smith that the spot he had selected for the Temple of Zion, was the very place where "Adam's altar was built, in the centre of the Garden of Eden." The corner stone of the Temple was laid, Saints were gathered, the forest was felled, and a city was soon seen springing up in the midst of the wilderness. All property was consecrated to the Lord; a tithe of all labor, and time, and earnings was devoted to the building of the Temple; public store-houses to receive the offerings and donations were built, and three hundred missionaries, approved by the Prophet, were sent out in all directions to preach the new gospel and gather the Saints to Zion. These apostles were successful, and company after company of converts crossed the broad Father of Waters and pressed forward toward the New Jerusalem. In less than two years, more than twelve hundred Saints were collected in Jackson County, a motley gathering of people of almost every hue, character, and creed. There were ambitious men among them, and feuds, bitter and uncompromising soon disturbed the peace of the church, and jeoparded its existence. These were speedily hushed by menaces of perils from without. The people of Jackson County became uneasy because of the clanship exhibited by the Mormons, and resolved to expel them before they became too formidable in numbers. They were driven to the wilderness across the river, and their consecrated places fell into the hands of the "Gentiles." Smith and the heads of the church had returned to Kirtland. When the attack upon the Mormons was known, the Prophet sent a band of men called the "Army of Zion," to aid the persecuted brethren. Alone, these valiant men could not cope with the Missouri militia and armed settlers; and as Heaven did not seem disposed to assist the Saints, the expedition proved fruitless. Zion was left to the invaders. This persecution was unprovoked, and the Governor of Missouri exerted all his influence for the protection of the persons and property of the Mormons.

The expelled Mormons seated themselves in Clay County, and many returned to Kirtland. In May, 1834, Smith and a company of one hundred Saints visited the distressed brethren in Missouri. On the journey through the wilderness, Smith adduced a wonderful proof of the authenticity of the Book of Mormon. Among some ancient mounds was found a huge skeleton with an arrow between its ribs. It was immediately revealed to the Prophet that the skeleton was that of a Lamanite, the people treated of in the Book of Mormon; that his name was Zelph, a warrior known from Cumorah to the Rocky



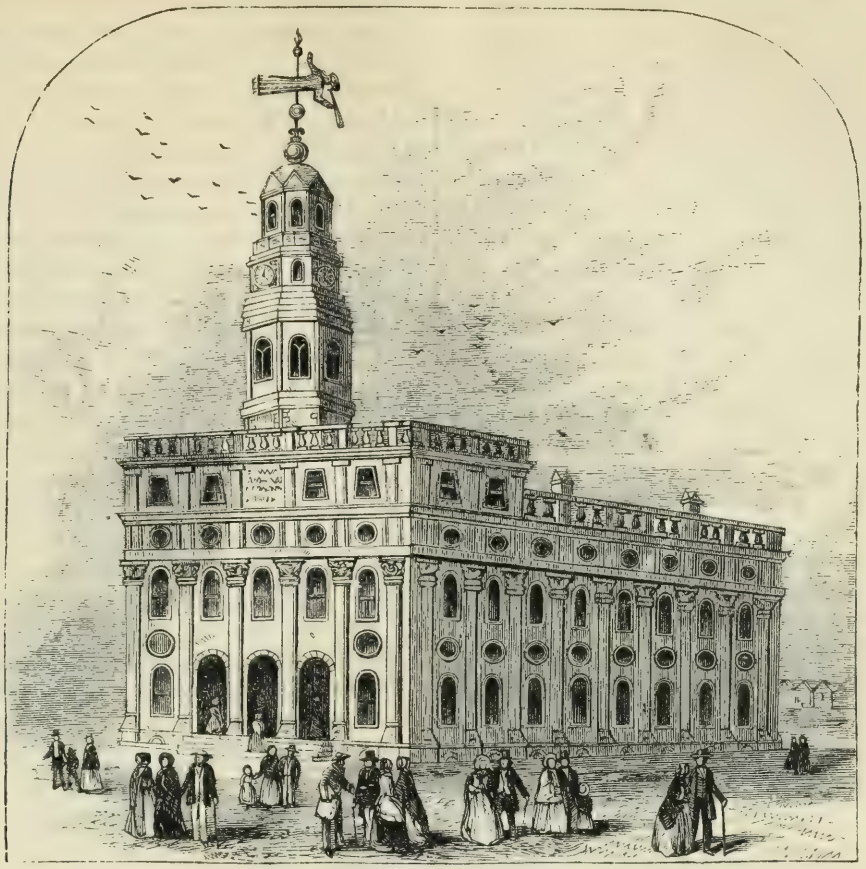
DISCOVERY OF A LAMANITE SKELETON.

Mountains as one of the subjects of the great Prophet Omandagus; that the arrow was a Lamanitish one, and that the chief was killed in the last great battle fought between the Lamanites and Nephites. The people marveled, and the faith of all was strengthened.

In the autumn of 1834, Smith returned to Kirtland, and with others, entered largely into property speculations in 1835 and '36. The crash of 1837 came; the Bank at Kirtland failed; the managers were prosecuted for swindling, and Smith had a revelation commanding himself, Rigdon, and others to leave Kirtland under cover of night, and go to the brethren in Missouri. There they found the church in great disorder. The numbers were rapidly increasing, and quarrels with the "Gentiles" around them often waxed into conflicts. A spirit of insubordination appeared in the church, and by revelation, Smith denounced Cowdrey, Rigdon, and other



MORMON ENCAMPMENT ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



MORMON TEMPLE AT NAUVOO.

early associates. Contentions within and without menaced the church with destruction, and for three years great excitement prevailed in Missouri. The Mormons and their opponents had frequent collisions, and many lives were sacrificed. Some of the fiery spirits among the Mormons openly defied the people of Missouri, and even threatened to march upon St. Louis, and lay it in ashes. These imprudent menaces exasperated the people to such a degree that the civil power could not restrain them. Tales of polygamy, debauchery, theft, and murder, were

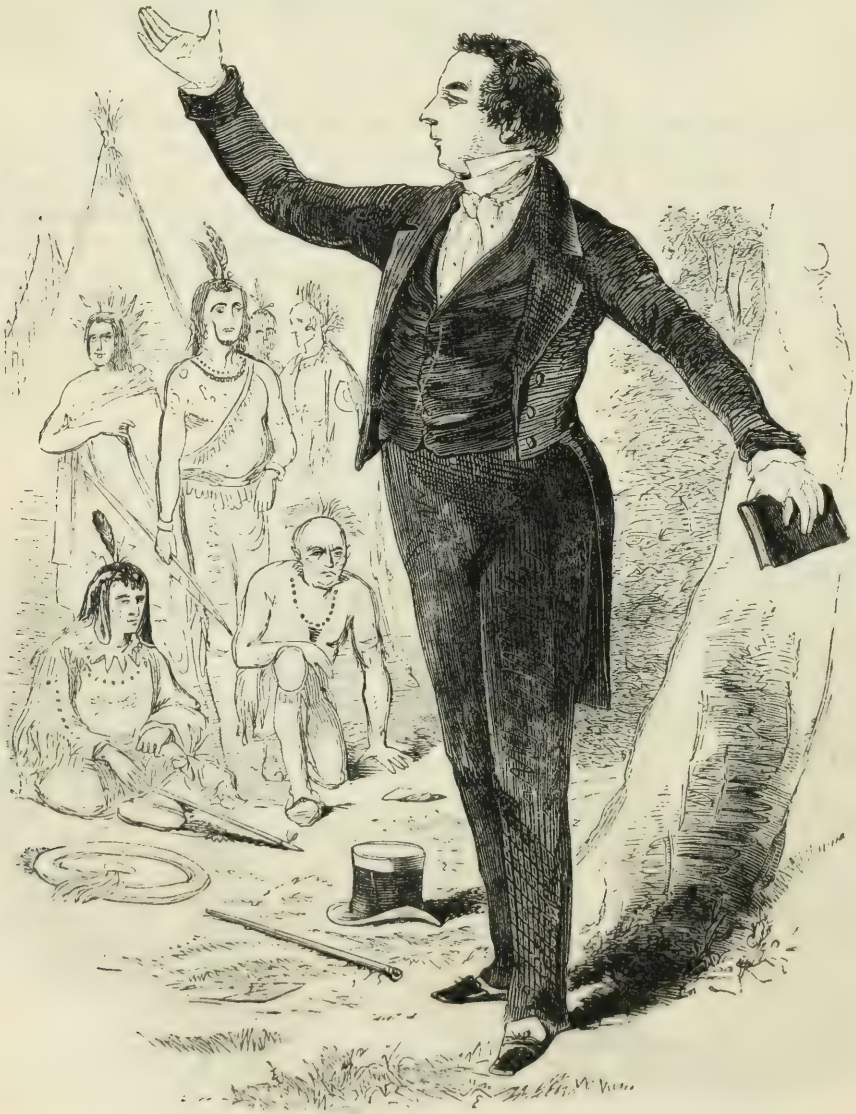


SMITH AT THE HEAD OF THE NAUVOO LEGION.

told of the Mormons, and their utter expulsion from the State was demanded. A lawless, heartless mob, under the implied sanction of the civil authority, assumed the task, and during the bleak days of November, 1838, the Mormons were driven before them like chaff on the blast, toward the Mississippi. Young and old, the sick, the feeble, delicate women and sucklings, were exposed to storms, hunger, and every privation. In sad plight, weighed down with intensest sufferings, twelve thousand of these miserable people arrived upon the western bank of the Mississippi, pursued by the exasperated Missourians. The people of Illinois, on the opposite shore, commiserated their fate, and opened to them the arms of succor. This cruel persecution of thousands of innocent people, is a lasting stain upon the character not only of Missouri, but the boasted enlightened age in which we live. Instead of damping the ardor of the Saints, it increased it a hundred fold; and in this case as in all others, "the blood of the martyrs" became "the seed of the church."

Upon a rich delta formed by the Desmoines and Mississippi Rivers, in Hancock County, Illinois, the homeless and starving fugitives pitched their tents, and the spot was solemnly consecrated as an "everlasting residence" for the Saints. A town soon arose, and was named Nauvoo—the City of Beauty; and upon the brow of a lofty bluff a temple site was chosen, and consecrated. A plan of the Temple was revealed to Smith, and a Gentile architect was employed to construct it. With pomp and solemn ceremonials its corner-stone was laid on the 6th of April, 1841. It was built of beautiful white limestone, and in style, size, and decorations was intended to exceed in magnificence every other fane upon earth. The saints every where responded nobly to the call for contributions, and when the Mormons left Nauvoo for the land of the Honey Bee, they had expended almost a million of dollars upon this temple.

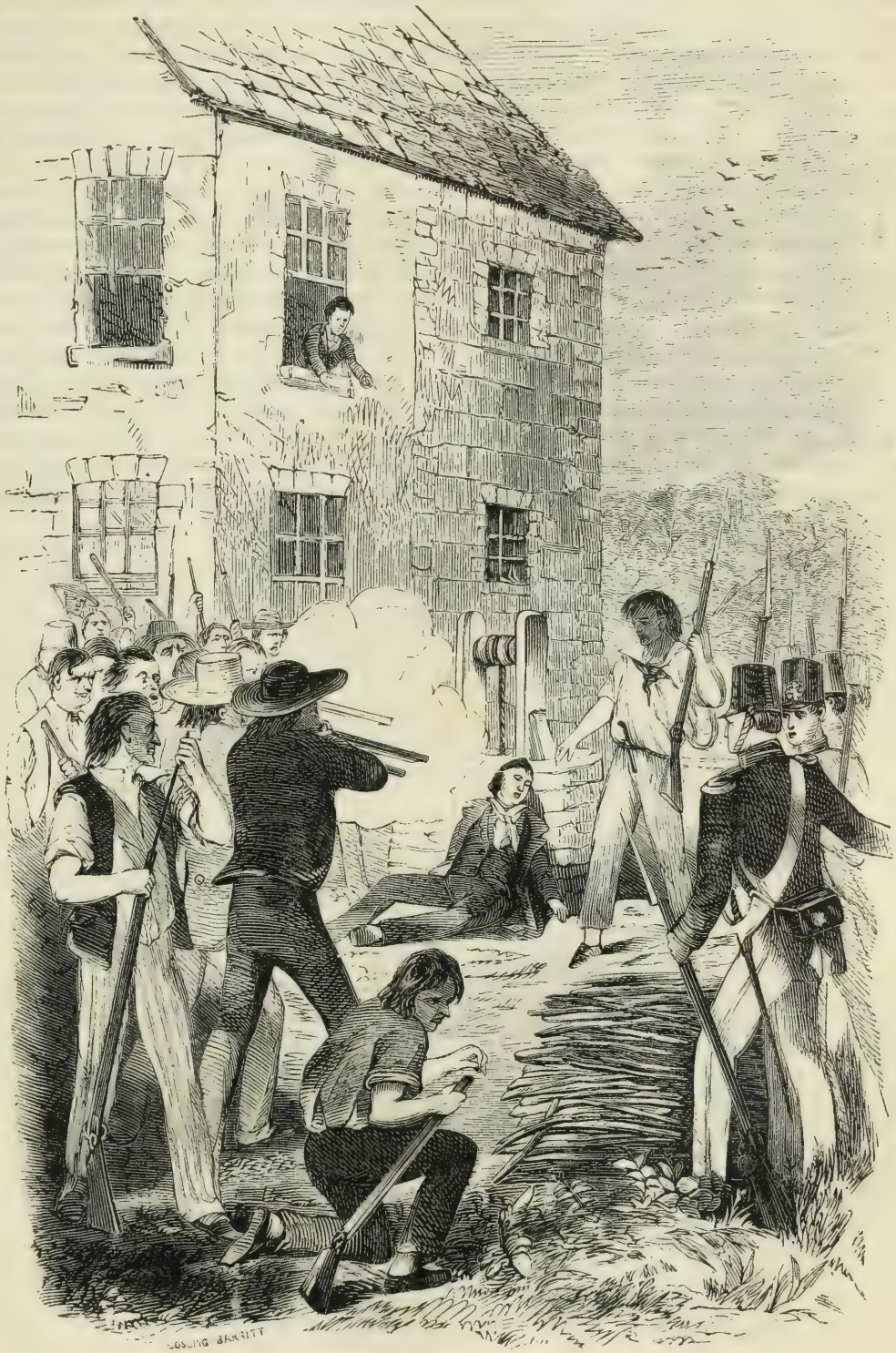
A day of peace now dawned upon the Mormon Church, and its head was assiduous in promoting its strength and extension. Made wiser by past conflicts, he prepared for future contingencies, and a large portion of his brethren were organized into a military corps, called "The Nauvoo Legion," of which he assumed command and the rank of Lieutenant-general. He was fond of military display, and this fine corps



SMITH PREACHING TO THE INDIANS

was often paraded. On such occasions the Prophet usually appeared at their head, accompanied by a half-dozen ladies on horseback, who were dressed in black velvet, and wore waving plumes of white feathers. Yet he did not forget the spiritual interests of the Church, and he often crossed the Mississippi, and preached the new gospel to groups of Indians on the borders of the prairies of Iowa.

External peace seemed productive of internal troubles. Sidney Rigdon and others began to receive monstrous revelations, and among other things was authority for one man to have several "spiritual wives;" a doctrine which has now become settled as correct, and which is manifested by polygamy openly practiced and defended. Rumors of these immoral doctrines and corresponding practices went abroad, and the people of Illinois felt scandalized. Smith endeavored to allay the storm of indignation which he saw rising, by flat contradictions, excommunications of indiscreet revelators, and denunciations of some of the most active agitators in Nauvoo. The denounced and excommunicated retaliated. Smith was charged with all the crimes he had accused others of; and a newspaper was established in Nauvoo to expose his alleged vicious conduct. By his order the obnoxious press was destroyed, the printing materials were scattered to the winds and the



DEATH OF JOSEPH SMITH.

editors were obliged to flee for their lives. At Carthage they procured warrants for the arrest of the Prophet, his brother Hyrum, and sixteen others, accused of being accessories in the destruction of the printing-office. The constables sent to arrest them were expelled from the city. The people of the county resolved to vindicate their laws, and the militia were ordered out. The Mormons fortified their city, and the *Nauvoo Legion* slept upon their arms. The torch of civil war was lighted, and the Governor of the State took the field in person. To avoid bloodshed he parleyed with the Mormon leaders, and persuaded the Smiths to surrender themselves to the civil authority, with the assurance that they should receive protection and justice. The Prophet and his brother Hyrum were arrested and sent to Carthage jail. A new issue was now raised—the Smiths were charged with high treason. The fiercest animosity existed between the people of Hancock County and the Mormons. Rumor magnified every fact and event, and the idea prevailed that at the connivance of the Governor, the Mormon leaders would be allowed to escape. This idea grew into vigorous action. The people vowed that, "If law could not reach them, powder and shot should;" and on the evening of the 27th of June, 1844, a mob, with blackened faces, fell upon and dispersed the guard at Carthage jail, and rushed into the prison where the two Smiths were confined. Hyrum was shot dead in the cell, and the Prophet was mortally wounded while attempting to leap from a window. He was placed against a wall by one of the gang, and dispatched by bullets from four muskets. The murderers were never identified. Thus died, by the hands of violence, the great head and founder of the "Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints," at the early age of thirty-nine years. His death is accounted a martyrdom by his followers, and his name and deeds are held in great reverence among them.

The death of the Prophet aroused the vengeance of the Mormons, and they burned with a desire to go forth and spread desolation among the Gentiles. Happily for all, moderate councils prevailed, and their thoughts were turned to the choice of a new head. Rigdon, next in office to Smith, claimed the honor; but the College of the Twelve Apostles conferred it upon the president of their council, Brigham Young. There were other aspirants, and these, with Rigdon, stirred up disaffection. They were all excommunicated, and since that time the influence of Rigdon has steadily waned.

Brigham Young, who is yet at the head of this remarkable "theo-democratic" community, seems well-fitted for his station. Modest and retiring in his private deportment, he is energetic and fervid in his public ministrations, and has unbounded influence over his people. His genius was felt and acknowledged by the College of Twelve before the death of Smith, and he received their unanimous suffrage. With great zeal he applied himself to the discharge of his responsible duties. He established order and quiet at Nauvoo. Around the City of Beauty the wilderness was



MORMONS CROSSING THE MISSISSIPPI ON THE ICE.

every where bursting into bloom under the hand of culture, when the mutterings of another storm of persecution were heard. The horizon began to darken, when Rigdon and other recusants, intent on revenge, sent forth horrid tales of debauchery and crime at Nauvoo, to be caught up and repeated by the myriad-tongued press in every part of the land. The Mormons were considered too vile for toleration in a Christian country, and again mobocracy sent forth its behests to lawless men. The smaller Mormon settlements were attacked by armed mobs, and all Illinois became the theatre of civil commotion. From distant States public indignation cheered on the assailants, and it was soon perceived that another Mormon exodus was inevitable. With moistened eyes and swelling hearts, the Saints prepared to leave the City of Beauty and the Temple they so much prized. A special revelation commanded a departure for the far-off wilderness toward the setting sun, and in February, 1846, sixteen hundred men, women, and children, crossed the Mississippi on the ice, and, traveling with ox-teams and on foot, penetrated the wilderness to the Indian country, near Council Bluffs, on the Missouri. Property was disposed of at Nauvoo, and during that spring company after company, with their cattle, hastened to join their brethren on the distant prairies.

Many lingered; for a revelation commanded the completion and dedication of their Temple. This tarrying excited distrust of Mormon faith, and the mob again armed to drive the Saints away. The *Legion* defended the city. Many conflicts ensued, but the assailants were kept at bay until the Temple was finished. Then came the dedication. It was a scene of great interest —a *tableau* such as our continent had never exhibited. The Temple itself was a magnificent work of art—a wonderful monument of the unity and energy of a strange people. Young men and maidens came with festoons of flowers, to decorate the twelve elaborately-carved oxen, upon which rested the baptismal laver. The walls were enriched by symbolic ornaments, and in the splendor of lamps and torches, the sun, moon, and stars carved and gilded upon the walls, glittered like their great originals. Prayers were uttered, chants were sung, and the voice of the great Seer, in the midst of bishops in their sacerdotal robes, solemnly pronounced the Temple dedicated to Almighty God. Even while these impressive services were in progress, the sounds of preparation for departure were heard throughout the city; and an hour after the walls were stripped of the precious emblems, the lights extinguished, the portals closed, and the inscription,

THE HOUSE OF THE LORD:
BUILT BY THE CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST OF LATTER-DAY SAINTS:
HOLINESS TO THE LORD:

was placed over it, the great body of the persecuted were crowding to the shores of the Mississippi, with their faces toward the occident. On the very day when the costly Temple was dedicated, it was abandoned to the "Gentiles." Thirty months afterward, it was destroyed by fire, at midnight; and in May, 1850, the City of Beauty, then inhabited by a colony of Icarians, from Paris, was desolated by a tornado, and the partially-restored Temple was cast to the earth, a heap of ruins. In September, 1846, the last lingering Mormons at Nauvoo were driven out, at the point of the bayonet, by 1600 troops; and these homeless exiles—sick men, feeble women, and delicate girls—were compelled to traverse the wildernesses of Missouri during the storms and frosts of autumn and winter.

Under the guidance of President Young, the Mormon host reached the banks of the Missouri, beyond the limits of the States, at the opening of summer. There they were met by an officer of the United States army, with a requisition to



MORMON TABERNACLE CAMP.

furnish a body of men to serve in the war with Mexico. Although smarting under the lash of persecution and a deep sense of wrong, they cheerfully obeyed; and within three days, a corps of five hundred men, the very sinews of the Mormon host, were organized, and departed for California, to fight in defense of a flag under which they had vainly sought protection. It was an exhibition of loyalty which greatly blunted the keen edge of detraction.

There, upon the broad prairies, they turned up the virgin soil and planted. Leaving a few to cultivate and gather for wanderers who might come after them, the host moved on. Never since the exodus of Israel from Egypt has a pageant so full of interest, so consecrated by loftiest heroism, been witnessed. Order marked every step of their progress. The voice of the Seer was to them the voice of God, and implicit obedience was the result of his commands. Discipline every where prevailed. Every ten wagons were under the command of a captain, who obeyed a captain of fifty; and the latter, in turn, obeyed a centurion, or captain of a hundred, or else a member of the High Council of the Church They formed *Tabernacle Camps*, or temporary "Stakes," at eligible points, where they stopped to sow and reap, to spin and weave, and perform necessary mechanical work. Great cheerfulness prevailed among them; and singing and dancing, sports and pastimes agreeably alternated with the duties of labor and devotion. They made short marches, and encamped in military order every night. No obstacles impeded their progress. They forded swift-running streams, and bridged the deeper floods. Disease could



MORMONS BUILDING A BRIDGE.

not chill their zeal, nor bridle their hopes. Many were swept away by miasmatic fevers, and were buried by the way during the summer and autumn; and when winter fell upon them, in the midst of those vast plains, inhabited by the Pottawatiemies and their neighbors, their sufferings were great, notwithstanding they enlisted the liveliest sympathies of the aborigines. They made caves in the sand-hills to shelter themselves from the fierce winds which came howling from the snowy mountains of Nebraska; and when spring came, they marked out the site of a city on the banks of the Missouri, in the midst of the Great Prairie inhabited by the Omahaws. More than seven hundred houses were built; a Tabernacle was raised; mills and workshops were constructed, and a newspaper (*The Frontier Guardian*) was published.* The rich alluvium around was turned up by the plow, seed was sown, and during the summer and early autumn abundant harvests were gathered Missionaries were sent to Oregon, California, and even to the Sandwich Islands and Australia. Others, like Caleb and Joshua, were sent to "spy out" the wilderness before them, and find another fitting place for an "everlasting habitation." The valley of the Great Salt Lake, inclosed within lofty and rugged mountains, fertile, isolated, and healthful, was chosen; and

* This city was named *Kane*, in honor of a gentleman of that name (a brother of Dr. E. K. Kane, the Polar explorer), who was then their guest, and who has since given a graphic account of this remarkable exodus, in a lecture before the Pennsylvania Historical Society.



CROSSING THE PRAIRIES.

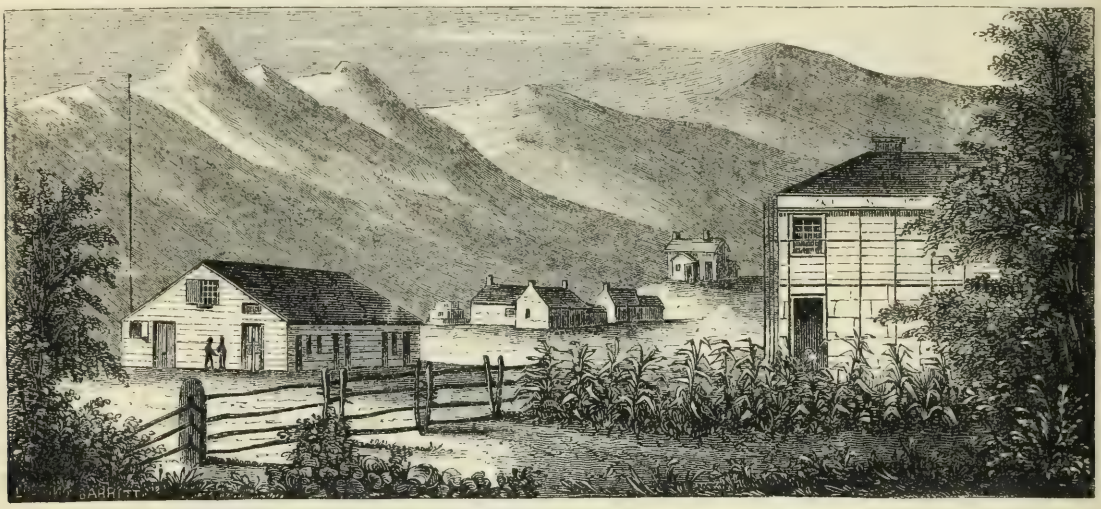
thitherward, early in the season, a pioneer company of 143 picked men and seventy wagons, drawn by horses, accompanied by their wives and children, and the members of the High Council, proceeded with seeds and implements of agriculture. Their route was up the left bank of the North Fork of the Platte River to Fort Laramie, where they crossed the stream; and following its course at the base of the rugged Black Hills, penetrated the South Pass. They were now fairly among the Rocky Mountains. Along the Sweet Water, through deep rocky cañons, across the Green River and the rushing Bear and Weber, and over the lofty summits of the Utah range, they toiled until the evening of the 20th of July, 1847, when they beheld, from the top of the Wasatch Mountains, the placid Salt Lake glittering in the beams of the setting sun. To those weary wanderers this mountain-top was a Pisgah—it was a scene of wondrous interest. Westward, lofty peaks, bathed in purple air, pierced the sky; as far as the eye could reach, north and south, stretched the fertile Valley of Promise, and here and there the vapors of hot springs, gushing from rocky coverts, curled above the hills like smoke from the hearth-fires of home.

The pilgrims entered the valley on the 21st of July, and on the 24th the President and High council arrived. Within a week potatoes were planted, the site of a city chosen upon a gentle slope on the bank of a stream which they named Jordan, connecting the more southern Utah Lake with the Great Salt Lake, a fort was commenced, quite extensive seeding began, and with solemn ceremonies the land was consecrated to the Lord. When the seed put forth in autumn, an immense army of huge black bugs came and destroyed the tender blades, and a dearth menaced the pioneers. Soon great flocks of beautiful white



HOT SPRINGS THREE MILES FROM GREAT SALT LAKE CITY.

birds, strangers in the valley, came like kind angels every morning, devoured the "black Philistines," and at evening soared away to their mysterious retreats beyond the mountains. They saved a portion of the crop, but famine came. The Mormons boiled the hides of slaughtered animals for food, and dug roots for sustenance by the side of the savage Utes among the hills. Deliverance came. A large party came forward from the Missouri region with abundance of grain. Fields were seeded; the mild autumn air and warm sun matured late planted crops, and they were blessed with plenty. The following year (1848) the inhabitants of *Kane* pressed forward to the valley, and Saints flocked thither from various points. The New Jerusalem was laid out within an area of four square miles, with broad streets and spacious side-walks. The work of building a city went on rapidly. A spacious house was built for the President and



PRESIDENT'S HOUSE AND MINT, SALT LAKE CITY.

Council, and in less than two years after the advent of the pioneers in the valley, a convention was called at Great Salt Lake City (March 5, 1849) to organize a civil government. A "free and independent government, by the name of the *State of Deseret*" was ordained, and a constitution was adopted designed to remain in force only until the Congress of the United States should erect the settlement into a Territory. Under this temporary instrument, whose provisions were consonant with the Federal Constitution, governmental machinery for "Gentile" residents and travelers, was put in operation, the Mormons themselves being governed entirely by the Head of the Church. A territorial government was established in 1850, and in October of that year the President of the United States appointed Brigham Young governor.

The Mormons are now making strenuous efforts to increase the population of their territory

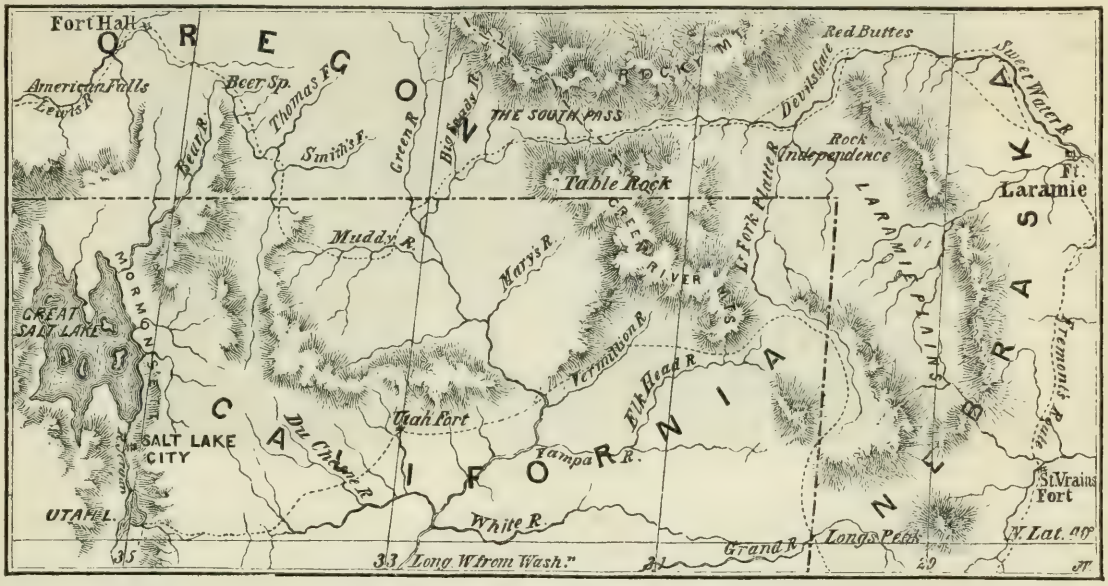


ORSON PRATT.

to the constitutional number (60,000), which will entitle them to a sovereign State-government. To this end they have sent emissaries abroad to invite the Saints to the new Zion, and a sum exceeding a quarter of a million of dollars has been provided, for the purpose of defraying the expenses of poor pilgrims thither. The pens of Orson Pratt (who has recently established a monthly publication called *The Seer*, at Washington City) their great expounder, and others, are busy in the promulgation of their peculiar views, and in encomiums upon the beauty of the country, the peacefulness and purity of society, and the general happiness of the people of *Deserét*.

In Great Britain their converts are very numerous, amounting at the present time to not less than 30,000. In the three kingdoms of England, Wales, and Scotland, they had, in 1851, 12 high priests, 1761 elders, 1590 priests, 1226 teachers, and 682 deacons. Since 1838 more than 50,000 converts have been baptized in Great Britain, of whom about 17,000 have joined their brethren in America. A large portion of them land at New-Orleans, and others go around Cape Horn to California, and thence to *Deserét*, where, according to Elder Pratt, there are now about 30,000 Saints. They have missionaries in every quarter of the globe—even the Celestials of China have heard their preaching, and the sect numbers at the present time, not far from 200,000 souls! Should permanent prosperity attend the commonwealth of *Deserét*, the great bulk of these converts will doubtless be gathered there. What will be the result of the consolidation of such a people, one in interest and faith, in the heart of our continent, whose acknowledged head is supreme in all things, spiritual, temporal, social, and political, is a question worthy of the profound attention of statesmen and political economists.

The country inhabited by the Mormons is one of the most remarkable on the face of the globe. It consists of a series of extensive valleys and



THE GREAT SALT LAKE REGION.

rocky margins, spread out in an immense basin, surrounded by rugged mountains, out of which no waters flow. It is midway between the States on the Mississippi and the Pacific Ocean, perfectly isolated from habitable regions, and embracing a domain "covering sixteen degrees of longitude in the Utah latitudes." On the east are the sterile spurs of the Rocky Mountains, stretching down to the vast plains traversed by the Platte River; on the west, extending nearly a thousand miles toward the Pacific, are arid salt deserts, broken by barren mountains; and north and south are immense mountain districts unsusceptible to habitation by man.

According to Kane, Stansbury, Gunnison and others who have visited that region, the Great Basin is more than four thousand feet above the ocean, between the Nevada and Wasatch ranges. The Great Salt Lake is on the eastern side of an interior basin five hundred miles in diameter; and its southeastern shore, where the Mormons have settled is the most fertile portion of the whole region. The country along the Jordan from Utah Lake to the Great Salt Lake is very beautiful, and the numerous streams which gush from the hill sides, are cold, fresh, and sparkling.* The valleys afford perennial pasturage, and by early irrigation they are made to yield abundant crops. Sixty to seventy bushels of wheat to the acre is an average yield, and potatoes and Indian corn grow luxuriantly. It is estimated that the Great Valley is capable of giving sustenance, from each square mile, to four thousand persons, and that the Territory of *Deserét* will maintain, with ease, a million of inhabitants. Wild game abounds in the mountains, and the streams are filled with excellent fish; the climate is delightful at all seasons of the year, and "breathing is a real luxury."

* Lieutenant Gunnison says of the Great Salt Lake: "The water is perfectly saturated with salt, and so dense that persons float, cork-like, on its waves, or stand suspended with ease, with the shoulders exposed above the surface"—*The Mormons*, etc., p. 18.

Southward, over the rim of the basin, is a fine cotton-growing region into which the Mormons are penetrating. The vast hills and mountain-slopes present the finest pasturage in the world for sheep, alpacas and goats. The water power of the whole mountain region is immense. Iron mines every where abound; and in the Green River Basin are inexhaustible beds of coal. In these great natural resources and defenses, possessed by a people of such indomitable energy and perseverance as the Mormons, we see the vital elements of a powerful mountain nation, in the heart of our continent, and in the direct pathway from the Atlantic to the Pacific States, that may yet play a most important part, for good or evil, in the destinies of our country and of the world.

The Mormons hold to the Sacrament of *Baptism*, but teach that it is not only efficacious in the salvation of the recipient but that a person may be baptized for the unregenerated dead—that a man may become a saviour for a friend already in the spirit-world. They profess to adhere to the primitive forms of church government and have the several orders of officers. The efficacy of *Confirmation*, or laying on of hands for the impartation of the Holy Ghost, is taught, but this, like other rites, is variously interpreted by different teachers. In all their ministrations the Mormon teachers are liberal latitudinarians. Like the Epicureans they teach the enjoyment of all the pleasures of this life. Their church worship is opened and closed by the performance of lively airs by a band of music; the revered elders join in the dances, feastings, and sports of the people, and the whole College of Apostles are what pleasure-loving folk would call "jolly fellows." The bosom of the church of Latter Day Saints offers the joys of a Mussulman's Paradise to its children.*



MORMON BAPTISM.

Polygamy has doubtless been practiced by the chief men of the Church, ever since the revelation on that subject to Sidney Rigdon, at Nauvoo. It was given the soft appellation of "Spiritual wife doctrine," and they sought to give the impression that its practice betook of the purity of Platonic love. But the world would not believe it, although the inspired Prophet himself declared it. They still asserted the purity of the relation, even after they had founded their isolated city in the wilderness; but intelligent Gentiles when visiting them, discovered the materiality of the doctrine. "I was not aware before" says a recent writer, "that polygamy was sanctioned by their creed, beyond a species of ethereal Platonism which accorded to its especial Saints chosen partners, called spiritual wives; but I now found that these, contrary to one's ordinary

* The reader, if desirous of becoming acquainted with the details of Mormon theology, faith and practice, will find them in the following books: The Book of Mormon—The Gospel Reflector—The Times and Seasons—Doctrines and Covenants—Voice of Warning, and The Millennial Star. These are canonical, and the writings of Joseph Smith and the two Pratts, and the General Epistles of the Presidency in Deseret are acknowledged as authoritative commentaries. The most reliable "Gentile" accounts of the Mormons may be found in Kane's Discourse already alluded to; Bennet's History of the Saints; the Narrative of Catharine Lewis; The Mormons, London, 1851; Stansbury's Expedition to the Great Salt Lake, and Gunnison's Mormons or Latter Day Saints.



CEREMONY OF CONFIRMATION.

notions of Spiritualism, gave birth to cherubs, and unfledged angels." No longer able to conceal the monstrous fact from the world, they now openly avow and defend the practice of polygamy. They even give it the sanction of a religious duty as a means of greater happiness in the future world. They teach that *no woman can attain to celestial glory without a husband to introduce her into paradise; nor can a man arrive at full perfection without at least one wife; and the greater the number he is able to take with him the higher will be his seat in the celestial city!* In a recent number of *The Seer*, Pratt, the great expounder of their doctrines, boldly advocates this practice, at the same time explaining the various guards which they profess are thrown around the "peculiar institution" to prevent immoral results. Polygamy is now openly practiced in the Great Salt Lake City, and the dignitaries of the church have each as many wives as they are able to support. It is said that President Young, the Sovereign Pontiff, has at least thirty wives in his household! Yet we must not unfairly withhold the acknowledgment that, as a people, they practice many social virtues. They are temperate, industrious, frugal, and honest. They are kind and hospitable to strangers; and many a half-starved and weary emigrant on his way to California, has had reason to bless the Mormons for their charity. The surface of society there exhibits the aspect of the highest degree of public and private virtue and sound morality. But the poison is at work secretly; and not many years will elapse before its effects will be seen on the surface of the body politic.

To the mind of the Christian, the religious character of the Mormons offers a dark picture. To the American patriot, the philanthropist, and the Christian philosopher, the political and social aspect of the sect awakens fearful apprehensions concerning the future. The Mormons are, ostensibly, loyal to the Federal Constitution, and profess great purity in their social relations. Will their loyalty survive the day of sufficient power to avenge the wrongs they have suffered, provoked or not, at the hands of American citizens? Is their allegiance to the Head of their Church as Supreme Pontiff—"prophet, priest, and king," spiritual and temporal—insignificant and without meaning? Will polygamy, now openly avowed and practiced, be productive of no social evils, which may menace the stability of public virtue and the best interests of society? These are questions of vast importance, and command our most serious attention. The fire of persecution is quenched, we hope, forever. The puissance of public opinion, formed on the basis of public virtue and supported by public law, must enter the lists as champion of social purity and uncorrupt republicanism. The sooner the trumpet of the herald is heard, the better. The sect is rapidly increasing in numbers, power, and influence. They really assume political, social, and religious independence of all the world. They will not tolerate public officers among them, who are not of their faith. They enact laws, regulate commerce, coin money, and do all other things which an independent state claims a right to do. Asserting their saintship *par excellence*, and consequently the whole earth as their patrimony, they look for universal dominion, temporal and spiritual. The Great Salt

Lake City—the New Jerusalem—is to be the central capital where the glory of the earth is to be displayed. The walls of a magnificent temple are rapidly rising, and soon the most gor-



MORMON GOLD COIN.

geous flag that ever floated upon the breeze is to be unfurled upon "Ensign Mount," a lofty pinnacle overlooking the city, as a symbol of universal dominion. It is to be constructed of the banners of all nations and peoples, and to be a signal of the speedy verification of the decree of the Lord, as saith Isaiah: "All ye inhabtants of the world and dwellers upon earth, see ye, when he lifteth up an ensign upon the mountains. And he will lift up an ensign to the nations from far, and will hiss unto them from the end of the earth. And it shall come to pass in the last days, that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the tops of the mountains, and shall be exalted above the hills, and all nations shall flow unto it."

We are not prophets of evil, but deem it wise to keep the sentinels upon our towers awake by frequently inquiring, "Watchman, what of the night?"

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

THE PEACE OF TILSIT.

UPON the banks of the Niemen, which separates the rest of Europe from the boundless wastes of the Russian empire, Napoleon arrested the march of his triumphant columns. But twenty months had now elapsed since he left the camp of Boulogne. In that time he had traversed the Continent, and conquered all the armies of combined Europe. The storms of winter had passed away. The beauty of summer was blooming around him. His soldiers, flushed with victory, and adoring their chieftain, were ready to follow wherever he should lead. But his enemies were incapable of any further resistance. Alexander and Frederic William, in the extreme of dejection, were upon the northern bank of the river, with about 70,000 men, the broken bands of their armies. These troops, having lost most of their artillery and munitions of war, were utterly dispirited. On the other bank the eagles of Napoleon fluttered proudly over 170,000 victors.

Upon the left bank of the Niemen there is the little town of Tilsit. It contains about ten thousand inhabitants. Napoleon had just arrived in this place when a letter was placed in his hands from Alexander, proposing an armistice. Napoleon had now been absent from the capital of his empire nearly a year, enduring inconceivable toils and hardships. With the utmost cordiality he accepted the proffered advances. Marshal Kalkreuth appeared, in behalf of the Prussians, to implore the clemency of the conqueror. Napoleon received him with great courtesy, and said, "You alone, of the Prussian officers, have treated the French prisoners humanely. On this account, and as a mark of my esteem and gratitude, I consent to a suspension of arms, without requiring the delivery of the remaining Prussian fortresses."

The Niemen alone now separated the belligerent armies. But Napoleon, with characteristic caution, concentrated his forces, reared an intrenched camp, collected immense stores, and posted the divisions of his army just as if the war had not been interrupted. The two vanquished sovereigns were now in great haste to open negotiations. The first interview was appointed for the 25th of June.

It is not often that the mathematical and the poetic elements combine in the same mind. They did so, in the most extraordinary degree, in the mind of Napoleon. No one ever had a more rich appreciation than he of beauty and of sublimity. He felt the impress of moral grandeur, and he well knew how to place that impress upon other hearts. The two most powerful sovereigns in the world were to meet, in friendly converse, to decide whether war should still desolate Europe. For a year their mighty armies had been engaged in one of the most sanguinary conflicts earth has ever witnessed. These hosts, consisting in the aggregate of more than two hundred thousand men, were now facing each other, separated but by a narrow stream. The eyes of all Europe were riveted upon the astonishing scene. Napoleon fully realized the grandeur of the occasion. With his accustomed tact, he seized upon it, to produce an impression never to be forgotten.

He ordered a large and magnificent raft to be moored in the middle of the Niemen, equi-distant from both banks of the river. The raft was carpeted, and ornamented with the richest decorations. Upon one part a gorgeous pavilion was erected. No expense was spared to invest the construction with the most imposing magnificence. The two armies were drawn up upon each shore. Thousands of people from the neighboring country had thronged to the spot, to witness the extraordinary spectacle. God seemed to smile upon this scene of reconciliation. The sun rose brilliantly into the cloudless sky, and the balmy atmosphere of one of the most lovely of June mornings invigorated all hearts.

At one o'clock precisely the thunders of artillery rose sublimely from either shore, as each Emperor, accompanied by a few of his principal officers, stepped into a boat on his own side of the river. The numerous and gorgeously appareled suite of the respective monarchs followed in a boat immediately after their sovereigns. The main raft was intended solely for Napoleon and Alexander. Two smaller rafts, also of most beautiful construction, were anchored at a short distance, for the imperial retinue. Napoleon reached the raft first, and immediately crossed it



THE RAFT AT TILSIT.

to receive Alexander. The two Emperors cordially embraced each other. Every man, in both armies, was gazing upon them. Instantly a shout arose, from two hundred thousand voices, which filled the air like a peal of sublimest thunder. Even the roar of nearly a thousand pieces of artillery was drowned in that exultant acclaim.

The two Emperors entered the pavilion together. The first words which Alexander uttered were:

"I hate the English as much as you do. I am ready to second you in all your enterprises against them."

"In that case," Napoleon replied, "every thing will be easily arranged, and peace is already made."

The interview lasted two hours. Napoleon, with his brilliant genius, possessed powers of fascination which few could resist. Alexander was perfectly entranced. "Never," said he afterward, "did I love any one as I loved that man." "You and I," said Napoleon, "shall understand each other better, if we treat directly, than by employing our ministers. We shall advance business more in an hour than our negotiators in several days. Between you and me there must be no third person." Alexander was but thirty years of age. He was extremely ambitious. To be thus addressed by one whose renown filled the whole world, was in the highest degree gratifying to the vanquished monarch. Napoleon proposed that they should both establish themselves in the little town of Tilsit, which should be neutralized to receive Alexander. There they could, at any hour, in person, engage in business. The proposal was eagerly accepted. It was agreed that the very next day Alexander, with his guard, should occupy one half of Tilsit, and Napoleon the other. Napoleon immediately ordered the most sumptuous arrangements to be made for the accommodation of the Russian Emperor. Furniture of the richest construction was sent to his apartments, and he was provided with every luxury.

On the morning of the next day the Emperors met again upon the raft. The unfortunate King of Prussia accompanied Alexander. Frederic William was a dull, uninteresting, awkward man, with no graces of person or of mind. He had unjustly provoked the war. His kingdom was in the hands of the conqueror. He could receive nothing but what Napoleon in compassion might condescend to restore. Alexander could treat on terms of equality. His kingdom was not yet invaded. All its resources were still under his control. The interview was short, lasting but half an hour. It was extremely embarrassing upon the part of the King of Prussia. He tried to frame some apologies for drawing the sword against France. Napoleon was too generous to wound his humbled foe by reproaches. He merely said that it was a great calamity that the court of Berlin should have allowed itself, by the intrigues of England, to embroil the Con-

tinent in war. It was decided that the King of Prussia should also come to Tilsit, to reside with his ally Alexander. Both parties then returned to their respective sides of the river.

At five o'clock in the afternoon of the same day Alexander again crossed the Niemen, to take up his residence in Tilsit. Napoleon went to the water's edge to receive him. They met like friends of long standing. Napoleon was especially courteous and cordial. Alexander was greeted with all the honor which the French army could confer. He was conducted to his quarters amidst the discharges of artillery and the acclamations of a countless host. Alexander dined with Napoleon. The highest honors and the most delicate attentions were lavished upon him. It was immediately settled that the Russian Emperor should take all his meals with Napoleon. Alexander was a gentleman of highly polished address, exhibiting all that grace of manner and elegance of address, which give such a peculiar charm to the *salons* of Paris. He was entirely dazzled by the grandeur and the fascinations of Napoleon, and was willingly led captive by one who could conquer hearts even more easily than he could vanquish armies.

The two Emperors took long rides every day, side by side, upon the banks of the Niemen, conversing with the utmost frankness. Their intimacy became so extraordinary, that not only did they dine daily together, but nearly every hour they were with each other, arranging the complicated conditions of the treaty into which they were about to enter. The officers and soldiers of the two armies, witnessing the perfect cordiality between the Emperors, vied also with each other in testimonials of esteem and friendship. Fêtes and entertainments succeeded in rapid order; and the two encampments were united in the kindliest ties of brotherhood. The Emperors, as they rode in company along the ranks of both armies, were received with the liveliest acclamations. Shouts of "Vive Alexander!" "Vive Napoleon!" were harmoniously blended. "My soldiers," said Napoleon to the Czar, "are as brave as it is possible to be. But they are too much addicted to reasoning on their position. If they had the impassible firmness and docility of the Russians, the world would be too small for their exploits."

One morning Napoleon and Alexander were walking out together, when they passed a French sentinel, who respectfully presented arms. The grenadier had a hideous scar upon his face, caused by a long and deep sabre gash, extending from his forehead to his chin. Napoleon looked at the man kindly for a moment, and then said to Alexander:

"Sire, my brother, what think you of soldiers who can survive such wounds as that?"

Alexander fixed his eye upon the wound, and replied: "And you, Sire, my brother, what think you of soldiers who can give such wounds?"

The grenadier murmured, in a grave voice, without changing a feature of his cast-iron face: "They are all dead—they are."

For a moment Alexander was embarrassed; and then turning to Napoleon, very courteously replied, "Here, my brother, as elsewhere, the victory remains with you."

"Here, as elsewhere," Napoleon most aptly rejoined, "it is to my soldiers that I am indebted for victory."

The Emperors often spent hours together with the map of the world spread out before them. Alexander became perfectly entranced with the new and brilliant thoughts which Napoleon suggested to his mind. It was Napoleon's great object to withdraw Alexander from the alliance with England, and to secure his cordial co-operation with France.

"What," said he, one day, "are the objects at which England aims? She wishes to rule the seas, which are the property of all nations; to oppress neutral flags, to monopolize commerce, to compel other nations to pay for colonial produce whatever price she demands, to plant her foot upon the Continent, wherever she can—in Portugal, in Denmark, in Sweden; to take possession of the dominant points of the globe, the Cape of Good Hope, Gibraltar, Malta, and the entrance to the Baltic, that she may impose her laws upon the whole trading world. She is now endeavoring to conquer Egypt. And recently, if she had obtained possession of the Dardanelles, what would she have done with them?

"I am accused of being fond of war. It is not so. I am ready instantly to prove it. Be you my mediator with the cabinet of London. That character befits your position as the former ally of England, and the future ally of France. I am willing to give up Malta. Great Britain may keep that island, in compensation for what I have acquired since the rupture of the peace of Amiens. But let her, in her turn, give up the colonies which she has wrested from my allies, Spain and Holland. I will then restore Hanover to her. Are not these conditions just—perfectly equitable? Can I accept others? Can I desert my allies? And when I am willing to sacrifice my conquests on the Continent, to recover for my allies their lost possessions, is it possible to dispute my probity and my moderation?

"If England refuses these terms, she ought to be forced to submit. It is not right that she should keep the world continually harassed by war. We have the means of compelling her to peace. If England refuses these just terms, proclaim yourself the ally of France. Declare that you will join your forces with hers to secure a maritime peace. Let England know that besides war with France, she will have war with the whole Continent, with Russia, with Prussia, with Denmark, with Sweden, and with Portugal, all which powers must obey when we signify our will to them. Austria must speak out in the same spirit, when she finds that she must have war with England or with us. England, then exposed to an universal war—if she will not conclude an equitable peace—England will lay down her arms.

"You are to act as a mediator with England

for me. I will act the same part with the Porte for you. If the Porte refuses to treat on equitable terms, I will unite with you against the Turks. Then we will make a suitable partition of the Ottoman empire."

Alexander was thrown by these magnificent conceptions into almost a delirium of enthusiasm. He yielded himself, without resistance, to the fascinations of the master-mind, which had now obtained an entire ascendency over him. He was never weary of expressing his unbounded admiration of Napoleon. To those who approached him he incessantly exclaimed, "What a great man! what a genius! What extensive views! What a captain! what a statesman! Had I known him sooner, from how many errors he might have saved me! What great things we might have accomplished together!"

The unfortunate King of Prussia was truly an object of commiseration. With neither an empire nor an army, he was but a suppliant for such alms as the generosity of Napoleon might confer upon him. He was lonely and dejected, and was quite an incumbrance in the way of his crowned companions. Napoleon treated him with great delicacy and respect. Said Napoleon at St. Helena:

"Almost every day at Tilsit, the two Emperors and the King of Prussia rode out together on horseback. Napoleon rode in the middle, between the two sovereigns. Frederic William could hardly keep pace with the two Emperors, or, deeming himself an intruder on their *tête-à-tête*, generally fell behind. Alexander was sometimes fatigued with his companion, whose chagrin was so evident, that it damped our satisfaction. We broke up, in consequence, our dinner parties at an early hour, under pretense of business at home. Alexander and I remained behind to take tea together, and generally prolonged the conversation till past midnight."

In these long interviews the fate of Turkey was a continual topic of conversation. The Moslem empire was rapidly crumbling to decay. Alexander was exceedingly desirous to drive the Turks out of Europe, and take possession of Constantinople. Napoleon was irreconcilably opposed to this plan. He felt that it was giving the dreaded Colossus of the North altogether too much power. He was willing that Russia should take the provinces on the Danube, but could not be persuaded to allow Alexander to pass the range of the Balkan mountains, and annex to his realms the proud city of Constantine.

One day, having returned from a ride, the two Emperors shut themselves up in the writing cabinet, where numerous maps were spread out. Napoleon requested his secretary, M. Meneval, to bring him a map of Turkey. Clapping his finger upon Constantinople, he exclaimed with great earnestness, as if repeating a conversation, "Constantinople! Constantinople! never! 'tis the empire of the world!"



THE THREE SOVEREIGNS.

Said Napoleon at St. Helena: "All the Emperor Alexander's thoughts are directed to the conquest of Turkey. We have had many discussions about it. At first I was pleased with his proposals, because I thought it would enlighten the world to drive those brutes, the Turks, out of Europe. But when I reflected upon its consequences, and saw what a tremendous weight of power it would give to Russia, on account of the number of Greeks in the Turkish dominions, who would naturally join the Russians, I refused to consent to it, especially as Alexander wanted to get Constantinople, which I would not allow, as it would destroy the equilibrium of power in Europe."

"A dispensation of Providence," said Napoleon to Alexander at Tilsit, "has set me at liberty in regard to the Porte. My ally and friend, Sultan Selim, has been hurled from the throne into confinement. I did think that one might make something of these Turks; restore to them some energy; teach them to make use of their natural courage. 'Tis an illusion. It is time to put an end to an empire which can no longer hold together; and to prevent its spoils from contributing to increase the power of England."

The Queen of Prussia came to Tilsit with her husband, hoping by her extraordinary charms of person and of manner, to secure more favorable terms from the conqueror. She was one of the most brilliant of women, retaining, at the age of thirty-two, that surpassing loveliness which had made her the admiration of Europe.

"The Queen of Prussia," said Napoleon, unquestionably possessed talents, great information, and singular acquaintance with affairs. She was the real sovereign for fifteen years. In truth, in spite of my address and utmost efforts, she constantly led the conversation, returned at pleasure to her subject, and directed it as she chose; but still with so much tact and delicacy, that it was impossible to take offense.

"Had the Queen of Prussia arrived earlier at our conferences, it might have had much influence upon the result of our negotiations. But happily she did not make her appearance till all was settled. As soon as she arrived I went to pay her a visit. She was very beautiful, but somewhat past the first flower of youth. After all, a fine woman and gallantry are not to be weighed against affairs of state."

He wrote to Josephine: "The Queen of Prussia is really a charming woman. She is fond of coquetting with me. But do not be jealous. I am like a cere-cloth, along which every thing of this sort slides, without penetrating. It would cost me too dear to play the gallant."

The unhappy Queen was violently agitated when she found that her efforts had been of no avail, and that all was concluded. As Napoleon conducted her down stairs, at the close of their final dinner, she stopped, gazed earnestly into his eyes, pressed his hand, and said—

"Is it possible that after having had the good fortune to be so near the hero of the age, he has not left me the satisfaction of being able to assure him that he has attached me to him forever!"

"Madame," Napoleon replied, "I lament that it is so. It is my evil destiny."

When she reached her carriage, she threw herself into it, buried her face in her hands, and departed sobbing most bitterly. The grief of the unhappy Queen wore so heavily upon her spirits that she soon sank into the grave. Her persuasions had roused Prussia to the war, and her lofty spirit could not brook the ruin she had thus drawn upon her country and her house.

The treaty concluded upon this occasion has become famous in history, as the "Treaty of Tilsit." The King of Prussia had about one half of his empire restored to him. The portion wrested from Poland, in the infamous partition of that empire, was organized into a Polish state, called the Duchy of Warsaw, and was placed under the protection of the King of Saxony. Napoleon liberated all the serfs, entirely abolished slavery, established perfect liberty of conscience in matters of religion, and rescued the Jews from all oppression. The inhabitants of the duchy were overjoyed in being thus emancipated from Prussian rule, and restored to comparative independence.

Napoleon earnestly desired the complete re-establishment of Poland. But he could not induce Alexander to consent to the plan. The provinces of Prussia, upon the left banks of the Elbe, were formed into the kingdom of Westphalia, and assigned to Jerome Bonaparte. The kingdom of Prussia was reduced from nine millions of inhabitants to five millions; her revenue of twenty-four millions of dollars was diminished to fourteen millions. Alexander recognized the Confederation of the Rhine; and also acknowledged the kings of Naples, Holland, and Westphalia. Russia agreed to mediate with England, and France engaged to mediate with the Porte, for the restoration of peace throughout the world. Alexander and Napoleon also entered into a mutual alliance, offensive and defensive. Such were the essential articles of this celebrated treaty. Thus Napoleon endeavored to strengthen his own position, and to protect himself from any further attacks from the north.

Some accused Napoleon of weakness and folly, in leaving Prussia so powerful, when she was entirely at his mercy. Others accused him of ambition and arrogance, in despoiling her of so large a portion of her resources. Impartial history will decide that, considering the circumstances in which he was placed, he acted not only with much wisdom and moderation, but also with great magnanimity. He manifested no spirit of revenge for the wrongs which he had received. He endeavored only to shield himself from future attacks.

Immediately after the conclusion of this treaty, in which Napoleon manifested so little disposition to aggrandize France, as to excite the wonder even of his most hostile historians, he sent for Savary, and said to him, "I have concluded peace. I am told that I have done wrong, and

that I shall find myself deceived. But truly we have had war enough. It is time that the world should enjoy repose. I wish to send you to St. Petersburg, until I make choice of an embassador. I will give you a letter to Alexander, which will serve as your credentials. You will manage the business for me. Recollect that I do not wish to go to war with any power whatever. Let this principle be the guide of your conduct. I shall be much displeased if you do not avoid drawing me into fresh difficulties. In your conversation carefully avoid any thing that may be offensive. For instance, never speak of war. Do not condemn any custom or comment upon any absurdity. Every nation has its peculiarities. It is too much the habit of the French to compare all customs with their own, and to set themselves up as models. You know how I have been deceived by the Austrians and Prussians. I place confidence in the Emperor of Russia."*

Napoleon had now been absent from France nearly a year. Upon the banks of the Niemen he was fifteen hundred miles from his capital. The Continent was now at peace. At this moment Napoleon was in the zenith of his power. Europe, dazzled by his genius, and vanquished by his armies, was compelled to recognize his crown. England alone, protected by her invincible fleet, and triumphantly sweeping all seas, refused to sheathe the sword. She still exerted all her powers of diplomacy and of gold, to combine new coalitions against the foe she so relentlessly pursued. Notwithstanding England's sovereignty of the seas, the genius of Napoleon had placed her in an unenviable position. The haughty bearing of that government had rendered England universally unpopular. Says Hazlitt, "As to the complaints urged by the French ruler against the encroachments, the insolence, and the rapacity of England, as a maritime power, nothing could be more just." Europe was now ready to combine to compel England to recognize the rights of other nations, and to sheathe her dripping sword. But proudly this majestic power, in her inaccessible domain, gathered her fleets around her, and bid defiance to the combined world.

On Napoleon's return journey, when he had arrived at Dresden, the capital of the kingdom of Saxony, he wrote to Josephine, "I reached this city last evening, at five o'clock, very well, though I had been in my carriage, without leaving it, one hundred hours. I am with the King of Saxony. I like him much. I have now traversed one half the distance which has separated us. It will happen that, one of these beautiful nights I shall burst into St. Cloud like a jealous husband. I forewarn you of it. It will give me the most intense pleasure again to see you. Entirely thine. NAPOLEON."

At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of July, the cannon of the Invalides, reverberating through the metropolis, announced to the overjoyed Parisians the return of their Emperor. With his accustomed disregard of all personal comfort, and his characteristic avoidance of all empty pomp, he had traveled through the night, and entered his capital, unannounced, at that early hour of the morning. The tidings of his arrival passed through the city like an electric flash. Spontaneous rejoicings filled all the streets. Napoleon had rescued France from the abyss of anarchy and want, and placed her upon the very pinnacle of prosperity and glory. Bourbonist and democrat, friend and enemy, alike admitted this. As the day passed away, and the evening twilight faded, every window, by popular concert, blazed with illuminations. But Napoleon tarried not in the city to receive these congratulations. Without the delay of an hour he repaired to St. Cloud, where he assembled his ministers before him, and immediately entered upon business, as if he had just returned from a short tour for recreation.

The confidence of the public in the stability of Napoleon's power, may be inferred from the rate of the public funds. The government five per cent. stock Napoleon found, when he assumed the consulship, worth but twelve dollars on the hundred. At his return from Friedland the same stocks were selling at ninety-three dol-

* In reference to this treaty, Sir Walter Scott remarks, with a disingenuousness deeply to be regretted in one whom we love to honor: "It may seem strange that the shrewd and jealous Napoleon should have suffered himself to be so much overreached in his treaty with Alexander, since the benefits stipulated for France, were in a great measure vague, and subjects of hope rather than certainty." Sir Walter, with his inveterate Tory prejudices, could not deem it possible that Napoleon could be influenced by a generous impulse. "If the reader," he says, "should wonder how Bonaparte, able and astutious as he was, came to be overreached in the treaty of Tilsit, we believe the secret may be found in a piece of private history. *He had hopes that he might obtain the hand of one of the archduchesses of Russia!*"

History may be searched in vain for a parallel to the unjust treatment of Napoleon. The great facts in his career are admitted by all. The false coloring put upon these facts is perfectly astounding. It is one of the most extraordinary of the curiosities of literature. Take one example out of hundreds, from Alison, who, better than any other English historian, with the exception of Hazlitt, appreciates the character of Napoleon. All admit that after every victory Napoleon pleaded for peace. How can this be reconciled with his alleged passion for war? Says Alison, "It had ever been his policy to offer peace to his enemies during the first tumult and consternation of defeat; *and more than once, by such well-timed advances, he had extricated himself from a position of the utmost peril.*" After the Battle of Eylau, Napoleon wrote a generous and noble letter to Frederic William, offering on terms most equitable and moderate, to make peace with Prussia, either singly or united with her allies. The fact no one can deny. And yet Alison allows himself to say, "*Amid these tardy and extorted expressions of moderation, the Emperor had nothing less at heart than to come to an accommodation.*" Still Alison is compelled to admit that Napoleon, did make peace the very moment his enemies were willing to sheathe the sword, and that he did this on terms so favorable to his enemies, as to excite the astonishment of the world. History is indeed recreant to her trust, when abandoning the broad highway of facts, she wanders in the crooked by-paths of hostile and ungenerous insinuations. Napoleon conducted nobly, magnanimously at Tilsit. Friend and foe should acknowledge it. The surmise that Napoleon hoped that Alexander would *toss in a sister to help balance the bargain*, can not command respect.

lars on the hundred. As it was easy then to obtain, with good security, an interest of six or seven per cent., this high appreciation of the public funds, proves the firmest confidence in the established government.

Before Napoleon left Paris to enter upon these campaigns, into which he was so reluctantly dragged, he addressed his ministers in the following solemn and emphatic appeal:

"I am innocent of this war. I have done nothing to provoke it. It did not enter into my calculations. Let me be defeated if it be of my own seeking. One of the principal reasons of the assurance I feel that my enemies will be destroyed is, that I view in their conduct the finger of Providence, who, willing that the guilty should be punished, has set wisdom so far aside in their councils, that when they intended to attack me in the moment of weakness, they selected the very instant when I was stronger than ever."

Before the battle of Jena, when Napoleon had so effectually out-manœuvred his enemies as to feel sure of victory, wishing to save the effusion of blood, he wrote to the King of Prussia—

"The success of my arms is not doubtful. Your troops will be beaten. But it will cost me the blood of my children. If that can be spared by any arrangement consistent with the dignity of my crown, I will do all that may depend upon myself. Excepting honor nothing is so precious in my eyes as the blood of my soldiers."

After the utter and unparalleled overthrow of the Prussians upon the fields of Jena and Auerstadt, he concluded a bulletin with the following words: "It appears as if it were a decree of Providence that all those who have fomented this war should be cut off by the first blows which were struck."

Napoleon had now returned to Paris after a series of victories unparalleled in history. As has been stated, he immediately repaired to St. Cloud, and convened a council of his ministers. He had never before seemed so happy. Joy beamed from his countenance.

"We are now," said he, "sure of continental peace. And as for maritime peace, we shall soon obtain that by the voluntary or the forced concurrence of all the continental powers. Let us enjoy our greatness, and now turn traders and manufacturers. I have had enough of the trade of *General*. I shall now resume with you that of *First Minister*, and recommence my *great reviews of affairs* which it is time to substitute for my *great reviews of armies*." The Emperor, accompanied by the Empress, and by all the high dignitaries of state, repaired to the church of Notre Dame, where a Te Deum was chanted in solemn thanksgiving to God for the Peace of Tilsit.

Without devoting a day to rest or to triumph, he immediately plunged with all the energy of his ardent and incessantly active mind into boundless plans for the promotion of the great interests of France. Carefully-selected agents were dispatched to all the cabinets of Europe. Minute directions were given to each to secure the efficient co-operation of all those powers, in the attempt to coerce England to peace, if she should refuse to accept the terms which Russia was commissioned to offer her. In this warfare it was not possible that there should be any neutrality. Those continental powers which continued to open their ports for the reception of English goods were most efficiently aiding the belligerent and indomitable islanders. Those, on the contrary, who closed their ports against the manufactures of England, co-operated with the allies in their great measure to disarm that hostile power. The allies! But yesterday guided by the genius of English diplomacy, they were combined against Napoleon. To-day, the genius of Napoleon has turned all their energies against his formidable rival. The rights of neutrals were by both parties entirely disregarded. England first assailed the rights of neutrals by prohibiting all commerce with France, or with the allies of France. Napoleon, immediately meeting wrong with wrong, prohibited all neutrals, as well as his own subjects, from buying any goods of the English.

Holland was almost exclusively a commercial country. Louis Bonaparte, a humane, kind-hearted, conscientious man, was more interested in the welfare of his own subjects than in the general welfare of Europe; consequently he was quite lax in enforcing the continental system. Smuggling was very extensively practiced in his kingdom. Napoleon, in the following able and earnest terms remonstrated with his brother:

"It is not to the present alone that sovereigns must accommodate their policy. The future must also be the object of their consideration. What is at this moment the situation of Europe? On one side, England, who possesses, by her *sole* exertions, a dominion to which the whole world has been hitherto compelled to submit. On the other side, the French Empire, and the continental states, which, strengthened by the union of their powers, can not acquiesce in this supremacy exercised by England. Those states had also their colonies and a maritime trade. They possess an extent of coast much greater than England. But they have become disunited, and England has attacked the naval power of each separately. England has triumphed on every sea, and all navies have been destroyed. Russia, Sweden, France, and Spain, which possess such ample means for having ships and sailors, dare not venture to send a squadron out of their ports.

"I wish for peace. I wish to obtain it by every means compatible with the dignity of the power of France; at the expense of every sacrifice which our national honor can allow. Every day I feel more and more that peace is necessary. The sovereigns of the Continent are as anxious for peace as I am. I feel no *passionate prejudice* against England. I bear her no *insurmountable hatred*. She has followed against me a system of repulsion. I have adopted against her the continental system, not so much from a *jealousy*

of ambition, as my enemies suppose, but in order to reduce England to the necessity of adjusting our differences. Let England be rich and prosperous. It is no concern of mine, provided France and her allies enjoy the same advantages.

"The continental system has, therefore, no other object than to advance the moment when the public rights of Europe and of the French Empire will be definitely established. The sovereigns of the North observe and enforce strictly the system of prohibition, and their trade has been greatly benefited by it. The manufactures of Prussia may now compete with ours. You are aware that France, and the whole extent of coasts which now forms part of the empire, from the Gulf of Lyons to the extremity of the Adriatic, are strictly closed against the produce of foreign industry. I am about to adopt a measure with respect to the affairs of Spain, the result of which will be to wrest Portugal from England, and subject all the coasts of Spain, on both seas, to the influence of the policy of France. The coasts of the whole of Europe will then be closed against England, with the exception of those of Turkey, which I do not care about, as the Turks do not trade with Europe.

"Do you not perceive, from this statement, the fatal consequences that would result from the facilities given by Holland to the English for the introduction of their goods on the continent? They would enable England to levy upon us the subsidies which she would afterward offer to other powers to fight against us. Your Majesty is as much interested as I am to guard against the crafty policy of the English cabinet. A few years more, and England will wish for peace as much as we do. Observe the situation of your kingdom, and you will see that the system I allude to is more useful to yourself than it is to me. Holland is a maritime and commercial power. She possesses fine seaports, fleets, sailors, skillful commanders, and colonies which do not cost any thing to the mother-country. Her inhabitants understand trade as well as the English. Has not Holland, therefore, an interest in defending all these advantages! May not peace restore her to the station she formerly held? Granted that her situation may be painful for a few years. But is not this preferable to making the King of Holland a mere governor for England, and Holland and her colonies a vassal of Great Britain? Yet the protection which you would afford to English commerce would lead to that result. The examples of Sicily and Portugal are still before your eyes.

"Await the result of the progress of time. You want to sell your gins, and England wants to buy them. Point out the place where the English smugglers may come and fetch them; but let them pay for them in money, and never in goods—*positively never!* Peace must at last be made. You will then make a treaty of commerce with England. I may, perhaps, also make one with her, but in which our mutual interests shall be reciprocally guaranteed. If we must allow England to exercise a kind of supremacy on the sea—a supremacy which she will have purchased at the expense of her treasures and of her blood—and which is the natural consequence of her geographical position, of her possessions in the three other parts of the globe—at least our flags will be at liberty to appear on the ocean without being exposed to insult, and our maritime trade will cease to be ruinous. For the present we must direct our efforts toward preventing England from interfering in the affairs of the Continent."

It will be remembered that Napoleon had placed two Spanish princes over the kingdom of Etruria. The king, an idle, dissolute, weak-minded man, soon died. The queen of Etruria, daughter of the king of Spain, now reigned as regent for her son. She was a feeble and a careless woman. She could neither appreciate nor comprehend the continental system, which Napoleon was determined to have enforced. The English traded as freely at Leghorn, as in the ports of their own country. Their goods, thus entered, were scattered widely over the Continent. Napoleon ordered Eugene to draft an army of 4000 men, and, rapidly crossing the Apennines, to fall upon Leghorn, and capture all property belonging to the enemy. He was then to fortify Leghorn against any attack from the English, and to enforce the Berlin decree. This was an act of despotism. Napoleon asserted, in defense, that the world demanded peace; that England, mistress of all seas, could not be conquered by force of arms; that the only influence which could be brought to bear upon England, to induce her to consent to peace, was to strike at her trade. To accomplish this Europe was ready to combine. It seemed to him preposterous that a frivolous and foolish woman, nominally governing the petty kingdom of Etruria, should be a fatal obstacle to the success of a plan of such grandeur.

Napoleon's youngest brother, Jerome, was at that time a wild, thoughtless, kind-hearted young man about twenty-one years of age. His extravagance and his frivolous dissipation greatly displeased his imperial brother. He had been appointed to the command of a small sloop of war. Napoleon was in the habit of calling him *that little miscreant*. At one time, when Jerome wrote for more money, Napoleon replied:

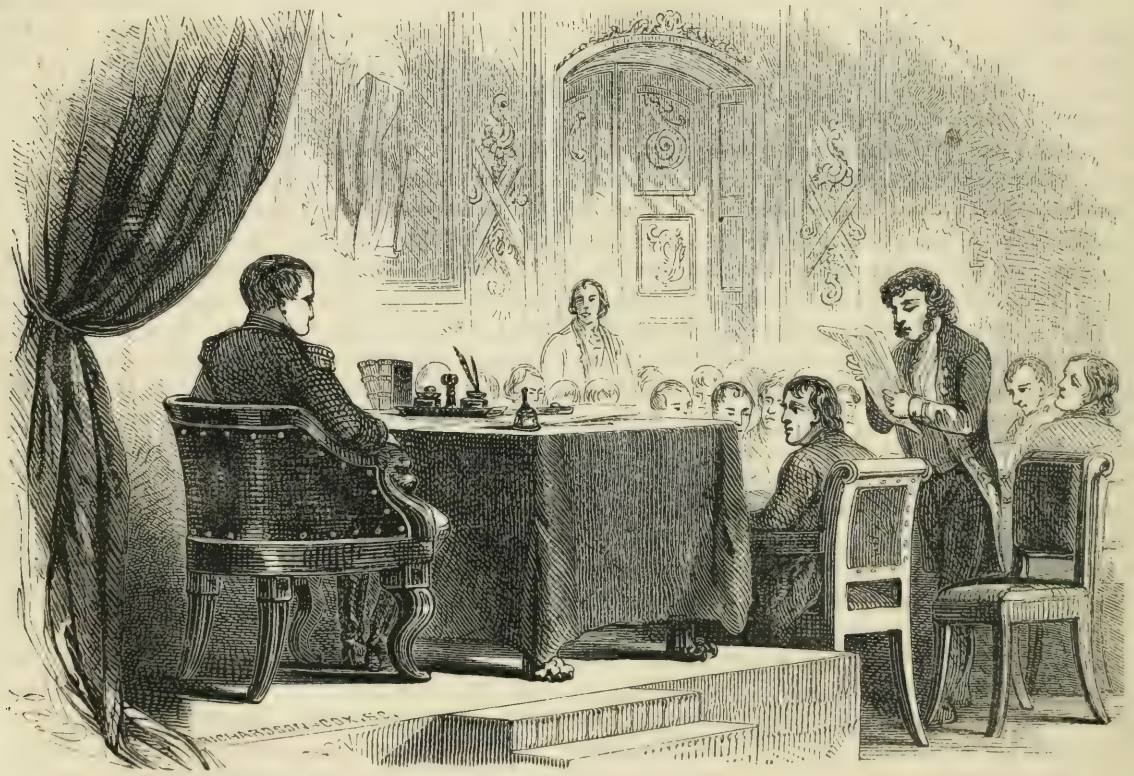
"I have seen your letter, *Mr. Naval Ensign*, and am impatient to hear that you are on board your frigate, studying a profession intended to be the scene of your glory. Die young and I shall have some consolation. But if you live to sixty, without having served your country, and without leaving behind you an honorable memory, you had better never have been born."

Jerome, in one of his cruises, landed in New York. He there met and married Miss Elizabeth Patterson, a very beautiful young lady, daughter of a rich merchant in Baltimore. Napoleon was founding a new dynasty. By the

laws of France, this marriage, without the consent of the government, of a French Prince, to whose heirs the imperial crown might descend was null. It was deemed essential to the interests of France that those princes who might inherit the imperial throne should form alliances which would strengthen their power. Napoleon consequently refused to recognize this marriage or to allow the youthful bride of his brother to land in France. Madame Bonaparte, in sorrow, returned to Baltimore with her infant son. Jerome accepted the hand of the daughter of the king of Würtemberg, and was appointed by Napoleon King of Westphalia. His son is now heir to the Empire of France, should Louis Napoleon die without issue.

It will be remembered that the French government was composed of three houses, the Senate, the Tribunate, and the Legislative body. Napoleon resolved to simplify this cumbrous machinery, by blending into one body the functions and the persons of the Tribunate and the Legislature. Said Napoleon at St. Helena, "It is certain that the Tribunate was absolutely useless, while it cost nearly half a million. I therefore suppressed it. I was well aware that an outcry would be raised against the violation of the law. But I was strong. I possessed the full confidence of the people, and I considered myself a reformer. This at least is certain, that I did all for the best. I should, on the contrary have created the Tribunate, had I been hypocritical or evil disposed; for who can doubt that it would have adopted and sanctioned, when necessary, my views and intentions. But that is what I never sought after in the whole course of my administration. I never purchased any vote or decision by promises, money, or places.'

The Council of State, or Cabinet, Napoleon formed with the greatest care. In this body he collected for his assistance the most able men, in every department of government, wherever he could find them. The council was divided into sections to report upon literature, science, legislation, civil, military, naval and ecclesiastical affairs. The moment a new province was added to the empire Napoleon sought from it the most distinguished men with whom to enrich his council. Genoa, Florence, Turin, Holland furnished men so brilliant for talents that they survived the downfall of their master, and upon their return to their own countries were appointed to high stations by their respective sovereigns.



NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

The meetings of the council were usually held in the Palace of the Tuileries, or if Napoleon happened to be at St. Cloud, the members were summoned there. The Emperor generally presided in person. His seat was a common mahogany chair, raised one foot above the floor, at the head of several long tables where the councilors of state were seated. At times Napoleon would drop his head upon his bosom and sink into a profound reverie, apparently unconscious of the languishing discussion. At other times the whole body was electrified by the brilliancy and the intense activity of his mind. Sometimes he gave notice of his intention to be present. Again he appeared unexpectedly. The roll of the drum, on the stairs of the Tuileries, gave the first intimation of his approach. The Emperor's seat always remained in its place. When he was absent, the High Chancellor presided, occupying a chair by the side of the vacant seat.

The moment business commenced the key was turned and no loiterer could then obtain admittance.

No matter how long the sittings, the mind of the Emperor never seemed fatigued. He often kept the council at St. Cloud in session from nine o'clock in the morning until five in the evening, with an intermission of but a quarter of an hour for refreshments. He sometimes presided at a meeting of the sections in the Tuileries from ten o'clock in the evening till five in the morning. He then took a bath, and was ready to commence work as vigorous as ever. "One hour," said Napoleon, "in the bath, is worth, to me, four hours of sleep." He expected from others mental activity in some degree corresponding with his own. If a report was to be drawn up it was ordered for the next morning. If one of the Council was charged with proposing a law to the Legislature, he often had not two hours to arrange the matter and to prepare his speech. The Emperor dictated with such rapidity that there generally remained several pages to be written after he had done speaking. And yet his amanuenses were so skillful that seldom any alteration was required.

There was no opportunity in the council for the pomp of eloquence. The style of speech was laconic and simple. A new member, who had acquired celebrity as an orator was laughed at for his rhetorical display. He found it necessary immediately to adopt simply the language of earnest conversation. Not only was every description of knowledge represented in the council, but all shades of political opinion. It was a prominent endeavor of Napoleon, to fuse into one mass of patriotic love, all the different parties of the state.

The most perfect freedom of discussion prevailed in the council. The Emperor often urged those persons to speak, whose opinions he desired to learn. One day the Emperor entered the council in a state of intense agitation. News had arrived of the surrender to the Spaniards, of the French army under General Dupont. It was the first time that the eagles of France had been humiliated. Napoleon's voice trembled with emotion as he recounted the disaster. He was extremely displeased with General Dupont. As he dwelt upon the resources which the General, even under the most desperate circumstances, might have called to his aid, he exclaimed,

"Yes! the elder Horace, in Corneille's play, is right, when being asked what his flying son could have done, he says, '*He might have died; or he might have called in a noble despair to his rescue.*' Little," continued Napoleon, "do they know of human nature who find fault with Corneille, and pretend that he has weakened the effect of the first exclamation, by that which follows."

On one occasion, General Gassendi, an old artillery comrade of the Emperor, was advocating some rather visionary views of political economy.

"Where, my dear General," said Napoleon ironically, "did you gain all this knowledge?"

The blunt soldier, a little irritated, exclaimed, "From you, Sire, I have borrowed my principles."

"What do you say?" replied the Emperor with warmth; "from me! I have always thought that if there existed a monarchy of granite, the chimeras of political economists would grind it to powder. No, General! you must have fallen asleep in your office and dreamed all this."

"Fall asleep in our offices!" exclaimed the privileged soldier. "No, sire! I defy any one to do that. Your Majesty torments us too much with hard work to allow of any repose."

A general burst of laughter followed this retort, in which the Emperor heartily joined.

A woman had three times been tried for a capital offense, and each time acquitted. Through some informality in the proceedings a fourth trial was still demanded. Napoleon claimed for the poor woman the immunity which in justice she ought to have obtained. Alone he contended against the whole Council of State. It was declared that the Emperor possessed the power of pardon, but that the law was inflexible and must take its course. "Gentlemen," Napoleon replied, "the decision here goes by the majority. I remain alone, and must yield. But I declare in my conscience that I yield only to forms. You have reduced me to silence, but by no means convinced me."

On another occasion, in the ardor of debate, the Emperor was three times interrupted in giving his opinion. Turning to the individual who had thus transgressed, he exclaimed, in a severe tone, "I have not yet done, sir. I beg that you will allow me to continue. I believe that every one here has a right to express his sentiments." This reply struck the whole body so comically as to produce a general laugh, in which the Emperor himself very good-naturedly joined.

Napoleon manifested the most unremitted attention to the wants of his wounded soldiers; and provided, with truly paternal affection, for the children of those who had fallen on the field of battle. He was continually revolving in his grateful mind, what he could do for those who, through toils and sufferings incredible, had been so true to him. At one time he proposed to the Council of State, that, in future, all vacant situations in the customs, and in the collection of the revenue and the excise, should be given to wounded soldiers, or to veterans capable of filling those offices, from the private up to the highest rank in the army. The plan was very coldly received. Napoleon urged a free expression of opinion.

"Sire!" answered M. Maluet, "I fear that the other classes of the nation will feel aggrieved in seeing the army preferred."

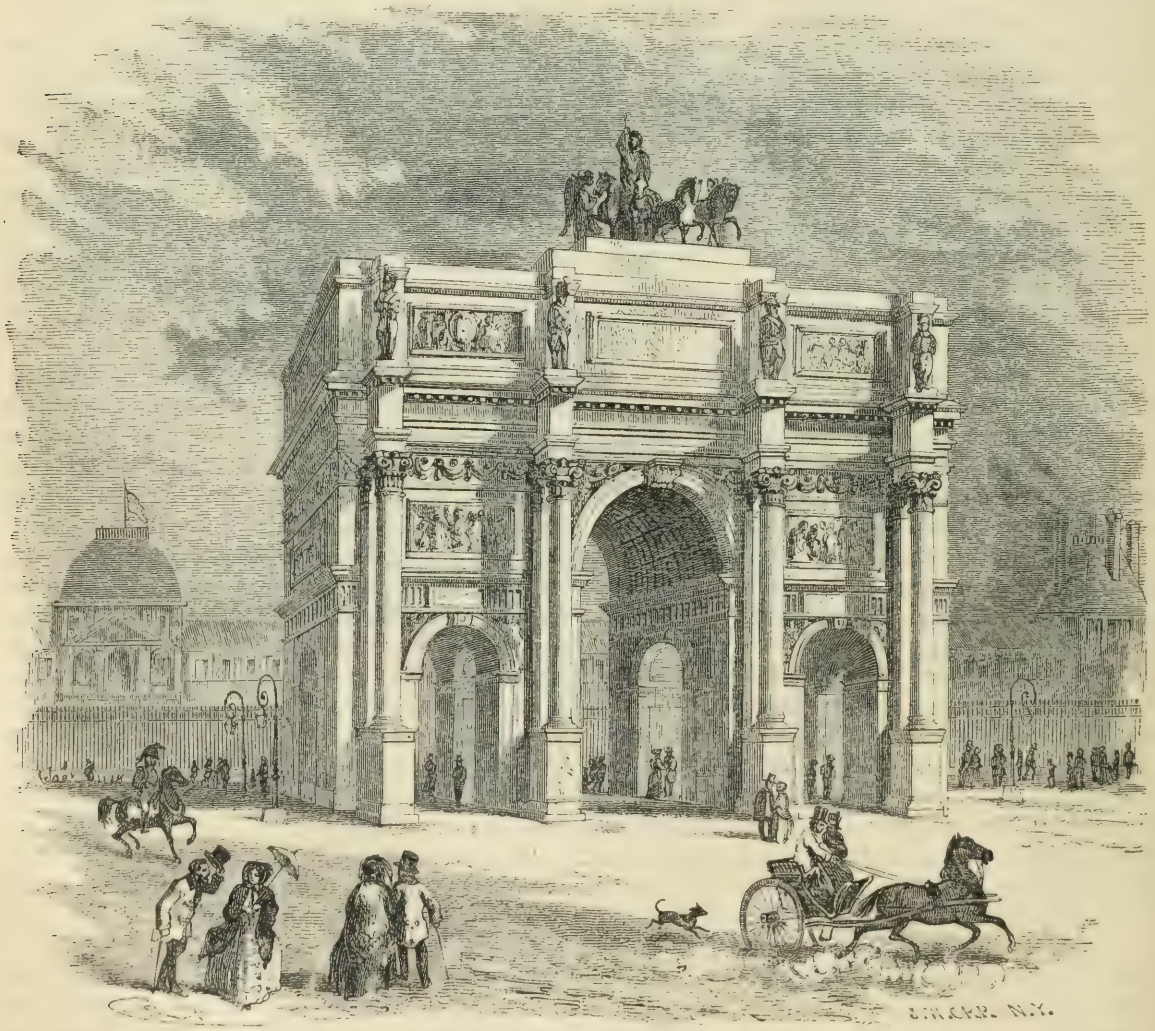
"Sir," the Emperor replied, "you make a distinction where none exists. The army no longer forms a separate class in the nation. In the situation in which we are now placed, no

member of the state is exempt from being a soldier. To follow a military career is no longer a matter of choice. It is one of necessity. The greatest number of those who are engaged in that career, have been compelled to abandon their own professions. It is therefore just that they should receive some compensation."

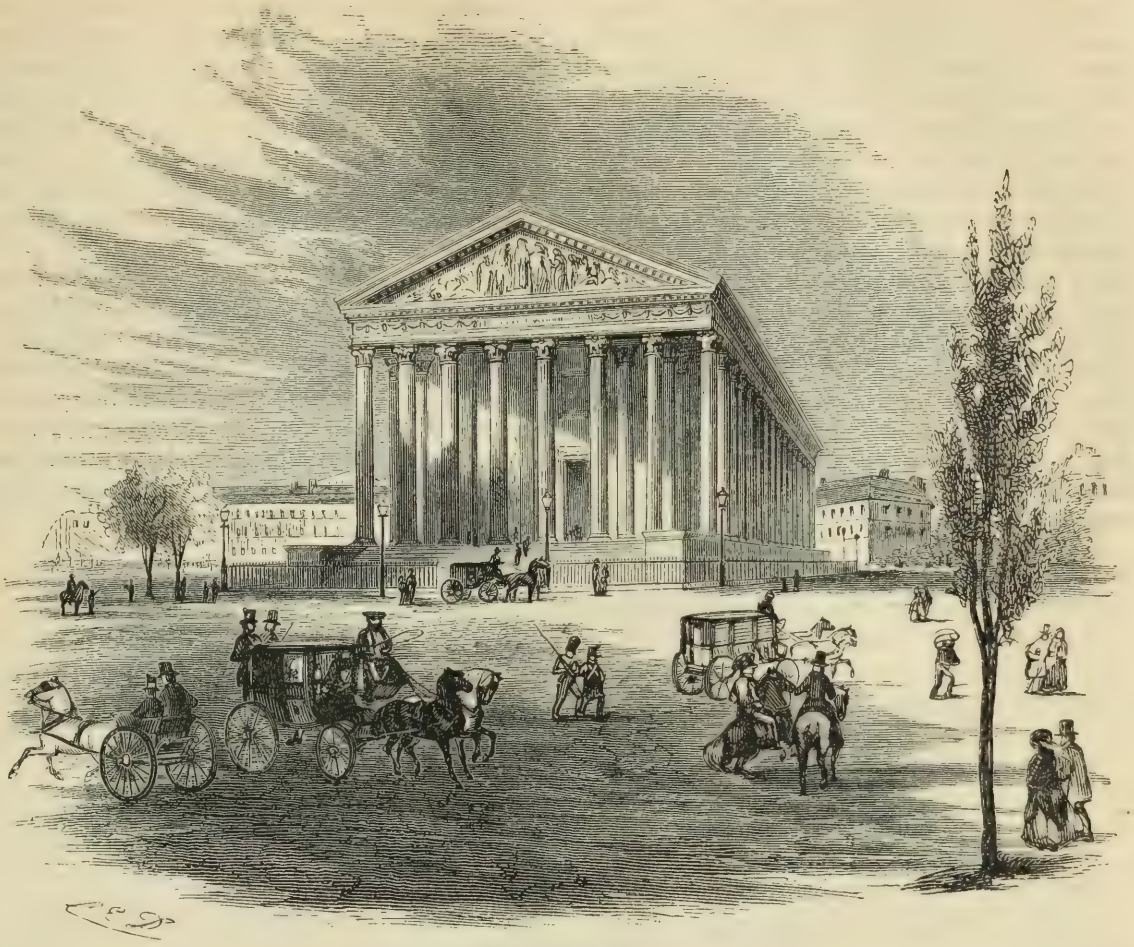
"But will it not be inferred," said M. Maluet, "that your Majesty intends that, in future, almost all vacant situations shall be given to soldiers."

"And such indeed is my intention," the Emperor replied. "The only question is whether I have the right to do so. The constitution gives me the nomination to all places. I think it a principle of strict equity that those who have suffered most have the greatest claims to be indemnified." Then, raising his voice, he added, "Gentlemen, war is not a profession of ease and comfort. Quietly seated on your benches here, you know it only by reading our bulletins, or by hearing of our triumphs. You know nothing of our nightly watches, our forced marches, the sufferings and privations, of every kind, to which we are exposed. But I do know them, for I witness them, and sometimes share them." Though the Emperor was deeply interested in the passing of this decree, and defended it in its most minute details, he yielded to the opposition, and abandoned the plan.

Napoleon had adopted all the children of the soldiers and officers who fell at Austerlitz. In consequence of this adoption they were all authorized to add *Napoleon* to their names. One of these young men happened, on a certain occasion, to attract the especial attention of the Emperor. Napoleon asked him what profession he would choose, and, without waiting for an answer, pointed out one himself. The young man observed that his father's fortune was not sufficient to allow him to follow it. "What has that to do with the question?" replied the Emperor. "Am not I also your father?" The pulsations of Napoleon's generous heart were as gigantic as were the energies of his imperial mind. The Emperor wished to establish a military classification of the whole empire, as a measure of national defense. The first class, which was to consist of young men, was to march as far as the frontiers. The second, which was to be composed of middle-aged and married men, was not to quit the department to which it belonged. The third, consisting of men advanced in years, was to be kept solely for the defense of the town in which it had been raised. During a discussion of the above subject, the Emperor spoke in very emphatic terms, urging the importance of this measure. His piercing eye seemed to penetrate futurity, and to anticipate the hour of national peril which soon arrived. One of the members of the cabinet, in a



ARCH OF THE CARROUSEL.



THE MADELAINE.

very circumlocutory style, expressed his disapproval of this plan of organization. The Emperor immediately exclaimed, "Speak boldly, sir. Do not mutilate your ideas. Say what you have to say freely. We are here by ourselves."

The speaker then declared, "that the measure was calculated to inspire general alarm. That every individual trembled to find himself classed in the divisions of the national guard; being persuaded that under the pretext of internal defense, the object was to remove the guards from the country."

"Very good," said the Emperor; "I now understand you. But, gentlemen," continued he, addressing himself to the members of the council, "you are all fathers of families, possessing ample fortunes, and filling important posts. You must necessarily have numerous dependents. And you must either be very maladroit, or very indifferent, if with all these advantages, you do not exercise a great influence on public opinion. Now, how happens it, that you, who know me so well, should suffer me to be so little known by others? When did you ever know me to employ deception and fraud in my system of government! I am not timid. I therefore am not accustomed to resort to indirect measures. My fault is, perhaps, to express myself too abruptly, too laconically. I merely pronounce the word, I order; and with regard to forms and details, I trust to the intermediate agents who execute my intentions. And heaven knows, whether on this point, I have any great reason to congratulate myself. If, therefore, I wanted troops, I should boldly demand them of the Senate, who would levy them for me. Or, if I could not obtain them from the Senate, I should address myself to the people, and you would see them eagerly march to join my ranks. Whatever may be alleged to the contrary, the whole of the French people love and respect me. Their good sense is superior to the malignant reports of my enemies. The French people know no benefactor but me. Through me they fearlessly enjoy all that they have acquired. Through me they behold their brothers and sons indiscriminately promoted, honored, and enriched. Through me they find their hands constantly employed, and their labor accompanied by its due reward. They have never had reason to accuse me of injustice or prepossession. Now, the people see, feel, and comprehend all this. Be assured, then, that the people of France will always conform to the plans which we propose for their welfare.

"Do not allow yourselves to be deceived by the supposed opposition which has just been alluded to. It exists only in the saloons of Paris, and by no means in the great body of the nation. In this plan, I solemnly declare, I have no ulterior view of sending the national guard abroad. My thoughts, at this moment, are solely occupied in adopting measures at home, for the safety, repose, and stability of France. Proceed

then to embody the national guard; that each citizen may know his post in the hour of need; that even M. Cambaceres yonder may shoulder a musket, should our danger require him so to do. We shall thus have a nation built of stone and mortar, capable of resisting the attacks both of time and men."

The great works of public utility to which Napoleon now turned his energies are too numerous to be mentioned. Over forty thousand miles of high roads formed a vast network reticulating the empire. The monumental routes of the Simplon, Mt. Cenis, and Mt. Genevre were urged to their completion. Fourteen bridges were built, some of which are still regarded as among the grandest monuments in Europe. Two majestic canals were dug, opening all France to artificial navigation. The amazing works constructed at Antwerp, still attract the admiration of the world. All the fortresses of the empire were carefully examined and repaired. Thirty fountains, flowing day and night, embellished Paris. Thousands of laborers reared, as if by magic, the triumphal arches of the Carrousel, and the Etoile. The column in the Place Vendome, the exquisite temple of the Madelaine, the façade of the legislative Hall, the Palace of the New Exchange, and the Pantheon, are all from the hand of Napoleon.

France was never before in such a state of activity and prosperity. Perfect tranquillity pervaded the empire. The popularity of Napoleon was boundless. England prohibited all commerce upon the seas. The genius of the Emperor opened a new world of commerce upon the land. The roads were crowded with wagons, and the canals were covered with boats laden with the richest merchandise.



ARCH DE L'ETOILE



TOKINA.

TOKINA.

[From Ross Browne's "Yusef, a Crusade in the East."]

BEFORE proceeding on our journey to the Sea of Galilee, I must not forget another remarkable feature that usually was prominent in our travels. While we are winding our way toward Tiberias, with nothing but bare and desolate rocks on both sides, permit me to introduce you to our friend and fellow-traveler, Tokina.

Attached to our party was a small donkey, which often excited my wonder by his great spirit and powers of endurance. Tokina was his name; and, although it could not be denied that he was an ass—a perfect ass, I may say—yet he was a most sensible little fellow, and had a soul very much above any common ass. He was not much bigger than a Newfoundland dog, but he had an amount of ambition concealed beneath his shaggy little hide that would have done honor to any horse in Syria. If his ears were long, so was his head; he carried a good deal in it as well as on it.

There was not an inch of the way from Beirut to the summit of Mount Lebanon, and from the summit of Mount Lebanon to Damascus, and from Damascus to Jerusalem, that he did not bear himself bravely under all circumstances; never once flagging, however great his burden; always trotting along briskly, tumbling into rivers and ditches, and climbing out again as much alive as ever; carrying immense lazy Arabs on his back up hill and down hill, and running away now and then, and kicking all the mules within his reach. Tokina was not only a remarkable ass, but a transcendentalist. There was no telling what he was about half the time, he maintained such an aspect of profound wisdom, and used such obscure and uncouth language to explain himself. He was also something of a politician; that is to say, he was very fond of any body that gave him oats, and always wagged his ears and smiled pleasantly when he expected little attentions of that kind. When imposed upon by unmerciful riding, he would bear it all patiently, never tripping until a good opportunity occurred of making something by it; and then he would stumble into a ditch, as if by accident, and come out rejoicing without saddle or rider. I often imagined when he brayed on occasions of this kind, that he meant to say: "Bismillah! you are in the mud now! See how I throw dirt on you! You needn't think to impose upon me because I'm little. By the beard of the Prophet! a pretty fellow you are, truly! Two hundred pounds' weight, nearly, riding on a little chap like me! But don't think because you're a bigger ass than I am that you can come it over me in this way much longer. I won't stand it; if I do, may I be turned into a two-legged animal, and walk on end all the days of my life." Whereupon, he would kick up his heels and dash off, laughing to himself in such wise that it was perfectly human. Then to catch him was a job that afforded us infinite diversion; to see him dodge under the mules, and run behind and before the horses, and upset the Arabs that were on foot; it was such innocent relaxation for a great mind. Being ridden upon he seemed to regard as one of the necessary evils of society, and bore it always as long as he could; the greatest ass in the world could not do more. Doubtless he saw how the big people

around him rode on the little people, and how the principle extends from the highest to the lowest of the living kind—those with vertical as well as those with horizontal backs. If he made use of his senses, he could not help perceiving that the various governments of Europe rode on Turkey; that Turkey rode on the Pashas of Syria; that the Pashas of Syria rode on Yusef Badra, the Destroyer of Robbers; that Yusef rode on Mustafa, and Mustafa on the back of his mule; that life is a general system of riding and being ridden upon, and even the smallest of asses has a weight of despotism to bear upon his back.

I have often thought that the autobiography of a Syrian ass would be most interesting and instructive. What strange revelations he could give us of character, adventure, and book-making! What valuable reflections on the antiquities of Palestine! What rich and copious notes on affairs of government! Pardon any thing thou mayst deem amiss in these remarks, O Tokina! for I know and love thee well, and mean thee no offense. If thou shouldst feel at all hurt, remember that I, your best friend, who have saved thee many a beating, am of the human species myself; and accept as a peace-offering the sketch herewith appended, in which I have endeavored to do justice to thy personal beauty, and at the same time show the world that thou art grievously imposed upon!



FRANCE—HER EMPEROR.

SOME seventy years ago, a lady was crossing the Atlantic ocean from Martinique to Havre. She was young and beautiful. As she walked the deck of the brig she led by the hand her daughter, a little child about five years of age. The little girl was full of vivacity, and became an extreme favorite with the sailors. Playing with a goat, and dancing by the songs of the sailors, she became the pet of the whole crew. Soon her only pair of shoes were worn out. A kind-hearted seaman cut down a pair of his old slippers, and with needle and twine made a rude fit for the mirthful child. This lady was Josephine Beauharnais. This child was Hortense, afterward Queen of Holland, and mother of Louis Napoleon, the present Emperor of the French. Said Josephine, when Empress of France, "No present which I have ever received gave me half so much pleasure as the gift of those rough shoes from the hands of that old sailor."

Josephine arrived in Paris in the midst of the horrors of the French revolution. Her husband was sentenced to the guillotine. Their property was confiscated. Josephine was imprisoned. The day for her execution was appointed. Hortense and her little brother Eugene were left to wander in friendlessness and poverty through the streets of Paris. No one dared to befriend the children of the doomed. A kind old nurse saved them from starving. Robespierre fell. Josephine was liberated but a few hours before the time appointed for her death. She emerged from her prison to embrace her children, and to struggle with poverty. Eugene was apprenticed to a cabinet-maker. Hortense was placed in the shop of a seamstress. Tardy justice restored to Josephine a portion of her property. She met Napoleon; married him. His powerful protection encircled the children. Hortense was sent to the school of Madame Campan. She became one of the most brilliant, beautiful, and fascinating of ladies. Napoleon loved her with the fondest paternal tenderness. Her character, like that of all the members of the Bonaparte family, has been most shamefully traduced. Says Bourrienne, the enemy of Napoleon, the servant of the Bourbons: "Napoleon never cherished for Hortense any feeling but a real paternal tenderness. He loved her, after his marriage with her mother, as he would have loved his own child. At least for three years I was witness to all their most private actions. I declare that I never saw any thing that could furnish the least ground for suspicion, or the slightest trace of culpable intimacy. This calumny must be classed with those that malice delights to take with the character of men who become celebrated—calumnies which are adopted lightly, and without reflection. I freely declare that did I entertain the slightest doubt with regard to this odious charge, I would avow it. But it is not true. Napoleon is no more. Let his memory be accompanied only by that, be it good or bad, which really took place. Let not this reproach be made a charge against him by the impartial historian. I must say, in conclusion on this delicate subject, that Napoleon's principles were rigid in an extreme degree, and that any fault of the nature charged neither entered his mind, nor was it in accordance with his morals or his taste."

The Duchess of Abrantes, with her sprightly pen, thus describes Hortense when seventeen years of age: "She was as fresh as a rose, and though her fair complexion was not relieved by much color, she had enough to produce that freshness and bloom which was her chief beauty. A profusion of light hair played in silken locks

around her soft and penetrating blue eyes. The delicate roundness of her slender figure was set off by the elegant carriage of her head. Her feet were small and pretty. Her hands were very white, with pink well-rounded nails. But what formed the chief attraction of Hortense, was the grace and suavity of her manners. She was gay, gentle, and amiable. She had wit, which, without the smallest ill-temper, had just mischievousness enough to be amusing. She drew excellently, sang harmoniously, and performed admirably in comedy. In the year 1800 she was a charming young girl. She afterward became one of the most amiable princesses of Europe. I have seen many, both in their own courts and in Paris, but I never knew one who had any pretension to equal talents. Her brother loved her tenderly. Napoleon regarded her as his child. It is only in that country so fertile in the inventions of scandal, that so foolish an accusation could have been imagined, as that any feeling less pure than paternal affection actuated his conduct toward her. The vile calumny met with the contempt it merited."

Though the voice of slander has given its utterances so long and so loud against Hortense, there is no shadow of evidence to impeach her character. *The Berkeley Men* in the "Napoleon Dynasty" give the following testimony: "We have found nothing, in our investigations on this subject, to justify even a suspicion against the morals of Louis or Hortense; and we here dismiss the subject, with the remark, that there is more cause for sympathy with the parties to this unhappy union, than of censure for their conduct." It is grateful to one's feelings thus to rescue the memory of a pure-minded and noble woman from unmerited obloquy. Human nature is bad enough at the best. It is not well to bring in the aid of an envenomed imagination to dim still more deeply its tarnished lustre.

Napoleon's younger brother, Louis, was a man of profound religious sensibilities. He was melancholy in his temperament. He was romantic and solitary in his tastes. He loved seclusion, books, solitary walks, reverie, and the quiet of a fireside which gayety and the crowd could never invade. Louis fell deeply in love with a beautiful young lady, a daughter of one of the ancient nobility. All the energies of his pensive soul were engrossed by the devouring passion. Napoleon was just entering upon the morning twilight of his brilliant career. Democracy was triumphant in Paris. He feared that the alliance of his brother with a daughter of the old aristocracy might injure his rising fortunes. He arranged a mission which sent Louis from Paris, and obtained the marriage of the young lady with another. It was the ruin of the pensive Louis. His crushed heart never recovered from the blow. Napoleon soon became conscious of the irreparable wrong he had inflicted upon his brother. To make amends, as far as possible, he planned a union of Louis with the amiable, the beautiful, the fascinating Hortense. But Hortense had already given her heart to another. Duroc, one of the most spirited, handsome, and gay young soldiers in France, was her lover. But the tact of Josephine and the power of Napoleon eventually triumphed over every obstacle. The bride and bridegroom were reluctantly led to their melancholy espousals. "Never," said Louis in his dirge-like Memoirs, "was there a more gloomy wedding Never had husband and wife a stronger presentiment of the horrors of a forced and ill-suited marriage. Before the ceremony, during the benediction, and ever afterward, we both equally and constantly felt that we were not suited to each other."

These sombre nuptials were contracted the 4th of January, 1802 Louis was appointed King of Holland. During a few years of dejection and gloom they lived sadly together. Three children were born to them. The eldest, whom Napoleon contemplated for his heir, died when a child but five years of age. The second died twenty years ago. The third, a melancholy man, without father, mother, brother, or sister, now occupies the throne of France.

Louis and Hortense soon became satisfied that they could not live happily together. They separated. Louis soon abdicated the throne, and wandering disconsolately over Europe, lived a retired and scholastic life until 1846, when he died at Leghorn, sixty-eight years of age. During these long years, whose gloom no ray of joy ever penetrated, he devoted himself chiefly to literature. He was a man of more than ordinary genius, of the utmost purity of morals, and of a devotional frame of mind. Hortense, with her two younger sons, repaired to Malmaison, where she resided for a time with Josephine. Afterward she retired to a lonely castle in Switzerland. There she lingered through the gloom of her remaining days until the year 1837, when she died. Her remains were buried by the side of Josephine, in the church of Ruel, near Paris. Her only surviving son has reared there a beautiful monument to her memory.

Such was the parentage of Louis Napoleon. It helps to explain his character. He is a melancholy and a lonely man. His countenance bears the trace of years of disappointment and sorrow. The writer of these pages has seen him in the retirement of his cabinet, in the brilliant saloons of the Tuileries, and in the proud reviews of his armies, when eighty thousand men, in martial array, encircled him. At all times the same sad expression rests upon his face. His smile, though gentle, is melancholy. His life has been a scene, until within the last few years, of incessant conflict, and of incessant disappointment. It has been his doom that he could never forget the exalted name he bears. Years ago, the French nation, by a vote of unanimity unprecedented in the annals of the world, founded the Napoleon dynasty. They declared the throne to be hereditary in the family of their elected and adored Emperor. Louis Napoleon, the son of the Emperor's brother, and of his adopted daughter, is the heir to whatever rights this popular vote can give. The sovereigns of

Europe claim that kings reign, not by the vote of the people, but by divine appointment.

The allied monarchs, after deluging Europe with blood, marched at the head of a million of bayonets upon Paris. They hurled the elected monarch from his throne, and chained him to a rock. They forced upon a reluctant people a rejected dynasty. Louis Napoleon has ever claimed that he was entitled to the throne of France, by the vote of the people; that both Bourbonists and Orleanists were usurpers, trampling upon popular rights, and sustained upon the throne by foreign bayonets, and by fraud.

Louis Napoleon, now the Emperor of the French, and the subject of this brief sketch, was born at the Palace of the Tuileries, the 20th of April, 1808. He is consequently now forty-five years of age. His birth took place a few months after the separation of his father and mother. He was the first prince, of the Napoleon dynasty, born under the empire. His birth was accordingly hailed by extraordinary military and public honors. The thunder of cannon and the waving of banners announced his birth from one extremity to the other of the majestic empire of Napoleon. He was often fondled upon the knee of the great Emperor, and, previous to the birth of the son of Maria Louisa, was regarded as the not improbable inheritor of the Imperial dignity. When, upon the restoration of the Bourbons, Hortense retired to her castle in Switzerland, she took with her two little children—Napoleon Louis, and Louis Napoleon. She was in possession of an ample income, and her dwelling was surrounded with all the appliances of wealth and luxury. Illustrious guests from all parts of Europe were drawn to her castle by the renown of her souvenirs; and she was enabled to confer upon her sons the advantages of a thorough and polished education.

These two young men passed most of their early years in comparative retirement among the mountains and valleys of Switzerland. They took occasional journeys with their mother. Wherever they appeared, their name, their rank, their wealth, rendered them conspicuous. The education they received was mainly scientific and military. In reading of the renowned deeds which have immortalized the Emperor, and of the rise and fall of the kings and queens of the Bonaparte family, their souls were fired with ambition. They mourned over their inglorious lot; they hungered and thirsted to be led into some field of peril and of majestic enterprise. Thus restive and fretted, the slow years lingered away, till the young men became about twenty years of age The elder of the two brothers, Napoleon Louis, now married his cousin, a daughter of Joseph Bonaparte. The joys of the youthful bridal for a short time enlivened the melancholy castle of Hortense. Suddenly the news arrived of the revolution of 1830. Charles X. was driven from his throne. France was in commotion. The eager young princes had hardly time to mount their horses before they heard that Louis Philippe was firmly seated upon the throne of France. It was vain to attempt to thrust him from his place. The next year they heard tidings of revolutionary movements in Italy. The name of Bonaparte was recognized all over Europe as the watchword of the popular party—as the banner beneath which the people must rally in their hostility to feudal kings. The two brothers, with feverish impetuosity, hurried to the scene of revolution upon the Italian peninsula, eager to join in any enterprise which might bring them prominently before the world as the efficient and available advocates of popular rights. But Austria was there, sustaining her iron despotism with her well-trained hosts. The insurrection was shot down mercilessly. The elder brother, Napoleon Louis, overcome by fatigue and exposure, suddenly died. Louis Napoleon was now left alone. He also was taken dangerously sick. The Austrians had nearly surrounded him. His mother, half frantic with anguish, came to the rescue of her only surviving child. With the utmost difficulty she succeeded in extricating him from the exasperated troops of the government. Fearing that in the agitated state of Europe Switzerland could hardly afford them an asylum, she rapidly traversed France with her bereaved, disappointed, and unhappy son, and sought refuge in England. After a brief residence there, as affairs became more settled upon the Continent, she returned to her quiet home in Switzerland.

Five years now passed away, in which Louis Napoleon remained in the retirement of his Swiss castle, fretting at the obscurity to which he was doomed to consign the great name of Bonaparte. His boundless ambition was ever fed by his equally boundless self-confidence. He never doubted that he had inherited the ability of Napoleon, and was equally able with that mighty spirit to control all the elements of anarchy and passion. He regarded himself, and was regarded by others, as the legal heir of all that could be recovered of the fortunes of the Exile of St. Helena. He endeavored to beguile some of his weary hours, and to attract attention by authorship; and published several works, which were quite creditable to his political and military attainments.

In the autumn of 1836, Louis Napoleon visited the baths of Baden. There he found many restless adventurers from all parts of Europe; and with them he planned an expedition to enkindle a new revolution in France; eject Louis Philippe from his throne, and place the crown of Napoleon upon his own brow. He was aware that France was ever ripe for change. He dreamed that the name of Bonaparte alone would be as potent as if the great Emperor himself were to appear with his exquisitely chiseled features, and in his well-known costume.

Louis Napoleon is not at all deficient in personal courage. With a kind of despairing energy, he has ever been ready for any rash and headlong enterprise. The name of Napoleon was still a talisman in every cottage in France. In the army there were many weary of the pa-

cific policy of Louis Philippe, and longing for a chieftain to lead them to military glory. There were many restless spirits scattered over the empire prompt to embark in any enterprise which promised wealth and power.

It is said that Louis Napoleon has ever been a close copyist of his uncle. In the plan he now adopted, he seems to have studied to imitate the career of the illustrious Exile of Elba. Had the tomb of St Helena given forth its mighty dead, all France would have risen to greet him. But Louis Napoleon was a stranger. He had but just emerged from the period of boyhood. Few had ever heard the mention of his name. No veteran warriors recognized his features or his voice. Unfortunately he did not in the slightest degree inherit the contour of his uncle. Still the young man was sanguine of success He resolved to make his appearance in some frontier town, to utter the magic name of Napoleon, to unfurl the eagles of the Empire, and to march, with the accumulating thousands who would throng him, triumphantly upon Paris.

A small detachment of the army was stationed at Strasbourg, situated upon the frontiers of France. This place seemed to present a favorable opportunity for the commencement of the enterprise Louis provided himself with the gray coat and with the cocked-hat, so invariably associated with the Emperor. It is said that he also studied to acquire his attitude and gesture. Several of the officers in the garrison were in the conspiracy They doubted not to be able to lead their men to declare in favor of Louis.

The day appointed for the mad enterprise arrived. It was the 30th of Oct. 1836. A cold winter's day dawned gloomily. Nature seemed to frown upon the enterprise. No "sun of Austerlitz" rose over the bleak hills. The stormy air was filled with drizzling rain and sleet. Before one ray of the morning had pierced the murky clouds, the whole garrison of the place, consisting of three regiments of infantry, three of artillery, and a corps of engineers, found themselves drawn up, by their officers, in the barrack yard. They had no idea for what purpose they had been marshaled, in this dark and untimely hour. As they stood drenched with rain and shivering in their ranks, in the cold and stormy morning air, several gentlemen, in the uniform of French officers, entered the yard, bearing the eagle-crowned banner, which had so often waved over the victories of Napoleon.

Louis attired in his gray coat and cocked hat, then stepped forward from his retinue, and was presented by the colonel of the regiment, to his troops, as the nephew and heir of the Emperor, who had come to place himself at their head, and to lead them to revolution and to victory The old soldiers recognized the hat and the coat. It instantly roused their enthusiasm. They shouted "Vive l'Empereur." The younger soldiers were at first bewildered But soon they caught the sympathetic contagion and joined in the cry. Taking advantage of the enthusiasm of the moment the officers marched the troops through the street, with the ringing of bells, the streaming of banners and exultant music. The quiet little town of Strasbourg was in a moment thrown into a paroxysm of amazement and commotion. Heads, enveloped in night-caps, were thrust out of the windows into the snowy air. The streets were soon filled by a throng following the column, bewildered and wondering at the cause of the strange uproar The troops marched directly to the head-quarters of the general, who was in command of the garrison, and took him prisoner. The sanguine Louis now felt sure of success. He thought that he had nothing to do, but to traverse, France like a whirlwind, and to take possession of the Tuileries and of the Empire. He subsequently wrote in reference to the affair.

"O, my mother! judge of the happiness which I enjoyed at that moment. After twenty years of exile, I again touched the soil of my native land. I found myself surrounded by Frenchmen, whom the memory of the Emperor was about again to warm with electric heat."

But a dreadful disappointment was at hand. The next regiment they met were not prepared to embark in so desperate an enterprise. Some of the officers succeeded in rallying the men, in favor of Louis Philippe. After a short and tumultuary scene Louis and all his party were taken prisoners. Hardly an hour had elapsed ere the young Prince found himself incarcerated in a cell of iron and of stone. He was removed to Paris for trial. Louis Philippe treated him with great magnanimity. It was not thought best to familiarize France with the idea, that the great Emperor had an heir, who claimed the throne. The matter was hushed up as much as possible. In the darkest hours of the night Louis Napoleon was taken into Paris. He was immediately carried to the office of the Prefecture of Police. A few dim lamps lighted the apartment. After a very short examination, he was again sent away, before the light of the morning dawned, to Port Louis, near Lorient. He was there placed on board a frigate which was equipped for sea. As soon as the wind permitted the frigate weighed anchor. The commander had received sealed instructions, which he was not to open until he came to a designated point of latitude and longitude upon the ocean. There it was found that the vessel was ordered to Rio Janeiro, where Louis Napoleon was not to be permitted to land. From that place he was to be taken to New York. On shipboard he wrote to his mother.

"Every man carries within himself a world composed of all that he has seen and loved, and into which he continually withdraws, even when he is wandering over a foreign land. At these moments I am doubtful which are the most melancholy recollections those of misfortunes which have befallen us, or those relating to happy times which exist no longer. Two months ago, I wished for nothing, except never to behold Switzerland again. Now, if I were to follow my own inclinations, I should have no other wish than to find myself again in my little chamber,

in the midst of that fine country, in which I fancy that I ought to be so happy. Do not think of coming to meet me. I do not at present know where I shall take up my abode. Perhaps I should find better opportunities of obtaining a livelihood in Southern America. Labor, to which the uncertainty of my circumstances will now subject me, will afford the only consolation which I can now enjoy."

Early in the spring of 1837, Louis Napoleon was landed upon the wharves of New York, an unsuccessful adventurer, a friendless and sorrow-stricken exile. Probably conscious of the exalted name he bore, and bowed down by the pressure of misfortune, he lived solitary and alone. Still he devoted himself with much zeal to the study of the institutions of the United States.

It was said, at the time of his banishment, by the French government, that Louis Napoleon had promised, not to cross the Atlantic again for ten years. The young Prince, upon hearing of this report immediately pronounced it unqualifiedly false. It is however evident that discouraged by the total failure of his enterprise, he had decided to abandon all the stormy and perilous enterprises to which Europe might invite him, and to settle down in quietude upon a southern plantation, as an American republican. With this view he visited Louisiana, where he entered into negotiations for the purchase of an extensive tract of land. But not having available funds, and finding that the owner of the land, demanded ample security, notwithstanding the proud assertion that the "name of Napoleon needed no endorsement," he abandoned the design of becoming a planter. Just then he received the following sad letter from his mother:

"My dear son, I am about to undergo an operation which has become absolutely necessary. In case it should not terminate successfully, I send you, in this letter, my blessing. We shall meet again in a better world. You will believe that in quitting this life, I regret only leaving yourself and your fond affectionate disposition, which alone has given any charms to my existence. This will be a consolation to you, my beloved child, to reflect that by your attentions, you have rendered your mother as happy as circumstances could allow her to be. I press you to my heart, my dear child. I am calm, perfectly resigned. I would still hope that we may meet again, even in this world. The will of God be done. Your affectionate mother,

"HORTENSE."

Upon the reception of this letter, the ever-affectionate son resolved immediately to embark for Europe, and to hasten to the bed-side of his dying mother. He found her still alive. For a few weeks he watched with the most tender care around her couch of suffering, and had the mournful satisfaction of receiving her last messages of love, as world-weary and sorrow-stricken, she sank in death.

Louis, dejected and bereaved, lingered for some months at the castle where his mother had breathed her last. The French looked with a jealous eye upon the young claimant of the French throne. It was represented to the Swiss government that to allow him to remain within so short a distance of France, would endanger their safety. Consequently the government were compelled to withdraw protection, and Louis must again go forth alone, and heart-stricken, to meet the dim future. He repaired to England. His income was ample, yet he seemed weary of life. Still the memory of the name he bore seemed ever to reproach him, for submitting to an inglorious life, and to rouse him to desperate adventure to gain a throne and a crown.

For two years he remained in London. His name, his claims, and peculiar position, attracted much attention. When he appeared in society, or when he took his daily afternoon airings, on horseback or in his carriage, in the parks, he was observed by all. He studiously adopted the habits of life of his uncle. It is said that he invariably rose at six o'clock, and employed himself in his study, with his books and his pen, until mid-day. He then breakfasted, and read the morning papers, causing notes to be taken of all that peculiarly interested him. At two o'clock he received visitors. At four or five he made his appearance with the charioted throng, rolling through the parks. At seven o'clock he dined. The evenings he devoted to the various social and intellectual entertainments of the great metropolis.

During his stay in England, he published a work, entitled "Napoleonic Ideas," which, from its title and its author, rather than from any intrinsic merit, attained some celebrity. This work consists of an exposition of the political maxims of the great Emperor. The failure of his ill-planned adventure at Strasbourg, which had covered him with ridicule, seemed gradually to inspire him with a strong desire to attempt to retrieve his reputation, by a more brilliant and successful enterprise. The year 1840 arrived, and all France was in a blaze of enthusiasm, to receive the remains of her idolized monarch, from the rock of St. Helena. Murmurs long and loud, against Louis Philippe were heard on every side. Louis Napoleon resolved to avail himself of this apparently propitious moment, to drive the Orleans branch of the Bourbons from the throne; believing that every Frenchman would rejoice to have the sceptre in the hands of the nephew, at the reception of the remains of the uncle. Many plans far less wise have been crowned with success. And yet it seemed a hair-brained enterprise to attempt the subversion of an empire, having so vigilant and energetic a spirit as that of Louis Philippe at its head, with instruments as feeble as those upon which the adventurer must rely. A plan was so secretly matured that no suspicion of the contemplated movement was excited either in England or in France.

On Sunday, the 4th of August, 1840, Louis Napoleon accompanied, apparently by a pleasure par-

ty of about sixty persons, entered a small steamer upon the Thames. Many of the gentlemen were attended by their servants. They were all foreigners, and it is said that many of them were unaware of the enterprise in which they had embarked. The little steamer passed down the river and pushed out into the Channel. The Prince then assembled his gallant army of sixty men, and informed them of the object of the expedition, which was no less than the invasion of France, and the overthrow of the Orleans dynasty. Money was distributed freely. Wine flowed in abundance. The courage of all was soon roused to the highest pitch. French uniforms, which had previously been prepared, were given to all, and the captain was ordered to steer directly for Boulogne. The little steamer, "The City of Edinburgh," with its handful of gay revelers, hurried over the wave, to demolish the armies of Louis Philippe, and to take possession of France. The innocent Captain Crow, though perfectly astounded at the quantity of wine which disappeared, submissively obeyed the orders of the Prince, and guided his tiny bark toward the shores of France. It was midnight when the dim outline of the Gallic coast was first faintly discernible in the distance. The brilliant sun of a cloudless summer morning illumined both land and sea, as the valiant army of invasion, heated with wine, and flushed with the night's revelry, landed unopposed and unobserved at the obscure village of Vimereux, near the garrisoned city of Boulogne. The tale seems incredible, and yet it is well authenticated, that this extraordinary army of sixty strong, formed themselves in solid column, and advanced valiantly upon the guns and bayonets of the fortified city. Louis Napoleon, whom no one has ever accused of want of courage, or of a disposition to push his friends into positions of peril, which he was not willing to share, headed the Lilliputian host. He had not forgotten the pithy remark of Chateaubriand, "that if the cocked hat and surtout of Napoleon were placed on a stick on the shores of Brest, it would cause Europe to run to arms from one end to the other."

Next to the general-in-chief came one in the uniform of a French officer, with a live eagle fluttering upon the perch. Then followed the rank and file of gentlemen and servants. They were abundantly furnished with proclamations. Louis had in his imperial treasury about one hundred thousand dollars, to meet the expenses of the war. As they marched victoriously along through the green fields, a crowd of gaping peasants and ragged boys followed, wondering what it all could mean.

They reached Boulogne. The garrison there consisted of two companies. The soldiers, amused, bewildered, and amazed, gathered around the invading army. Louis harangued them energetically, and the vivacious French began to shout "Vive l'Empereur!" The officers caught the alarm, rushed to the barracks, gathered the soldiers around them and recalled them to obedience. Louis lost his presence of mind, and in his desperation fired a pistol at the colonel. The ball missed its mark, but wounded a soldier in the neck. The whole party were now compelled to retreat. They fled through the streets in ludicrous confusion, pursued by the soldiers, the boys, and the dogs. Some few were shot. Some were drowned; but most of the party were surrounded and captured.

These two wild adventures left the impression upon the public mind, that Louis Napoleon was a simpleton and a madman. And yet the boldness, the ability, and the eloquence of his defense when put upon trial astonished France. The name of Napoleon was adored by the people. It was not deemed safe to doom one of his descendants to an ignominious death. He was sentenced to *perpetual imprisonment* in the castle of Ham. When he heard the judgment, he exclaimed, "At least I shall have the happiness of dying upon the soil of France." It is reported, that as he entered the gloomy fortress, assigned as his home and his grave, he looked up at the impregnable battlements frowning upon him, and smiling, said, "The word *perpetual* in the French language, means, until the next revolution."

The castle of Ham is one of the gloomiest prisons in Europe. For six dreary years, he endured the almost insupportable monotony of his prison life. The iron had entered his soul; the indelible traces of suffering still mark his pensive features. For some time he was exposed to every annoyance which could embitter his confinement. At length these stringent measures were mitigated, and he was allowed books, and writing materials, and was permitted to correspond with his friends. In a letter to Lady Blessington he says, "My thoughts often recur to the spot in which you dwell. Nevertheless I have no desire to quit my present abode. Here I am in my proper place. With the name which I bear, I must be either in the seclusion of the dungeon, or in the brightness of power."

Again he wrote to a friend, "Twice betrayed by fate, I have experienced all the vicissitudes and sorrows of this life. Having got the better of the illusions of youth, I find in the native air I breathe, in study, in the seclusion of a prison, a charm which I have not experienced when I participated in the enjoyments of foreign countries, where I had to drink of the same cup as the conqueror of Waterloo."

The letter from which this brief extract is taken, was published in the journals, and produced great excitement in France. The question was asked, "under what title he would be prepared to return to France, if the doors of his prison where thrown open and the decree of exile evoked." He replied, "I never can believe that France is the property of any family. I have never pretended to any other rights than those of a French citizen. And I never shall have any other desire, than to see the whole people legally convened, choosing freely the form of government which they may think best to have. A member of a family which owes its elevation to the suffrages of the nation, I should

belie my origin, my nature, and what is more, I should do violence to common sense, if I did not admit *the sovereignty of the people as the fundamental basis of all political organization.* My previous actions and declarations are in accordance with these opinions. If I have not been understood, it is because we do not seek to explain defeats. We only condemn them."

Louis, who had a highly cultivated mind and intellectual tastes, endeavored to beguile the weary hours of his captivity by literary and scientific studies, and philosophical experiments. He also published several works, highly creditable to his heart and to his pen. After an imprisonment of five years, he wrote, "Years roll by with disheartening monotony. It is only in the promptings of my conscience and my heart, that I find strength to stand up against this atmosphere of lead which surrounds and suffocates me. But I still believe, with absolute confidence, that a better future is approaching."

It was now the year 1846. The father of Louis Napoleon was dying. Earnestly he appealed to the French government, that his imprisoned son might visit him once more before he went down to the grave. The captive made the most energetic efforts, by application to all branches of the government, for liberty to visit his dying father. He pledged his word of honor that he would immediately return again to his captivity. The appeal was unavailing. He then resolved upon a desperate effort to escape. It was the morning of the 25th of May, 1846. A large number of laborers were employed in the yard of the castle. He had succeeded in obtaining the soiled and tattered clothes of a workman, which he exchanged for his own. Having removed his mustache and whiskers, with a slouched hat concealing his face, a pipe in his mouth, a heavy plank upon his shoulder, he passed deliberately by the sentinel, and walked calmly, in the bright morning sun, out into glorious freedom. A friend who was in the secret met him with a carriage and a passport. They drove rapidly to Valenciennes, took the railway for Brussels, and a packet for London. Immediately upon his arrival in London, he wrote to the French Embassador, "I come frankly to declare to the man who was the friend of my mother, that in quitting my prison I had no idea of renewing against the French government a war that has been so disastrous to me, but only to be enabled to go and to be near my aged father. Before taking this step, I made every effort to obtain permission to visit him. I offered every guarantee consistent with my honor. Finding all my applications fruitless, I determined to have recourse to the last expedient, which the Duke de Nemours and the Duke de Guise adopted in similar circumstances under Henry IV. I beg that you will inform the French government of my peaceable intentions. I hope that such an assurance may shorten the captivity of my friends who still remain in prison."

Louis, though now free, was exceedingly unhappy. Though he had ample means for all his expenses, he was an exile and alone. His adored mother, who had ever loved her impassioned, pensive, and warm-hearted son, was in the cold tomb of Ruel. His brother, the companion of his youth, his hopes, his misfortunes, was dead. His aged father was languishing upon a dying bed in Tuscany. The Austrian government would not allow the Prince to land upon the shores of Italy. For twenty months Louis remained in London, a solitary, world-weary man. He lived alone with his books and in the society of a small circle of friends, of the highest rank, to whom his illustrious name gave him a ready introduction.

On the 25th of July, 1846, his father, the brother of the great Emperor, the King of Holland, the gentleman of wealth, refinement, high intellectual culture and leisure, the husband of one of the most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished of women, terminated an utterly joyless existence, of sixty-eight years.

In February, 1848, there was a new eruption of the French political volcano. Louis Philippe and Louis Napoleon crossed the channel in opposite directions. The *people* began immediately to rally around the heir of the mighty Emperor. Louis Napolean knew that they would. He knew that the masses of the people would espouse his cause, the moment he could be fairly presented before them. Hence those measures, which the world has stamped with folly, were inspired by a higher wisdom than the world had imagined. Louis Napoleon was immediately elected to the National Assembly by the constituency of Paris, his native city. A majority of 60,000 votes swept him triumphantly into that chamber of notables. In a few months, over five millions of votes elevated him to the post of President of the French Republic. The unanimity in his favor amazed all the world, excepting France. Factions were formed, conspiracies were rife, Socialists, Bourbonists, Orleanists, all were busy to gain the reins of power. The operations of the government were thwarted in every way. Anarchy threatened France. Louis was threatened with impeachment, with arrest, with imprisonment, perhaps with the guillotine. There was but one choice before him, to conquer or to fall. In the mysterious depths of his melancholy spirit, he resolved to demolish all his enemies at a blow. He violated his solemn oath. He trampled the constitution he had sworn to defend into the dust. Through the dark hours of the night, he sat in his silent cabinet in the Elysée, and while all Paris was asleep, his emissaries arrested every individual man who could harm him. The night passed away, the morning dawned tranquilly upon Paris. Louis Napoleon had gathered all the powers of an unlimited despotism into his single hand. In tones solemn and firm he told France, and the world, what he had done. England cursed him for it. America cursed him. France laughed, applauded, blessed. The good-natured Parisians rubbed their hands with glee, and said it was a capital joke They declared that it was most cleverly done. They

affirmed that he had saved France. The nation by the voice of universal suffrage was called upon to pronounce its verdict upon the deed. Louis was sustained, triumphantly sustained; sustained by a majority almost unparalleled in the annals of the ballot-box. By universal suffrage he was proclaimed Emperor. Thus the people of France threw out the gauntlet of defiance to feudal Europe. Thus they have said to the kings who reign by "divine right," "Your combined armies have invaded our territories; you have forced upon us a rejected dynasty; you have denied us the right to elect our own sovereign; you have torn from us the monarch of our choice, you have chained him till he died upon the rock of mortal agony. Again we spurn the rulers you have imposed upon us. We have sought the heir of the great Emperor. We have placed him upon our throne. We care not whether he be fiend or angel, we will prove to the world that France has a right to govern herself, without the interference of her neighbors."

It has been stated in the British Parliament, by very high authority, that there is a letter extant in England, written by Louis Napoleon in the days of his exile, in which he says, "I have been treated very kindly in England. I have many friends there. But if I ever attain supreme power in France, I shall certainly invade England. *Waterloo and St. Helena are yet to be avenged.*" If Louis Napoleon has said this, he will certainly attempt the execution of his threat. He is the very last man in the world to utter idle words. A passion once enkindled in the glowing depths of his lonely spirit will never be smothered.

Still, notwithstanding the high authority which asserts the existence of such a letter, we doubt its truth. We believe that Louis Napoleon is cordially in favor of peace. He wishes to enrich France by the hand of industry. Napoleon, with his dying breath, at St. Helena, entreated his son never to attempt to avenge his death. He urged him to do every thing in his power to avert from Europe the calamities of war. Though an army of invasion might inflict incredible suffering upon England, the idea of the conquest of that island is simply absurd. No man knows this better than Louis Napoleon. Still England trembles in view of invasion. Well may she tremble. England has a guilty conscience.

Louis Napoleon has recently married a Spanish lady of remarkable grace, intelligence, and beauty. She is not of royal birth. It is a plebeian marriage, incited by the very unroyal sentiment of sincere affection. All the papers of Europe are discussing the probable effects of this connection upon the imperial throne. Upon this subject, Louis Napoleon concluded a remarkably able address to the Council of State in the following words:

"She who has become the object of my preferences is of high birth, French by heart, by education, and by the remembrance of her father's blood, which he shed in the cause of the Empire, she has, as a Spaniard, the advantages of not having in France any family to whom she would wish to give honors and dignities. Gifted with every mental quality she will be the ornament of the throne, as in the day of danger she would become one of its most courageous supporters. A pious Catholic, she will address to Heaven the same prayers as myself for the happiness of France. Gracious and good, she will exhibit, I firmly hope, in the same position, the virtues of the Empress Josephine. I come, therefore, to say to France, I have preferred a woman whom I love and respect to one unknown, and whose alliance would have advantages mingled with sacrifices. I yield to my inclination, but not without having first consulted my reason and my convictions. In short, in placing independence, the affections of the heart, and family happiness, above dynastic prejudices and the calculations of ambition, I shall not be the less strong, since I shall be more at liberty. Soon, in proceeding to the church of Notre Dame, I shall present the Empress to the people and to the army. The confidence which they have in me, assures me of their kind feelings toward her whom I have chosen. And you, gentlemen, in learning to know her, will be convinced that again on this occasion I have been guided by Providence.

The government of Louis Napoleon is unquestionably the most stable of any which can now be established in France. Still there can be no stability upon the edge of the crater of an ever active volcano. It is the almost universal sentiment in France, that the French nation can not sustain a Republic. While the nation admires republicanism in America, the popular voice declares a monarchy to be essential to France.

There are two other claimants to the throne. The one of these represents the Bourbon dynasty. Charles X. had a son, the heir of his rights. Many years ago this young man, in leaving one of the theatres of Paris, was assassinated. He left a little boy a few years old. This little boy has now become a man, thirty-seven years of age. He bears the title of the Count of Chambord. According to the doctrine of legitimacy, he, the lineal descendant of the Bourbons, is the legitimate King of France. He has been married ten years, and has no child. It is not probable that he will ever have an heir.

But there is another party, who repudiate the claims of the Bourbons, and espouse the cause of the Orleans branch of that family. The Duke of Orleans, the eldest son of King Louis Philippe, was the inheritor of whatever rights his royal father could transmit. He was a noble young man—physically and intellectually noble. His generous qualities had rendered him universally popular. One morning he invited a few companions to breakfast with him, as he was about to take his departure from Paris, to join his regiment. In the conviviality of the hour, he drank a little too much wine. He did not become intoxicated. He was not in any respect a dissipated man. His character was lofty and noble. But in that joyous hour he drank a glass too much. He slightly lost the balance of his body and of his mind. Bidding adieu to his

companions he entered his carriage. His horses took fright and ran. But for that extra glass of wine, he would have kept his seat. He leaped from the carriage. But for that extra glass of wine, he would have alighted upon his feet. His head first struck the pavement. Senseless and bleeding he was taken into a beer-shop, and died. That extra glass of wine overthrew the Orleans dynasty; confiscated their property of one hundred millions of dollars; sent the whole family into exile. "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright, at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."

The Duke of Orleans left a son, the Count of Paris, now thirteen years of age. This lad is the heir of whatever political rights the Orleans family can transmit. Should the Count of Chambord die childless, the young Count of Paris becomes the heir both of the Bourbon and of the Orleans family. Many attempts have been made to unite the friends of these two claimants in their combined strength against Louis Napoleon.

The secret of Louis Napoleon's power with the masses is this; the Count of Chambord is the candidate of the old feudal nobility. He is the representative of their exclusive privileges, and will sustain them. The sympathies of the surrounding thrones are entirely with him.

The Count of Paris is the representative of the more modern nobility, and the higher aristocracy of the nation. He stands between the modern democracy and the old feudal despotisms.

Louis Napoleon is the democratic candidate. The people believe him to be their friend, the representative of the rights of the masses. Hence they rally around him, not from any enthusiastic attachment to his person, but because they believe his very name pledges him to defend their cause.

The more intelligent of the people say, "Louis Napoleon is a despot—an utter despot. We admit it. But divided as France is, we must have a man at the head of the government who is not afraid to enact the despot. *He* will tyrannize to protect us. The *Bourbon* and the *Orleanist* will tyrannize to crush us, and to uphold the exclusive privileges of the nobles."

Such is the present position of Louis Napoleon. Not long ago one of his friends took into the palace of the Elysée a political pamphlet, written against him. "Ah," said Louis, with one of his melancholy smiles, "here we have the 'Life of *Napoleon, The Little*, by *Victor Hugo, The Great.*'" Louis Napoleon is not a man to be despised.

There is a very considerable portion of the American press which seems disposed to condemn in an unqualified manner the whole course of policy pursued by the Emperor, and greatly to regret the establishment of his power over France, as an event wholly retrogressive, in respect to the cause of popular liberty. And indeed it must be confessed that the power which Louis Napoleon actually wields is sufficiently arbitrary. In its *form*, it is centralized, compact, and absolute to the highest degree. But then it is a consideration of vast significance and importance, that in respect to *foundation*, it rests on a distinct and open acknowledgment of the great fundamental principles of our own system—*the sovereignty of the people.* The Emperor Napoleon avows, before the world, that he holds his power as a *trust*, conferred upon him *by the votes of his countrymen*—the votes, not of a part, a class privileged by birth, wealth, or ancient prerogatives, but of *all.* The pedestal on which this lofty column of power, which rears itself so conspicuously in the eyes of all mankind, is seen to stand, is plainly and legibly inscribed Universal Suffrage. Now it certainly must be considered as a great step in advance for the cause of human rights, that the grand and fundamental principle of popular sovereignty should be thus, even in form, acknowledged and acted upon by one of the most powerful of the ancient feudal sovereignties of Europe. It is as great a step, perhaps, as ought reasonably to be expected of one generation. The moral influence of it, on the governmental changes which are to take place in Europe, during the coming fifty years, must be vast and incalculable.

Nor is the importance of this acknowledgment diminished essentially, by the supposition which is sometimes very strongly urged, that the balloting, by which the empire of Louis Napoleon was established, was not honestly conducted, and that the result of it did not truly represent the popular will. Grant this ever so fully, and still the main point that we have urged remains unaffected by it, namely, that one of the most conspicuous and most powerful of the ancient monarchies of Europe has, in a very open and solemn manner, and in the presence of all mankind, rejected and renounced the doctrine of the divine right of kings, and inaugurated, in its stead, that of the sovereignty of the people. By repeated acts they have recognized the popular will, expressed through the machinery of an organized, formal, and universal balloting, as the original and fundamental source of power—and they have organized a government, which, however monocratic and absolute in its form, is still not an autocrat, representing irresponsible and hereditary power, but an *agent*, holding trusts and exercising functions conferred upon it by the special act of the millions, whose interests are affected by the exercise of them. Thus, if the government be a despotism, it is a despotism that has been created by the popular will, and what true believer in the sovereignty of the people will deny them the right to govern themselves by means even of a despotism, if they see fit so to do.

In fact, the people of France seem to have said to themselves, "We will acknowledge any efficient government, whatever form it may assume, provided it will acknowledge the principle that the sovereignty is originally in us, and will hold its power as a grant which we have con-

ferred: and it would be very difficult for the most ardent advocate of popular rights to show, that considering all the circumstances of the case, they have not acted wisely in so doing.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN EXCITEMENT SEEKER.

NUMBER II.

THE DEATH TRANCE.

IT was, I think, about five months after Mr. H—— had given the preceding narrative in my hearing, and I was at home for the holidays in my father's house, when we were visited by Captain R. E——, an officer in the navy, as different a man as possible from my grandfather's reverend friend. He was a gay, frank, handsome looking man of some four or five and thirty years of age, full of anecdotes, which were told with a plain straightforward simplicity that left no doubt of the accuracy of every word. I forget how the following incident happened to be related. But I was at this time a boy of about fourteen years of age, and I listened to it with eagerness, which impressed every incident upon my memory.

Some years ago, he said, I went out to the West India station in the Beacon, as first lieutenant, expressly to get my promotion, and enjoyed exceedingly good health during the whole of the first year. The ship was a pleasant one: the ship's company good; and the captain an excellent sailor, and an amiable, and gentlemanly man. Every thing would have passed pleasantly, had it not been for a dispute which arose between myself and the assistant surgeon. I really do not know how it first begun, and I dare say I was fully as much in fault as he was. He was a well educated man, kind and good-hearted; but somewhat bluff, and too plain-spoken in his language; and, I suppose, somehow or another, my young dignity was offended at something which he said. However that might be, we passed a considerable portion of our time in trying, each, to make the other uncomfortable; and there are ample opportunities on board a ship, let me tell you. At the end of a year, I was promoted into the Fly, a corvette; but I had hardly been in her a fortnight, when the surgeon, already on board the ship, died of yellow fever. I remember having a vague sort of presentiment of what would follow, and it was soon after verified by my seeing my enemy, Curtis, rowed aboard, as surgeon of the ship, to my great disgust, and annoyance. I had now ample opportunity, had I chosen to use it, of making his life wretched; but I trust my feelings were too much those of a gentleman to use it. I do not recollect having exercised my authority as commander in any unhandsome manner toward him, and he did his duty well, and respectfully. But we did not love each other a bit the better, for all that. We were as cold as two icebergs, and never spoke without an absolute necessity.

One day, I went to dine on shore at the island of St. Lucia, and remained till a very late hour. I walked through a plantation down to my boat, and never remember to have enjoyed the air of a calm, mild, tropical night so much. The whole atmosphere seemed full of fragrance, and the little stars were twinkling up above as bright as diamonds. There was one odor, I perceived, more powerful than all the rest. From what plant it proceeded, I do not know; but it was almost oppressively sweet. My head ached a little, when I got into the boat; but I did not feel much amiss the next day, and we stood out to sea. On the day following that, however, I woke quite ill, my head aching violently, and a restless uneasiness upon me, which made lying down in my cot perfectly impossible. I rose, went upon deck, walked up and down fiercely for half an hour, and then caught sight of the surgeon. The very look of him was like that of water to a mad dog, and I went down below again. My cabin was a tolerably airy little room, and I let in the breeze wherever it would come; but I soon began to find that it would not do much longer. I called for my servant, and told him to fetch the first officer and the purser. The latter came first, and I said to him, at once, "I am ill, Mr. Robinson. I am going to have the yellow fever. Have the goodness to let me have plenty of limes, and if you have got such a thing, give me forty grains of calomel, at once."

"Had you not better see Mr. Curtis, sir?" said the purser; but then I burst out. "Not, if I am dying," I said. "Don't let that fellow come near me. Send me the lollyboy, or any body who knows something of the business; but Curtis I will not have. Mind, it is my orders, if I lose my head with this cursed Yellow Jack, that Curtis never enters my cabin as long as I am alive."

"The first lieutenant came in as I was speaking, and to him I gave some information and directions. But I had scarcely done, ere I was seized with vomiting, and do not know much more of what happened afterward. I was in a sort of dreamy, dozy state, quite sure I was going to die, and caring very little about it, or any thing else. Suddenly, as it seemed to me, I found myself lying on the table in my cabin, with a table-cloth drawn over me, covering my face and eyes. The weather was very hot; but I was cold as a stone, and I could not move hand or foot, do what I would. My eyes were closed; but I could not open them, and my mouth was shut; but I could not open it either. I was just as conscious, however, as I am at this moment, and my sense of hearing was painfully acute. I heard the very lightest sounds, even to a small borer burrowing into the table close by me. People came and went, in the cabin, and I soon found out that I was dead—or at least that they thought me so. They were getting ready a hammock, I found, to put me in; for we were far out at sea by this time, and I heard one of them ask for a double-headed shot. "Very pleasant," I thought, "I wonder

if all dead men feel thus. If so, death is a worse thing than I thought it."

I soon found, from the talk that was going on, that I had still a couple of hours to wait before they hove me into the sea. Something or somebody was not ready; and I did not well know whether to be glad or sorry at the delay; for I felt thoroughly uncomfortable where I was, and thought any place might be better.

Soon after, they left me alone, with a sentry at the cabin door, and I could hear him humming as unconcernedly as possible. I heard the ripple of the water, too, as we dashed on, and the pleasant breeze whispering through the stern window, and flapping up and down the end of the table-cloth, and I heard some large bird scream, as it dashed across, close by the ship. Life seemed very pleasant to me, I will confess, and death very unpleasant. But there was no help for it. There was I, a dead man to all intents and purposes, and could not mend the matter. About ten minutes after they left me, I heard a step coming down the ladder, and I recognized it, in an instant, as that of Curtis. Upon my life, I am ashamed to tell you what I felt. My hatred for him was just as great when I was dead, as when I was living. I would have sworn at him, if I had been able to swear at all. But I was silent enough, as I well might be. When he came near the cabin door, I heard him say to the sentry, in a quiet, sorrowful tone, "So poor Captain E—— is gone. We were never great friends; but he was not a bad man, and was a good officer. I must have one look at the poor fellow before they heave him overboard;" and in he came.

I felt a little mollified; and I was not quite so irritated as I should have been a few minutes before, when I found him pull the table-cloth from off my face, gazing down upon me, I suppose, as I lay upon the table. What he saw there, I can not tell; but the next instant, I felt his hand thrust under the table-cloth, and pressed hard upon my heart.

"Damnation," he cried. "He is not dead! Hallo! Run to the cook. Bring hot water, as fast as possible. The Captain is not dead."

On my life, it was one of the pleasantest pieces of intelligence that I had ever received since I was born. However, all sorts of means and appliances were soon in requisition; and skillfully employed by my friend, the Doctor, they soon restored me to life again. I need hardly tell you who were the greatest friends in the ship after that. The most curious part of the whole business, to my mind, was the acuteness of my sense of hearing when every other sense was dead and still. The ear seemed ten times more sensitive than ever, when the whole of the rest of the body was dead—I say dead, without much hesitation; for upon my life I hardly know whether I was dead or not. If it were not really death that I underwent, I can hardly conceive any thing more like it; and yet I heard far more plainly than I have ever done before, or since."

"I think that can be easily accounted for," answered my grandfather. "Hearing is a sense which depends much less upon volition than any other. You must open your eyes to see; you must open your mouth to taste; you must expand your nostrils to smell; but sounds walk in, without asking your leave or permission, without any call or appeal upon your part."

"That would account for one hearing after volition was at an end," answered Captain E——. "But why should the brain be more sensitive to sounds then than at any other time?"

"Because it had nothing else to do," replied my grandfather. "In ordinary life, it is in a continual bustle, with continual applications from six or seven different quarters—continual knocking at all the doors of the house, as I may call them, with a great deal of domestic business besides. But in the state you describe, all the attention was directed in one way. There was but one door open, and consequently the crowd at that door was importunate."

"It may be so," answered Captain E——, in his bluff, sailor-like tone; "but all I hope is, that when I die again, I may die outright, and not know any thing about being buried; for that is the worst part of the affair."

"I don't know," answered my grandfather; and the conversation on that topic was dropped.

GALVANIC RESURRECTION

It is impossible to describe the effect which these two little histories had upon my mind. How they set thought working, and what strange and unusual directions it took. Nor was the impression transient. On the contrary, it went on increasing, strengthening itself. It was the direction given to a rolling ball, rather than the impulse, which set it in motion. Again, and again, the questions recurred to my mind, Can the dead feel?—To what extent can they feel?—How long does this feeling continue?—When, where does it finish?—Is it ended by sudden extinction, or by slow and gradual diminution? In after-years I argued somewhat more logically than I did then, but without arriving at any logical conclusion. I thought that the total stillness and impassibility of the body—even its corruption—were no proofs that the spirit, the mind, was not active and sentient as ever. It might lose its hold of the corporeal frame—it might have no longer power to cause one muscle to move, one nerve to thrill—its volition might be null, as far as the body was concerned; and yet, it might be there with all its own powers and faculties, irrespective of the links which bound it to the clay, as perfect, as active as ever. Suppose a man driving a machine; the handle which guides it breaks in his grasp, and he loses all power over it. But yet he remains himself, with all his own qualities undiminished. There were sufficient materials to build an hypothesis, but not a theory, and I determined resolutely to seek for something more. It was not, indeed, that I used such fine terms in those days, or that I was altogether conscious of the resolution that I formed. But it certainly was a resolution which I pur-

sued steadily for many years, and in which I was aided by a man of a somewhat singular character, who was the frequent guest, both at the house of my father and grandfather, although moving in a somewhat different class of society from themselves. As I shall have to mention him more than once, I may as well state in what his peculiarities consisted. He was an apothecary, of the name of White: a man at this time of about sixty years of age, little in stature, and originally well formed, though very slight. His stomach, however, had grown considerably out of proportion with his body. Not so much so, indeed, as to impede his activity, which was very great, but still sufficiently to be remarkable; and he contrived to render this sort of deformity more conspicuous by the style of dress which he continued pertinaciously to wear long after it had gone out of general use. His hair was always thickly powdered, and tied in a queue behind. His back was covered generally with a coat of dull claret color, with a square cut collar, and without lapels, fastened by a hook-and-eye high up on the chest in front, and floating off at the sides, so as to show the stomach I have spoken of, covered with a waistcoat of some light hue, and in shape like a half-melon, or the back of a mandolin. Long as the waistcoat was —for it depended to his hips—it was so contrived, by having the corners cut off, to show a part of his shirt—always very fine, and snowy white—between the last button and the waistband of his breeches, which were generally claret-colored, like his coat, and buckled at the knees, but the smallest in extent that were probably ever seen. In fact, he seemed to grudge his nether-man any covering at all. Striped silk stockings, and a pair of well-polished shoes with buckles in them, completed his attire. His face was always pale, and had not a good feature in it. The nose was somewhat out of proportion, and the eyes peculiarly small and twinkling. But he had the most delicate little hand in the world—almost like that of a child. His voice, too, had a childish squeak. But with all these oddities, he was one of the best little men in the world—kind, benevolent, good-humored, and cheerful. Very often, in the gayest way in the world, he would sing one of the faded love-songs of his youth, and was accustomed, when in company, to whisk about the room with an agility really amazing. Moreover, he was a learned man, and passionately fond of science, pursuing many curious experiments with quiet zeal and perseverance, which ought to have borne good fruits. But I have not yet done with his peculiarities; for there was a strange sort of contradiction in his character which assimilated a good deal with my own. Remember I have said that he was one of the most benevolent men in the world—kind and tender-hearted to the highest degree. Yet, strange to say, there were two sights, of a very horrible and painful nature, which he never failed to witness when he found an opportunity. No prize-fight ever took place within twenty miles of London without the presence of Mr. White, and he was a witness of almost every execution. He could give no account of the feeling which led him to either brutal scene, but he went as if by a sort of necessity which he could not resist.

This old gentleman was a great ally of mine. He had attended me in his medical capacity when I was a child, and he took a great delight, during my whole boyhood, in talking to me on all those subjects which he saw excited strongly my young imagination. I recollect, before I was eleven years old, he made me a present of a small electrical machine, and taught me how to use it. Often would he come, during my holidays, and show me strange experiments, applying the machine to purposes which nobody else seemed to think of. Then he would get me into his own laboratory, where many a scene passed on which I need not dwell. But he very soon made himself master of all the secrets of my disposition, and he rather encouraged than otherwise the propensity for seeking painful and horrible sights, which I have before alluded to. When I was about fifteen, I had come home for my holidays, being then at Harrow school, and was sitting, somewhat dully, in my father's house, he and all the rest of the family being absent, when Mr. White came in to my relief with a proposal as strange as, perhaps, was ever made to a boy of that age.

"My dear Willy," he said, with his gay and jaunty air, "I have got a treat to offer you, as I term it;" and he poked me in the ribs with his little fore-finger. "There is a man to be hung to-morrow for forgery, and I have got a promise of the body. Now, my dear lad, we will have some experiments that will delight you. We will try if we can not bring him to life again. Galvanism—galvanism, as I term it—galvanism is the thing!"

"Can not I see him hung?" I asked; but the old gentleman indicated that my father had an objection to my witnessing such spectacles, and, indeed, I had lately discovered that there was a sort of guard kept upon me to prevent my indulging an appetite which my family thought morbid. If a box was taken at the theatre, it was sure to be when a comedy was performed, and all depressing influences were removed from my neighborhood as much as possible. All was soon arranged between myself and Mr. White. I was to go to his house at a reasonably early hour in the morning (for executions usually then took place at ten o'clock) and proceed to an upper room, where he promised to join me as soon as he got possession of the body. Every thing, he said, would be prepared beforehand, so that the experiment might commence at once, and in order to make these preparations, he left me before any of the family returned. My good old friend did not enjoin concealment; but I felt, during the whole of that day, as if a secret of state were confided to me, and I kept it well.

On the following morning, about nine o'clock, I set out for Mr. White's house, which was in the neighborhood of Covent Garden, and enter-

ing the apothecary's shop, nodded to the assistant, who knew me well, and walked straight up stairs. The way was somewhat dark, and dingy. I suppose a painter's brush had not been seen in the neighborhood of the little staircase, for at least forty years. But it mattered little; for no one could have told by the small portion of light which entered by the fan light over the private door, and by a single small window further up, what was the color of walls or bannisters. The room to which I had been directed was on the fourth story, and I approached it with a sort of awe—for imagination was very powerful with me, as with most young people—and strange, wild fancies of what I should find within crowded upon my thoughts. I recollect quite well pausing for a moment at the door before I turned the handle of the lock. When at length I went in, the aspect of the chamber did not at all serve to cheer me. It was a great, wide attic, fitted up in a strange manner, probably as a dissecting room, and the houses on the opposite side of the street being taller, with windows overlooking those of the room which I entered, the shutters were all closed, and not only closed, but fastened with cramps and nails. Three large, smoky lamps, already lighted, hung down over a long table in the middle of the chamber, and their red, sullen glare contrasted gloomily with the gleams of pale blue light which came through the chinks in the window shutters.

I closed the door carefully behind me, as soon as I had entered, and began to look around; for the room was any thing but naked. The objects against the wall were, at first, difficult to see, the lamps being principally near the centre of the room, and no movable light was at hand. But my eyes soon became accustomed to the partial obscurity, and I then perceived that I was in a sort of museum, containing a number of curious preparations and specimens. I could not conceive what half of the things were which were exhibited in the glass cases; for I knew nothing of anatomy; but I naturally concluded that they were all fragments of the mortal body, either in a healthy or diseased state, snatched from the ordinary receptacle, and kept from mouldering away in the grave, by some peculiar process. There was a complete skeleton, fastened together with wires, and standing up, uncovered, between the windows. The dry bones were very dusty; though for preservation, they had been smeared over with a sweaty kind of varnish; and between the fingers of the fleshless hand, my good old friend, who was a humorist, had placed a wreath of artificial flowers, which had doubtless been formerly worn by some gay lady in a ball room. There was a large glass bottle, too, I remember, containing a human heart, in spirits; and another, with the head of a South Sea islander, strangely tatooed, and the curved nose pressing against the glass, and putting me in mind of preserved gooseberries, in a pastry cook's shop. Very strange were my boyish sensations as I stood and examined these things: the ludicrous mingling with the vague, and the awful. I do not know any thing that makes life and death so contemptible as a surgeon's museum. But the origin of this contempt is, perhaps, an unknown comparison going on between man's pettyness and fragility, when contrasted with the power, and mightiness of God. I do not mean to say that I distinctly felt any thing of this sort, or thought of any comparisons at all. All I felt was, awe, and dread, and wonder, and curiosity, especially when I looked at the preparation of diseased structures. One great glass case I shall never forget. It contained a considerable portion of the trunk of a man who had died, I found afterward, from aneurism of the great artery. The ribs, with the heart below them, could be seen, and the whole cavity of the chest was filled with something like a great balloon of varnished gold-beater's skin, which, thin and delicate as it was, seemed to have eaten away, or absorbed in many places, the solid bone. This was the aneurism. But I knew not then what it was; and it filled me with wonder and dread.

There was no furniture whatever in the room but the table and two stools, except some tressles, on which had been placed two large boards, supporting a curious-looking porcelain vessel, containing a number of different compartments, partly filled with fluid. Above this, with an apparatus for raising and depressing it at pleasure, hung a metallic rod, supporting a number of plates of different kinds of metal. This machine—merely a galvanic battery of great power—was placed directly under one of the lamps, and I walked round and round it several times, examining it with great curiosity, but not venturing to touch it, or approach too near. Under the table were buckets of water, towels, cloths, and a great number of large black bottles, holding three or four gallons each. Some of these it was, I fancy, which emitted a very nauseous odor, and that, superadded to a musty, unpleasant smell of camphor and varnish, rendered the atmosphere of the room by no means agreeable

My examination of all that the chamber contained occupied my thoughts for some time, and in a degree dissipated the awe with which I had entered. But time wore on; every thing was still and silent around me, except where a rat was gnawing the wainscot in the corner, and I began to feel all the nervous irritation of delay and expectation. As soon as the mind had no other occupation, thought became busy with the object which had brought me there—to see a dead human being, whose life had been wrung from him but a few minutes before, by the horrid and barbarous process of legal strangulation, for crimes committed against society—who had been sent by the judgment of his country prematurely into the presence of his God—to see him, I say, recalled to the life which he had forfeited, brought back from the dead, among the living, by a process as unnatural as that of his death—that was the object of my coming, and to it my mind soon returned, with sensations of fear and agitation, which shook me terribly, but gave me no inclin-

ation to desist. The minutes now grew into hours. I thought that the clock of St. Paul's must have run down, and would never strike ten. I began to fancy that something had prevented the execution: that the man had committed suicide in prison, or had been pardoned, or else that the body had been refused to the anatomist. Slowly, however, the clock at length struck, and I counted every stroke upon the bell, knowing that at that moment a human soul, with a load of sin upon it, was taking flight toward the judgment-seat. One dark and awful idea rose up after another, with many a curious, unboy-like speculation—all gloomy, and sad, and horrible. But they did not serve to make the time pass quicker, and the next hour seemed interminable. It was a dull and quiet street, down which cart or carriage seldom wandered, and the silence was only once broken by the sounds of a human voice. They came from a tongue below, crying, in screaming accents, "The last dying speech and confession of Mark Wells!" before the breath was really well out of his body. One of the horrible branches of literature at that time, was the manufacture, beforehand, of these dying speeches, and I have actually known them cried about the streets before the men were hung.

That sound served to excite me still more. I concluded that the man must be dead by that time, and that his body would be speedily brought thither. It is impossible to tell what I felt. Still no one came, and I felt more than once as if I should have fainted. At length the roll of a carriage was heard, and a minute or two after steps were heard upon the stairs. I doubted not they were bringing him up; but when the door opened, no one appeared but two grave, elderly gentlemen, with shrewd, raven-like faces, and black silk stockings. They both stared at me, but said nothing, till they resumed a conversation that had been going on among themselves, about the bad conduct of a churchwarden, who had decamped with a large sum of parochial money. I wished that they had held their tongues; for it is impossible to describe how irritating I felt this discussion of a trifle, when my whole thoughts were busy with what seemed to me the most terrible and important experiment in the world. One of them took a cloth and wiped the table, and then, putting his hand in his pocket, brought out an old morocco-leather case, from which he extracted several ivory-handled knives, and laid them in order before him. There was a cool, matter-of-fact indifference in his whole air, that was very provoking. I had seen a raven, some time before, picking out the eyes of a dead horse, in just the same sort of business-like manner; and what between the black coat and silk stockings, and the beaky look of the man's face, I almost fancied that the bird was again before me.

At length there were other sounds in the street. Something drove up at a very quick pace, and stopped. Voices were heard, and a tramp upon the stairs: then a heavy, dull-sounding blow, that made the old rickety staircase rattle, as if some wooden box had been jammed against the bannisters; and in a minute after my good friend the apothecary entered, back foremost, followed by four men, carrying up a plain oaken coffin.

"There; set him down there—no, no; on this side of the table—there; as close as possible," said my friend. "I have got him, doctor—I have got him snug, as I term it. Ah, Willy, you have kept your time. Now you shall see what you shall see."

While he paid some money to two of the men who had brought in the body, and sent them away, the other two, who were better dressed, and the two who had been with me in the room, fell at once upon the coffin, and tore off the lid. I came close up, and gazed over their shoulders as they knelt upon the floor; and I shall not easily forget the sight that I beheld. Lying in the coffin, dressed as he had been executed, was the body of a powerful, broad-built, short man, of about five-and-thirty, with the neck bare, and a livid mark around it, a night-cap drawn partly over the face, but not sufficiently so to conceal the mouth, from one side of which the tongue protruded, nearly bitten through. A cold, icy shudder came over me as I gazed; but yet I could not take my eyes off the horrible object before me. I felt as they say birds feel in the presence of a serpent: an inclination to get nearer and nearer seemed to possess me, and the first thing that roused me was the shrill voice of my friend, Mr. White, saying, "Come, Willy, lend a hand, as I term it. We shall need all our force to get this gentleman out. They made the coffin somewhat small, and it took a mighty deal of cramming to poke him in."

"I think we shall have a capital experiment," said one of the gentlemen in black silk stockings, who had been feeling the body all over. "A good deal of animal heat is left, which will be very favorable." As he spoke, he pulled off the night-cap, showing all the contorted features of the dead, and the brow as white as marble, with large drops of cold perspiration on it. The next moment he thrust his well washed hand, covered with rings, under the neck of the corpse, and felt it all round, observing—"No bone of the vertebræ displaced—pure strangulation. Did he die hard, Mr. White?"

The business-like tone in which they spoke, was more horrible to me than the presence of the dead. But I was destined to see, before we were done, even those callous men of science struck with horror and consternation at least equal to my own.

All went on in the same manner as at first for some time. They dragged him out of the coffin by main force, laid him on the table, and stripped off his coat and waistcoat. One of them remarked how limp he was; and Mr. White replied, "All the better for us, as I term it. I should not wonder at all if we brought him to life."

"And what will you do with him then?" I asked, quite simply.

Nobody answered; but they looked in each other's faces. It seemed a question that had never occurred to them, and it was the first thing

that brought them out of the hard, dull round of science, in which I can not help thinking men's hearts get congealed to ice. There was silence and stillness for nearly a minute. Every one seemed to be thinking of something beyond the present. But at length one of them got back again within his circle, and said, "Well, well; let us get to work. We can think of other things after."

Every one seemed to regard this as a sort of relief. They had got rid of an importunate thought, and about their experiment they set, with zeal, and doubtless with skill. A great deal took place which I did not understand, and do not understand even now. They turned the body over, and coolly carved away with their knives at the back of the neck, close to the base of the skull. I shuddered as I saw; for though the man was dead enough, in all conscience, I could not persuade myself that he did not feel. Still and motionless he lay, however, as they handled him so roughly; and there was something very horrible even in that stillness. The dull, smoky glare of the lamps gave a more hideous expression to the features, as they turned him over and over; and the oppressive atmosphere, together with the sensations of dread and awe that I felt, seemed almost to take from me the power of respiration. Then they filled up the great porcelain trough that I have mentioned with acids and water, adjusted it all properly, let down the metallic plates into the liquid, and drew some wires from the battery to the dead body, inserting the end of one of them into the wound they had made in the back of the neck. It was an old and, as I afterward found, celebrated anatomist, who held it in its place, with a long pair of forceps, apparently tipped with glass. I had got as near to the table as I could, and I saw his hand shake a good deal: I wondered whether it was with age or agitation, and I quietly raised my eyes to his face. It was as pale as that of the corpse; and glancing round, I saw all the rest, who had gathered closely about, gazing with straining eyes, and faces equally white, upon the form of the dead man. I had hardly dropped my eyes to that cold, dead countenance again, when a sudden, quivering twitch passed like a flash of lightning over the muscles of the cheeks, and the old surgeon's hand shook terribly; but he held the wire firmly in its place. "A little more acid," he whispered, in tones hardly audible, and Mr. White ran and poured something out of a vial into the trough. Suddenly the protruded tongue was drawn sharply back into the mouth, and every one retreated a step from the table in awe and fear, except the old man who held the wire, and I could see him shut his teeth hard, and knit his brows, as if struggling resolutely against the feelings of dread and awe within him. His eyes seemed starting from his head; but a moment or two after he said, almost with a gasp—"It is coming."

So, indeed, it seemed. As the subtle current of unexplained relations poured into the corpse, all the features began to work convulsively: the jaw moved: the teeth chattered: the eyelids opened: the eyes began to roll.

"My God!" cried some one.

"For Heaven's sake stop!" exclaimed another.

"Wait a minute—wait a minute. Let us think!" exclaimed a third. I crept up close to the corpse, and almost touched it; but my heart seemed as if it had nearly ceased to beat.

Every one was awestruck, and I could see that the old surgeon was so himself, though he said nothing, and continued to hold the wire—hardly conscious, I believe, of what he was doing; but looking more like a stone statue than a man.

In the mean while, the ghastly contortions on the face of the corpse, which the act of strangulation had left, had gradually given way to movements and expression, convulsive indeed, but much more natural. The eyes still rolled; but there seemed a light in them. The muscles quivered all over; but hardly more than those of a man under strong emotion. The corpse seemed to look at us; and the agitation of all around became intense. Suddenly the knees were drawn up almost to the chin; the arms raised wildly. One man darted toward the door, and threw it open. The next instant, the corpse raised itself suddenly, and sat up on the table, and dropping the wire, the old surgeon himself fell fainting on the floor. Every one else rushed from the room, except myself; and why I did not follow, I know not. My feet seemed rooted to the floor, however. I could not stir: I could hardly breathe.

For an instant—for merely an instant—the dead man sat there like a living one; then swayed heavily backward and forward, and then fell, and rolled over upon the table.

The spell which held me there seemed dissolved; I regained the use of my limbs, which had seemed paralyzed; and rushing out of the room, as the others had done before me, I hastened down the stairs. Near the bottom, I met old Mr. White, re-ascending, and by this time he seemed to have regained all his courage, though his face was still very pale. "Willy—Willy," he cried; "don't go. This is all very nonsensical, as I term it—very unphilosophical."

But by this time I had had quite enough of horrors for one day; and, without making any reply that I remember, I hurried out of the house into the street. The broad, open sunshine seemed strange and curious to me; but I soon recovered myself in the crowd and bustle of a great busy town, and when I re-entered my father's house, though I had not forgotten what I had seen, I had lost all the agitation it had produced. I said nothing to any one of the events of that morning; but I must acknowledge that I dreamed fearfully all the night, and it was months ere I could get the face of the half-resuscitated felon from presenting itself before my eyes, every time I closed my eyelids.

THE NIGHT WANDERER.

I HAVE dwelt long enough upon these early incidents; and, although the course of my youth

presented several other events of a similar character, all tending to increase in me the peculiar propensities of which I have spoken, I have said sufficient to give some idea of the character with which I entered the world, after my school-days were over. I was, at this time, my father's third surviving son, and it was necessary to carve a way in life for myself I went through the usual phases of an English boy in the choice of a profession First, came a desire to enter the navy; then to go into the army; but then, partly by persuasion, and partly by the exercise of common sense, I fixed upon the law; my father, jocularly observing, that for an active-minded young man, it was always a sure trade, as long as there was any wickedness left in the world. Once my mind made up, I applied myself diligently, and was articled to a man of very great eminence in the profession, who, though merely a solicitor, was said by a celebrated judge to possess more real knowledge of the law than could be found upon the bench or the woolsack. His chambers were in Paper Buildings, large, roomy, and comfortable, and from his celebrity, as well as the extent of his practice, it might naturally be supposed that I should have found a number of young companions studying under him, like myself; but such was not the case. Mr. C—— was an original; and he had an inveterate dislike to burthen himself, as he called it, with articled clerks All the inferior parts of his business were carried on by young men, receiving regular salaries, engaged only from week to week, and though, upon the whole, a kind man, and tolerant of errors, he would turn them off at a moment's notice, upon the slightest sign of negligence. Me, he consented to take under articles, as a personal favor to my grandfather, who was an old and very dear friend; but I was the only one, and, for a time, the very knowledge that he could not turn me off when he pleased, seemed to make him more exacting and irritable with me than with others Any little error that I might make in my first ignorance, he would "pish" and "pshaw" at most violently. But I soon contrived to get over this sort of impatience by a very simple process. Mr. C—— wrote the most villainous hand in the world, varying a good deal, but always bad. Sometimes, when he had a good pen, and wrote large, we could all make it out, with some trouble. At other times, the clerks could not read it at all. At others, he could not read it himself When first I entered the office, his scrolls were a sort of enigma to me; but I was always fond of solving riddles, and I set myself hard to work to master his hand completely For hours and hours, I would sit poring over an office journal which he kept, and which contained every specimen of his writing One word, or one fact, gave me the key to another, and, at length, I became so thoroughly acquainted with all the different crooked ways in which he made the various letters of the alphabet, that he could not have puzzled me if he had tried. I had not been there six months, when, through an open door between my little room and his own, I heard the chief clerk and himself discussing the meaning of something which he had written about a week before. Neither of them could make any thing of it. One interpretation would not do; another interpretation would not do; and at length, the clerk ventured to say, "Perhaps Mr. Harcourt can read it, sir. We think, in the office, he can make out your hand better than any one else."

I was instantly called in; and, with but little trouble, read the whole manuscript off. Mr. C—— looked at me with a rueful smile. "Your granny has made a mistake," he said. "He should have sent you to the British Museum. You would have put Champollion's nose out of joint in reading hieroglyphics. What made you pursue such a crabbed study, Master William?"

"That I might know your wishes, sir," I replied

The explanation pleased him as much as the fact, and from that moment I was a great favorite. This was not all, however. The power of reading whatever he wrote, when nobody else could do it, soon brought into my hands a great many of the most interesting cases with which he had to deal, and various pieces of business, which would have been intrusted to more experienced persons, if they had been able to comprehend his written directions. Thus, before I was eighteen, I was sent upon an expedition, which required no great skill, indeed, to accomplish, but which brought me into a scene I shall never forget.

In the year 1815, toward the end of May, came a letter, among others, which seemed to interest Mr C—— a good deal. I took him the mail when it was brought in, and he instantly began opening the letters, and throwing them into a basket at his feet, as was his custom. On this, however, he paused, rubbed his bald head, and merely observing, "The man is a damned fool," pulled a sheet of paper toward him, and began to write. For the next three days, I came and went as usual; but it seemed to me that he was always engaged upon the same thing, and not able quite to satisfy himself. Other matters of business were pressing for attention; but he would not give them his time. Consultations with counsel were put off, and terrible arrears of work were accumulating. At length, his object seemed accomplished. The head clerk was sent for while I was in the room: some eight or ten sheets of sprawling manuscript were given to him, and he was told to study them well that night, and set off with them for Ostend the first thing the following morning. The poor man looked at the papers before he left the room; but he could not make out the first sentence, and said so

"Zounds, sir, it is as plain as a pikestaff," said Mr C——; and began to read; but before he had got through five lines, he, too, stuck fast; and I was called upon to interpret. I was more successful than either; and Mr. C—— went on once more, when the difficulty was surmounted. Another sprang up in an instant, however. The

clerks looked in despair: the lawyer twisted his hands together: business was pressing: no time was to be lost; and, at length, with a sudden start, Mr. C—— thrust the papers over to me, saying, "There—you take them. Go straight to Ostend. Find out Sir Edward ——, wherever he may be. Read all those instructions to him —copy out the memorandum and assignment on page seven—have it signed and properly witnessed; and then he may get shot, and go to the devil as soon as he pleases. Give me the check book; you will want money."

He was not fond of answers, and I made none; but gathered up the papers, and prepared to depart.

My father was fidgety and uneasy at the idea of my setting out on such a journey, with hostile armies moving in every direction round me, and a battle imminent. Nothing was to be done, however; and he consoled himself with the satisfactory reflection that I had spoken French from my mother's womb. I believe the law of primogeniture is a capital one; for it confers the infinite advantage upon younger sons of having no one to care too much about them. I set off, then, rejoicing in my escape from the trammels of business, and the superintendence of friends, almost as much as a boy who runs away from school. One half of the powers of steam were then unknown. No paddle beat the ocean or the channel, and, strange to say, I was five days in reaching Ostend. "The devil was in the wind," the captain said; and in the sea, too, I thought; for I was as sick as a horse from the moment we got out of the mouth of the Thames. I had had no time—what between preparation, leave-taking, and embarkation, and sea-sickness—till I got into the inn at Ostend, to examine the papers intrusted to me; and the directions I had received were so brief that, considering my inexperience, it is, perhaps, wonderful that I got through the business at all. However, after having undergone the purgatory of the Custom House and the Passport Office, and reached the inn, one of my first tasks was to look at the documents which Mr. C—— had given me, while dinner was preparing. Every thing was strange around me. Night had fallen: the room was dark, and blackened with the passing of many years. The floor was covered with glazed tiles: the chimney was large, and gaping as the mouth of Acheron; and the dropping of the heavy rain from the eaves, upon the stones of the court-yard, made the most melancholy music I ever heard. The only cheerful things in the room were the two wax candles, which served, however, to light only a small part of the large, old chamber. With them before me, I read through a large portion of the papers, and found the business to which they referred somewhat complicated and difficult. It appeared that the gentleman to whom they referred had risen to a high rank in the British army: had obtained fortune and consideration: had married a lady of good family, by whom were several children, without ever knowing that he was an illegitimate son till he was on the point of embarking to take a prominent part in the strife then going on. The confusion in all his affairs which this unfortunate fact had occasioned, the perilous position in which it had put his wife and children, and the difficulties which were likely to ensue in case he died suddenly, are indescribable, and I at once saw that no time was to be lost. But when I came to look at the address given to me, I merely found, "Lieutenant General Sir Edward ——, British Army, Belgium," I was awfully puzzled, and during an excellent dinner, I questioned the landlord of the inn, as strictly as I could, regarding the position of the different corps of the British army; but could discover very little. The good man complimented me extravagantly upon my knowledge of French—which he spoke himself with a most villainous accent—but told me nothing whatever that I wanted to know. Indeed, I must add, that all through Belgium, at that time, I found the greatest possible reluctance to speed an English traveler on his way toward the head-quarters of the army, or to give him any information whatever; and I can not help thinking that the result of the battle of Waterloo was fully as much undesired as unexpected—by the population of the great towns, at least.

All I could learn was, that the British head-quarters were in Brussels, and thither I determined to direct my steps the next morning; for I found that no horses were to be procured that night, and no place was to be obtained in any diligence that could forward me on my way. Sleep, however, was necessary to me, and having made all my arrangements, as far as possible, I retired to rest. I was in a heated and somewhat excited state, and for a full hour after I had blown out the light, I could not close my eyes. The rain had subsided: the moon was shining into the room; and as it tipped the quaint old andirons in the fire-place, and the curious wooden carvings of the chimney-piece, imagination got busy in twisting them into forms even stranger than those which they possessed. After a time I rose, and went to the window to see if I could not exclude the light; but there were no curtains there, and I was fain to draw a somewhat narrow strip of red and white checked linen, which might be called a curtain, at the head of the bed, into such a position as to shut out the glare from my eyes. Soon after, I fell asleep; but I could not have slept ten minutes; and I awoke suddenly with a start. Some sound seemed to have disturbed me, and thrusting forth my hand, I drew back the curtain. I then perceived I was not alone in the room. A female figure, dressed all in white, was moving about in the moonlight, not with any particular object, as it seemed, but wandering hither and thither, with a purposeless sort of saunter, and every now and then stopping, and wringing her hands. I hardly knew whether I was dreaming or waking; but a moment after, she came and sat down on the edge of my bed, fixing her eyes upon mine with a sort of stony stare, which, for a time, deprived me

of all power of motion. At length, with a great effort, I stretched out my hand to touch her. But she instantly started up, with a wild shriek, rushed to the other side of the room, and disappeared in the darkness

On the following morning, I should have slept late had the porter of the inn not been more punctual than porters usually are, and woke me at the hour he promised me. I dressed as speedily as possible, hurried down to the *salle à manger*, and found breakfast ready. But my mind was still full of the strange occurrence of the night, and the first thing I did was to question the waiter concerning it. The man bowed, and smiled, and looked incredulous, civilly intimating that I had been dreaming. But the landlord himself came in, just as I was assuring the man that I was wide awake, and to him I told the same story, demanding some explanation.

"Sacre Dieu!" exclaimed the landlord. "Has she got in again? I am very sorry, Monsieur, that you were disturbed; and I believe the poor girl will be the ruin of my house. But yet I can not feel in my heart to treat her roughly."

"Who is she?" I said, a good deal interested by the unusual tone of feeling the landlord assumed

"She is a young lady of this town, sir," he replied; "and one of a very good, respectable family, too, though not very rich. Some five years ago, before I took the house, there lodged a young French officer here who became acquainted with Mademoiselle Mathilde, and their intimacy went very far—too far, it seems. Every one says they loved each other very sincerely; but there was some obstacle to their marriage—I don't know what—and she used to visit him here in secret—in that very room where you slept last night. The time came, however, when her shame could no longer be concealed, and he left the place in haste. People tell different tales about it Some say he abandoned her cruelly: others, that he went to get the permission of his parents and his colonel to marry her. However that might be, although her parents were very kind, the poor girl took her situation so much to heart, her shame and disappointed love so preyed upon her, that her health failed, and her brain was shaken. From the prettiest girl in all the city, she became pale and worn, like a ghost, and only one thing was wanting to drive her quite mad Her lover was killed at the battle of Montereau, and the news scattered altogether what senses she had still left Her parents take the greatest care of her, and do what they can to keep her in the house. But whenever she finds an opportunity, she gets away, and wanders up here, concealing herself somewhere about the premises till night, and then stealing into that room, if the door be left open It is for this cause, that I have had put up in all the rooms, a notice to bolt the door when guests retire to rest."

"I did not see it," I replied.

"Many gentlemen take no notice," answered the landlord; "and I have had two or three disturbed in the night, just like yourself. I send her away whenever I see her near the place; but, for the life of me, I can not be rough with her, even though her coming should be my ruin."

MAKING A SILK-PURSE OUT OF A SOW'S EAR.

"SIR," said my friend, Don Fandango Bobtail, the Spanish Embassador, "I wish to see the hippopotamus, and marry an heiress."

The circumstances were these.

My friend, Don Bobtail, had recently arrived in the country upon a tour of relaxation from his exhaustive diplomatic duties at the court of Monaco. I had enjoyed the benefit of his society at the time my travels led me to that capital; and there was not a private gambling house, casino, club, or questionable resort of any kind in Monaco, to which I had not been introduced by my friend, the Embassador, and at all which I had not had the pleasure of losing considerable sums of money to the diplomatist and his friends. Of course it was necessary that I, a young New York gentleman, aged seventeen years, should "see the world"—which means, I rather think, gambling, getting drunk, and indulging in other manly and masculine sports of which those milksops, our sisters, know so little.

It was my friend, Don Bobtail (you will excuse the readiness and easy naturalness with which I call the Spanish nobleman my friend, but it arises from our close intimacy), who entered my name upon the presentation list of the *Casino dei Nobili*, at which I had the pleasure of meeting all the best families in Monaco, and where I acquired those curious little tricks at cards, by which I have sometimes been enabled (under Providence) to turn an honest penny. I observed that my name was recorded thus:

Il Principe Smytthe di North America,

and I learned that my generous friend, the Embassador, hinted privately in the best informed circles of Monaco, that I was the proprietor of most of the Western Continent, and had my shirts washed in Niagara. The Italian nobility of Monaco, not being very deeply versed in geography and mundane probabilities in general, listened with gaping interest to the suggestions of Don Bobtail, whose style, in conversing of me, was sketchy and pointed, and who treated his subject in the bold, dashing, Spanish way. I once overheard him speaking of me to one of the most beautiful ladies of the court (whom I afterward *knew very well!*)

"*Caro* Don Bob," said this beautiful lady, "who is this boy you are ——?"

The last word I did not understand, but upon referring to my pocket Italian Dictionary, I discovered that it was the present participle of the verb *spiumare*, to pluck. It seemed a peculiar phrase for the beautiful ladies of Monaco to use, until I discovered that they were quite familiar with the English idioms, being, in fact, many of them, the daughters of English parents.

"This boy, *anima mia*," returned the irresist-

able Don, "is a young American Prince upon his travels. He is tired of hunting Indians upon his fine estate of New York—a property well situated near our island of Cuba, and so has come over here to spend a little of his superfluous money under my direction."

It seemed to me that when my friend had finished speaking I heard a low sound of laughter. How sweet it was! How like music is the laugh of those beautiful Italian women! I never can hear that simple phrase, "under my direction," in any connection, without remembering dear Monaco, and the balmy summer nights, and the delicious laughter of the dark-eyed daughters of the South!

Later in the same evening, when I was settling my little accounts at the Casino with Bobtail, I could not help asking him about the beautiful woman with whom he had been talking. I did not betray that I had overheard them; for that would have hardly been gentlemanly; and if there is one thing for which I have a weakness more than for another, it is to be gentlemanly.

"Don't you know her?" cried the Embassador; "the most beautiful woman in Europe! Why, man, the old King of Bavaria invited her to his court, but she preferred to remain here, and the old King, sometime after, extended his hospitality to a shy English woman, but very pretty. The name of the beautiful woman who has naturally piqued your curiosity is *Belli Occhi*—usually known as the Sappho of Monaco."

"She writes poetry, then!" cried I. "How beautiful!"

"Oh! yes," said the Spanish Embassador, taking a pinch of snuff, "she writes poetry, and does a good many other things."

"What an extraordinary woman," said I to Don Bobtail.

"Very extraordinary," said Don Bobtail to me.

While he was speaking my friend drew from his pocket a copy of verses, which, he said, had been addressed to him upon his arrival in Monaco by Belli Occhi. He was apostrophized in them as the "Correggio of Conversation," poetically alluding, as he told me, to the highly-colored style of his remarks.

I immediately abandoned myself to the glowing praises of her beauty and genius with which my mind teemed. In the midst of my rhapsody Don B. interrupted me.

"By-the-by," said he, "Signora Belli Occhi wishes to know you."

"Me! ah! *non è possibile*," I replied, blushing.

"Indeed she does," persisted my friend.

This was the sweetest experience that had yet befallen me in all my travels. Of course, I had not been in Paris without adventures, and I suppose no young man of seventeen ever found a noble lady alone, at midnight, upon the Boulevards, as I once did. I knew she was a lady by the dress she wore, which was very bright and beautiful, and as I pride myself upon being gentlemanly, I said to her:

"Madame, can I be of service?"

"*Merci, Monsieur*," said she, "I have been at a ball at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, and as I live so near I told my coachman he need not call for me, but I would run home, round the corner, when I was ready. Just as I sat down in the supper-room, after a waltz with the Hindoo Embassador, I felt quite faint, and thought I would quietly slip out and run home, but I am not quite strong enough."

And she sighed.

"*Madame la Princesse*," said I (I knew she was a Princess, because she had been dancing with the Hindoo Embassador), "will you allow me to call a carriage, and see you safely home?"

"Monsieur is too good," said the Princess, and she smiled so sweetly that I was sure she was the youngest daughter of the King (it was in Louis Philippe's time) and I felt quite faint, too, as I thought how proud the family at home would be when they heard I was on intimate terms with the royal family.

"Good Heavens!" thought I, rapidly, "perhaps she will fall in love with me, and I may be obliged to marry her, and become King of France!"

I revolved the chances in my mind.

"It would be very inconvenient," I said to myself.

But a gentleman (my friends consider me rather gentlemanly) has but one thing to do when there is a lady in the case, even though he run the risk of being made King of France.

"Princess," said I, firmly, "I shall call a carriage."

I did so, and helped the Princess in.

—By-the-by, do Princesses usually wear white silk bonnets when they go to balls?

The driver closed the door and awaited the direction. I was just about saying,

"To the Tuileries!"

But the Princess mentioned some number in the Rue Richelieu (one of the most aristocratic streets in Paris, as every body knows); and away we drove.

"You don't reside at the palace, then?" I remarked to her.

"What?" said she, with rather a surprised air.

"You don't live with the King, your father, at the Tuileries?" repeated I.

"Oh, no!" she answered, "the King, my father, is a little offended with me."

As she said this—it was very odd, but I thought I heard a sound like smothered laughter. I suppose the driver had some low person upon the box with him.

As we drove down the Rue Richelieu, I took out my purse a moment, ostensibly to see if I had money enough to pay the driver, but really to let the Princess see that it was no irresponsible fellow, but a gentleman, who had rescued her from her very unpleasant and exposed situation; for people are so apt to talk about ladies who are out alone in the streets at midnight! Fortunately I had been to my banker's that day, and there was a very pretty glistening of solid Na-

poleons through the network of the purse; and having put a Napoleon into my waistcoat, I slipped the purse into my trowsers pocket.

"*Mon Dieu*," said the Princess, suddenly, "I feel very unwell."

She began at the same moment to sway upon the seat, as if fainting. Then she twitched and jerked in a very remarkable manner. There was an extraordinary action of her whole person, during which she fell against me, and trembled, and shook, and threw her arms and hands about, wildly; while I, in great agitation, vainly implored her to tell me where she felt badly, and what I could do. It was like the St. Vitus' dance, only worse, and I began to fear she had a fit.

It looked very like it.

"Gracious heavens!" thought I, "suppose she should die here!"

I perspired profusely: it would be such an awkward thing to be found in a coach with a dead Princess!

Suddenly the coach stopped, and the Princess, too. I jumped out, and handed her to the door of a noble mansion. She opened the door, and turning upon the steps, stopped me as I was coming up, and said:

"I am under too much obligation to Monsieur, to allow him to put himself to the trouble of another step. The King, my father," said she, with peculiar emphasis, "will send one of the royal huissiers early in the morning to acknowledge his gratitude. Will Monsieur receive the thanks of a suffering Princess?"

With that, she closed the door and left me in the street. No gentlemanly person ever intrudes, and I had therefore nothing to do but step back again into the carriage and drive home. All the way I was practicing French phrases of politeness to address to the royal huissiers when they should arrive in the morning; and I also firmly resolved to probe the mystery of the separation of the young Princess from the royal family. It was a pity that I had not observed the house in the Rue Richelieu more closely, but I had been so occupied with the lady, that I remarked only the air of massive elegance and that unmistakable appearance of a residence of the old *régime* which characterized it. I resolved the next morning to wait upon "our Paris correspondent" of the Journal of Cotton, and devise with him some adequate theory of this mysterious family quarrel. I also determined to hint to him that it would be proper for him to include in the profusion of millinery statistics, with which he was wont to conclude his political and literary bulletins, that white silk bonnets were *de rigeur* for ladies of the highest *ton* (that he might italicize) when going out to balls.

What a wonderful night for me!

Of course I trust my young friends who have been in Paris will not feel angry at my good fortune. Every man can not expect to encounter noble ladies in such a manner as I have described, nor even at the theatres, nor in the selectest circles of the *Château Rouge* and *Mabille's*. (I might state for the information of the rural districts, that these are the names of pleasure resorts of the Parisian aristocracy). I remember Fred. Heletap told me he once met a Countess at the table-d'hôte in Cologne, and that she condescended to go out to drive with him. But his luck and mine are peculiar. In fact, young Americans do not always see the best foreign society;—as I have had occasion to observe.

When I reached home I gave the driver the Napoleon in my waistcoat-pocket, and he drove off, touching his hat. I bounded up-stairs with a light step and gay heart, and, shutting my room-door, I hummed, "*O Richard, O mon Roi!*" as I undressed. The royal huissiers would come in the morning—I should be asked to a quiet family dinner at the Tuileries—I should please the King by my republican gentlemanliness—I should sing negro melodies to the Queen—when she withdrew, I should state to the King that his conduct in banishing his daughter to the Rue Richelieu, however aristocratic the street might be, would look very singular in the eyes of the world—I should advise him to be reconciled—I should offer to be the mediator between him and the "suffering Princess," as she so touchingly described herself;—tears would suffuse the royal eyes—the King would melt in forgiveness—I should drive in one of the royal carriages with the royal outriders and the royal flambeaux to the Rue Richelieu—I should tell the "suffering Princess" that she must haste to the palace, without pausing for the white silk bonnet—I should rush into the royal cabinet, leading her by the hand—the King, and Queen, and royal family would be assembled there in touching attitudes of forgiveness;—she would fall upon her knees—I would fall upon my knees—the King would fall upon his knees—the Queen and royal family would fall upon their knees—tears—sobs—pardon—kisses—and I should rise the betrothed husband of the Princess Royal, and heir to the throne upon which the great Napoleon sat!

That reminded me. My purse was full of Napoleons which I had received at my banker's, and I might as well put it in a rather safer place than my breeches pocket. I sprang out of bed in the dark, and fumbled over my clothes. "Pardon—kisses—" repeated I, still rehearsing my rising fortune, and thrusting my hand into the left pocket of my trowsers. "Tears—sobs—" I continued, as I thrust it into the right pocket. "Touching attitudes of forgiveness"—said I, as I explored my waistcoat. "Fall upon my knees"—I added, more wanderingly, as I felt about my coat. "White silk bonnet"—thought I, without saying it aloud, so surprised was I not to find my purse.

"That's very odd," said I.

I lighted a candle and turned every pocket inside out (men always do under such circumstances). I put a hand into each of the trowsers' pockets—held them there—and looked earnestly upon the floor. Fully convinced that there was nothing in them, I went through the same ceremony with all the others—intently studying the carpet. No purse appeared. In the morning it

had not been found upon the stairs by any of the servants. At least they all said they had not found any such thing; and as it was full of gold they would certainly remember it, if they had found it.

"*Sacr-r-r-r!*" roared I, at the servants and the porter. (It is only the French way of being angry.) But no purse appeared.

Suddenly it flashed over me how it must have been lost. While the unfortunate Princess was suffering that frightful attack in the carriage, during which she leaned against me, and hit me very variously in the spasmodic action of her arms and hands, what was easier than for the driver to have leaned round from his box, somehow—I can't say precisely how, of course, you may leave that to the Paris *cochers—sacr-r-r-r!*—however, what was easier than for him to have leaned round and put his hand in at the window, and into my pocket? for I solemnly assert that I was in such a state of apprehension and bodily contortion, that even the Princess herself might have picked all my pockets, and I should have been none the wiser.

The case was clear enough; and I sat down to write a note to the Prefect of Police, in which I stated the circumstances of my encountering the Princess, calling the carriage, driving home, &c. I underlined the word *Princess*, that he might see that I was in the profoundest State secrets, and that the government of France might spare itself the trouble of trying to humbug me. I then added that the coachman had picked my pocket, and that I, as an American, called upon the French government for redress. If that redress was refused, I took occasion to say, Europe would hear of it. I was "devilish sly" in that, because I knew that the Prefect of Police, upon receiving my note, would hurry directly to the King, and be closeted with him, while Louis Philippe sent out to summon a Council of Ministers to decide upon the best course of action; and that all this excitement would give immense importance in the King's eyes to the young American who thundered out such threats of shaking the peace of Europe, and would incline him to urge forward my match with his daughter as rapidly as possible.

"The name of the delinquent," wrote I, "is—"

What the deuce was it?

I had no means of knowing: so I scratched that out, and wrote instead:

"The residence of the delinquent is—"

Where the deuce was it?

That was bad again. It would hardly do to scratch so often, however; so I took a fresh sheet of paper, transcribed the letter to that point, then proceeded:

"The number of the delinquent's carriage is—"

What in the name of thunder was the number of the delinquent's carriage?

I laid down my pen, and reflected that I had no possible clew to the name, number, or carriage of that sinful coachman; and I flatter myself that I have sense enough to see that when you can not indicate a man in Paris in any other way than as a *cocher*, it is difficult to accuse him of crime, however heinous.

"However," said I, "I may as well step out into the Rue Richelieu, and inquire of the Princess if she chances to remember any thing about the man."

So I rose and put on my hat. But I paused again.

"Won't it look rather mean to the Princess," said I to myself, "if I betray so much anxiety about the money? It seems as if I cared about it. It will give my countrymen a bad name."

Now if there is any one thing that my countrymen care least about (as I was accustomed afterward to say to Signora Belli Occhi, when she occasionally requested little loans of a thousand francs or so, for which she gave me the darlingest little notes of hand, written with feminine irregularity upon bits of satin paper, slightly soiled), it is money. I could not bear the thought of appearing so miserably parsimonious to the afflicted Princess, who I knew had her own much more serious sorrows to deplore

Besides, if I went out I might miss the visit of the royal huissiers.

I laid down my hat, and rang for breakfast. When that was dispatched, I devoted myself to the consideration of the toilet in which I should appear at the private royal table. I consulted my linen, and selected a shirt of irreproachable whiteness; and as I had heard the Queen of the French was a good deal of a poet, I trusted to her royal sagacity to regard it as an emblem of the purity of my intentions—of my resolution not to force myself into the royal family; and also as a symbol of my entire freedom from all previous engagements that could interfere with her own and the King's wishes. My favorite blue waistcoat, spotted with spread eagles; and the "Hail Columbia" cravat embroidered with stars, as being entirely national, seemed peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. The pantaloons which I had worn as an officer of the "Continental Destructives and Star-spangled Flying Artillery"—a military company at the boarding-school where I had fitted for college—had a broad green stripe down the sides, and presented a diplomatic air which was very distinguished.

I surveyed them all, and was satisfied. I laid them carefully in order upon the bed in my chamber; then stepping into my parlor, I spread my passport upon the table, as it had a kind of public-document air, piled together two or three dictionaries carelessly, to look like grave treatises upon the law of nations, scattered a good many letters upon the table, and heaped a dozen numbers of old newspapers around my chair, and so gave my room quite the appearance of a Foreign Office—or the sanctum of a man profoundly interested in public affairs. All this I knew would make the best possible impression upon the royal huissiers, who would, of course, be closely questioned by his Majesty as to every thing they observed in my apartment.

The morning waned. Ten o'clock came, eleven, twelve, but no royal huissiers.

"It's rather odd," said I, rising to look out of the window. This I did very cautiously, for if any of the court should chance to be passing at the moment, it would have looked like impatience or eagerness upon my part. And what, I should like to know, is more ungentlemanly than an appearance of nervous expectation?

When my remorseless clock—or *pendule*, as the French foolishly call it—struck two, I confess that I began to feel a little restless. Had the princess been too ill to send word to the palace? or was the king such a monster as to persist in his abominable treatment of her, and refuse to acknowledge the assistance I had rendered? I began to tremble for poor human nature.

"I am afraid the Tuileries have corrupted Louis Philippe," said I to myself, as I cautiously looked out of my window again, to see if there was any royal *cortège* hurrying down the street. It was painfully quiet. I began, in fact, to feel extremely restless. Something had clearly gone wrong. I was quite excited. People who are cognizant of state secrets are not to be envied. How little did the family at home, quietly sitting down to roast mutton, and pledging "absent friends"—each remembering me—fancy that I was walking my room, at that very moment, oppressed with such profound affairs, and speculating upon the fate of France! Ah! our American mothers should think well before they allow their sons to be exposed to the chances incident to rescuing royal princesses in distress.

In short, the night came, but no summons from the palace. I was obliged to think of Louis Philippe in a manner which would have deeply pained him to know. I dined at home, alone. But as I was draining my final glass of *Chambertin*, a sudden sharp thought almost cut my mind in two.

"The princess doesn't know my name nor number!"

And I laughed aloud at the easy and absurd explanation of the reason I had not received my invitation. Poor child! I smiled as I imagined her in the same unpleasant ignorance concerning me that I had been in about the driver.

"Dear Father"—I fancied her writing to the king—"the brave and noble youth who last night succored your offending, but unfortunate, daughter (here I wiped away imaginary tears for his majesty), must be asked to dine privately at the palace. I promised him you would send some of the *huissiers* this morning. His name is—is—is—" and I laughed out to think of the poor princess's perplexity. "I mean he lives at—at—at—" and I fairly cried with the fun of the idea that we were both so ridiculously balked, and probably about the same time.

It was easy to set every thing right again, by calling upon the princess, and giving her my name and address. I rang for the servant, who summoned a carriage. It was already quite dark, and I jumped in, with a laugh, at the prospect of the merry explanation. The coachman (I particularly dislike the Parisian *cochers*. I mean as much as it is gentlemanly for a gentleman to care any thing at all about coachmen) stood at the door waiting for the direction.

"Oh, yes," said I, "drive to number—number—number—I mean drive to the Rue Richelieu."

"*Oui, Monsieur*," said the stupid fellow, and away we rattled.

We reached the street.

"*Rue Richelieu, Monsieur?*" cried the *cocher*, from his seat. They are certainly a very exasperating class of men.

"*Très bien*," said I, "open the door."

For what could I do? It was impossible to go hunting up and down the street in that carriage. Besides, it was dark, and the houses looked a good deal alike. So I stepped out, and as I paid the *cocher*, who looked as if he wondered very much why I should want a carriage to come to the corner, he actually smiled with a kind of leer, and said, as I moved briskly away:

"*Tiens, donc! bon voyage, monsieur!*"

I do wish it was gentlemanly to thrash hackmen.

It is an unpleasant thing to confess, but I could not find the house at which I had left the Princess the night before. There was one that seemed as if it might be the same; so I stepped to the porter's window, and said, jocularly—for I was not at all sure that she had revealed her rank:

"Well, my good woman, does the princess live here?"

"*Mais oui, monsieur; il y en a beaucoup en haut*" (Yes, sir; there are lots of 'em up-stairs).

"Thunder!" thought I; "more state secrets." Well, it was impossible to find the house, and I was compelled to return home. I thought it over all night, and, finally concluded, that Louis Philippe as a father, would be better pleased if I should drop him a line, telling him all the circumstances. It would save him the trouble of hunting me up. So I wrote in the morning as follows:

"Dear Sir—Your offending, but unfortunate, daughter has probably already apprised you of the assistance I was able to afford her on the evening before the last. She hinted to me that you would probably send your *huissiers* to my lodging, to express your sentiments on the occasion. But I forgot to give her my address, which I inclose. It may be of interest to you to know that I belong to the greatest nation under the sun, and that the glorious American eagle will be very apt to flap his wings in the face of any body (*king, or no king*) who happens to tread upon American toes.

"I avail myself of this occasion to renew to you the assurance of my distinguished consideration. J. Smytthe, Jr."

This communication I addressed to "His Majesty, Louis Philippe," and sent to the post-office.

Now, I am not an irascible man; I am too

gentlemanly for that; but I must say that Louis Philippe's conduct to me was not such as I could have hoped it would be. I say it reluctantly, and, now that he is gone, with pain—but he was no gentleman. *He did not answer my letter.*

After waiting a week for a reply, in vain, I concluded that I was not bound to guard the secret of the family quarrel any longer, but that it was my duty to expose him. I therefore went to the Club, where I was in the habit of meeting the most gentlemanly men in Paris, especially Americans. After a little light general conversation, I said, "Gentlemen: every man has, at times, a painful duty to perform. Your associations in Paris have probably not been of entirely the same character as mine. I have been, by a singular chance, inducted into the great secrets of state, and I consider myself now at liberty to state, that Louis Philippe has quarreled with the Princess his youngest daughter, and has banished her to the Rue Richelieu, where I have had the honor of seeing her; and more than that, gentlemen, I am obliged to add that my private relations with his Majesty have proved to me that he is no gentleman."

After making these disclosures I resumed my seat. There was silence for a moment; then such peal upon peal of laughter, that the master of the house rushed up to know the occasion.

"A princess!" shouted Sparr Stangles, "and in the Rue Richelieu! ye gods!" and away they all roared again.

"You may laugh, gentlemen," said I, "but it is nevertheless the truth."

The more sober I looked, the more they shrieked, until Stangles cried,

"Mr. Smytthe, please to step here."

I did so; and he threw himself back in his chair. The room instantly became as still as a church, and the men all looked on intently. Stangles closed one eye, and raising the upper lid of the other with his right thumb, he pulled down the lower lid with the left fore-finger, and then said to me,

"Mr. Smytthe, will you please to look into my eye."

I bent over him, and put my face close to his. and looked steadfastly at his eye-ball.

"Do you see any thing there, Mr. Smytthe?" inquired he, with a sound in his throat as if he were choking.

"Nothing at all," said I, looking closer.

"Don't you see a Princess there?" cried he, exploding with laughter, and tumbling out of his chair, while all the rest whooped and yelled like wild Indians.

I don't know why they laughed. I certainly did *not* see a Princess in Mr. Stangle's eye: and when the excitement had somewhat subsided, I said:

"Gentlemen, my experience in this singular and mysterious affair, has taught me that a man had better keep his finger out of royal quarrels. You," said I, caustically, "who have probably not been so fortunate as to meet Countesses, Duchesses, and Princesses in society, little know what pain and trouble they cost the man who ventures to cultivate them."

"Probably we don't know," said Stangles "You are the only man that ever rescued a noble lady in distress in the streets at midnight."

"It is my good fortune," said I; "but I'm not proud of it. These things will happen to us men of the world. Let's go to the opera."

We went. There was a ballet between the acts. Suddenly I turned to Stangles—and asked him if he remarked a certain one of the ballet girls.

"Certainly," said he, "I know her well, and so does all Paris."

"Naturally," said I, "for do you know she bears a most astonishing likeness to the youngest daughter of Louis Philippe?"

"And she lives," replied Stangles, with that choking sound in his throat again, "at No. — Rue Richelieu." Upon which he laughed in a manner which I must call ungentlemanly: and which drew upon us the attention of the whole house.

"Can it be possible," mused I, as I sauntered home, "that the cruel monarch of France has visited the Princess with heavier indignities on account of her singular adventure with me, and has actually compelled her to seek support by dancing in the ballet? What a frightful state of things! How happy we ought to be that we have no kings in America!"

This, you remember, is an episode. I was about to tell you of my "sweetest experience" with Signora Belli Occhi; but I referred to this little adventure in Paris, and I knew you would wish to hear about it. The truth is, that we young Americans upon the Continent have the most remarkable experiences. Those knowing looks, and words, and sighs, that we exchange when we sometimes speak of Europe in your presence, have a prodigious profundity of meaning. They all stand for nothing less than Princesses. We have been in the habit of meeting more or less noble and beautiful ladies at Monsieur Celarius's dancing-rooms. It is in their amiable society that we have learned that polished grace of manner with which we seize and whirl in the dance the daughters of our native land. Of course our sisters lack the winning *je ne sais quoi* of the Princesses and other titled ladies, but they serve to remind us of that high society and those happy days in Paris.

And now, as we have smoothed the way for my story, we will proceed with it immediately.

THE WORLD-RENOWNED.

THERE is nothing more difficult to accomplish than to build up a great reputation It may seem easy enough; yet it requires unceasing labor and application to attain distinction or eminence in any pursuit. Men of reputation are all men of industry. Character is like the building of a pyramid; it is done stone by stone, course by course: and the structure is rarely complete ere life is brought to a close, and the work of self-perfection, of reputation-building, is brought to a close.

In the *Divine Comedy*, Virgil is made to say to Dante—"You must discard all idleness; it is not by sleeping on a bed of down that fame is to be reached. He who passes through life without reputation, leaves upon the earth a trace like that of smoke upon the air, or foam upon the water. Rouse thyself then; subdue fatigue with the spirit which triumphs in every contest, if it be not overwhelmed by the weight of the body."

Buffon said of genius, that it consisted in a great aptitude for *patience;* and nearly all the men who have accomplished any thing worthy of note in the world, have been distinguished by this gift. Newton said of himself and his grand discoveries, that he took no credit for any powers of original thinking, but that all he had done had been the result of laborious investigation and steady industry.

Many men have doubtless been stimulated to application in art, in letters, and in science, by the thought of future fame. The applause of mankind has been dear to them, and to secure it they have "lived laborious days," spent midnight oil, forgotten fatigue, ill-health, and physical discomfort—consecrating long years of labor in elaborating a science, developing an idea, producing a poem, or perfecting a work of art. They have lived for fame, thinking of a life beyond their own time, inspired with renewed energy in the contemplation of a glorious reputation in the future ages through which their name will continue to be pronounced with transports of joy and admiration.

Yet, in the case of many other great men, they have lived and labored without any thought of fame. They have produced, because they felt a longing and intense desire to throw off the thoughts and ideas that brooded in them. Thus, Shakspeare wrote, leaving his works to be collected and edited by men living long after his own day. He gave his immortal tragedies to the world, and left them to take care of themselves. During his life he was known to but few; he spent a long and laborious life in the metropolis, after which he retired to an obscure country town, where he died without causing the slightest stir or commotion. He had no public funeral. There was little mourning at his exit; for few, except those immediately about him, knew that the great Shakspeare had died. It took several hundred years to build up his reputation; and it has not yet culminated, nor will do for many centuries to come.

Many, however, succeed in enjoying all the pleasures of fame during their lives; many whose reputation after death is comparatively short-lived. With them, life is a continual festival: every where they are praised, flattered, extolled, caressed, rewarded, adored, and almost worshiped as gods. Mothers get them to stand godfathers for their children; legislators bestow pensions on them; authors write books about them; newspapers note their every movement; and when they die, great is the mourning and lamentation. Then there is a search in parish registers for facts respecting their birth and marriage; all the details of their in-doors and out-doors life are published; monuments are erected to them; pictures of them are painted; lives of them are written; and their fame is then handed down to posterity to live or die, as their character, their works, or their achievements, may be esteemed by future generations.

Great men live forever. Even on earth they are immortal. Death beautifies their name, their works, and their reputation. Their burying-place is honored, and their tomb is visited by men of all nations. Poets and thinkers catch inspiration from the scene; and the memory of their great deeds warms the heart and excites the imagination.

Thus, Boccaccio was once led by curiosity to visit the tomb of Virgil: he was at that time a youth, tired of the dry study of law. Standing before the sacred ashes of the great Latin poet, the youth felt himself, as it were, suddenly take fire; an illumination burst upon him; and the then unknown youth returned home a prince of Italian literature.

What pilgrimages are made to Stratford-on-Avon and Abbotsford!—to Newstead Abbey and Rydal Mount! Cities and hamlets dispute the honor of being the birthplace of great men. Monuments are erected to them. Monarchs reward their descendants. All that relates to them is sought after with avidity. The most insignificant lines traced by their hand are prized as a treasure. Their relatives and friends are cited: what they said and did; where they went, and how they spent their time, is all told in books, and eagerly read by thousands. To have seen them is long remembered as a delight and an honor: and he who has seen the great man feels as if he carried with him a portion of his reflected greatness. Even to have seen the tomb of a great man, is considered in the light of a merit. Washington Irving, speaking of the workman who, in repairing the tomb of Shakspeare at Stratford, looked in and saw the dust and mouldering bones of the great poet lying within, says of him—"It was surely *something* to have seen the ashes of Shakspeare."

The glory of great men is reflected even on their biographers. The public, who revere the great departed, end by confounding in their esteem the name of the historian with that of the hero. Thus Alexander always envied Achilles the more from having been immortalized by Homer.

The fame of these man-gods—these great heroes and geniuses, looks so bright after death, that one would think they had been absolved from the infirmities and vices of men. But we see only the bright side; the glory is in the sun, the folly in the shadow. And it is well that it is so, and that we are disposed only to speak good of the dead. Were the *obverse* and shady side of the great man's character to be looked at, doubtless it would present many flaws and weaknesses, much imperfection, perhaps some meanness, and, it may be, much selfishness and heart-

lessness. But those things are not mentioned on the marble inscription.

It is not always, however, that great men receive due recognition in their lifetime. The greatest often pass on to their grave unheeded. The warrior receives a public entombment, and is followed by the lamentation of millions; the Shakspeare receives an ordinary village burial, and few know that he has died. The "blind old villain, Milton," as Charles II. called him, lived unknown in an alley, and only a few unknown people followed him to his grave. The great Homer is said to have died a beggar:

> And thirteen cities claimed the Homer dead
> Through which the living Homer begged his bread.

Tasso was imprisoned in a madhouse by his enemies. Banished Dante ate the bread of poverty in exile. Camoens expired in misery, his marvelous genius unrecognized. André Chenier died by the guillotine. Otway perished of hunger. But time has done justice to their memories; and while the persecutors have been abandoned to ignominy, the genius of the victims has made them immortal. Even while they lived they were richer by far than those who persecuted them; and their enjoyments were purer and deeper than theirs—for in all times, and under all circumstances, the cultivation of the mind, the indulgence of high thoughts, and the speaking of them out to the world, have been their own exceeding great reward.

THE STAIN OF PARENTAGE.

IN the woods forming what remains of the forest of Ardennes, about a mile from a small village called Solenthal, a narrow path leads from a high-road to a spot once occupied by charcoal burners, but now abandoned. It was a gloomy place. The ground for about an acre was black, where charcoal had been burned and stored, while a small fringe of green grass had perched itself forward from the forest, and commenced regaining the lost ground. In the centre was a deep hole, to be entered only on one side by a path of narrow dimensions. In this was a small hut, of wretched aspect, one of millions in France where glitter and glory hides misery worse than that of Ireland in her worst days, where sound and show conceal from us sixteen millions of paupers.

This hut had no window. It was curved in shape, and closely resembled a wigwam of the poorest class. It consisted of three poles stuck in the ground, meeting at the top, these tied together, and then, of course, thatch and mud. A hole was left in the top for the smoke to pass through. The floor was of mud. In one corner was a pile of straw, which, with two chairs and a table, formed the whole of the furniture. It was occupied by two women and a large dog. At the moment when our narrative commences, one only was at home. She was about fifty, poorly but not meanly clad. She was clean, neat, and tidy, and she plied her needle with unceasing energy. She was sewing for a livelihood.

A short distance off, on the edge of the wood, another woman, or rather a young girl, dressed in the same manner, was picking up wood, and laying it in an outspread cloth on the ground. She, too, plied her work industriously, for until sufficient fuel had been collected, she could not cook their humble dinner. Presently she seemed satisfied with what she had done, and was about to proceed, when two horsemen issued from the wood, and came along, walking their horses slowly by them. One was a young man, about five-and-twenty, rosy-cheeked, handsome, and full of health; the other was ten years older, and evidently an *habitué* of the Boulevards and the Café de Paris. His pale face, made paler by a thin black mustache and jet black hair, his hollow, sunken eyes, spoke of the man of late hours and pleasure. His face was cold and repulsive, while that of the other was open and frank.

"What a wretched occupation for so pretty a girl," said the young man, riding quickly on, so as to speak first, "surely, *ma chère*, you might put your taper fingers to a better use. Here's will buy you firewood for months."

And he cast a double napoleon at her feet.

The girl raised her angelic face to his, sadly and reproachfully. She was about eighteen. Her white skin, her blue eyes, her curly golden hair, her simple, child-like manner, was something he had never seen before. Her expression was timid and yet proud, and looking into her eyes, the young man was not surprised at the reply he received.

"Monsieur, I have done nothing to give you a right to insult me. What you have done may have been meant kindly, but I ask alms of no one."

"Pardon, mademoiselle," exclaimed the other, confused and stammering, "I meant no insult. Pardon me, mademoiselle, I pray you. I thought you poor, and my impulse was to aid you."

"Thank you, monsieur, for the first kind word I have heard these fifteen years, except from my own mother," said the young girl. "But go your way, or else the whole country will shun you too."

"Begone, wretch!" exclaimed the other, riding up and raising his whip menacingly; "begone, viper, and dare not speak to an honest man."

The young man listened in amazement.

"I did not speak to monsieur, monsieur spoke to me," said the girl, gently, with, however, a smile of pity and contempt.

"Raise your accursed lips to me again," cried the other, furiously, "and I will scourge you with my whip."

"Monsieur is perhaps a coward," said the gentle girl, stung to anger for once, turning at the same time to face his insults.

"What! you dare answer me," and he raised his hand again.

"Nay, Edward, you would not hit a woman."

"A woman! Do you call Madeleine de Pierrepont, the child of the assassin of my uncle Du-

bois, a woman; say rather a fiend," screamed the usually calm dandy.

"Madeleine de Pierrepont!" replied the other, staggering so that his friend had to turn his attention to him. "Madeleine de Pierrepont! And this is Madeleine de Pierrepont! Truly," he muttered as he remounted his horse, "she is not a woman."

The other imitated him, and they rode off, leaving the young girl to weep alone. In a few minutes, however, she wiped her eyes, and then, fearful she might be suspected of appropriating the gold piece, she took it up, wrapped it in a piece of paper, with the intention of returning it to its owner. She then lifted up her bundle and walked slowly toward the hut.

"Tell me the story of this girl," said the young man, gravely.

The other told it:—"Fifteen years before, the father of Madeleine de Pierrepont and a Monsieur Dubois, a rich proprietor, had been intimate friends. De Pierrepont was comfortably off, from the fact of his having several occupations. He was collector of the rent of a rich member of his noble family; he was tax-gatherer, and *adjoint* to the *maire*. The *maire* was M. Dubois, a rich man, but somewhat of a miser. It appeared that one afternoon Dubois asked Pierrepont to walk over to a small town at some distance to receive with him a large remittance, with which he had to pay a body of workmen employed on public works, and other expenses incurred in the building a church and schoolroom. Dubois felt safer with a companion. It was afterward proved that they received the money, dined together at the Soleil d'Or, drank rather more than they were used to, and then, despite every representation, set out to walk home, though De Pierrepont wished to hire a gig. Next morning the body of Dubois was found about a hundred yards beyond the house of De Pierrepont, which was at the foot of a hill that led up to the village. All his money was gone, as well as his watch and rings.

"A search took place instantly; and De Pierrepont, as his companion, was visited by the police agent. De Pierrepont deposed that Dubois on his reaching his house bade him go in, for that he could go up the hill safely alone; but still he requested him to keep a bag of 1000 francs in silver, because it was so heavy, until the morning. This 1000 francs he gave up to the police. Of 16,000 francs in notes, he solemnly declared he knew nothing. On this he was arrested as the assassin, tried, found guilty, and sent to the galleys for life. His wife solemnly declared that she heard Dubois wish her husband good-night, and say, laughingly, 'I'll send a cart for the silver in the morning.' But instead of benefiting him, in the eyes of the world she became his accomplice. To avoid being hooted at in the streets, she left the village, and every penny being spent ere her husband's trial was over, she obtained reluctant permission to dwell in the charcoal-burner's deserted hut. But all shunned her and her child as they would lepers, and to live she was obliged to walk miles in search of work of the coarsest description. Leave the country she would not, because she was born there, and she felt convinced that her husband would be ultimately pardoned."

"And you join, Edward, in the infamous persecution. Supposing the father guilty (which to me is not clearly proved—and you know I am a lawyer), why should this poor child suffer for the sins of her father? Why, the savages of North America, where I have just come from, are more civilized than you. I see in this heroic couple subject of wonder and admiration, but not of hate. Poor creatures! Fifteen years of misery have not satisfied you all, but you must still treat them as outcasts."

"My dear Arthur, you have just come from America, where it appears to me you pick up very singular notions. For my part, the wife and daughter of an assassin, and the assassin of my uncle, are detestable wretches whom I must hate," said the other, in his usual cool way. His fit of anger was past.

"Injustice, infamous injustice. Poor girl! I think I see her meek face now, looking at me so proudly and yet so sweetly. I never saw any thing so lovely in my life."

"Why, the man's in love!" exclaimed Edward Dubois, the heir to the murdered man's property.

"Half; and what's more, Edward, do you know I'd marry that girl to-morrow, if she'd have me; but I know she wouldn't."

"By my faith," said Edward, "you amaze me; and I am not easily amazed. Of course you are joking."

"Time will show. But now, my dear fellow, adieu; you follow that path in search of pleasure, I this on business."

"Adieu, *à demain*."

"Yes. You breakfast with me at the little inn, you know."

"Agreed, my philosopher. Adieu."

And Edward Dubois galloped down a narrow path leading to the chateau of a certain Count de Jesson, who that day gave a grand dinner and evening party. As soon as Arthur saw that he was out of sight, he turned his horse's steps and galloped hard toward the charcoal-burner's hut.

When Madeleine returned to the hut and began making a fire, she told her mother what had passed, and showed her the gold piece. They were used to this kind of treatment, and the mother did not feel it much now. The scorn of fifteen years had made her despise the world. But Madeleine seemed hurt.

"I do not care," she exclaimed aloud at last, "for what young Monsieur Dubois said; but I am vexed that the good-looking stranger should have said that I was not a woman!"

"You are not a woman but an angel!" exclaimed Arthur solemnly; he had approached on foot and had heard a portion of their conversation.

The mother and daughter stood still in dumb amazement.

"You seem surprised, madam," said the young man, addressing the mother; "you will be still more so when I add that I have returned with the deliberate intention of imploring you to give me your daughter's hand in marriage; not now—instantly, but when you know me better."

"Monsieur," exclaimed the mother indignantly, "this is too much. Go. The felon's daughter is still too good for insult."

"Madam," replied Arthur respectfully, "perhaps your astonishment will cease when I add that your husband is innocent, and that I have come sixteen thousand miles to prove it."

"You are—speaking—seriously," gasped the poor woman.

"On my soul and conscience," said Arthur solemnly.

"Oh joy! Oh joy!" shrieked the girl, clasping the stranger round the neck; "the saviour has come at last."

"Be calm, my dear young lady, and I will tell you my story in a few words. You will then understand my motives in coming here. I scarcely expected to find you at Solenthal; but at last determined to try. I came yesterday night, and I soon heard of your heroic resignation and courage. Be seated, dear girl, and listen to tidings that will be joyful indeed to your filial heart."

Madeleine blushing, her color going and coming, obeyed, and seated herself on a log near the young stranger.

"I am a young Frenchman, and about seven years ago I emigrated to Peru in search of fortune. I started as a lawyer, and found business plentiful enough. I knew many Frenchmen in the place, but a merchant of the name of Gaillard was my most intimate friend. He was twice my age, grave, even sullen and saturnine; but he had quaint ways, was very charitable, and I liked him. Besides, the others were married, had families, and he was alone. We used to meet of an evening at a *café*, play piquet, drink sherbet, and then walk home together. He was rich, and lived in great style, but not in any way up to his income. People wondered he never married; but he said he had been married, and was not inclined to try the experiment again. He looked with alarm at the prospect of my settling in life, and did all he could to preserve unto himself one bachelor friend.

"About a year ago he fell ill, and the doctor at once intimated to him that he would not recover. Apart from disease, it was a general break-up of nature.

"When he found there was no hope, he sent for me.

"'Versan,' said he, 'listen to a dying man, and interrupt me not. You see on this bed an assassin, a thief, a murderer. Fourteen years ago, sitting in an hotel, I saw two men dining, one of whom had just received sixteen or seventeen thousand francs. A dreadful thought came into my head. I was not poor, but I was wicked. I followed these two men. They walked on their way to Solenthal together. I dared not attack both, and once or twice I thought of giving up my fearful design. But at the house of one De Pierrepont they parted, and my victim Dubois advanced alone.

"'I was monster enough to think that Heaven gave him up to me. I bounded after him; I gave myself no time for thought; I stabbed him in the neck; killed him; took his money, and fled. I spare you my thoughts, and my fifteen years of suffering. I fled my country; I became a merchant—rich—respected; but I have never had one happy moment. Not only had I murdered him, but Pierrepont was suspected, and sentenced for my crime, only not to death, because the jury hesitated. I thus ruined an honest man, and sent his family to beg their bread.'

"He paused. I spoke not; too absorbed in my horror.

"'De Versan, listen to me, my friend. Do not turn against me. I have left you my sole heir.'

"'Never will I—'

"'Hark! you must and you will. Take my property, and think when you enjoy it with pity on its guilty present owner, and I will make a public confession, pay the heirs of Dubois their 16,000 francs, and, by proving my own guilt, obtain the pardon of the innocent De Pierrepont. Refuse, and I will die impenitent, for my only friend will have deserted me.'

"I accepted."

"And may Heaven bless you!" said the weeping and sobbing mother, while Madeleine hid her head in her mother's lap.

"An hour later, in presence of the French and English consuls—four Englishmen and four Frenchmen, two priests, and the alcalde—Gaillard, or rather Mesnard, made his solemn confession, which was signed by all present, sealed, and one of two copies given to me. That copy is now in the hand of the Minister of Justice, and here," drawing forth a letter, "is a copy of your father's free pardon."

A wild shriek from both women was his reply.

"And now Madeleine," said he, taking the girl's hand, "before I have the chance of rivals, may I renew my request for your hand and heart?"

"Monsieur, no man on earth can ever do for me what you have done. In an hour I have lived years of joy; that joy I owe to you. Give me my father, and the love of my whole life, if you value it, shall be your poor reward."

This sudden resolution of the young girl, so natural under the circumstances, was approved of heartily by the mother.

Next morning there sat in a small inn in Solenthal, waiting for breakfast, a man, not old, but bowed by years of woe, gray-haired and pale. On each side of him sat a woman, one his wife, the other his daughter. They had been talking for hours, and were not wearied yet. A young man sat opposite, his face beaming with delight. Several times the waiter had announced breakfast; but the young man had always bade him be quiet and wait still a while.

At length a hurried step was heard, and the young Edward Dubois entered. He started as if bit by a snake, and would have left the room.

"Stop," said Arthur, sternly, as he caught him by the wrist. "Rather kneel and ask for pardon than fly. Read this, man," and he put in his hand the printed bill proclaiming the injustice of Pierrepont's sentence, his free pardon, and containing the certified confession of Mesnard.

Edward Dubois read it in silence. When he had finished, he turned and grasped the ex-convict's hand.

"No apology can make up for my conduct," he said, "but what I can do, I will. This bill will satisfy the whole country."

"Monsieur," replied De Pierrepont, in husky tones, "you did but as the world did. Appearances were against me, and all condemned me."

"Edward, my friend," said Arthur, "you see the danger of judging from appearances. Had De Pierrepont been truly guilty, his wife and child should have been pitied, not scorned. As it is, a vile prejudice has made these two women, for fifteen years, outcasts and pariahs."

Edward made no reply, as the breakfast came in. He, like all the country round, was horrified, now they found how unjust they had been; and never was wedding more tumultuously hailed and *fêted* than that of Arthur de Versan and Madeleine de Pierrepont. Still I have not heard that one man, woman, or child, in the forest of Ardennes, has been cured of the evil habit of judging always from appearances, and visiting on the innocent the sins of the guilty.

BERTHALDE REIMER'S VOICE.

"THAT 'll do, wife—that'll do; it's not a very cold night," Karl Reimer said, with a sigh; and his wife, looking a little sadly for a moment in his face, replaced the fresh log of wood with which she had meant to replenish the half-burnt embers on the hearth. Returning to her chair she sat down in silence by her husband's side.

"Your work has not made you hungry to-night, Karl," she said, presently, with an effort at cheerfulness in her voice, and she glanced at a little table standing near, on which a very homely supper of brown German bread and sour milk in a thick curd lay scarcely tasted.

"Hungry enough, wife," was the quiet answer.

There was a pause. The woman, stooping forward, laid her hand upon his shoulder, and said gently:

"We must keep a good heart, husband. While we have good wholesome food, and a roof to cover us, we have no right to complain; many a one is worse off than we to-night!"

"Ay, to-night—it is not to-night I'm thinking of," Karl muttered, and suddenly rousing himself he stretched out and cautiously bent and unbent his left arm, clenching his hand the while, like one trying its strength; then shaking his head with a deep sigh, he let it fall again by his side, and resumed his former attitude.

"It is rest that you want," his wife said, soothingly. "You have been working too hard these two or three months."

"No," he answered despondingly, "no rest would bring back strength to this arm. It is not overwork that has brought on the weakness. Wife, look here," and a sickly smile came over his lips, as, clenching his hand again, he turned it to her. "Look—a child might open it. Try you" (her first effort unclasped his fingers). "I thought so," he said, bitterly. And again they both were silent. There were tears in Madame Reimer's eyes, and she held the weakened hand closely in hers.

"It might have been the right hand. Be thankful, Karl," she said softly, in a little while.

"I *am* thankful, but if it get worse, if it become useless, I should have to give up work; what's to become of us all?—what's to become, all through her life, of that poor child?"

"Hush!" Madame Reimer whispered softly, and shading her face from the light, she turned her eyes to a corner of the room where, in a little low bed, a girl lay asleep.

"She has been asleep an hour or more," Karl answered quickly. "If it were not for her, we could bear up bravely enough. We have worked hard, both of us, these seven years past—seven!—ay, it is more than seven since the lightning blinded her—near eight years now—we have worked hard to try and save up for her, and what will she ever be the better for it? There's not a week passes but we have to draw upon our little stock; for, of all we have worked and saved there are not twenty gülden left. She will be a beggar, our child—our Berthalde!"

"Hush, hush, Karl, it will not come to that—we can work for her yet—it is all in God's hands."

There was a few minutes' pause. Then Karl spoke again, in a passionate, though subdued voice:

"She may be a beggar next month, for aught we know. When I can't work any longer, what is there for the whole of us but beggary?" A momentary flush spread over his brow; but, as it passed away he proudly raised his head, and, shaking back his thick hair, crept on tiptoe to the bed, and knelt down on the floor beside it. As he bent over the sleeping child, a look of deep, pitying, and tender love softened his rugged features. Softly and tenderly he pressed his rough hard hand over the child's uncovered head; drew aside a curl of her long hair that hid her face; and, stooping down, pressed his lips in a long silent kiss upon her pale thin cheek. She lay quite still, with her sightless eyes closed, breathing low and quickly.

"How pale she is," Madame Reimer whispered; for she had followed her husband, and stood now with her hands leaning on his arm, and her eyes fixed upon her child.

The little face was as still and white as if it had been carved in marble. For an instant Karl glanced upward to his wife, and a look of sudden alarm and pain passed over him—a quick

look, which seemed to flash for a moment from his dark piercing eyes: then, as it died away, he turned round to the little bed again, and laid his head beside his child's upon the pillow, not speaking any thing aloud, though his lips moved.

"May the holy Virgin bless her!" Madame Reimer whispered in the silence.

"Amen!" Karl breathed, in his deep, low voice; and with one other kiss he rose from his knees. "We will go to bed now; tread softly, wife—softly," he said, as together they moved away.

But when the door was closed, and all was still, then, in the darkness and the silence, large tears began to steal through the closed lids of Berthalde's eyes; for she had heard all that which their love would strive to keep from her. She had had many fears of late; her father had seemed changed, and sorrowful; and longing to know what thing it was that grieved him, she thought it no sin to listen. Now that she did know, the child could only weep, and sob sorrowfully to herself:

"O, that I could do any thing to help them! O, that I could work! O, that I was not blind!"

Berthalde was so patient and so gentle, that she could feel no deep or keen regret for the loss of that which yet had made her life almost a blank to her. Others thought that she had grown accustomed to blindness; that she had forgotten what it was to see. But that was the one sweet memory of her life; sweet, yet full of a wild, deep sadness, unutterably beautiful, as is the memory of a glorious dream, too beautiful to have been. Often in the long, silent nights she lay awake, and thought of it, weeping then when she was all alone, as she was weeping now to-night; but to-night another, and a different thought was in her heart. A thought which many a time had risen there before; but never with the strength and bitterness that it did now; for, as she lay awake, she thought that there was not one thing in all the world that she could ever do to help or comfort any one she loved. That she must be all through her life until she was quite old, a burden upon every one—a useless, helpless, solitary thing, not giving joy to any, nor feeling joy herself. Thinking this, the poor child longed to die; and shivering, drew up the bedclothes round her, hiding her face beneath them, that the bitter sobs which burst from her might not be heard breaking the silence of the night. For in this hour there seemed no comfort near her; all dark without, within it seemed as dark; the love that had been poured upon her through so many years was all forgotten now, she could not feel that she was loved; her whole heart seemed to have room in it only for one thought—that she was an encumbrance upon the earth.

Piercing through the richly painted window of a dim old church the winter's sun threw on the marble pavement of the nave bright rays of colored light, making the gloom on either side seem deeper still. From the altars, waxen tapers shed on the gold and silver plate around, on the gay vases filled with flowers, and on the rich, gold-embroidered dresses of the priests, a sudden radiance.

In the open space without the rails of the High Altar many people knelt; for it was a festival to-day, and mass was being performed. There was a daily mass, but then the people were so much absorbed in their worldly occupations that the mass was often solemnized on week-days to empty walls. A child had slowly and softly threaded her way across the nave to take up her station alone at the foot of one particular pillar in the chancel. Daily, for hours together, she sat in the same spot, as still as if she were a little marble emblem. Few noticed her, and few came near her, for the pillar stood in deep shade, and she was almost hidden when she sat beneath it. It was a dark and gloomy seat, but the most cheerful spot in all the church would have been as dark to poor Berthalde.

To-day there were marks of tears upon her cheeks. Still she waited patiently to hear the glorious voice of the organ, which always spoke to her. It seemed of all the things upon earth the most beautiful. She thought it never would begin to play to-day. But at last she heard the first low swelling notes; and, as she listened, drinking in the rich, heart-filling sound, all sorrow seemed to pass away, all earthly things seemed to be forgotten. As the exquisite music crept around her—now soft, faint, and low, now loud and deep, rolling wave upon wave along the great groined aisles—she knelt and hid her face, weeping. Her heart trembled with a strange, wild, half-understood delight that only cathedral music afforded her.

Never had the grand and solemn music seemed more grand and solemn than it did to-day. As the rich tones of the organ filled the solemn space around her, and the soft voices of the choristers rang through the dimly-lighted aisles, and as one solitary voice filled the great echoing church with its clear tones, the blind girl bowed her head upon her hands, trembling with a wild, almost painful joy, that seemed to take her breath away. So shaken was she with emotion, that the thin slight fingers scarcely served to hide her tears. Even when the last notes had quite died away; when the last lingering footsteps had left the church, she knelt on, as if still, in the silent air, she heard an echo of the song that to all other ears had passed away. Presently two light quick footsteps gayly tripped along the marble floor, and the sound of merry voices and half-suppressed laughter, roused her from her drerm. She crouched upon the step at the pillar's base, thinking to wait there until the footsteps had gone past. But suddenly they stopped quite close to her, and a bright young voice exclaimed—

"Oh, see how stupid I have been! I have come down without my music. Margaret, you must wait for me one minute, till I run back for it. They are closing the organ. I shall be scarcely in time!" and with the last words,

leaving her companion, the girl ran quickly toward the choir.

"They are some of the singers!" Berthalde thought within herself, and her heart beat with almost a reverential feeling. "How happy they must be, how very happy!" For a moment more the tears sprang up into her eyes, for, suddenly, the girl that staid behind began, as she paced up and down, softly to sing a low, sweet melody. Berthalde remembered it at once: it was the *Agnus Dei* of the lately finished mass.

A second time there were steps and voices coming near—slow steps, unlike the first, and the singer's voice was hushed as a new voice, rich, sweet, and low, broke upon Berthalde's ear.

"What would you have me say, Lisa? I am weary of complaining. You grow more careless every day. Your singing now is worse than it was six months ago."

"Maestro, I do not think it's possible to please you now," said the girl, half angrily, half carelessly. "I'm sure I do the best I can, and I suppose my voice is as good as it used to be."

"Your voice is the finest in the choir; but—"

"My dear master, then what is the use of scolding me?" Lisa exclaimed, with real delight.

"But," he went on quietly, without heeding her, "you have no love for music—no true feeling for what you sing—no perseverance in study."

"Then what is the use of my coming here any longer?" the girl asked, with suppressed irritation.

Without answering her, the Master turned to the other girl.

"Margaret, you did well to-day, very well. Go on as steadily as you are doing now, and you will find that your reward will come. Only have courage, perseverance, and patience."

"Courage!" Margaret answered, a little sadly. "Ah, I sometimes want courage. I sometimes almost lose heart. If I had but more voice! There is so much that I can never sing. If I only had Lisa's voice!"

There was a moment's pause; then the first girl said, more humbly than she had spoken yet, "Master, what can I do? I am sure I *want* to sing well."

"You want to sing well?" he repeated; "Why, Lisa?"

"Why!" she answered. "Surely, every body thinks it's more pleasant to be admired than—than to be blamed."

"So you wish to sing well to be admired? Exactly. I understand you perfectly," he answered, dryly. "And you, Margaret, is it also to be admired that you work so hard, and study so perseveringly?"

She answered "No," in a low voice, earnestly and almost humbly. Berthalde felt that it came from her heart, and in her own heart the blind girl echoed it.

The Master said abruptly, after a pause, "It is getting late. I will not detain you any longer. Good-morning," and leaving them he went away, they following.

When they were gone, a sudden change had come upon Berthalde. A bright light was in her sightless eyes. She whispered tremblingly, almost like one in fear,

"Oh, if there was any way, any hope—if I knew what to do—if I could speak to him and tell him—" She paused a moment, and pressed her face upon her hands: then bursting into tears, she cried almost aloud, "Oh, if he would teach me, if he would let me learn of him, if he would let me be a singer!" and falling on her knees again, she broke into a passionate, imploring prayer, sobbing and trembling as if her very life depended on its being heard.

For a long time she knelt, not praying always, but feverishly. Yet with intense delight and eagerness, building bright castles in the air, confusing herself with multitudes of thoughts that poured in on her; bright, happy thoughts for the most part, though now and then some sudden fear would come, making her heart grow sick, lest all that she was hoping now should never be to her any thing but a dream. Then she prayed again until the fear began to fade away, and she would grow bewildered with her happiness once more. Now that she was so full of it, it seemed so strange to her that never in all her sorrow, and with all her passionate love of music, she should have remembered that it was possible for her her as a singer to gain her bread, and grow so happy; oh, so happy, that it scarcely seemed to her that there could be in all the world any thing more that she could wish for.

Patient, cheerful, full of hope, day after day found Berthalde at her old place at the church, waiting, with a firm purpose though a trembling heart, to hear the Kapell-meister's step; but day after day too saw her turn away in disappointment; for in vain she waited, in vain she strained her ears to catch a sound of the well-remembered voice, in vain she listened to each solitary footstep, believing that she could at once distinguish his from any other—he never came again. And after a time she began to fear that there must be a private entrance to the choir through which he came and went, and that she might wait for months here in the chancel and never see him; and then what to do she knew not, for she shrank from telling any one her secret, and she could not hope to find her way alone to a strange place. And presently, by degrees, her heart began to sink, her whole project began to appear to her wild and unattainable, and at last one day she turned from the church so weary of hoping in vain, so sad and out of spirits that she could scarcely keep her tears from falling as she went away.

The church was near to where she lived, so near that—blind though she was—neither her father nor her mother ever objected to her going to it alone, or feared that she should miss her way. Nor was it likely, for she had gone daily there for many years, and no accident of any kind had ever happened to her; but on this day, as she was sorrowfully making her way home, less careful perhaps than usual to keep out of the way

of passers-by, almost at the church door she tripped over something that lay across the path, and fell down heavily. But almost in the instant that she fell, a voice close to her broke upon her ear—a voice that as if by magic made her forget the pain that she was suffering, for it was the long watched-for voice of the Kapell-meister.

"My child, take care! Why, where could you be looking?" he exclaimed, and before she could speak he had raised her from the ground, and was half supporting her with his arm.

"Looking wouldn't have done her much good, poor thing," said a good-natured man coming out of his shop close by. Do you know her? She is the little blind girl, Berthalde Reimer."

"Why, my child, you have really hurt yourself, your hand is bleeding, let's wrap my handkerchief round it;" and, while Berthalde stood trembling by him, he gently bound up her injured hand, talking to her kindly while he did it.

"I think, sir, she's a little faint—the poor thing looks so pale," the shopman said. "Let her come into my shop and rest herself before she goes home."

"No, no, no!" Berthalde broke in. "I would rather go into the church again. I wanted to speak. I wanted, if he would be so kind, I mean—oh, sir, I think I can walk!" she suddenly exclaimed; but, not heeding her remonstrance, the Kapell-meister lifted her up in his arms, for she was very little, and carried her within the church again, and laid her down upon a bench.

"Oh, sir, you are very good," she whispered, her voice quite shaking now with agitation, and nervously and half unconsciously raising herself up from the position in which he had placed her. "And, if you please, sir—if you wouldn't go away for a minute or two—if you would just let me say something to you that I've wanted so much to say, and not be offended—not, I mean—not think—" and then her imperfect sentence came abruptly to an end.

"You have something to say to me?" the Kapell-meister asked. "My child, how do you know who I am?"

She said quickly, "I heard you speak one day. You are the Kapell-meister."

"You are right. But what can you have to say to me?"

He paused a moment, but there was no answer; and then, looking at her, in a gentle, pitying tone, he added—

"My child, you are frightened. Wait then a minute before you speak. Now, what is it? Tell me frankly. Is it any thing I can do for you?"

"Oh, yes!" she cried eagerly, though almost below her breath. "You can do more for me than any body in the world! Oh, sir, I have been waiting here every day to see you, that I might be able to tell you what I want, and yet now I am afraid to say it."

"My poor girl, if it be in my power to do what you want, I will do it," the Master said. "Tell me now what it is."

With drooped eyes, and hands pressed together, she said simply, and in a very low voice, "I want to learn to sing in the choir," and waited calmly, but pale even to her lips, to receive his answer.

The Kapell-meister shook his head.

"What put this into your mind? Who told you you could be a singer?"

"No one," she answered faintly.

"You thought it of yourself?"

"I thought it after I had heard you speak, one day. I never thought it until then; but I have come here to listen every day for so many years, and the music has always seemed so beautiful to me!"

The Kapell-meister laid his hand upon her head, and said, in a voice so gentle, almost so tender, that it made the tears spring to her eyes,

"My child, I think you have forgotten one obstacle, you have forgotten that you are blind."

"No, no!" she eagerly exclaimed; I have not forgotten it. I know that I can only learn by remembering what I hear; I know that you can not give lessons to me as you would do to others. I do not ask that you should trouble yourself with me so much; I only want to come where I can hear you teach; then you would hear me sing, and tell me when I am wrong, and what to do." And in anxious inquiry she again looked up into his face.

"You are very young," he began, after a little pause.

"I am thirteen, sir," she said, quickly; "but I am very little," she added humbly.

"Yes—but, your name, tell it me again?"

"Berthalde Reimer."

"Berthalde, would it make you happy if I gave you your wish?"

The look that sprang into her face answered him without words.

"Yes, I see it would. And is it your love of music only that makes you wish to be a singer?"

There was a moment's hesitation; then the color mounted to her cheek, and she whispered—

"No."

"Tell me what other reason you have."

She wept as she said, "We are so poor at home, and there is nothing I can do to help them. Oh, sir, do not be angry with me!" and half shrinking back she hid her face upon her hands.

"Angry, my child!" was all the Master said, but the tone thrilled to Berthalde's heart; and, as he laid his hand upon her head again, she felt such a wild rush of gratitude toward him that she could have fallen down and kissed his feet.

She told him all that was in her heart, all her sorrows and her hopes, pouring every thing out to him amidst her tears, forgetting all her former fear of him in the kind sympathy with which he listened to her. And when it all was spoken, and, half sobbing, still she stood beside him, he took her hand in his, and gently said,

"Wait for me here to-morrow. You are too agitated now to let me hear your voice; but to-morrow you shall come with me to the choir

And this at least I promise you now, my child, that you shall have free leave to join the rest of the singers when we meet together. Now dry your eyes, and come with me; but are you able to walk? We have forgotten all about your fall."

"So have I, sir," she answered simply. "I can feel nothing now but joy."

"Give me your hand, then."

And they walked together to the door, and there parted.

On the following day, when mass was over, the Kapell-meister came to seek Berthalde; and, speaking to her cheerfully and kindly, led her, trembling half with joy and half with fear, up to the organ loft. The singers were all gone save Margaret; she, by the Master's request, had remained behind, and to her he spoke, as with Berthalde he entered the choir.

"This is my little friend, Margaret, of whom I told you. I give her into your charge to teach her the way here; she will not be long in learning it, and you will take good care of her, I know, until she does."

And while he spoke, Berthalde felt her hand taken in another soft warm hand, and a few gentle words were whispered into her ear. And then the two girls stood together, hand in hand; and when, without another word, the Master took his seat before the organ, a long low note pealed through the church.

"Come here, Berthalde."

She came, guided by Margaret, and stood beside him.

"Listen to what Margaret sings."

In her clear sweet voice, Margaret sang a simple exercise.

"Now, my child."

Berthalde's first notes were low, feeble, and broken; for every nerve within her trembled.

"Join with her, Margaret!" And, shielded by Margaret's firm strong tones, Berthalde's voice gained strength; her fear began to pass away; a strange, deep joy filled her heart; and her voice arose more clear, more full, more rich, with every phrase; mingling with the deep, grand tones of the swelling organ; and, with it, awakening the echoes of the dark old church.

The music died away under the Kapell-meister's hand, and he turned to her.

"My child, you did well to speak to me," was all he said.

Margaret bending down, whispered, "Have courage, dear," and for a moment her lips rested on Berthalde's brow.

"Listen, Berthalde! do you know this?" and the Master played again.

It was the *Agnus Dei*. She sang it alone; beginning with much fear, and in an unsteady voice; yet as she grew absorbed, again forgetting every thing in the intense delight of singing, of hearing her own voice mingling with the deep music of the organ, as hundreds of times with vague longing she had listened before to other voices; and, imperfect as her self-taught singing was—the earnest fervor with which she sang, and the purity and sweetness of her voice, made it really beautiful.

When she had done, and there was utter silence, her life seemed to hang upon the next words the Kapell-meister would speak. It seemed an age before he closed the manual of the instrument, and rose from his seat preparatory to departing. But presently, laying his hand upon her shoulder, he said—

"Berthalde, I accept you as my pupil. You were born to be a singer."

"Master!" she cried; and choking with joy fell down at his feet.

When she returned home that day it was late, and the short winter's day had closed, and she had been some time expected.

"Why, Bertie, where have you been so long?" the mother asked as she came in, and the father rose in silence to meet her; and a faint smile spread over his face as his eyes rested on the little figure that was so dear to him. Karl Reimer was much changed of late—broken down in health and spirits—growing every day more hopeless for the future. And not without cause, for his work daily became more painful to him.

"I've only been in the church, mother," Berthalde answered; but there was something in her voice that attracted the attention of them both.

Karl took her on his knees.

"What have you been doing at the church, my darling?"

She hesitated for a moment.

"Oh, father, I'm so happy! The Master says that in a few months I shall be a singer in the choir, and that I shall earn money then to help you; and oh, father, I shall never be a burden to you any more!"

"My child!" was all Karl could say, passionately clasping her to his breast. Two large tears silently fell upon his cheek as he bent his head down over her.

Four years passed; and, on a bright clear summer's morning in the old town there was great bustle and preparation. The Elector of Saxony was that day to pass through it; and had signified his intention—before partaking of a banquet prepared for him in the Town Hall by the chief burgomaster—to be present at a solemn service in the principal church. It was the first time for many years that the town had been so honored.

As the hour drew near the people flocked from all parts toward the church, and before the Elector himself had arrived a dense crowd filled every corner, and a low ceaseless murmur of many voices broke the silence of the echoing aisles. The sunlight streamed across the choir; and from more than one painted window the rainbow tints again were falling on the ground, and in the far recesses where no sunlight ever came. In the dim chancels, which never but on occasions such as this were visited except by one or two stray wanderers, long lines of lamps were hung, each shedding for a little way around a faint,

pale light, and shining on the eager faces which, grouped below, were all expectantly turned in one direction.

At last he came. There was a loud buzz of voices; and, mingling with the full swell of the Hallelujah chorus, which broke forth grandly and solemnly, there came in the same moment a tramp of feet along the marble pavement of the nave. The Elector crossed the church, and took the seat assigned to him near to the high altar.

The mass began, and the united voices of the choir broke forth together in the opening *Kyrie*, in purest and most perfect harmony; but when the solemn and exquisite solo, *Et incarnatus*, swept through the church, rising and falling as the accompaniment of organ and chorus rose and fell—the full, rich, fresh voice which gave it forth with the passionate fervor of an inspired devotion, was greeted with an involuntary murmur of admiration from the Elector's lips, which was caught up and echoed by those standing near, spreading over the whole assembled people.

The mass was over, and the priests had left the altar; but the Elector still remained, speaking to one or two of those around him, and presently it was whispered through the church that he in person would inspect the choir; for he was an amateur of music. In a few minutes he was conducted up the narrow staircase that led to the organ-loft. The visit was so unexpected and unprepared for, that the Kapell-meister had scarcely received notice, from a hurried messenger, of the Elector's approach, when he entered with two or three of his suite.

"Herr Kapell-meister, I have come to take a glance at your little territory here. Your choir does you much credit."

The bewildered maestro bowed.

"You have good materials to work upon," the Elector continued, in the tone of a connoisseur; "good voices, and a good instrument;" and, sending an excuse to the civic authorities for a little delay, added—

"I would gladly listen to a little supplementary performance."

The Master took his seat; and, at a sign from him, a beautiful dark-eyed girl moved from the little group; and, blushing deeply as the Elector's eye fell full upon her, stood by the Kapell-meister's side.

"Ay, that must be she," thought the Elector, who was a connoisseur no less in beauty than in music. But he had been over-confident. In another moment he found that his sweet songstress was still to seek, for the voice of the dark-eyed girl was a contralto.

"Very good—very good, indeed! a fine voice, and well-trained," approvingly murmured the Elector. "This young lady is your best contralto singer, I presume?"

"She is. Perhaps your Highness might wish to judge of our soprano?"

"By all means," the Elector answered heartily.

The Kapell-meister paused for a moment; and, glancing over his choir, as if in doubt whom to select, he came to a sudden decision, and beckoned to Margaret. She came half unwillingly to his side; and, stooping down, spoke something to him in a low voice.

"Yes, presently," he answered aloud, with a smile; and, pointing to the music that lay on the desk before him, he began to play. It was an air from Pergolesi's Calvary that he had chosen.

"Very beautiful—very beautiful, indeed!" cried the Elector. "But she was not the singer of the *Incarnatus?*"

"Your Highness may be interested in knowing," said the Kapell-meister, "that the best soprano singer in the choir is a blind girl." Berthalde was called.

"Why, she is a mere child!" exclaimed the Elector.

"She is older than she appears," said the Master, playing the opening bars of the *Incarnatus*.

The Elector rose, and stood with his eyes fixed upon the pale rapt face which, raised, seemed receiving inspiration.

When she ceased, the Elector remarked:

"Herr Kapell-meister, your blind girl is an angel! Where did you find her?—how have you taught her?—what do you say is her name?" and glancing from the Master to Berthalde, he listened eagerly to the answers that were given to his questions. "Yes, yes—very good," he muttered to himself, as if pondering some project in his mind. "I would gladly hear one other piece. I will choose something for myself," and, reaching across the Master, he began to turn over the pages of the mass that still lay open on the desk. He stopped at her own favorite *Agnus Dei*, and at his request she sang it. Her cheek was tinged with a faint glow of color now; she seemed to the Elector wonderfully beautiful. He gazed at her, and listened in deep silence. When she ceased to sing he drew a long deep breath. Then he turned from her to the Master.

"Herr Kapell-meister, a visit here is truly not thrown away. Much as I respected this good old town, I anticipated no such pleasure from my stay in it as this last half hour has afforded me. But time presses now; we must not try the patience of our municipal friends too far. Herr-Kapell-meister, may I request your further attendance? I would speak to you privately about some matters;" and bowing courteously to all around, the Elector, followed by the Master and his suite, retired from the choir.

"Berthalde, remain with me a little while," the Kapell-meister said, when on the day succeeding to the Elector's visit, the mass was over and the singers were departing.

Standing beside him, she listened, as was often her delight to do, to a slow movement that he played, until the rest were gone, and they two were alone. Then, the Master closed the organ, and coming to her took her hand in his. A small, thin, delicate hand it still was, and she herself too was small, but no longer now a child, nor looking like one.

"Berthalde," the Kapell-meister said, "I have news for you. Have you no suspicion what it is?"

She shook her head.

"Did nothing happen yesterday?"

"Yesterday!" she exclaimed, "you mean the Elector's visit?"

"I do, and what I have to tell you now is this, that his Highness has expressed a wish that you should accept an engagement in the choir of his court chapel at Dresden."

He watched her face as he spoke, and a look of almost tender pity beamed from his dark eyes as he saw the sudden change. She stood before him pale as death, her head bowed down, her lips quivering; no word broke from her. She stood like one turned into marble, quite still and calm; her arms had fallen down, and the hands were clasped. Her attitude was that of one whom some great sudden grief had crushed.

"My child, what is there in this news so much to grieve you? I thought that you would have rejoiced at it."

She was still mute, and he anxiously implored her to arouse herself.

She did arouse herself, and crushing down the sorrow within her, tried to speak.

"Master, forgive me; it came so suddenly—I am quite unprepared," she said, faintly.

"Did I then tell it to you too abruptly? Sit down and calm yourself a little while. Why, Berthalde," he said, half laughing, "you look as frightened as you did that day so long ago, when for the first time I saw you at the church door below."

Still she wept.

"Berthalde," he continued, "you must tell me what is grieving you. I can not comfort you if you will not tell me what your sorrow is."

Through her tears she tried to answer him; and though her voice was broken, her tone was almost passionate in its earnestness, as she said:

"O sir, I have lived here all my life. All that I have in the world is here. Do you think that I can leave it all and feel no grief? Do you think that I can bear suddenly to be told that everything I love is to be taken from me, and never weep? Do you think only because I am blind, that I can grow so little attached to any thing that all places are the same to me? O sir, we do not need sight to love."

"My child, you can not think that we would send you forth to a strange place alone."

She looked up with one instant's hope—his last word trembling on her lips.

"Alone," she echoed.

"Berthalde, will not your father and your mother both be with you?"

She stooped her head again to stifle a deep sob. There was a few moments' pause, then again the Master spoke:

"My child, I know it is no easy thing to tear ourselves away from things that we have grown to love; but those who are dearest to you you take with you, and if there be a sacrifice to be made, will not the thought that it is made for their sake, to save them from the labor that is grown so hard to them, repay it? It is I indeed who should grieve to lose you, for I can not hope, when you are gone, to find another who will fill your place."

His last words blotted all the others from her memory.

"But," she answered, choking with emotion, "who will fill your place to me? Who will take pity on the poor blind girl, and comfort her when she is sorrowful, and be a friend to her as you have been? Who will give her more than life? Do you think that for all that you have been to me I have no gratitude to you—no love for you?"

"I do not think it, Berthalde. My kind, dear child, my dear little friend, I know you love me, and I think you know that you are dearer to me than a pupil only. But, alas! my child there are every day many friends and more than friends who part."

She did not answer him; perhaps she scarcely heard the few last words, for as he spoke them his voice had grown very sad and low, and she was weeping. And then again they both were silent for a little while, until she cried with passionate sorrow,

"O Master, must I go?" and clasping both her hands together, raised her beseeching eyes up to his face as though it were possible for her to see what sentence might be written there.

"No, not against your will," he answered; but the joy which for a moment had half broken forth into a cry, was silenced by the tone in which he spoke, it was so grave and cold; and while she stood abashed and silent, he added sorrowfully and reproachfully, "Your father—your mother, Berthalde, are they both forgotten?"

"Forgive me, for I did forget! I thought only of myself," and she sobbed aloud. "Oh, do not hate me—do not look in anger on me!"

She stretched out both her hands to him; he took them into his, looking with a deep, searching pity on her, and with unutterable melody his rich voice spoke:

"My child, you condemn yourself too much. I well know there have been few moments in your life when you have forgotten others in thoughts of your own self. Be comforted."

"My father! my mother!" she murmured to herself, in low and tender tones, as though she sought, by whispering their names, to strengthen herself for the great sacrifice; and then again she was quite silent, and they both stood beside each other, until at last she raised her head, and with a face quite pale, like marble, with the long, dark lashes of her eyes cast down upon her cheek, with trembling and white lips, she slowly said,

"My Master, I will go."

And then there came suddenly—almost in the moment that the words were spoken—a passionate flood of tears.

He spoke no word of comfort; he could not understand her overwhelming grief; nor had he any sympathy with it. Many long solitary years, perhaps, had chilled the feelings of youth. Perhaps from his calm station, he looked back upon them with a kind of pity, smiling at the passionate grief and the still more passionate joy that trifles once could give him. His passion was his art. And he was happy in it, perhaps as happy as he wished to be, for he had forgotten much.

Only when the poor child's wild outburst of sorrow had partly died away, and the deep bitter sobs grew hushed, did the Kapell-meister speak to her.

He spoke to her about her parents; about their poverty, and the small help which she had yet been able to give to them; of their love for her, their pride in her, and the joy that it would give her to be the comfort and support of their old age. Her heart answered to each word, and her tears ceased to fall, and her resolve grew still more firm that she would think about herself no more. Then he spoke of her own future; rejoicing that her great talent would be no longer hidden; that she would make a name to herself, and gain the honor that here she scarcely could have hoped to gain.

She shook her head, and tried to silence him, and tears rose in her eyes again—for what was fame to her? And when at last he tried to strengthen her for her departure—telling her how each day would lessen her regret; how gradually old memories would fade away; how the keen sorrow there, though hard to bear at first, would lose some portion of its sharpness every hour—she only shook her head and wept.

"My child, it is growing late. They will be looking for you at home," said the Kapell-meister, breaking the silence that had fallen over them.

She roused herself, and rose hurriedly.

"Yes, I should have gone before—I did not know how late it was. Master, I have kept you here much too long. Forgive me: it was very thoughtless," she said timidly.

"Nay, my child, it was I rather who detained you," he answered kindly.

She stood before him, her lips trembling, and her eyelids cast down, as if she wished to speak, and had not courage. Then she made a great effort, and the words came out:

"You must not think that I am ungrateful. You have been exceeding kind to me." She did not weep, but great sobs heaved up her bosom convulsively.

"All my life's gratitude can never be too much, can never pay you back all that I owe you—never! but all my life I will remember you, and love you; and O, think of me when I am gone!"

"Yes, I will think of you, my child," the Kapell-meister said, and even *his* voice, so calm at all times, seemed shaken with emotion now; "I will think of you as of one who was taken from me in the moment when I felt that she might become as dear as a daughter to me." The Kapell-meister stooped over the kneeling girl, and pressed a cold calm kiss upon her brow. Then, when a few moments had passed, with a steady voice again he gently bade her go; and she rose up, weeping no more, and, like a child, obeyed him. Their last words together were of ordinary things.

"You will be here to-morrow at the usual time, Berthalde?"

"I will come, Master."

And so they parted.

For many years, in the choir of the court chapel at Dresden, Berthalde Reimer's voice had, it was said, so strange a power, that strong men were moved to tears in hearing it. Men who had not prayed for years bent their knees involuntarily, and bowed their heads, awed by its solemn and unutterable beauty.

For many years she lived, and sung, and suffered. Then she died.

It is very long ago; yet among the people, many a kind tradition lingers even now of the blind girl who sang so wondrously; who, coming a stranger to their town, lived with them, gentle to all, yet ever sad and calm, and pensive, until her aged parents died; then, dying too, as if her work was done, prayed to be buried far away, in the country whence she came; and so was laid by loving hands in the spot which she had chosen, close to a nameless grave that rested in the shadow of an ancient church.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—Attorney and Client.

THE name of Mr. Vholes, preceded by the legend Ground Floor, is inscribed upon a door-post in Symond's Inn, Chancery Lane; a little, pale, wall-eyed, woe-begone inn, like a large dust-binn of two compartments and a sifter. It looks as if Symond were a sparing man in his day, and constructed his inn of old building materials, which took kindly to the dry rot and to dirt and all things decaying and dismal, and perpetuated Symond's memory with congenial shabbiness. Quartered in this dingy hatchment commemorative of Symond, are the legal bearings of Mr. Vholes.

Mr. Vholes's office, in disposition retiring and in situation retired, is squeezed up in a corner, and blinks at a dead wall. Three feet of knotty floored dark passage bring the client to Mr. Vhole's jet black door, in an angle profoundly dark on the brightest midsummer morning, and encumbered by a black bulk-head of cellarage staircase against which belated civilians generally strike their brows. Mr. Vholes's chambers are on so small a scale, that one clerk can open the door without getting off his stool, while the other who elbows him at the same desk has equal facilities for poking the fire. A smell as of unwholesome sheep, blending with the smell of must and dust

* Continued from the March Number

is referable to the nightly (and often daily) consumption of mutton fat in candles, and to the fretting of parchment forms and skins in greasy drawers. The atmosphere is otherwise stale and close. The place was last painted or whitewashed beyond the memory of man, and the two chimneys smoke, and there is a loose outer surface of soot every where, and the dull cracked windows in their heavy frames have but one piece of character in them, which is a determination to be always dirty, and always shut, unless coerced. This accounts for the phenomenon of the weaker of the two usually having a bundle of firewood thrust between its jaws in hot weather.

Mr. Vholes is a very respectable man. He has not a large business, but he is a very respectable man. He is allowed by the greater attorneys who have made good fortunes, or are making them, to be a most respectable man. He never misses a chance in his practice; which is a mark of respectability. He never takes any pleasure; which is another mark of respectability. He is reserved and serious; which is another mark of respectability. His digestion is impaired, which is highly respectable. And he is making hay, of the grass which is flesh, for his three daughters. And his father is dependent on him in the Vale of Taunton.

The one great principle of the English law is, to make business for itself. There is no other principle distinctly, certainly, and consistently maintained through all its narrow turnings. Viewed by this light it becomes a coherent scheme, and not the monstrous maze the laity are apt to think it. Let them but once clearly perceive that its grand principle is to make business for itself at their expense, and surely they will cease to grumble.

But, not perceiving this quite plainly—only seeing it by halves in a confused way—the laity sometimes suffer in peace and pocket, with a bad grace, and *do* grumble very much. Then this respectability of Mr. Vholes is brought into powerful play against them. "Repeal this statute, my good sir?" says Mr. Kenge, to a smarting client, "repeal it, my dear sir? Never, with my consent. Alter this law, sir, and what will be the effect of your rash proceeding on a class of practitioners very worthily represented, allow me to say to you, by the opposite attorney in the case, Mr. Vholes? Sir, that class of practitioners would be swept from the face of the earth. Now you can not afford—I would say, the social system can not afford—to lose an order of men like Mr. Vholes. Diligent, persevering, steady, acute in business. My dear sir, I understand your present feelings against the existing state of things, which I grant to be a little hard in your case; but I can never raise my voice for the demolition of a class of men like Mr. Vholes." The respectability of Mr. Vholes has even been cited with crushing effect before Parliamentary committees, as in the following blue minutes of a distinguished attorney's evidence. "Question (number five hundred and seventeen thousand eight hundred and sixty-nine). If I understand you, these forms of practice indisputably occasion delay? Answer. Yes, some delay. Question. And great expense? Answer. Most assuredly they can not be gone through for nothing. Question. And unspeakable vexation? Answer. I am not prepared to say that. They have never given *me* any vexation; quite the contrary. Question. But you think that their abolition would damage a class of practitioners? Answer. I have no doubt of it. Question. Can you instance any type of that class? Answer. Yes. I would unhesitatingly mention Mr. Vholes. He would be ruined. Question. Mr. Vholes is considered, in the profession, a respectable man? Answer"—which proved fatal to the inquiry for ten years—"Mr. Vholes is considered, in the profession, a *most* respectable man."

So in familiar conversation, private authorities no less disinterested will remark that they don't know what this age is coming to; that we are plunging down precipices; that now here is something else gone; that these changes are death to people like Vholes; a man of undoubted respectability, with a father in the Vale of Taunton, and three daughters at home. Take a few steps more in this direction, say they, and what is to become of Vholes's father? Is he to perish? And of Vholes's daughters? Are they to be shirt-makers, or governesses? As though, Mr. Vholes and his relations being minor cannibal chiefs, and it being proposed to abolish cannibalism, indignant champions were to put the case thus; Make man-eating unlawful, and you starve the Vholeses!

In a word, Mr. Vholes with his three daughters and his father in the Vale of Taunton, is continually doing duty, like a piece of timber, to shore up some decayed foundation that has become a pit-fall and a nuisance. And with a great many people, in a great many instances, the question is never one of a change from Wrong to Right (which is quite an extraneous consideration), but is always one of injury or advantage to that eminently respectable legion, Vholes.

The chancellor is, within these ten minutes, "up" for the Long Vacation. Mr. Vholes, and his young client, and several blue bags hastily stuffed, out of all regularity of form, as the larger sort of serpents are in their first gorged state, have returned to the official den. Mr. Vholes, quiet and unmoved, as a man of so much respectability ought to be, takes off his close black gloves as if he were skinning his hands, lifts off his tight hat as if he were scalping himself, and sits down at his desk. The client throws his hat and gloves upon the ground—tosses them anywhere, without looking after them or caring where they go; flings himself into a chair, half sighing and half groaning; rests his aching head upon his hand, and looks the portrait of Young Despair.

"Again nothing done!" says Richard. "Nothing, nothing done!"

"Don't say nothing done, sir," returns the



ATTORNEY AND CLIENT, FORTITUDE AND IMPATIENCE.

placid Vholes. "That is scarcely fair, sir, scarcely fair!"

"Why, what *is* done?" says Richard, turning gloomily upon him.

"That may not be the whole question," returns Vholes. "The question may branch off into what is doing, what is doing?"

"And what is doing?" asks the moody client.

Vholes, sitting with his arms on his desk, quietly brings the tips of his five right fingers to meet the tips of his five left fingers, and quietly separating them again, and fixedly and slowly looking at his client, replies:

"A good deal is doing, sir. We have put our shoulders to the wheel, Mr. Carstone, and the wheel is going round."

"Yes, with Ixion on it. How am I to get through the next four or five accursed months?" exclaims the young man, rising from his chair, and walking about the room.

"Mr. C.," returns Vholes, following him close with his eyes wherever he goes, "your spirits are hasty, and I am sorry for it on your account. Excuse me if I recommend you not to chafe so much, not to be so impetuous, not to wear yourself out so. You should have more patience. You should sustain yourself better."

"I ought to imitate you, in fact, Mr. Vholes?" says Richard, sitting down again with an impatient laugh, and beating the Devil's Tattoo with his boot on the patternless carpet.

"Sir," returns Vholes, always looking at the client, as if he were making a lingering meal of him with his eyes as well as with his professional appetite. "Sir," returns Vholes, with his inward manner of speech and his bloodless quietude; "I should not have had the presumption to propose myself as a model, for your imitation, or any man's. Let me but leave a good name to my three daughters, and that is enough for me; I am not a self-seeker. But, since you mention me so pointedly, I will acknowledge that I should like to impart to you a little of my—come sir, you are disposed to call it insensibility, and I am sure I have no objection—say insensibility—a little of my insensibility."

"Mr. Vholes," explains the client, somewhat abashed, "I had no intention to accuse you of insensibility."

"I think you had, sir, without knowing it," returns the equable Vholes. "Very naturally. It is my duty to attend to your interests with a cool head, and I can quite understand that to your excited feelings I may appear, at such times as the present, insensible. My daughters may know me better; my aged father may know me

better. But they have known me much longer than you have, and the confiding eye of affection is not the distrustful eye of business. Not that I complain, sir, of the eye of business being distrustful; quite the contrary. In attending to your interests, I wish to have all possible checks upon me; it is right that I should have them; I court inquiry. But your interests demand that I should be cool and methodical, Mr. Carstone; and I can not be otherwise—no, sir, not even to please you."

Mr. Vholes, after glancing at the official cat who is patiently watching a mouse's hole, fixes his charmed gaze again on his young client, and proceeds in his buttoned-up, half-audible voice, as if there were an unclean spirit in him that will neither come out nor speak out:

"What are you to do, sir, you inquire, during the Vacation. I should hope you gentleman of the army may find many means of amusing yourselves, if you give your minds to it. If you had asked me what *I* was to do, during the Vacation, I could have answered you more readily. I am to attend to your interests. I am to be found here, day by day, attending to your interests. That is my duty, Mr. C.; and Term time or Vacation makes no difference to me. If you wish to consult me as to your interests, you will find me here at all times alike. Other professional men go out of town. I don't. Not that I blame them for going; I merely say, I don't go. This desk is your rock, sir!"

Mr. Vholes gives it a rap, and it sounds as hollow as a coffin. Not to Richard, though. There is encouragement in the sound to him. Perhaps Mr. Vholes knows there is.

"I am perfectly aware, Mr. Vholes," says Richard, more familiarly and good-humoredly, "that you are the most reliable fellow in the world; and that to have to do with you, is to have to do with a man of business who is not to be hoodwinked. But put yourself in my case, dragging on this dislocated life, sinking deeper and deeper into difficulty every day, continually hoping and continually disappointed, conscious of change upon change for the worse in myself, and of no change for the better in any thing else; and you will find it a dark-looking case sometimes, as I do."

"You know," says Mr. Vholes, "that I never give hopes, sir. I told you from the first, Mr. C., that I never give hopes. Particularly in a case like this, where the greater part of the costs comes out of the estate, I should not be considerate of my good name, if I gave hopes. It might seem as if costs were my object. Still, when you say there is no change for the better, I must, as a bare matter of fact, deny that."

"Ay?" returns Richard, brightening. "But how do you make it out?"

"Mr. Carstone, you are represented by—"

"You said just now—a rock."

"Yes, sir," said Mr. Vholes, gently shaking his head, and rapping the hollow desk with a sound as if ashes were falling on ashes, and dust on dust, "a rock. That's something. You are separately represented, and no longer hidden and lost in the interests of others. *That's* something. The suit does not sleep; we wake it up, we air it, we walk it about. *That's* something. It's not all Jarndyce, in fact as well as in name. *That's* something. Nobody has it all his own way now, sir. And *that's* something, surely."

Richard, his face flushing suddenly, strikes the desk with his clenched hand.

"Mr. Vholes! If any man had told me, when I first went to John Jarndyce's house, that he was any thing but the disinterested friend he seemed—that he was what he has gradually turned out to be—I could have found no words strong enough to repel the slander; I could not have defended him too ardently. So little did I know of the world! Whereas, now, I do declare to you that he becomes to me the embodiment of the suit; that, in place of its being an abstraction, it is John Jarndyce; that the more I suffer, the more indignant I am with him; that every new delay, and every new disappointment, is only a new injury from John Jarndyce's hand."

"No, no," says Vholes. "Don't say so. We ought to have patience, all of us. Besides, I never disparage, sir. I never disparage."

"Mr. Vholes," returns the angry client. "You know as well as I, that he would have strangled the suit if he could."

"He was not active in it," Mr. Vholes admits, with an appearance of reluctance. "He certainly was not active in it. But however, but however, he might have had amiable intentions. Who can read the heart, Mr. C.!"

"You can," returns Richard.

"I, Mr. C.?"

"Well enough to know what his intentions were. Are, or are not, our interests conflicting? Tell—me—that!" says Richard, accompanying his last three words with three raps on his rock of trust.

"Mr. C.," returns Vholes, immovable in attitude and never winking his hungry eyes, "I should be wanting in my duty as your professional adviser, I should be departing from my fidelity to your interests, if I represented those interests as identical with the interests of Mr. Jarndyce. They are no such thing, sir. I never impute motives; I both have, and am, a father, and I never impute motives. But I must not shrink from a professional duty, even if it sows dissension in families. I understand you to be now consulting me professionally, as to your interests? You are so? I reply then, they are not identical with those of Mr. Jarndyce."

"Of course they are not," cries Richard. "You found that out long ago."

"Mr. C.," returns Vholes, "I wish to say no more of any third party than is necessary. I wish to leave my good name unsullied, together with any little property of which I may become possessed through industry and perseverance, to my daughters Emma, Jane, and Caroline. I also desire to live in amity with my professional

brethren. When Mr. Skimpole did me the honor, sir—I will not say the very high honor, for I never stoop to flattery—of bringing us together in this room, I mentioned to you that I could offer no opinion or advice as to your interests, while those interests were intrusted to another member of the profession. And I spoke in such terms as I was bound to speak, of Kenge and Carboy's office, which stands high. You, sir, thought fit to withdraw your interests from that keeping, nevertheless, and to offer them to me. You brought them with clean hands, sir, and I accepted them with clean hands. Those interests are now paramount in this office. My digestive functions, as you may have heard me mention, are not in a good state, and rest might improve them; but I shall not rest, sir, while I am your representative. Whenever you want me, you will find me here. Summon me any where, and I will come. During the long vacation, sir, I shall devote my leisure to studying your interests more and more closely, and to making arrangements for moving Heaven and Earth (including, of course, the Chancellor) after Michaelmas Term; and when I ultimately congratulate you, sir," says Mr. Vholes, with the severity of a determined man, "when I ultimately congratulate you, sir, with all my heart, on your accession to fortune—which, but that I never give hopes, I might say something further about—you will owe me nothing, beyond whatever little balance may be then outstanding of the costs as between solicitor and client, not included in the taxed costs allowed out of the estate. I pretend to no claim upon you, Mr. C., but for the zealous and active discharge—not the languid and routine discharge, sir: that much credit I stipulate for—of my professional duty. My duty prosperously ended, all between us is ended."

Vholes finally adds, by way of rider to this declaration of his principles, that as Mr. Carstone is about to rejoin his regiment, perhaps Mr. C. will favor him with an order on his agent for twenty pounds on account.

"For there have been many little consultations and attendances of late, sir," observes Vholes, turning over the leaves of his Diary, "and these things mount up, and I don't profess to be a man of capital. When we first entered on our present relations, I stated to you openly—it is a principle of mine that there never can be too much openness between solicitor and client—that I was not a man of capital; and that if capital was your object, you had better leave your papers in Kenge's office. No, Mr. C., you will find none of the advantages, or disadvantages, of capital here, sir. This," Vholes gives the desk one hollow blow again, "is your rock; it pretends to be nothing more."

The client, with his dejection insensibly relieved, and his vague hopes rekindled, takes pen and ink and writes the draft: not without perplexed consideration and calculation of the date it may bear, implying scant effects in the agent's hands. All the while, Vholes, buttoned up in body and mind, looks at him attentively. All the while, Vholes's official cat watches the mouse's hole.

Lastly, the client, shaking hands, beseeches Mr. Vholes for Heaven's sake and Earth's sake, to do his utmost to "pull him through" the Court of Chancery. Mr. Vholes, who never gives hopes, lays his palm upon the client's shoulder, and answers with a smile, "Always here, sir. Personally, or by letter, you will always find me here sir, with my shoulder to the wheel." Thus they part; and Vholes, left alone, employs himself in carrying sundry little matters out of his Diary into his draft bill book, for the ultimate behoof of his three daughters. So might an industrious fox, or bear, make up his account of chickens or stray travelers with an eye to his cubs; not to disparage by that word, the three raw-visaged, lank, and buttoned-up maidens who dwell with the parent Vholes in an earthy cottage situated in a damp garden at Kennington.

Richard, emerging from the heavy shade of Symond's Inn into the sunshine of Chancery Lane—for there happens to be sunshine there to-day—walks thoughtfully on, and turns into Lincoln's Inn, and passes under the shadow of the Lincoln's Inn trees. On many such loungers have the speckled shadows of those trees often fallen; on the like bent head, the bitten nail, the lowering eye, the lingering step, the purposeless and dreamy air, the good consuming and consumed, the life turned sour. This lounger is not shabby yet, but that may come. Chancery, which knows no wisdom but in Precedent, is very rich in such Precedents; and why should one be different from ten thousand?

Yet the time is so short since his depreciation began, that as he saunters away, reluctant to leave the spot for some long months together, though he hates it, Richard himself may feel his own case as if it were a startling one. While his heart is heavy with corroding care, suspense, distrust, and doubt, it may have room for some sorrowful wonder when he recalls how different his first visit there, how different he, how different all the colors of his mind. But injustice breeds injustice; the fighting with shadows and being defeated by them, necessitates the setting up of substances to combat; from the impalpable suit which no man alive can understand, the time for that being long gone by, it has become a gloomy relief to turn to the palpable figure of the friend who would have saved him from this ruin, and make *him* his enemy. Richard has told Vholes the truth. Is he in a hardened or a softened mood, he still lays his injuries equally at that door; he was thwarted, in that quarter, of a set purpose, and that purpose could only originate in the one subject that is resolving his existence into itself; besides, it is a justification to him in his own eyes to have an embodied antagonist and oppressor.

Is Richard a monster in all this—or would Chancery be found rich in such Precedents too, if they could be got for citation from the Recording Angel?

Two pairs of eyes not unused to such people look after him, as, biting his nails and brooding, he crosses the square, and is swallowed up by the shadow of the southern gateway. Mr. Guppy and Mr. Weevle are the possessors of those eyes, and they have been leaning in conversation against the low stone parapet under the trees. He passed close by them, seeing nothing but the ground.

"William," says Mr. Weevle, adjusting his whiskers; "there's combustion going on there! It's not a case of Spontaneous, but it's smouldering combustion it is."

"Ah!" says Mr. Guppy, "he wouldn't keep out of Jarndyce, and I suppose he's over head and ears in debt. I never knew much of him. He was as high as the Monument when he was on trial at our place. A good riddance to me, whether as clerk or client! Well, Tony, that as I was mentioning is what they're up to."

Mr. Guppy, refolding his arms, resettles himself against the parapet, as resuming a conversation of interest.

"They are still up to it, sir," says Mr. Guppy, "still taking stock, still examining papers, still going over the heaps and heaps of rubbish. At this rate they'll be at it these seven years."

"And Small is helping?"

"Small left us at a week's notice. Told Kenge, his grandfather's business was too much for the old gentleman, and he could better himself by undertaking it. There had been a coolness between myself and Small on account of his being so close. But he said you and I began it; and as he had me there—for we did—I put our acquaintance on the old footing. That's how I come to know what they're up to."

"You haven't looked in at all?"

"Tony," says Mr. Guppy, a little disconcerted, "to be unreserved with you, I don't greatly relish the house, except in your company, and therefore I have not; and therefore I proposed this little appointment for our fetching away your things. There goes the hour by the clock! Tony;" Mr. Guppy becomes mysteriously and tenderly eloquent; "it is necessary that I should impress upon your mind once more, that circumstances over which I have no control, have made a melancholy alteration in my most cherished plans, and in that unrequited image which I formerly mentioned to you as a friend. That image is shattered, and that idol is laid low. My only wish now, in connection with the objects which I had an idea of carrying out in the court, with your aid as a friend, is to let 'em alone and bury 'em in oblivion. Do you think it possible, do you think it at all likely (I put it to you, Tony, as a friend), from your knowledge of that capricious and deep old character who fell a prey to the—Spontaneous element; do you, Tony, think it at all likely that, on second thoughts, he put those letters away any where, after you saw him alive, and that they were not destroyed that night?"

Mr. Weevle reflects for some time. Shakes his head. Decidedly thinks not.

"Tony," says Mr. Guppy, as they walk toward the court, "once again understand me, as a friend, Without entering into further explanations, I may repeat that the idol is down. I have no purpose to serve now, but burial in oblivion. To that I have pledged myself. I owe it to myself, and I owe it to the shattered image, as also to the circumstances over which I have no control. If you was to express to me by a gesture, by a wink, that you saw lying any where in your late lodgings, any papers that so much as looked like the papers in question, I would pitch them into the fire, sir, on my own responsibility."

Mr. Weevle nods. Mr. Guppy, much elevated in his own opinion by having delivered these observations, with an air in part forensic and in part romantic—this gentleman having a passion for conducting any thing in the form of an examination, or delivering any thing in the form of a summing up or a speech—accompanies his friend with dignity to the court.

Never, since it has been a court, has it had such a Fortunatus's purse of gossip as in the proceedings at the rag and bottle shop. Regularly, every morning at eight, is the elder Mr. Smallweed brought down to the corner and carried in, accompanied by Mrs. Smallweed, Judy, and Bart; and regularly, all day, do they all remain there until nine at night, solaced by gipsy dinners, not abundant in quantity, from the cook's shop; rummaging and searching, digging, delving, and diving among the treasures of the late lamented. What those treasures are, they keep so secret, that the court is maddened. In its delirium it imagines guineas pouring out of teapots, crown-pieces overflowing punch-bowls, old chairs and mattresses stuffed with Bank of England notes. It possesses itself of the sixpenny history (with highly-colored folding frontispiece) of Mr. Daniel Dancer and his sister, and also of Mr. Elwes of Suffolk, and transfers all the facts from those authentic narratives to Mr. Krook. Twice when the dustman is called in to carry off a cart-load of old paper, ashes, and broken bottles, the whole court assembles and pries into the baskets as they come forth. Many times the two gentlemen who write with the ravenous little pens on the tissue paper are seen prowling in the neighborhood—shy of each other, their late partnership being dissolved. The Sol skillfully carries a vein of the prevailing interest through the Harmonic nights. Little Swills, in what are professionally known as "patter" allusions to the subject, is received with loud applause; and the same vocalist "gags" in the regular business like a man inspired. Even Miss M. Melvilleson, in the revived Caledonian melody of "We're a' nodding," points the sentiment that "the dogs love broo" (whatever the nature of that refreshment may be) with such archness, and such a turn of the head toward next door, that she is immediately understood to mean, Mr. Smallweed loves to find money, and is nightly honored with a double encore. For all this, the court discovers nothing; and, as Mrs. Piper and Mrs. Perkins now communicate to the late lodger

whose appearance is the signal for a general rally, it is in one continual ferment to discover every thing and more.

Mr. Weevle and Mr. Guppy, with every eye in the court's head upon them, knock at the closed door of the late lamented's house, in a high state of popularity. But, being contrary to the court's expectation admitted, they immediately become unpopular, and are considered to mean no good.

The shutters are more or less closed all over the house, and the ground-floor is sufficiently dark to require candles. Introduced into the back shop by Mr. Smallweed the younger, they, fresh from the sunlight, can at first see nothing save darkness and shadows; but they gradually discern the elder Mr. Smallweed, seated in his chair upon the brink of a well or grave of waste paper; the virtuous Judy groping therein, like a female sexton; and Mrs. Smallweed on the level ground in the vicinity, snowed up in a heap of paper fragments, print and manuscript which would appear to be the accumulated compliments that have been sent flying at her in the course of the day. The whole party, Small included, are blackened with dust and dirt, and present a fiendish appearance not relieved by the general aspect of the room. There is more litter and lumber in it than of old, and it is dirtier if possible; likewise, it is ghostly with traces of its dead inhabitant, and even with his chalked writing on the wall.

On the entrance of visitors, Mr. Smallweed and Judy simultaneously fold their arms, and stop in their researches.

"Ah!" croaks the old gentleman. "How de do, gentlemen, how de do! Come to fetch your property, Mr. Weevle? That's well, that's well. Ha! ha! We should have been forced to sell you up, sir, to pay your warehouse room, if you had left it here much longer. You feel quite at home here, again, I dare say? Glad to see you, glad to see you!"

Mr. Weevle, thanking him, casts an eye about. Mr. Guppy's eye follows Mr. Weevle's eye. Mr. Weevle's eye comes back without any new intelligence in it. Mr. Guppy's eye comes back, and meets Mr. Smallweed's eye. That engaging old gentleman is still murmuring, like some wound-up instrument running down, "How de do, sir—how de—how—." And then having run down, he lapses into grinning silence, as Mr. Guppy starts at seeing Mr. Tulkinghorn standing in the darkness opposite, with his hands behind him.

"Gentleman so kind as to act as my solicitor," says Grandfather Smallweed. "I am not the sort of client for a gentleman of such note; but he is so good!"

Mr. Guppy slightly nudging his friend to take another look, makes a shuffling bow to Mr. Tulkinghorn, who returns it with an easy nod. Mr. Tulkinghorn is looking on as if he had nothing else to do, and were rather amused by the novelty.

"A good deal of property here, sir, I should say," Mr. Guppy observes to Mr. Smallweed.

"Principally rags and rubbish, my dear friend! rags and rubbish! Me and Bart, and my granddaughter Judy, are endeavoring to make out an inventory of what's worth any thing to sell. But we haven't come to much as yet, we—haven't—come—to—hah!"

Mr. Smallweed has run down again; while Mr. Weevle's eye, attended by Mr. Guppy's eye, has again gone round the room and come back.

"Well, sir," says Mr. Weevle. "We won't intrude any longer, if you'll allow us to go up-stairs."

"Any where, my dear sir, any where! You're at home. Make yourself so, pray!"

As they go up-stairs, Mr. Guppy lifts his eyebrows inquiringly, and looks at Tony. Tony shakes his head. They find the old room very dull and dismal, with the ashes of the fire that was burning on that memorable night yet in the discolored grate. They have a great disinclination to touch any object, and carefully blow the dust from it first. Nor are they desirous to prolong their visit: packing the few movables with all possible speed, and never speaking above a whisper.

"Look here," says Tony, recoiling. "Here's that horrible cat coming in!"

Mr. Guppy retreats behind a chair. "Small told me of her. She went leaping, and bounding and tearing about, that night, like a dragon, and got out on the house-top, and roamed about up there for a fortnight, then came tumbling down the chimney very thin. Did you ever see such a brute? Looks as if she knew all about it, don't she? Almost looks as if she was Krook. Shoohoo! Get out, you goblin!"

Lady Jane in the doorway, with her tiger-snarl from ear to ear, and her club of a tail, shows no intention of obeying; but Mr. Tulkinghorn stumbling over her, she spits at his rusty legs, and swearing wrathfully, takes her arched back up-stairs. Possibly to roam the houstops again, and return by the chimney."

"Mr. Guppy," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "could I have a word with you?"

Mr. Guppy is engaged in collecting the Galaxy Gallery of British Beauty from the wall, and depositing those works of art in their old ignoble band-box. "Sir," he returns, reddening, "I wish to act with courtesy toward every member of the profession, and especially, I am sure, toward a member of it so well known as yourself—I will truly add, sir, so distinguished as yourself. Still, Mr. Tulkinghorn, sir, I must stipulate that if you have any word with me, that word is spoken in the presence of my friend."

"Oh, indeed?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Yes, sir. My reasons are not of a personal nature at all; but they are amply sufficient for myself."

"No doubt, no doubt." Mr. Tulkinghorn is as imperturbable as the hearthstone to which he has quietly walked. "The matter is not of that

consequence that I need put you to the trouble of making any conditions, Mr. Guppy." He pauses here to smile, and his smile is as dull and rusty as his pantaloons. "You are to be congratulated, Mr. Guppy; you are a fortunate young man, sir."

"Pretty well so, Mr. Tulkinghorn; I don't complain."

"Complain? High friends, free admission to great houses, and access to elegant ladies! Why, Mr. Guppy, there are people in London who would give their ears to be you."

Mr. Guppy, looking as if he would give his own reddening and still reddening ears to be one of those people at present instead of himself, replies, "Sir, if I attend to my profession, and do what is right by Kenge and Carboy, my friends and acquaintances are of no consequence to them, nor to any member of the profession, not excepting Mr. Tulkinghorn of the Fields. I am not under any obligation to explain myself further; and with all respect for you, sir, and without offense —I repeat, without offense—"

"Oh, certainly!"

"—I don't intend to do it."

"Quite so," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, with a calm nod. "Very good; I see by these portraits that you take a strong interest in the fashionable great, sir?"

He addresses this to the astounded Tony, who admits the soft impeachment.

"A virtue in which few Englishmen are deficient," observes Mr. Tulkinghorn. He has been standing on the hearthstone, with his back to the smoked chimney-piece, and now turns round, with his glasses to his eyes. "Who is this? 'Lady Dedlock.' Ha! A very good likeness in its way, but it wants force of character. Good-day to you, gentlemen; good-day!"

When he has walked out, Mr. Guppy, in a great perspiration, nerves himself to the hasty completion of the taking down of the Galaxy Gallery, concluding with Lady Dedlock.

"Tony," he says hurriedly to his astonished companion, "let us be quick in putting the things together, and in getting out of this place. It were in vain longer to conceal from you, Tony, that between myself and one of the members of a swanlike aristocracy whom I now hold in my hand, there has been undivulged communication and association. The time might have been, when I might have revealed it to you. It never will be more. It is due alike to the oath I have taken, alike to the shattered idol, and alike to circumstances over which I have no control, that the ole should be buried in oblivion. I charge you as a friend, by the interest you have ever testified in the fashionable intelligence, and by any little advances with which I may have been able to accommodate you, so to bury it without a word of inquiry!"

This charge Mr. Guppy delivers in a state little short of forensic lunacy, while his friend shows a dazed mind in his whole head of hair, and even in his cultivated whiskers.

CHAPTER XL.—National and Domestic.

England has been in a dreadful state for some weeks. Lord Coodle would go out, Sir Thomas Doodle wouldn't come in, and there being nobody in Great Britain (to speak of) except Coodle and Doodle, there has been no Government. It is a mercy that the hostile meeting between those two great men which at one time seemed inevitable, did not come off; because if both pistols had taken effect, and Coodle and Doodle had killed each other, it is to be presumed that England must have waited to be governed until young Coodle and young Doodle, now in frocks and long stockings, were grown up. This stupendous national calamity, however, was averted by Lord Coodle's making the timely discovery, that if in the heat of debate he had said that he scorned and despised the whole ignoble career of Sir Thomas Doodle, he had merely meant to say that party differences should never induce him to withhold from it the tribute of his warmest admiration; while it as opportunely turned out, on the other hand, that Sir Thomas Doodle had in his own bosom expressly booked Lord Coodle to go down to posterity as the mirror of virtue and honor. Still England has been some weeks in the dismal strait of having no pilot (as was well observed by Sir Leicester Dedlock) to weather the storm; and the marvelous part of the matter is, that England has not appeared to care very much about it, but has gone on eating and drinking and marrying and giving in marriage, as the old world did in the days before the flood. But Coodle knew the danger, and Doodle knew the danger, and all their followers and hangers-on had the clearest possible perception of the danger. At last Sir Thomas Doodle has not only condescended to come in, but has done it handsomely, bringing in with him all his nephews, all his male cousins, and all his brothers-in-law. So there is hope for the old ship yet.

Doodle has found that he must throw himself upon the country—chiefly in the form of sovereigns and beer. In this metamorphosed state he is available in a good many places simultaneously, and can throw himself upon a considerable portion of the country at one time. Britannia being much occupied in pocketing Doodle in the form of sovereigns, and swallowing Doodle in the form of beer, and in swearing herself black in the face that she does neither—plainly to the advancement of her glory and morality—the London season comes to a sudden end, through all the Doodleites and Coodleites dispersing to assist Britannia in those religious exercises.

Hence Mrs. Rouncewell, housekeeper at Chesney Wold, foresees, though no instructions have yet come down, that the family may shortly be expected, together with a pretty large accession of cousins and others who can in any way assist the great Constitutional work. And hence the stately old dame, taking time by the forelock, leads him up and down the staircases, and along the galleries and passages and through the rooms, to witness before he grows any older that every

thing is ready; that floors are rubbed bright, carpets spread, curtains shaken out, beds puffed and patted, still-room and kitchen cleared for action, all things prepared as beseems the Dedlock dignity.

This present summer evening, as the sun goes down, the preparations are complete. Dreary and solemn the old house looks, with so many appliances of habitation, and with no inhabitants except the pictured forms upon the walls. So did these come and go, a Dedlock in possession might have ruminated passing along; so did they see this gallery hushed and quiet, as I see it now; so think, as I think, of the gap that they would make in this domain when they were gone; so find it, as I find it, difficult to believe that it could be, without them; so pass from my world, as I pass from theirs, now closing the reverberating door; so leave no blank to miss them, and so die.

Through some of the fiery windows, beautiful from without, and set at this sunset hour, not in dull gray stone but in a glorious house of gold, the light excluded at other windows pours in, rich, lavish, overflowing like the summer plenty in the land. Then do the frozen Dedlocks thaw. Strange movements come upon their features, as the shadows of leaves play there. A dense Justice in a corner is beguiled into a wink. A staring Baronet with a truncheon, gets a dimple in his chin. Down into the bosom of a stony shepherdess there steals a fleck of light and warmth, that would have done it good, a hundred years ago. One ancestress of Volumnia, in high-heeled shoes, very like her—casting the shadow of that virgin event before her full two centuries—shoots out into a halo and becomes a saint. A maid of honor of the court of Charles the Second, with large round eyes (and other charms to correspond), seems to bathe in glowing water, and it ripples as it glows.

But the fire of the sun is dying. Even now the floor is dusky, and shadow slowly mounts the walls, bringing the Dedlocks down like age and death. And now, upon my lady's picture over the great chimney-piece, a weird shade falls from some old tree, that turns it pale, and flutters it, and looks as if a great arm held a vail or hood, watching an opportunity to draw it over her. Higher and darker rises the shadow on the wall—now a red gloom on the ceiling—now the fire is out.

All that prospect, which from the terrace looked so near, has moved solemnly away, and changed—not the first nor the last of beautiful things that look so near and will so change—into a distant phantom. Light mists arise, and the dew falls, and all the sweet scents in the garden are heavy in the air. Now, the woods settle into great masses as if they were each one profound tree. And now the moon rises, to separate them, and to glimmer here and there in horizontal lines behind their stems, and to make the avenue a pavement of light among high cathedral arches fantastically broken.

Now, the moon is high; and the great house, needing habitation more than ever, is like a body without life. Now, it is even awful, stealing through it, to think of the live people who have slept in the solitary bedrooms: to say nothing of the dead. Now is the time for shadow, when every corner is a cavern, and every downward step a pit, when the stained glass is reflected in pale and faded hues upon the floors, when any thing and every thing can be made of the heavy staircase beams excepting their own proper shapes, when the armor has dull lights upon it not easily to be distinguished from stealthy movement, and when barred helmets are frightfully suggestive of heads inside. But, of all the shadows in Chesney Wold, the shadow in the long Drawing Room upon my lady's picture is the first to come, the last to be disturbed. At this hour and by this light it changes into threatening hands raised up, and menacing the handsome face with every breath that stirs.

"She is not well, ma'am," says a groom in Mrs. Rouncewell's audience-chamber.

"My lady not well? What's the matter?"

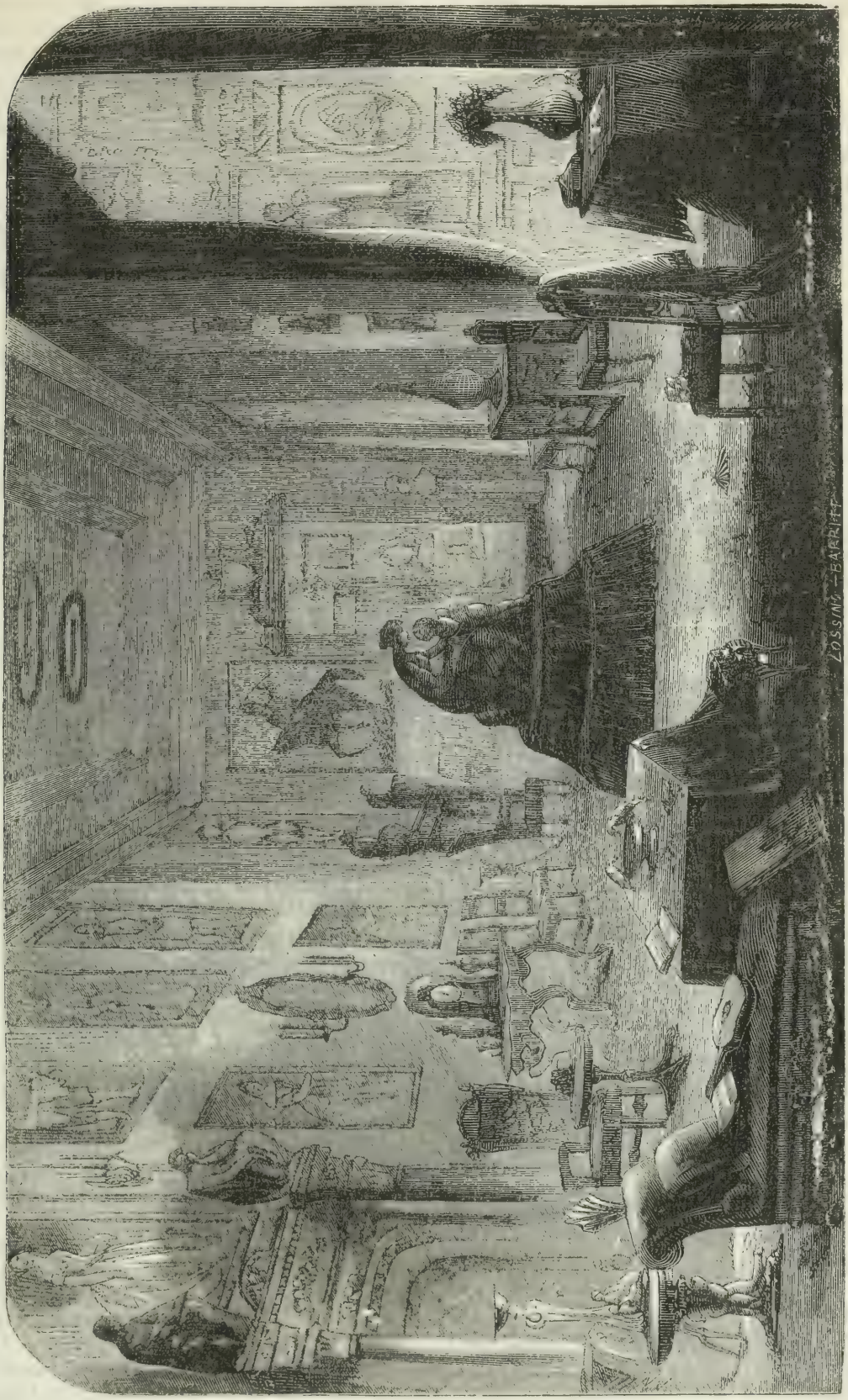
"Why, my lady has been but poorly, ma'am, since she was last here—I don't mean with the family, ma'am, but when she was here as a bird of passage-like. My lady has not been out much, for her, and has kept her room a good deal."

"Chesney Wold, Thomas," rejoins the housekeeper, with proud complacency, "will set my lady up! There is no finer air, and no healthier soil in the world!"

Thomas may have his own personal opinions on this subject; probably hints them, in his manner of smoothing his sleek head from the nape of his neck to his temples; but he forbears to express them further, and retires to the servants' hall to regale on cold meat-pie and ale.

This groom is the pilot-fish before the nobler shark. Next evening, down come Sir Leicester and my lady with their largest retinue, and down come the cousins and others from all the points in the compass. Thenceforth for some weeks, backward and forward rush mysterious men with no names, who fly about all those particular parts of the country on which Doodle is at present throwing himself in an auriferous and malty shower, but who are merely persons of a restless disposition and never do any thing any where.

On these national occasions, Sir Leicester finds the cousins useful. A better man than the Honorable Bob Stables to meet the hunt at dinner, there could not possibly be. Better got up gentlemen than the other cousins to ride over to polling booths and hustings here and there, and show themselves on the side of England, it would be hard to find. Volumnia is a little dim, but she is of the true descent; and there are many who appreciate her sprightly conversation, her French conundrums so old as to have become in the cycles of time almost new again, the honor of taking the fair Dedlock in to dinner, or even the privilege of her hand in the dance. On these national occasions, dancing may be a patriotic



SUNSET IN THE LONG DRAWING ROOM AT CHESNEY WOLD.

service; and Volumnia is constantly seen hopping about, for the good of an ungrateful and unpensioning country.

My lady takes no great pains to entertain the numerous guests, and, being still unwell, rarely appears until late in the day. But, at all the dismal dinners, leaden lunches, basilisk balls, and other melancholy pageants, her mere appearance is a relief. As to Sir Leicester, he conceives it utterly impossible that any thing can be wanting, in any direction, by any one who has the good fortune to be received under that roof; and in a state of sublime satisfaction, he moves among the company, a magnificent refrigerator.

Daily the cousins trot through dust, and canter over roadside turf, away to hustings and polling booths (with leather gloves and hunting whips for the counties, and kid gloves and riding canes

for the boroughs), and daily bring back reports on which Sir Leicester holds forth after dinner. Daily the restless men who have no occupation in life, present the appearance of being rather busy. Daily Volumnia has a little cousinly talk with Sir Leicester on the state of the nation, from which Sir Leicester is disposed to conclude that Volumnia is a more reflecting woman than he had thought her.

"How are we getting on?" says Miss Volumnia, clasping her hands. "*Are* we safe?"

The mighty business is nearly over by this time, and Doodle will throw himself off the country in a few days more. Sir Leicester has just appeared in the long drawing-room after dinner; a bright particular star, surrounded by clouds of cousins.

"Volumnia," replies Sir Leicester, who has a list in his hand, "we are doing tolerably."

"Only tolerably!"

Although it is summer weather, Sir Leicester always has his own particular fire in the evening. He takes his usual screened seat near it, and repeats, with much firmness and a little displeasure, as who should say, I am not a common man, and when I say tolerably, it must not be understood as a common expression; "Volumnia, we are doing tolerably."

"At least there is no opposition to *you*," Volumnia asserts with confidence.

"No, Volumnia. This distracted country has lost its senses in many reapects, I grieve to say, but—"

"It is not so mad as that. I am glad to hear it!"

Volumnia's finishing the sentence restores her to favor. Sir Leicester, with a gracious inclination of his head, seems to say to himself, "A sensible woman this, on the whole, though occasionally precipitate."

In fact, as to this question of opposition, the fair Dedlock's observation was superfluous: Sir Leicester, on these occasions, always delivering in his own candidateship, as a kind of handsome wholesale order to be promptly executed. Two other little seats that belong to him, he treats as retail orders of less importance; merely sending down the men, and signifying to the tradespeople, "You will have the goodness to make these materials into two members of parliament, and to send them home when done."

"I regret to say, Volumnia, that in many places the people have shown a bad spirit, and that this opposition to the Government has been of a most determined and most implacable description."

"W-r-retches!" says Volumnia.

"Even," proceeds Sir Leicester, glancing at the circumjacent cousins on sofas and ottomans, "Even in many—in fact, in most—of those places in which the Government has carried it against a faction—"

(Note, by the way, that the Coodleites are always a faction, with the Doodleites and that the Doodleites occupy exactly the same position toward the Coodleites.)

"—Even in them I am shocked, for the credit of Englishmen, to be constrained to inform you that the Party has not triumphed without being put to an enormous expense. Hundreds," says Sir Leicester, eying the cousins with increasing dignity and swelling indignation, "Hundreds of thousands of pounds!"

If Volumnia have a fault, it is the fault of being a trifle too innocent; seeing that the innocence which would go extremely well with a sash and tucker, is a little out of keeping with the rouge and pearl necklace. Howbeit, impelled by innocence, she asks—

"What for?"

"Volumnia," remonstrates Sir Leicester, with his utmost severity. "Volumnia!"

"No, no, I don't mean what for," cries Volumnia, with her favorite little scream. "How stupid I am! I mean what a pity!"

"I am glad," returns Sir Leicester, "that you do mean what a pity."

Volumnia hastens to express her opinion that the shocking people ought to be tried as traitors, and made to support the Party.

"I am glad, Volumnia," repeats Sir Leicester, unmindful of these mollifying sentiments, "that you do mean what a pity. It is disgraceful to the electors. But as you, though inadvertently, and without intending so unreasonable a question, asked me 'what for?' let me reply to you. For necessary expenses. And I trust to your good sense, Volumnia, not to pursue the subject, here or elsewhere."

Sir Leicester feels it incumbent on him to observe a crushing aspect toward Volumnia, because it is whispered abroad that these necessary expenses will, in some two hundred election petitions, be unpleasantly connected with the word bribery; and because some graceless jokers have consequently suggested the omission from the church service of the ordinary supplication in behalf of the High Court of Parliament, and have recommended instead that the prayers of the congregation be requested for six hundred and fifty-eight gentlemen in a very unhealthy state.

"I suppose," observes Volumnia, having taken a little time to recover her spirits after her late castigation, "I suppose Mr. Tulkinghorn has been worked to death."

"I don't know," says Sir Leicester, opening his eyes, "why Mr. Tulkinghorn should be worked to death. I don't know what Mr. Tulkinghorn's engagements may be. He is not a candidate."

Volumnia had thought he might have been employed. Sir Leicester could desire to know by whom, and what for? Volumnia, abashed again, suggests, by Somebody—to advise and make arrangements. Sir Leicester is not aware than any client of Mr. Tulkinghorn has been in need of his assistance.

Lady Dedlock, seated at an open window with her arm upon its cushioned ledge and looking out at the evening shadows falling on the park, has seemed to attend since the lawyer's name was mentioned.

A languid cousin with a mustache, in a state of extreme debility, now observes from his couch, that—man told him ya'as'dy that Tulkinghorn had gone down t'that iron place t'give legal 'pinion 'bout something; and that, contest being over t'day, 'twould be highly jawlly thing if Tulkinghorn should 'pear with news that Coodle man was floored.

Mercury in attendance with coffee informs Sir Leicester, hereupon, that Mr. Tulkinghorn has arrived, and is taking dinner. My lady turns her head inward for the moment, then looks out again as before.

Volumnia is charmed to hear that her Delight is come. He is so original, such a stolid creature, such an immense being for knowing all sorts of things and never telling them! Volumnia is persuaded that he must be a Freemason. Is sure he is at the head of a lodge, and wears short aprons, and is made a perfect Idol of, with candlesticks and trowels. These lively remarks the fair Dedlock delivers in her youthful manner, while making a purse.

"He has not been here once," she adds, "since I came. I really had some thoughts of breaking my heart for the inconstant creature. I had almost made up my mind that he was dead."

It may be the gathering gloom of evening, or it may be the darker gloom within herself, but a shade is on my lady's face, as if she thought "I would he were!"

"Mr. Tulkinghorn," says Sir Leicester, "is always welcome here, and always discreet wheresoever he is. A very valuable person, and deservedly respected."

The debilitated cousin supposes he is "'normously rich fl'er."

"He has a stake in the country," says Sir Leicester, "I have no doubt. He is, of course, handsomely paid, and he associates almost on a footing of equality with the highest society."

Every body starts. For a gun is fired close by.

"Good gracious, what's that!" cries Volumnia with her little withered scream.

"A rat," says my lady. "And they have shot him."

Enter Mr. Tulkinghorn, followed by Mercuries with lamps and candles. "No, no," says Sir Leicester, "I think not. My lady, do you object to the twilight?"

On the contrary, my lady prefers it.

"Volumnia?"

O! nothing is so delicious to Volumnia as to sit and talk in the dark!

"Then take them away," says Sir Leicester. "Tulkinghorn, I beg your pardon. How do you do?"

Mr. Talkinghorn with his usual leisurely ease advances, renders his passing homage to my lady, shakes Sir Leicester's hand, and subsides into the chair proper to him when he has any thing to communicate, on the opposite side of the baronet's little newspaper-table. Sir Leicester is apprehensive that my lady, not being very well, will take cold at that open window. My lady is obliged to him, but would rather sit there, for the air. Sir Leicester rises, adjusts her scarf about her, and returns to his seat. Mr. Tulkinghorn in the meanwhile takes a pinch of snuff.

"Now," says Sir Leicester. "How has that contest gone?"

"Oh, hollow from the beginning. Not a chance. They have brought in both their people. You are beaten out of all reason. Three to one."

It is a part of Mr. Tulkinghorn's policy and mastery to have no political opinions; indeed, *no* opinions. Therefore he says "you" are beaten and not "we."

Sir Leicester is majestically wroth. Volumnia never heard of such a thing. The debilitated cousin holds that it's—sort of thing that's sure t'apn s'longs votes—giv'n—Mob.

"It's the place you know," Mr. Tulkinghorn goes on to say in the fast increasing darkness, when there is silence again, "where they wanted to put up Mrs. Rouncewell's son."

"A proposal which, as you correctly informed me at the time, he had the becoming taste and perception," observes Sir Leicester, "to decline. I can not say that I by any means approve of the sentiments expressed by Mr. Rouncewell, when he was here for some half-hour, in this room; but there was a sense of propriety in his decision which I am glad to acknowledge."

"Ha!" says Mr. Tulkinghorn. "It did not prevent him from being very active in this election, though."

Sir Leicester is distinctly heard to gasp before speaking. "Did I understand you? Did you say that Mr. Rouncewell had been very active in this election?"

"Uncommonly active."

"Against—"

"O dear yes, against you. He is a very good speaker. Plain and emphatic. He made a damaging effect, and has great influence. In the business part of the proceedings he carried all before him."

It is evident to the whole company, though nobody can see him, that Sir Leicester is staring majestically.

"And he was much assisted," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, as a wind-up, "by his son."

"By his son, sir?" repeats Sir Leicester, with awful politeness.

"By his son."

"The son who wished to marry the young woman in my lady's service?"

"That son. He has but one."

"Then upon my honor," says Sir Leicester, after a terrific pause, during which he has been heard to snort and felt to stare; "then upon my honor, upon my life, upon my reputation and principles, the floodgates of society are burst open, and the waters have—a—obliterated the landmarks of the framework of the cohesion by which things are held together!"

General burst of cousinly indignation. Volumnia thinks it is really high time, you know, for somebody in power to step in and do something

strong. Debilitated cousin thinks—Country's going—DAYVLE—steeple-chase pace.

"I beg," says Sir Leicester, in a breathless condition, "that we may not comment further on this circumstance. Comment is superfluous. My lady, let me suggest in reference to that young woman—"

"I have no intention," observes my lady from her window, in a low but decided tone, "of parting with her."

"That was not my meaning," returns Sir Leicester. "I am glad to hear you say so. I would suggest that, as you think her worthy of your patronage, you should exert your influence to keep her from these dangerous hands. You might show her what violence would be done, in such association, to her duties and principles; and you might preserve her for a better fate. You might point out to her that she probably would, in good time, find a husband at Chesney Wold by whom she would not be—" Sir Leicester adds, after a moment's consideration, "dragged from the altars of her forefathers."

These remarks he offers with his unvarying politeness and deference when he addresses himself to his wife. She merely moves her head in reply. The moon is rising; and where she sits there is a little stream of cold pale light, in which her head is seen.

"It is worthy of remark," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "however, that these people are, in their way, very proud."

"Proud?" Sir Leicester doubts his hearing.

"I should not be surprised, if they all voluntarily abandoned the girl—yes, lover and all—instead of her abandoning them, supposing she remained at Chesney Wold under such circumstances."

"Well!" says Sir Leicester, tremulously.—"Well! You should know, Mr. Tulkinghorn. You have been among them."

"Really, Sir Leicester," returns the Lawyer, "I state the fact. Why, I could tell you a story—with Lady Dedlock's permission."

Her head concedes it, and Volumnia is enchanted. A story! O he is going to tell something at last! A ghost in it, Volumnia hopes.

"No. Real flesh and blood." Mr. Tulkinghorn stops for an instant, and repeats, with some little emphasis grafted upon his usual monotony, "Real flesh and blood, Miss Dedlock. Sir Leicester, these particulars have only lately become known to me. They are very brief. They exemplify what I have said. I suppress names for the present. Lady Dedlock will not think me ill-bred, I hope?"

By the light of the fire, which is low, he can be seen looking toward the moonlight. By the light of the moon Lady Dedlock can be seen, perfectly still.

"A townsman of this Mr. Rouncewell, a man in exactly parallel circumstances, as I am told, had the good fortune to have a daughter who attracted the notice of a great lady. I speak of really a great lady; not merely great to him, but married to a gentleman of your condition, Sir Leicester."

Sir Leicester condescendingly says, "Yes, Mr. Tulkinghorn;" implying that then she must have appeared of very considerable moral dimensions indeed, in the eyes of an ironmaster.

"The lady was wealthy and beautiful, and had a liking for the girl, and treated her with great kindness, and kept her always near her. Now this lady preserved a secret under all her greatness, which she had preserved for many years. In fact, she had in early life been engaged to marry a young rake—he was a captain in the army—nothing connected with whom came to any good. She never did marry him, but she gave birth to a child of which he was the father."

By the light of the fire he can be seen looking toward the moonlight. By the moonlight, Lady Dedlock can be seen in profile, perfectly still.

"The captain in the army being dead, she believed herself safe; but a train of circumstances with which I need not trouble you, led to discovery. As I received the story, they began in an imprudence on her own part one day, when she was taken by surprise; which shows how difficult it is for the firmest of us (she was very firm) to be always guarded. There was great domestic trouble and amazement, you may suppose; I leave you to imagine, Sir Leicester, the husband's grief. But that is not the present point. When Mr. Rouncewell's townsman heard of the disclosure, he no more allowed the girl to be patronized and honored, than he would have suffered her to be trodden under foot before his eyes. Such was his pride, that he indignantly took her away, as if from reproach and disgrace. He had no sense of the honor done him and his daughter by the lady's condescension; not the least. He resented the girl's position, as if the lady had been the commonest of commoners. That is the story. I hope Lady Dedlock will excuse its painful nature."

There are various opinions on the merits, more or less conflicting with Volumnia's. That fair young creature can not believe there ever was any such lady, and rejects the whole history on the threshold. The majority incline to the debilitated cousin's sentiment, which is in few words—"no business—Rouncewell's fernal towns-man." Sir Leicester generally refers back in his mind to Wat Tyler, and arranges a sequence of events on a plan of his own.

There is not much conversation in all, for late hours have been kept at Chesney Wold since the necessary expenses elsewhere began, and this is the first night in many on which the family have been alone. It is past ten, when Sir Leicester begs Mr. Tulkinghorn to ring for candles. Then the stream of moonlight has swelled into a lake, and then Lady Dedlock for the first time moves, and rises, and comes forward to a table for a glass of water. Winking cousins, bat-like in the candle glare, crowd round to give it; Volumnia (always ready for something better if procurable) takes another, a very mild sip of which contents her;

Lady Dedlock, graceful, self-possessed, looked after by admiring eyes, passes away slowly down the long perspective by the side of that Nymph, not at all improving her as a question of contrast.

CHAPTER XLI.—In Mr. Tulkinghorn's Room.

Mr. Tulkinghorn arrives in his turret-room, a little breathed by the journey up, though leisurely performed. There is an expression on his face as if he had discharged his mind of some grave matter, and were, in his close way, satisfied. To say of a man so severely and strictly self-repressed that he is triumphant, would be to do him as great an injustice as to suppose him troubled with love or sentiment, or any romantic weakness. He is sedately satisfied. Perhaps there is a rather increased sense of power upon him, as he loosely grasps one of his veinous wrists with his other hand, and holding it behind his back walks noiselessly up and down.

There is a capacious writing-table in the room, on which is a pretty large accumulation of papers. The green lamp is lighted, his reading glasses lie upon the desk, the easy chair is wheeled up to it, and it would seem as though he had intended to bestow an hour or so upon these claims on his attention before going to bed. But he happens not to be in a business mind. After a glance at the documents awaiting his notice—with his head bent low over the table, the old man's sight for print or writing being defective at night—he opens the French window and steps out upon the leads. There he again walks slowly up and down, in the same attitude; subsiding, if a man so cool may have any need to subside, from the story he has related down-stairs.

The time was once, when men as knowing as Mr. Tulkinghorn would walk on turret-tops in the star-light, and look up into the sky to read their fortunes there. Hosts of stars are visible to-night, though their brilliancy is eclipsed by the splendor of the moon. If he be seeking his own star, as he methodically turns and turns upon the leads, it should be but a pale one to be so rustily represented below. If he be tracing out his destiny, that may be written in other characters nearer to his hand.

As he paces the leads, with his eyes most probably as high above his thoughts as they are high above the earth, he is suddenly stopped in passing the window by two eyes that meet his own. The ceiling of his room is rather low; and the upper part of the door, which is opposite the window, is of glass. There is an inner baize door too, but the night being warm he did not close it when he came up-stairs. These eyes that meet his own, are looking in through the glass from the corridor outside. He knows them well. The blood has not flushed into his face so suddenly and redly for many a long year, as when he recognizes Lady Dedlock.

He steps into the room, and she comes in too, closing both the doors behind her. There is a wild disturbance—is it fear or anger?—in her eyes. In her carriage and all else, she looks as she looked down-stairs two hours ago.

Is it fear, or is it anger, now? He can not be sure. Both might be as pale, both as intent.

"Lady Dedlock?"

She does not speak at first, nor even when she has slowly dropped into the easy chair by the table. They look at each other, like two pictures.

"Why have you told my story to so many persons?"

"Lady Dedlock, it was necessary for me to inform you that I knew it."

"How long have you known it?"

"I have suspected it a long while—fully known it, a little while."

"Months?"

"Days."

He stands before her, with one hand on a chair-back and the other in his old-fashioned waistcoat and shirt-frill, exactly as he has stood before her at any time since her marriage. The same formal politeness, the same composed deference that might as well be defiance; the whole man the same dark, cold object, at the same distance, which nothing has ever diminished.

"Is this true concerning the poor girl?"

He slightly inclines and advances his head, as not quite understanding the question.

"You know what you related. Is it true? Do her friends know my story also? Is it the town-talk yet? Is it chalked upon the walls and cried in the streets?"

So! Anger, and fear, and shame. All three contending. What power this woman has, to keep these raging passions down! Mr. Tulkinghorn's thoughts take such form as he looks at her, with his ragged gray eyebrows a hairs'-breadth more contracted than usual, under her gaze.

"No, Lady Dedlock. That was a hypothetical case, arising out of Sir Leicester's unconsciously carrying the matter with so high a hand. But it would be a real case if they knew—what we know."

"Then they do not know it yet?"

"No."

"Can I save the poor girl from injury before they know it?"

"Really, Lady Dedlock," Mr. Tulkinghorn replies, "I can not give a satisfactory opinion on that point."

And he thinks, with the interest of attentive curiosity, as he watches the struggle in her breast, "The power and force of this woman are astonishing!"

"Sir," she says, for the moment obliged to set her lips with all the energy she has, that she may speak distinctly, "I will make it plainer. I do not dispute your hypothetical case. I anticipated it, and felt its truth as strongly as you can do, when I saw Mr. Rouncewell here. I knew very well that if he could have had the power of seeing me as I was, he would consider the poor girl tarnished by having for a moment been, although

most innocently, the subject of my great and distinguished patronage. But, I have an interest in her; or I should rather say—no longer belonging to this place—I had; and if you can find so much consideration for the woman under your foot as to remember that, she will be very sensible of your mercy."

Mr. Tulkinghorn, profoundly attentive, throws this off with a shrug of self-depreciation, and contracts his eyebrows a little more.

"You have prepared me for my exposure, and I thank you for that too. Is there any thing that you require of me? Is there any claim that I can release, or any charge or trouble that I can spare my husband in obtaining *his* release, by certifying to the exactness of your discovery? I will write any thing, here and now, that you will dictate. I am ready to do it."

And she would do it! thinks the lawyer, watchful of the firm hand with which she takes the pen!

"I will not trouble you, Lady Dedlock. Pray, spare yourself."

"I have long expected this, as you know. I neither wish to spare myself, nor to be spared. You can do nothing worse to me than you have done. Do what remains, now."

"Lady Dedlock, there is nothing to be done. I will take leave to say a few words, when you have finished."

Their need for watching one another should be over now, but they do it all this time, and the stars watch them both through the opened window. Away in the moonlight lie the woodland fields at rest, and the wide house is as quiet as the narrow one. The narrow one! Where are the digger and the spade, this peaceful night destined to add the last great secret to the many secrets of the Tulkinghorn existence? Is the man born yet, is the spade wrought yet? Curious questions to consider, more curious perhaps not to consider, under the watching stars upon a summer night.

"Of repentance or remorse, or any feeling of mine," Lady Dedlock presently proceeds, "I say not a word. If I were not dumb, you would be deaf. Let that go by. It is not for your ears."

He makes a feint of offering a protest, but she sweeps it away with her disdainful hand.

"Of other and very different things I come to speak to you. My jewels are all in their proper places of keeping. They will be found there. So, my dresses. So, all the valuables I have. Some ready money I had with me, please to say, but no large amount. I did not wear my own dress, in order that I might avoid observation. I went, to be henceforward lost. Make this known. I leave no other charge with you."

"Excuse me, Lady Dedlock," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, quite unmoved. "I am not sure that I understand you. You went—?"

"To be lost to all here. I leave Chesney Wold to-night. I go this hour."

Mr. Tulkinghorn shakes his head. She rises; but he, without removing hand from chair-back or from old-fashioned waistcoat and shirt-frill, shakes his head.

"What? Not go as I have said?"

"No, Lady Dedlock," he very calmly replies.

"Do you know the relief that my disappearance will be? Have you forgotten the stain and blot upon this place, and where it is, and who it is?"

"No, Lady Dedlock, not by any means."

Without deigning to rejoin, she moves to the inner door and has it in her hand, when he says to her, without himself stirring hand or foot, or raising his voice:

"Lady Dedlock, have the goodness to stop and hear me, or before you reach the staircase I shall ring the alarm bell and rouse the house. And then I must speak out, before every guest and servant, every man and woman, in it."

He has conquered her. She falters, trembles, and puts her hand confusedly to her head. Slight tokens these in any one else; but when so practiced an eye as Mr. Tulkinghorn's sees indecision for a moment in such a subject, he thoroughly knows its value.

He promptly says again, "Have the goodness to hear me, Lady Dedlock," and motions to the chair from which she has risen. She hesitates, but he motions again, and she sits down.

"The relations between us are of an unfortunate description, Lady Dedlock; but, as they are not of my making, I will not apologize for them. The position I hold in reference to Sir Leicester is so well known to you, that I can hardly imagine but that I must long have appeared in your eyes the natural person to make this discovery."

"Sir," she returns, without looking up from the ground, on which her eyes are now fixed. "I had better have gone. It would have been far better not to have detained me. I have no more to say."

"Excuse me, Lady Dedlock, if I add a little more to hear."

"I wish to hear it at the window, then. I can't breathe where I am."

His jealous glance as she walks that way, betrays an instant's misgiving that she may have it in her thoughts to leap over, and dashing against ledge and cornice, strike her life out upon the terrace below. But, a moment's observation of her figure as she stands in the window without any support, looking out at the stars—not up—gloomily out at those stars which are low in the heavens—reassures him. By facing round as she has moved, he stands a little behind her.

"Lady Dedlock, I have not yet been able to come to a decision satisfactory to myself, on the course before me. I am not clear what to do, or how to act next. I must request you, in the mean time, to keep your secret as you have kept it so long, and not to wonder that I keep it too."

He pauses, but she makes no reply.

"Pardon me, Lady Dedlock. This is an important subject. You are honoring me with your attention?"

"I am."

"Thank you. I might have known it, from what I have seen of your strength of character. I ought not to have asked the question, but I have the habit of making sure of my ground, step by step, as I go on. The sole consideration in this unhappy case is Sir Leicester."

"Then why," she asks in a low voice, and without removing her gloomy look from those distant stars, "do you detain me in his house?"

"Because he *is* the consideration. Lady Dedlock, I have no occasion to tell you that Sir Leicester is a very proud man; that his reliance upon you is implicit; that the fall of that moon out of the sky, would not amaze him more than your fall from your high position as his wife."

She breathes quickly and heavily, but she stands as unflinchingly as ever he has seen her in the midst of her grandest company.

"I declare to you, Lady Dedlock, that with any thing short of this case that I have, I would as soon have hoped to root up, by means of my own strength and my own hands, the oldest tree on this estate, as to shake your hold upon Sir Leicester, and Sir Leicester's trust and confidence in you. And even now, with this case, I hesitate. Not that he could doubt (that, even with him, is impossible), but that nothing can prepare him for the blow."

"Not my flight?" she returned. "Think of it again."

"Your flight, Lady Dedlock, would spread the whole truth, and a hundred times the whole truth, far and wide. It would be impossible to save the family credit for a day. It is not to be thought of."

There is a quiet decision in his reply, which admits of no remonstrance.

"When I speak of Sir Leicester being the sole consideration, he and the family credit are one. Sir Leicester and the baronetcy, Sir Leicester and Chesney Wold, Sir Leicester and his ancestors, and his patrimony;" Mr. Tulkinghorn very dry here; "are, I need not say to you, Lady Dedlock, inseparable."

"Go on!"

"Therefore," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, pursuing his case in his jog-trot style, "I have much to consider. This is to be hushed up, if it can be. How can it be, if Sir Leicester is driven out of his wits, or laid upon a death bed? If I inflicted this shock upon him to-morrow morning, how could the immediate change in him be accounted for? What could have caused it? What could have divided you? Lady Dedlock, the wall-chalking and the street-crying would come on directly; and you are to remember that it would not affect you merely (whom I can not at all consider in this business), but your husband, Lady Dedlock, your husband."

He gets plainer as he gets on, but not an atom more emphatic or animated.

"There is another point of view," he continues, "in which the case presents itself. Sir Leicester is devoted to you almost to infatuation. He might not be able to overcome that infatuation, even knowing what we know. I am putting an extreme case, but it might be so. If so, it were better that he knew nothing. Better for common sense, better for him, better for me. I must take all this into account, and it combines to render a decision very difficult."

She stands looking out at the same stars, without a word. They are beginning to pale, and she looks as if their coldness froze her.

"My experience teaches me," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, who has by this time got his hands in his pockets, and is going on in his business consideration of the matter, like a machine. "My experience teaches me, Lady Dedlock, that most of the people I know would do far better to leave marriage alone. It is at the bottom of three-fourths of their troubles. So I thought when Sir Leicester married, and so I always have thought since. No more about that. I must now be guided by circumstances. In the mean while I must beg you to keep your own counsel, and I will keep mine."

"I am to drag my present life on, holding its pains at your pleasure, day by day?" she asks, still looking at the distant sky.

"Yes, I am afraid so, Lady Dedlock."

"It is necessary, you think, that I should be so tied to the stake?"

"I am sure that what I recommend is necessary."

"I am to remain upon this gaudy platform, on which my miserable deception has been so long acted, and it is to fall beneath me when you give the signal?" she says, slowly.

"Not without notice, Lady Dedlock. I shall take no step without forewarning you."

She asks all her questions as if she were repeating them from memory, or calling them over in her sleep.

"We are to meet as usual?"

"Precisely as usual, if you please."

"And I am to hide my guilt, as I have done so many years?"

"As you have done so many years. I should not have made that reference myself, Lady Dedlock, but I may now remind you that your secret can be no heavier to you than it was, and is no worse and no better than it was. *I* know it certainly, but I believe we have never wholly trusted each other."

She stands absorbed in the same frozen way for some little time, before asking:

"Is there any thing more to be said to-night?"

"Why," Mr. Tulkinghorn returns, methodically, as he softly rubs his hands, "I should like to be assured of your acquiescence in my arrangements, Lady Dedlock."

"You may be assured of it."

"Good. And I would wish, in conclusion, to remind you, as a business precaution, in case it should be necessary to recall the fact in any communication with Sir Leicester, that throughout our interview I have expressly stated my sole consideration to be Sir Leicester's feelings and honor, and the family reputation. I should have

been happy to have made Lady Dedlock a prominent consideration, too, if the case had admitted of it; but unfortunately it does not."

"I can attest your fidelity, sir."

Both before and after saying it, she remains absorbed; but at length moves, and turns, unshaken in her natural and acquired presence, toward the door. Mr. Tulkinghorn opens both the doors exactly as he would have done yesterday, or as he would have done ten years ago, and makes his old-fashioned bow as she passes out. It is not an ordinary look that he receives from the handsome face as it goes into the darkness, and it is not an ordinary movement, though a very slight one, that acknowledges his courtesy. But, as he reflects when he is left alone, the woman has been putting no common constraint upon herself.

He would know it all the better, if he saw the woman pacing her own rooms, with her hair wildly thrown from her flung back face, her hands clasped behind her head, her figure twisted as if by pain. He would think so all the more, if he saw the woman thus hurrying up and down for hours, without fatigue, without intermission, followed by the faithful step upon the Ghost's Walk. But he shuts out the now chilled air, draws the window-curtain, goes to bed, and falls asleep. And truly when the stars go out and the wan day peeps into the turret-chamber, finding him at his oldest, he looks as if the digger and the spade were both commissioned, and would soon be digging.

The same wan day peeps in at Sir Leicester pardoning the repentant country in a majestically condescending dream; and at the cousins entering on various public employments, principally receipt of salary; and at the chaste Volumnia, bestowing a dower of fifty thousand pounds upon a hideous old General, with a mouth of false teeth like a piano-forte too full of keys, long the admiration of Bath and the terror of every other community. Also into rooms high in the roof, and into offices in court-yards and over stables, where humbler ambition dreams of bliss in keeper's lodges, and in holy matrimony with Will or Sally. Up comes the bright sun, drawing every thing up with it—the Wills and Sallys, the latent vapor in the earth, the drooping leaves and flowers, the birds and beasts and creeping things, the gardeners to sweep the dewy turf and unfold emerald velvet where the roller passes, the smoke of the great kitchen fire wreathing itself straight and high into the lightsome air. Lastly, up comes the flag over Mr. Tulkinghorn's unconscious head, cheerfully proclaiming that Sir Leicester and Lady Dedlock are in their happy home, and that there is hospitality at the place in Lincolnshire.

CHAPTER XLII.—In Mr. Tulkinghorn's Chambers.

From the verdant undulations and the spreading oaks of the Dedlock property, Mr. Tulkinghorn transforms himself to the stale heat and dust of London. His manner of coming and going between the two places, is one of his impenetrabilities. He walks into Chesney Wold as if it were next door to his chambers, and returns to his chambers as if he had never been out of Lincoln's Inn Fields. He neither changes his dress before the journey, nor talks of it afterward. He melted out of his turret-room this morning, just as now, in the late twilight, he melts into his own square.

Like a dingy London bird among the birds at roost in these pleasant fields, where the sheep are all made into parchment, the goats into wigs, and the pasture into chaff, the Lawyer, smoke-dried and faded, dwelling among mankind but not consorting with them, aged without experience of genial youth, and so long used to make his cramped nest in holes and corners of human nature that he has forgotten its broader and better range, comes sauntering home. In the oven made by the hot pavements and hot buildings, he has baked himself dryer than usual; and he has, in his thirsty mind, his mellowed Port wine half a century old.

The lamp-lighter is skipping up and down his ladder on Mr. Tulkinghorn's side of the Fields, when that high-priest of noble mysteries arrives at his own dull court-yard. He ascends the door-steps and is gliding into the dusky hall, when he encounters on the top step, a bowing and propitiatory little man.

"Is that Snagsby?"

"Yes, sir. I hope you are well, sir. I was just giving you up, sir, and going home."

"Ay? What is it? What do you want with me?"

"Well, sir," says Mr. Snagsby, holding his hat at the side of his head, in his deference toward his best customer. "I was wishful to say a word to you, sir."

"Can you say it here?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Say it then." The lawyer turns, leans his arms on the iron railing at the top of the steps, and looks at the lamplighter lighting the court-yard.

"It is relating," says Mr. Snagsby, in a mysterious low voice: "it is relating—not to put too fine a point upon it—to the foreigner, sir."

Mr. Tulkinghorn eyes him with some surprise. "What foreigner?"

"The foreign female, sir. French, if I don't mistake. I am not acquainted with that language myself, but I should judge from her manners and appearance that she was French: anyways, certainly foreign. Her that was up-stairs, sir, when Mr. Bucket and me had the honor of waiting upon you with the sweeping-boy that night."

"Oh! yes, yes. Mademoiselle Hortense."

"Indeed, sir?" Mr. Snagsby coughs his cough of submission behind his hat. "I am not acquainted myself with the names of foreigners in general, but I have no doubt it *would* be that." Mr. Snagsby appears to have set out in this reply with some desperate design of repeating the

name; but on reflection coughs again to excuse himself.

"And what can you have to say, Snagsby," demands Mr. Tulkinghorn, "about her?"

"Well, sir," returns the stationer, shading his communication with his hat, "it falls a little hard upon me. My domestic happiness is very great—at least, it's as great as can be expected, I'm sure—but my little woman is rather given to jealousy. Not to put too fine a point upon it, she is very much given to jealousy. And you see, a foreign female of that genteel appearance coming into the shop, and hovering—I should be the last to make use of a strong expression, if I could avoid it, but hovering, sir—in the court—you know it is—now an't it? I only put it to yourself, sir."

Mr. Snagsby having said this in a very plaintive manner, throws in a cough of general application to fill up all the blanks.

"Why, what do you mean?" asks Mr. Tulkinghorn.

"Just so, sir," returns Mr. Snagsby; "I was sure you would feel it yourself, and would excuse the reasonableness of *my* feelings when coupled with the known excitableness of my little woman. You see, the foreign female—which you mentioned her name just now, with quite a native sound, I am sure—caught up the word Snagsby that night, being uncommon quick, and made inquiry, and got the direction and come at dinner-time. Now, Guster, our young woman, is timid and has fits, and she, taking fright at the foreigner's looks—which are fierce—and at a grinding manner that she has of speaking—which is calculated to alarm a weak mind—gave way to it, instead of bearing up against it, and tumbled down the kitchen-stairs out of one into another, such fits as I do sometimes think are never gone into, or come out of, in any house but ours. Consequently there was, by good fortune, ample occupation for my little woman, and only me to answer the shop. When she *did* say that Mr. Tulkinghorn, being always denied to her by his Employer (which I had no doubts at the time was a foreign mode of viewing a clerk), she would do herself the pleasure of continually calling at my place until she was let in here. Since then she has been, as I began by saying, hovering—hovering, sir," Mr. Snagsby repeats the word with pathetic emphasis, "in the court. The effects of which movement it is impossible to calculate. I shouldn't wonder if it might have already given rise to the painfulest mistakes even in the neighbors' minds, not mentioning (if such a thing was possible) my little woman. Whereas, Goodness knows," says Mr. Snagsby, shaking his head, "I never had an idea of a foreign female, except as being formerly connected with a bunch of brooms and a baby, or, at the present time, with a tambourine and ear-rings. I never had, I do assure you, sir!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn has listened gravely to this complaint, and inquires, when the stationer has finished, "And that's all, is it, Snagsby?"

"Why, yes, sir," that's all," says Mr. Snagsby, ending with a cough that plainly adds, "and it's enough, too—for me."

"I don't know what Mademoiselle Hortense may want or mean, unless she is mad," says the lawyer.

"Even if she was, you know, sir," Mr. Snagsby pleads, "it wouldn't be a consolation to have some weapon or another in the form of a foreign dagger, planted in the family."

"No," says the other. "Well, well! This shall be stopped. I am sorry you have been inconvenienced. If she comes again send her here."

Mr. Snagsby, with much bowing and short apologetic coughing, takes his leave, lightened in heart. Mr. Tulkinghorn goes up-stairs, saying to himself, "These women were created to give trouble, the whole earth over. The mistress not being enough to deal with, here's the maid now! But I will be short with *this* jade at least!"

So saying, he unlocks his door, gropes his way into his murky rooms, lights his candles, and looks about him. It is too dark to see much of allegory over-head there; but that importunate Roman who is forever toppling out of the clouds and pointing, is at his old work pretty distinctly. Not honoring him with much attention, Mr. Tulkinghorn takes a small key from his pocket, unlocks a drawer in which there is another key, which unlocks a chest in which there is another, and so comes to the cellar-key, with which he prepares to descend to the regions of old wine. He is going toward the door with a candle in his hand, when a knock comes.

"Who's this? Ay, ay, Mistress, it's you, is it? You appear at a good time. I have just been hearing of you. Now! What do you want?"

He stands the candle on the chimney-piece in the clerks' hall, and taps his dry cheek with the key, as he addresses these words of welcome to Mademoiselle Hortense. That feline personage, with her lips tightly shut, and her eyes looking out at him sideways, softly closes the door before replying.

"I have had great deal of trouble to find you, sir."

"*Have* you?"

"I have been here very often, sir. It has always been said to me, he is not at home, he is engage, he is this and that, he is not for you."

"Quite right, and quite true."

"Not true. Lies!"

At times, there is a suddenness in the manner of Mademoiselle Hortense so like a bodily spring upon the subject of it, that such subject involuntarily starts and falls back. It is Mr. Tulkinghorn's case at present, though Mademoiselle Hortense, with her eyes almost shut up (but still looking out sideways), is only smiling contemptuously, and shaking her head.

"Now, Mistress," says the lawyer, tapping the key hastily upon the chimney-piece. "If you have any thing to say, say it, say it."

"Sir, you have not use me well. You have been mean and shabby."

"Mean and shabby, eh?" returns the lawyer, rubbing his nose with the key.

"Yes. What is it that I tell you? You know you have. You have attrapped me—catched me—to give you information; you have asked me to show you the dress of mine my Lady must have wore that night, you have prayed me to come in it here to meet that boy—Say! Is it not?" Mademoiselle Hortense makes another spring.

"You are a vixen, a vixen!" Mr. Tulkinghorn seems to meditate, as he looks distrustfully at her; then he replies, "Well, wench, well. I paid you."

"You paid me!" she repeats, with fierce disdain. "Two sovereign! I have not change them, I ref-use them, I des-pise them, I throw them from me!" Which she literally does, taking them out of her bosom as she speaks, and flinging them with such violence on the floor, that they jerk up again into the light before they roll away into corners, and slowly settle down there after spinning vehemently.

"Now!" says Mademoiselle Hortense, darkening her large eyes again. "You have paid me? Eh, my God, O yes!"

Mr. Tulkinghorn rubs his head with the key, while she entertains herself with a sarcastic laugh.

"You must be rich, my fair friend," he composedly observes, "to throw money about in that way!"

"I *am* rich," she returns, "I am very rich in hate. I hate my lady, of all my heart. You know that."

"Know it? How should I know it?"

"Because you have known it perfectly, before you prayed me to give you that information. Because you have known perfectly that I was en-r-r-r-raged!" It appears impossible for Mademoiselle to roll the letter *r* sufficiently in this word, notwithstanding that she assists her energetic delivery, by clenching both her hands, and setting all her teeth.

"Oh! I knew that, did I?" says Mr. Tulkinghorn, examining the wards of the key.

"Yes, without doubt. I am not blind. You have made sure of me because you knew that. You had reason! I det-est her." Mademoiselle Hortense folds her arms, and throws this last remark at him over one of her shoulders.

"Having said this, have you nothing else to say, Mademoiselle?"

"I am not yet placed. Place me well. Find me a good condition! If you can not, or do not choose to do that, employ me to pursue her, to chase her, to disgrace and to dishonor her. I will help you well, and with a good will. It is what *you* do. Do I not know that?"

"You appear to know a good deal," Mr. Tulkinghorn retorts.

"Do I not? Is it that I am so weak as to believe, like a child, that I come here in that dress to rec-eive that boy, only to decide a little bet, a wager?—Eh, my God, O yes!" In this reply, down to the word "wager" inclusive, Mademoiselle has been ironically polite and tender; then, has suddenly dashed into the bitterest and most defiant scorn, with her black eyes in one and the same moment very nearly shut, and staringly wide open.

"Now, let us see," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, tapping his chin with the key, and looking imperturbably at her, "how this matter stands."

"Ah! Let us see," Mademoiselle assents, with many angry and tight nods of her head.

"You come here to make a remarkably modest demand, which you have just stated, and it not being conceded, you will come again."

"And again," says Mademoiselle, with more tight and angry nods. "And yet again. And yet again. And many times again. In effect, for ever!"

"And not only here, but you will go to Mr. Snagsby's too, perhaps? That visit not succeeding either, you will go again perhaps?"

"And again," repeats Mademoiselle, cataleptic with determination. "And yet again. And yet again. And many times again. In effect, forever."

"Very well. Now, Mademoiselle Hortense, let me recommend you to take the candle and pick up that money of yours. I think you will find it behind the clerk's partition in the corner yonder."

She merely throws a laugh over her shoulder, and stands her ground with folded arms.

"You will not, eh?"

"No, I will not!"

"So much the poorer you; so much the richer I! Look Mistress, this is the key of my wine cellar. It is a large key, but the keys of prisons are larger. In this city, there are houses of correction (where the treadmills are, for women) the gates of which are very strong and heavy, and no doubt the keys too. I am afraid a lady of your spirit and activity would find it an inconvenience to have one of those keys turned upon her for any length of time. What do you think?"

"I think," Mademoiselle replies, without any action, and in a clear obliging voice, "that you are a miserable wretch."

"Probably," returns Mr. Tulkinghorn, quietly blowing his nose. "But I don't ask what you think of myself; I ask what you think of the prison."

"Nothing. What does it matter to me?"

"Why it matters this much, Mistress," says the lawyer, deliberately putting away his handkerchief, and adjusting his frill, "the law is so despotic here, that it interferes to prevent any of our good English citizens from being troubled, even by a lady's visits, against his desire. And, on his complaining that he is so troubled, it takes hold of the troublesome lady, and shuts her up in prison under hard discipline. Turns the key upon her, Mistress." Illustrating with the cellar key.

"Truly?" returns Mademoiselle, in the same pleasant voice. "That is droll! But—my faith! —still what does it matter to me?"

"My fair friend," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "make another visit here, or at Mr. Snagsby's, and you shall learn."

"In that case you will send Me to the prison perhaps?"

"Perhaps."

It would be contradictory for one in Mademoiselle's state of agreeable jocularity to foam at the mouth, otherwise a tigerish expansion thereabouts might look as if a very little more would make her do it.

"In a word, Mistress," says Mr. Tulkinghorn, "I am sorry to be unpolite, but if you ever present yourself uninvited here——or there——again, I will give you over to the police. Their gallantry is great, but they carry troublesome people through the streets in an ignominious manner: strapped down on a board, my good wench."

"I will prove you," whispers Mademoiselle, stretching out her hand, "I will try if you dare to do it!"

"And if," pursues the lawyer, without minding her, "I place you in that good condition of being locked up in jail, it will be some time before you find yourself at liberty again."

"I will prove you," repeats Mademoiselle in her former whisper.

"And now," proceeds the lawyer, still without minding her, "you had better go. Think twice, before you come here again."

"Think you," she answers, "twice two hundred times!"

"You were dismissed by your lady, you know," Mr. Tulkinghorn observes, following her out upon the staircase, "as the most implacable and unmanageable of women. Now turn over a new leaf, and take warning by what I say to you. For what I say, I mean; and what I threaten, I will do, Mistress."

She goes down without answering or looking behind her. When she is gone, he goes down too; and returning with his cobweb-covered bottle, devotes himself to a leisurely enjoyment of its contents: now and then, as he throws his head back in his chair, catching sight of the pertinacious Roman pointing from the ceiling.

THE YOUNG CHEMIST; OR, NEVER DESPAIR.

"WHAT a terrible incident!" said I, laying down a letter just received from the north.

"What is it?" asked my aunt Eleanor, without raising her eyes from the newspaper she was reading.

"Do you remember a Mr. Logan whom we met last year in Scotland?"

"Oh yes;—a tall, handsome man, with a very fine expression of face. I remember him well."

"And I think, aunt, you will be as much shocked and surprised at what has occurred as I am. You know that Mr. Logan was one of the managers of a bank. It appears that he has of late been speculating in railroad shares, and that to meet the calls made upon him he appropriated money not his own, hoping to repay it before any discovery could be made. However, it was found that there must be a mistake somewhere—that there was some error—and this was easily traced to Mr. Logan. I believe at the time there was no blame or even suspicion attached to him, but it was deemed desirable to send a clerk with him to his own house, where, he said, he could produce documents which would clear up the whole affair. He left the bank with this man, and they proceeded together through the town and toward his house, which is about two miles beyond the bridge. I dare say you remember that bridge, built so high up because of the swollen stream that rushes through it in the spring; and the rocky bed of the river, which may be seen quite clearly at low water. Well, they reached the bridge, and as they were passing over it Mr. Logan said, 'This is rather a high parapet, is it not? and yet I should not wonder that with one leg on this side I could rest my other foot on the outer ledge of it.'

"'I should not wonder, sir,' answered the clerk; 'you are so very tall."

"'I will try,' said he; and in an instant his foot rested on the outer ledge. Just one spring, scarcely time for the man to start forward, and there was a splash in the water below, and the body of a man rose to the surface and floated down with the stream. He had struck his head upon a rock, and instant death followed."

"What an awful thing!" said Aunt Eleanor. "And to think that a man should thus enter into the presence of his Creator, and cut off from himself also all chance of repairing the wrong which he had inflicted on his fellow-creatures."

"Well, yes," I answered; "but still one can not help looking with a kind of respect on the man who holds his good name dearer than his life, and thinks that this last is but the setting of a noble stone—valueless when the jewel is gone."

"I don't know what you mean by those fine words," said Aunt Eleanor, rather sharply—at least sharply for one who was always so gentle. "Surely the 'good name' you speak of is only an outer and visible sign, and if the latter is wanting the other is valueless. A man is content to lose his honesty and integrity—the foundation of his good name; but he can not bear that his fellow-men should point at him the finger of scorn and of reproach. God and his own conscience speak to him in vain, but a single whisper from mortal lips is more than he can bear. I should not have thought," she added after a pause, "that Mr. Logan had been one of the worldlings, there was so much of manly courage in his whole bearing; I had believed him capable of higher things."

"Perhaps," said I, "it was a momentary despair which seized him, and then the place, the opportunity—"

"Perhaps it was," she answered; "God knows our own strength is but very feebleness. Yet how much nobler, when a man has fallen into temptation, to seek by God's aid to recover him-

self than to yield thus to rash despair. Let me tell you, however, as a case in point, a passage in the early history of one whom you well know —your uncle Alfred."

"My uncle Alfred!" I exclaimed; "why, he is the most noble man I ever knew, and the very greatest physician, I should think, in all England, I really don't think he ever could have been guilty of a fault.

"Yes," said Eleanor, "and of one which might have embittered the life of any man of so sensitive a nature as himself. You know that he began his career as apprentice to a chemist in the City, but he was far too active and intelligent to be content with merely mixing drugs and standing behind a counter from morning till night to retail them. He soon busied himself in trying to ascertain the nature of every drug and chemical in the shop, and the effect that was produced by their combination; and then he turned to the customers: he was so quick to understand, so willing to help, and showed such ready sympathy with all trouble and affliction, that he was soon beloved and trusted by all the poor of the neighborhood. There was one policeman in particular, who said not only that he was cleverer than his master, but that he would much rather trust him than Dr. Squills, who lived in a large house in the next street. And yet neither the policeman, his wife, nor one of his children, had ever entered the shop of Alfred's master when he made this assertion; but the boy had shown that he possessed a brave and tender spirit, and our good policeman took all the rest on trust. I will tell you how this happened. In the middle of one night there was a cry of 'Fire.' Alfred jumped out of bed, and saw the flames rising from a house in an adjacent street. He was quickly dressed and out of doors. Arrived at the scene of the fire, he found there was no chance of saving the house in which it originated, and scarcely any hope for the one adjoining it. This latter belonged to a poor widow woman, who was standing at some little distance: her frightened children were crying round her, while she gazed vacantly at the flames, which would soon destroy all that she had to depend on for the maintenance of her family and herself. Alfred said a few words to her, but she only shook her head, and turned again to watch the fire. He made his way through the crowd, and asked a fireman whom he knew, what chance there was of saving Mrs. Thompson's house.

"'Well!' said the man, 'it ain't caught yet, but you see it is so hot you can't stand on the roof, else with wet blankets and buckets of water I don't wonder we should save it. But there's ever so many tried, and they can't keep their heads up nohow.'

"'Let me pass,' said Alfred, 'and I'll try."

"'Sir,' said the policeman at the door, 'I don't think you'll stand it.'

"'I mean to try,' answered your uncle, and he spoke in such a determined manner that the man took courage and caught him by the arm.

"'Just wait a minute and I'll go with you, for really it makes my heart ache to see the poor missus there at the corner.'

"So they went together, and Alfred proved himself a perfect salamander; but then I do believe the clothes might be burnt off his back before he would move, when he has determined to do a thing and believes it right. At first the heat was most oppressive, and the burning embers fell in showers; but he spread out wet blankets, and poured over them the water which was handed up in buckets; then the policeman came to his assistance: they worked a great part of the night, and by their exertion the house was saved. And it was because of this incident that Williams—that was the name of the policeman—said he would rather any day trust Alfred than his master, or even Dr. Squills. Mrs. Williams was of the same opinion; so, after that, she always went to him for advice and medicine whenever her children were ill; and, what with stomach complaints in the summer, and coughs and colds throughout the winter, he had a good deal of experience with the whole family.

"A few weeks before the time of which I am about to speak, I went to see him, and could not understand the change that seemed to have come over him. He had grown careless and indifferent, and several times I heard him reprimanded by his master for mistakes and omissions; so I said, 'Alfred, life and death are serious matters.' 'Oh,' he answered, 'you girls always make a fuss about every thing. If you had made up as many doses of medicine as I have, you would not think so much about them; you are frightened just because you know nothing.'

"'It may be so,' I replied; 'but it seems to me that there is great responsibility attached to your position, and all the more because you are so young.'

"'Well,' he said, 'I had just the same feeling until quite lately, but now it has entirely worn off.'

"You may be sure that I was much grieved at the change indicated by this conversation, and the more so because it was decided that Alfred was to be a surgeon instead of a chemist, and my father was trying to make arrangements for canceling the indentures which bound him to his master for five years. However, to proceed with my story: a few weeks after this time Mrs. Williams came into the shop, crying and in great trouble. Her youngest child, a baby of eight or ten months old, who, she said, between her sobs, had never known a day's illness, was now very bad. He was the joy of her heart, and of her husband's, too, and all the neighbors said they never remembered to have seen such a beauty; and what she should do if he pined away, and grew weak and sickly like the others, she didn't know. Alfred listened, or half-listened, to her story, for he owned he was thinking of something else at the time, and then he mixed an opiate, and told Mrs. Williams to give the child a teaspoonful every two hours. After the

first dose he fell asleep, and looked so calm and pretty that the mother's heart was set quite at ease, and she thought, as the medicine seemed so good for him, he should have another dose in an hour and a half. She continued administering it, until baby had taken seven or eight teaspoonfuls, and then she found it impossible to rouse him to take more. She grew alarmed at this, and began tossing him in her arms, and talking and singing to him; but the little limbs were weak and powerless, and the half-opened eyes had no life in them. The poor mother was half-dead with fright. She was alone, for it was near eleven o'clock at night, and her husband was out on his beat, and would not be home till morning; so she ran to fetch one of her neighbors, and then, crying bitterly, went to tell Alfred that she thought her child was dying. The chemist himself always went to bed at ten, but your uncle was sitting up to read; and when Mrs. Williams had told her tale, he took the door-key and went out with her. His heart misgave him sadly; and when he saw the baby, his worst fears were realized, and he knew there was very little chance that it could live.

"'Mrs. Williams,' he said, 'the medicine I gave you was an opiate, and it was too powerful. You must carry the child about while I run for Dr. Pearson; he may be able to save its life.'

"But Dr. Pearson shook his head when he saw the baby, and the poor mother's tears burst out afresh. They tried all remedies, and used every means of arousing him to consciousness; but, at first, in vain. Toward morning, however, their efforts seemed to be succeeding; for he opened his eyes and looked about, and had regained the use of one side. So Dr. Pearson took his leave, and Alfred, who did not wish his master to know that he had been out all night, went with him. On their way home he begged the doctor to visit the child frequently, and do every thing for him that lay in his power; adding, "This is the only reparation I can make for what they must suffer through my carelessness.'

"Poor boy! It was on the evening of the third day from this that he wrote to me, saying he was in great trouble, and that I must go to him. I shall never forget his pale and wretched face. He had been up every night watching with the mother by her child's bedside, and had had no sleep since the day on which she had fetched the fatal medicine; and this, together with the anxiety and remorse to which he had been a prey, was enough to blanch his cheek and make his eyes so hollow and sunken. I have told you that the child rallied; but it was only for a few hours. It died on the morning of the day on which I saw him.

"'O, Nelly!' he said, 'if you had been there, that scene would haunt you as it will do me all my life long. All the time little Tom was alive, Mrs. Williams sat sobbing and rocking herself backward and forward by his side; but when he died, she was quite still, and did not utter even one moan; but Williams, who had stood watching by the child's side for an hour, fell down upon his face on the floor—fell straight down and never moved.'

"'Poor fellow!' said Mr. Jones (Alfred's master), taking me aside; 'he lays it very much to heart; certainly he is to blame, but this may be a lesson of so great value to him, that in time, perhaps, his friends will not regret it. I suppose you know that there is to be a coroner's inquest the day after to-morrow, and, of course, I am anxious about the decision they will come to Mrs. Williams was here this afternoon, but I sent Alfred away; he ought not to see her until that is over.'

"'Did she say any thing about him?' I asked.

"'Yes; she wanted to tell him that, now her child was dead, and she should never see it again, she could not turn against the young gentleman who had been so kind to her in all her trouble; she was quite sure that he would have done any thing in the world to save little Tom, and she couldn't have the heart to stand up and say he'd poisoned him.'

"'I told her,' continued Mr. Jones, 'that she must tell the truth, and that would serve him better than any thing else; but I am rather afraid of what she may do, for she talks a good deal about one Mrs. Taylor, who says Alfred will certainly be ruined, if not imprisoned or hanged, were the whole truth to come out.'

"I was anxious and nervous after this conversation, fearing that these two women, with their mistaken notions of the means of doing good to Alfred, might greatly injure his cause; and I was glad enough when the day came which would decide all. As to him, he seemed indifferent both to the jury and their verdict. 'They can not,' he said, 'inflict greater pain on me than I have already suffered, and sometimes I think it would be a relief to have a definite punishment assigned me for the crime I have committed,' for in that light his carelessness appeared to him. The inquest was to be held at seven o'clock in the evening, and at half-past six Mr. Jones and I were making our way through narrow dirty streets and alleys, till we came to a court-yard, which we entered, and, turning to the left, we passed down a dark passage and entered a long low room, lighted only at one end. I think it must have been some kind of school-room, for I remember there were raised forms in one part of it. There was also a long deal table, with chairs placed round it; and the room was so narrow that these had to be ranged on each side against the wall.

"After a while voices were heard; there was a great shuffling of feet in the passage; one by one the 'gentlemen of the jury' entered; and last of all came Dr. Pearson, who was honored with a chair at the top of the table, and placed by the side of the coroner. As soon as the names were called over and they were all seated, something was said about the 'body,' and they rose and left the room. Mr. Jones told me they had gone to view the body of the dead child, and would not be back for half an hour. 'And now,' he said, 'I shall leave you; for, as I am one of the

witnesses, I must not be in the room till I am called for.'

"So I was left alone, save for the presence of one man, who sat on a low form, with his clasped hands between his knees, and his head bent down upon his breast; he raised it once, so that I caught sight of his haggard face, and then I knew that he was little Tom's father. Every now and then a woman or a dirty child peeped into the half-lighted room, and cautiously retreated again; and at last there was once more the sound of voices and of feet; the jurymen returned to their seats, the coroner and Dr. Pearson were at the head of the table, and the first witness was called. This was Mrs. Taylor, the neighbor who had been with Mrs. Williams nearly all the time of her child's illness. She seemed to have a very wild idea of the kind of information she was required to give, and would insist on entering into details of her own domestic life, not at all interesting to the jury. And it was wonderful how, in answering questions that were put to her relative to the deceased child, she managed to introduce an account of the death of her own Mary Ann, and the birth of Sarah Jane, which events took place within three weeks of each other, and not more than two months before the birth of Mrs. Williams's little boy. Then her statement as to the illness of the child was the most incoherent possible.

"'I was with him,' she said, 'on Thursday, and about an hour before he died there came a lump out on the top of his head that fluttered up and down just like a bird, and I said to Mrs. Williams on Tuesday morning, says I, 'You may depend upon it, he'll never get over it, for my Mary Ann—'

"'But,' interrupted one of the jurymen, 'I thought you said the child died on Thursday?'

"'So he did, sir; but I was speaking of Tuesday, likewise of Wednesday evening, when it seemed to me as how he was sinking fast; but then again, on Monday afternoon, he slept like a lamb; and says I to Mrs. Williams, 'Why, that medicine's a real blessing, and I wish I had a little of it for my Sarah Jane, who's fractious both day and night.'

"Some questions were put to her with respect to the medicine; she said it was in a vial which was about three parts full, and that when she saw it, it was not half empty, and that the child had never had any more after Mrs. Williams had fetched her, but she believed it had taken altogether about six or eight teaspoonfuls.

"I am making a long story," said Aunt Eleanor; "but the whole scene is so distinctly before me, and I hear that woman's voice so plainly, that I do believe I could repeat every word of her evidence. Besides that, I have never spoken of the events of that night to any one save yourself, and I suppose that is the reason why I dwell so long upon, and describe so minutely, circumstances which you think perhaps might be omitted altogether, or at least passed hurriedly over. But they were all burnt in upon my brain, because I knew that the decision of that night might be a matter of life and death to your poor grandfather, and could not fail to influence the whole after-life of your uncle."

"Go on, Aunt Eleanor," I said; "I am interested in all that you describe. Tell me about the other witnesses."

"The next witness called," continued she, "was Mrs. Williams. She was crying bitterly and very few questions were put to her, except as to the quantity of medicine in the vial, and the number of times she had given it to the child; and to these she made such strange and contradictory answers, that the coroner shook his head, and looked first at one juryman, and then at another, and finally said that they would not trouble Mrs. Williams any longer.

"Then came a woman who deposed that two of Mrs. Williams's children had died of water on the brain, and that little Tom had a very large head, but then he had a large body also. And after that Dr. Pearson was called, and he explained how he had been called up late on Monday night to see the child, and had attended it until the day of its death. He had not seen the medicine which was administered to it on Monday morning, but should think it had contained some kind of opiate, in a large enough proportion to prove fatal to the child.

"'Did he know what that proportion was?'

"'Yes, he had been told by the young man who mixed it, and believed his information was correct.'

"'Did he believe it would have proved fatal to any child?'

"'No, but he would be sorry to prescribe it for any child—though he knew it was often done—more especially for a child he had never seen.'

"'What quantity did he suppose the child must have taken?'

"'Certainly almost the whole contents of the vial. It was all but impossible that a smaller quantity could have caused death.'

"'There are two witnesses who say that the child did not take one-third part of the contents of the bottle. What are we to understand by this?'

"'I can not say. Mrs. Williams told me she had given the child all that was in the vial.'

"After a few more questions, Mr. Jones, the chemist, was called, and then it was ascertained that he had not mixed the medicine, and knew nothing about it; so his apprentice was sent for. How my heart beat when your uncle's name was spoken, and during the few minutes that elapsed before he came! The jurymen leaned across the table and whispered to each other, while the coroner, seen dimly at the far end of the room, sat silently back in his wooden arm-chair. Williams the policeman, who, as I have said, was seated on a low form near me, took up his hat, and began nervously twitching at the brim of it. I scarce remember Alfred's entering the room, as it was the sound of his clear firm voice that first aroused me and dispersed the fears that were crowding thick upon me. I was sure from the quiet determination of his voice and manner,

that he had heard how the two women had wished to shield him from blame by giving a confused statement about the medicine. He was only sixteen at that time, and not tall for his age; but his face wore a frank honesty of expression which went straight to the heart of every one who looked on him, and always caused him to be more trusted than those far beyond him in years.

"And now he stood up, telling the truth, and the whole truth; and as I looked round the room, I felt that there was not one man who doubted his word. But when he began to speak of the medicine, I saw great drops of perspiration bursting from the forehead of Williams; and when in answer to a question, Alfred said, 'The bottle was quite full when I gave it to Mrs. Williams; and when I next saw her the child had taken all, except one dose, which was spilled in her attempt to rouse him,' the poor man started forward, and evidently with difficulty refrained from interrupting the witness. The only thing that Alfred did not tell was, that he had been up with the mother every night of little Tom's illness. For the rest, he gave his evidence in a clear, straightforward manner, with no attempt either to blame or to exculpate himself.

"When he retired, it was found that there was no further witness to be called; therefore, the 'gentlemen of the jury' were required to deliberate, and return a verdict according to the merits of the case. So they once more began to whisper together, and then Dr. Pearson stood up and said, there was one thing that he thought they ought to be acquainted with, and that was, that the youth whom they had last seen had expressed to him on the Monday previous his intention of defraying the whole expense of his (Dr. Pearson's) attendance on the child, and also that every night after his work at Mr. Jones's was ended, he had gone to Mrs. Williams and staid with the child until morning. 'Yes, gentlemen,' said Williams, starting up from his seat, 'and I can tell you, and my wife would tell you if she was only here, what a comfort and a blessing that young gentleman has been to us; and my poor missus says she shall never hold up her head again if harm comes to him through us.' But the coroner shook his head at this interruption, and it was intimated to Williams that he must leave the room, which he did, very reluctantly. As for me, I was sitting in a dark corner, and could not be seen; so I waited, watching anxiously the breaking-up and assembling of little groups of three or four jurymen, and the frequent conferences held with Dr. Pearson, and the way in which he stood up with his hand thrust into the front of his waistcoat, and turned first to one and then to another, answering the same question over and over again, without the least show of impatience.

"At length, the jury had come to a decision, and the coroner delivered his verdict. I forget the exact words of it, but something about a 'natural death,' and I know that it ended with a caution to Alfred, who was in the room, given in the very kindest possible manner, and accompanied by words of praise for his after conduct. It appeared, I believe, that the child had some tendency to disease, irrespective of the medicine, Alfred had not expected this result, and his lips quivered, while his face was quite pale. Dr. Pearson came forward and shook him kindly by the hand, and I found myself standing, I scarce know how, by his side, with one hand clasped in both of mine.

"'You are his sister,' said Dr. Pearson, turning to me, 'and I am glad to have an opportunity of expressing to you my satisfaction at the way in which this affair has terminated, and the very high esteem in which I hold your brother. It is warm here; we can all walk home together, if you have no objection.' So we went with him to his house, and sat there talking for two or three hours; and it was from the manner in which he pointed out to Alfred the future that lay before him, and the possibility of his so living that his life should be a blessing to all who knew him, that I learned what is the real lesson we ought to learn from the failures or mistakes into which we may be betrayed. They ought to lead us earnestly to beg forgiveness from God, and serve as beacon-lights to warn us against future dangers."

"You have, indeed, convinced me, dear aunt, of the error under which I labored when I began this conversation. And I am sure if ever, humanly speaking, the past has been repaired by a course of noble action and untiring energy, it has been done by my Uncle Alfred. Now I understand how it is that he shows so much gentleness and tenderness toward every sick person whom he sees; and why, though he has seen death in all its most terrible forms, he has never become hardened to the appearance of suffering, but has as much true pity and sympathy for those who are in pain as the most delicate woman, and the very deepest possible feeling of the value and the importance of life; indeed, that is scarcely so much what I mean, as that he seems to look upon all life as sacred."

"My dear," said Aunt Eleanor, "he does not *look* upon it as sacred; it is sacred. But you are right in supposing that he learnt this lesson in his youth, and that it was written in such indelible characters, that after impressions have but strengthened it. So that his early mistake, instead of being the dark spot and the curse of his life, to be brooded over in every hour of depression, and to drag him down whenever he dared to hope, has, by the goodness of God, been changed into a positive blessing. Those who despair are ever false to themselves and to their truest interests."

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE advent to power of a new Administration in the Federal Government, has been the main feature of domestic interest during the month. President PIERCE was inaugurated on the 4th of March, with the ceremonies usual on such occasions. His Address was of less than the ordinary length, and has attracted general attention by the frankness of its tone, and the important indication it affords of the spirit and general policy of the new government. Acknowledging his indebtedness to the people for elevating him to a high place which he had not sought, and declaring his reliance upon their support in the discharge of its duties and responsibilities, he refers to the rapid growth and wonderful expansion of our territories within the last few years, and to the discussions which have grown out of it on both sides of the ocean. Our country, he said, has spoken hitherto, and will continue to speak, not only by its words but by its acts, the language of sympathy, encouragement, and hope, to those who earnestly listen for tones which pronounce for the largest rational liberty. But, after all, our most powerful influence for freedom rests in our example; and that, to be useful, must rest upon eternal principles of right and justice. Experience has proved the apprehension originally entertained of danger from extended territory, multiplied States, accumulated wealth, and augmented population, to be unfounded. With an experience thus suggestive and cheering, says the President, "the policy of my administration will not be controled by any timid forebodings of evil from expansion. Indeed it is not to be disguised that our attitude as a nation, and our position on the globe, render the acquisition of certain possessions, not within our jurisdiction, eminently important for our protection, if not, in the future, essential for our preservation of the rights of commerce and the peace of the world. Should they be obtained, it will be through no grasping spirit, but with a view to obvious national interest and security, and in a manner entirely consistent with the strictest observance of national faith." The policy of our country ought to be eminently peaceful, and with the neighboring nations upon our continent we should cultivate kindly and fraternal relations. If we should open new channels of commerce, the benefits of them will be enjoyed by all. With the politics of Europe we can have no immediate or direct concern; but the vast interests of commerce are common to all mankind. With these views firmly carried out, we shall always require prompt reciprocity. Not only are our national rights to be regarded, but those which pertain to every citizen in his individual capacity, at home or abroad, must be sacredly maintained. We must realize that upon every sea and on every soil, where our enterprise may rightfully seek the protection of our flag, American citizenship is an inviolable panoply for the security of American rights. And in this connection, it is declared, that "the rights, security, and repose of this Confederacy, reject the idea of interference or colonization, on this side of the ocean, by any foreign power, beyond present jurisdiction, as utterly inadmissible." In the administration of domestic affairs, the people will expect a devoted integrity in the public service, and an observance of rigid economy in all departments, so marked, as never to be justly questioned. Offices can only be regarded as aids for the accomplishment of these objects; and as occupancy can confer no prerogative, nor importunate desire for preferment any claim, the public interest demands that they be considered with sole reference to the duties to be performed. While persons can not be retained known to be under the influence of political hostility and partisan prejudice, no motive will be admitted in making appointments which does not contemplate an efficient discharge of duty, and the best interests of the country. Special care is to be exercised to prevent the encroachment of the Federal Government upon the rights of the States: and in thus preserving the just line of separation, in the President's opinion, is to be sought the basis of future concord in regard to the questions which have most seriously disturbed public tranquillity. If the Federal Government will confine itself to the exercise of powers clearly granted by the Constitution, it can hardly happen that its action upon any question should endanger the institutions of the States, or interfere with their right to manage matters strictly domestic according to the will of their own people. The President declares that to every theory of society, or of government, whether the offspring of feverish ambition or of morbid enthusiasm, calculated to dissolve the bonds of law and affection which unite us, he will oppose a ready and stern resistance. He believes that involuntary servitude, as it exists in different States of this Confederacy, is recognized by the Constitution: that it stands like any other admitted right, and that the States where it exists are entitled to efficient remedies to enforce the constitutional provisions. He holds the Compromise measures of 1850 to be strictly constitutional, and to be unhesitatingly carried into effect—that they are to be respected and obeyed, not with a reluctance encouraged by abstract opinions as to their propriety in a different state of society, but cheerfully, and according to the decisions of the tribunal to which their exposition belongs.——The Senate met in Extra Session immediately, and on the 7th the President nominated the following gentlemen as members of the Cabinet, the nominations being immediately confirmed:

Secretary of State.....WILLIAM L. MARCY, of N.Y.
Secretary of the Treasury..JAMES GUTHRIE, Ky.
Secretary of the Interior...ROBERT MCCLELLAND, Mich.
Secretary of War.....JEFFERSON DAVIS, Miss.
Secretary of the Navy... .JAMES C. DOBBIN, N. C.
Postmaster General.....JAMES CAMPBELL, Penn.
Attorney General.....CALEB CUSHING, Mass.

The closing proceedings of Congress were not marked by special interest. In the Senate, on the 11th of February, Mr. Mason, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, submitted a Report upon the doubt that had been thrown over the stipulations of the treaty with Great Britain concerning Central America, so far as they related to the maintenance of the jurisdiction already established by the British Government in that quarter. After reciting at length the history of the negotiation, the Report closes by expressing the opinion that the treaty recognizes the existing British colonial establishments in Central America, but precludes her from establishing new ones. No further action on the subject was considered necessary on the part of this Government. On the same day the President's nomination of Senator Badger, of North Carolina, to fill the vacancy on the Bench of the Supreme Court created by the death of Judge M'Kinley, was indefinitely postponed, by a vote of 26 to 25.—On the 14th, Senator Douglas addressed the Senate upon the resolutions intro-

duced by Senator Cass, reaffirming the Monroe doctrine. He opposed their passage, not because they asserted the principle that no European power would be permitted hereafter to establish colonies on this continent, but because their language implied concessions which he could not make. He reviewed at some length the policy of this country toward other nations, denouncing the treaty concerning Central America as in violation of the Monroe principle, and repudiated the notion that it was necessary or proper for the United States to disavow any intent to seize upon Cuba.—The subject subsequently engaged attention in the Senate, but no vote was taken upon it. In the House of Representatives, on the 18th, a Message was received from the President, accompanied by a communication from the Secretary of State, announcing a proposition from the Government of Great Britain to revise the treaties between the two governments concerning Central America, and declaring her willingness to abandon the protectorate of the Mosquito Kingdom, and in other respects to go as far as possible in placing her relations with that country upon a basis satisfactory to the United States. Secretary Everett suggested, as the initial step toward such renewed negotiations, that a full Minister should be sent from the United States to Central America, to be accredited to each of the five governments included in that name. No action was taken upon this proposition.—The Mexican Garay grant, of a route across the isthmus of Tehuantepec, has engaged further attention in Congress, but no action upon the subject has been had. On the 8th of February Mr. Seward spoke upon it, in opposition to the recommendations of the Report of the Committee on Foreign Affairs. He sought to show, by historical references, that the grant was invalid at the outset, having never been made by any authorized Government—that even if made, it had been forfeited by the non-fulfillment of its conditions—that it would be the height of injustice for this country to force Mexico into confirming it; and that, as she had offered to concede the right of way, and to indemnify the alleged grantees, every desirable object could be obtained without a rupture with that Government. On the 25th, Mr. Hale spoke upon the subject, presenting the same view, and following substantially the same line of argument. Mr. Brooke of Mississippi subsequently replied, and notice was given by one or two other Senators that they should speak upon it, but up to the adjournment no action or further debate had been had.—Sundry memorials have at various times been presented to the Senate, for the more effectual protection of American citizens in the exercise of their religious freedom abroad; and on the 17th of February Mr. Underwood reported, from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, to which they had been referred, resolutions declaring that it would be wise for the Government of the United States, in future treaties with foreign powers, to secure liberty of worship to American citizens abroad, so far as possible.—The subject of aiding the construction of a railroad from the Mississippi to the Pacific, has engaged attention at intervals, and toward the close of the session was repeatedly discussed in the Senate. All who spoke upon it were in favor of the work: the variety of plans suggested, and of offers made, create the principal difficulty. The result was the adoption of an amendment to the Appropriation bill, authorizing the President to employ engineers to make explorations, in order to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad, and appropriating $150,000 dollars for the expenses of the survey.—A bill was passed erecting a new territorial government out of part of Oregon, to be called the Territory of Washington.—A great variety of private bills, and many acts of local interest were passed; but the summary given above includes all the legislation of the last month that has general importance.

A good deal of interest has been excited by the performances of the ship Ericsson, driven by Caloric engines, allusion to which has already been made. The proprietors early in February proposed to the Government the construction of one or more war frigates to be driven by engines working upon this principle, offering ample guarantees for their economy, speed, and general efficiency. The Secretary of the Navy, in reply, invited them to bring the ship to Washington for personal inspection. The invitation was accepted, and the ship left New York on the 17th of February and arrived at Alexandria on the 21st. The voyage was exceedingly tempestuous, and the power of the engines was put to the severest test. Com. Sands, of the Navy, who was on board, made a report to the Navy Department bearing testimony in the strongest terms to the entire success of her performance. The invention is very generally regarded as one of great importance to the interests of commerce and manufactures.

Previous to his retirement from office some friends of President Fillmore contributed a thousand dollars to make him a life member of the Colonization Society. In his letter of acknowledgement he took occasion to express his decided approval of the objects of the Society, and to say that it appeared to him to have pointed out the only rational mode of ameliorating the condition of the colored race in this country. The members of his Cabinet also presented to him a cordial letter, acknowledging their indebtedness to him for the uniform courtesy of his official intercourse, and their high appreciation of his public services and personal character.

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 1st of February, but it is of little interest. Governor Bigler's Message recommends biennial instead of annual sessions of the Legislature, and a general reduction of expenses. From his statement it appears that the annual expenditures of the State are six hundred thousand dollars more than the receipts. The aggregate indebtedness of the State is over two millions of dollars. The Governor also urges the importance of some provision for bringing contested land claims to the decision of the United States District Courts. The project of a State Convention to divide the State is again agitated. Freshets in several of the rivers had destroyed a great deal of property, and inflicted much suffering. The intelligence from the mines was generally satisfactory.

MEXICO.

We have still another revolution in Mexico. Our last Record left General Cevallos at the head of a Provisional Government. The plan of Jalisco, however, adopted on the 20th of October, proved unacceptable to him, and he refused to acquiesce in its provisions. He accordingly renounced the Presidency, and the powers of the office fell into the hands of General Uraga, who on behalf of the Government invited Santa Anna to return and resume control of Mexican affairs. This was decided upon by the military chiefs who had joined in signing the plan of Jalisco, and is regarded as the act of the Supreme Government. Envoys had been sent to Carthagena, where Santa Anna was residing, to tender him the invitation to return and place himself at the head of the republic. Public opinion in Mexico seemed to

sanction this movement and to regard the return of Santa Anna as likely to give stability and confidence to the political organization of the country. The liberal party anticipate, however, a renewal under him of the dictatorship, and are dissatisfied at the turn taken by the revolution. The Legislature of Puebla has disavowed it, and declined to join in the election. During the presidency of Cevallos, a distinct arrangement was made by the Government for accepting the propositions of the Company represented by Mr. A. G. Sloo, for the opening of communication across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. The President in his decree announcing this result, alleges the pressure of a commercial exigency and a political necessity involving the preservation of the integrity and independence of the territory, as the reasons for magrking the ant. The contract provides that the communication is to be by water as far as the Coatzacoalcos river is navigable, and that from that point a plank road is to be commenced within one year and completed within three years, and a railroad to be commenced within three years and completed within seven from the present time. The company is to pay $600,000 for the grant, to carry Mexican mails, troops, &c., free, to pay the Mexican Government twenty per cent. of the profits for fifty years, and at the end of that time to turn the road over to the control of the Government. The Company is to have the exclusive right of transit over the road: and foreigners in its employ are to have only the same rights as Mexican citizens. The contract was signed on the 5th of February.

SOUTH AMERICA.

We have news of fresh revolutions in Buenos Ayres. It will be remembered that on the 10th of September, the province rejected the rule of Urquiza, driving away his deputy Governor, and restoring the Representative and National Government. Urquiza was at that time at Santa Fé, attending the Congress which was to organize the new Federal Government: he then at least ostensiby, acquiesced in the proceedings of Buenos Ayres, saying he should leave that province to pursue her own course, and retire himself to Entre Rios. Alsina was elected President of Buenos Ayres at the end of October, and on the 11th of November dispatched about 1500 troops to the river Uruguay to invade the province of Entre Rios, who were, however, entirely defeated. Another detachment had been sent to invade Santa Fé, at the same time, and thus to attack Urquiza on both sides of the Parana at once. Genera Flores, Alsina's Minister of War, had been sent to this division with money to the amount of twenty thousand pounds. On the 1st of December, while awaiting news from this force, an address was published by a Col. Lagos to the soldiers and people calling for the deposition of Alsina, as a friend of consolidation, and for the appointment of Flores, a supporter of the Federal plan of Urquiza in his stead. Accompanying this address was a letter from Flores to Alsina, dated only four days after his departure from Buenos Ayres, and advising him to resign his office immediately. This he did—sending his resignation to the Representatives on the 6th of December, accompanied by the proclamation of Lagos and the letter of Flores. The resignation was accepted. General Pinto was appointed Governor, the town declared in a state of siege, the National Guard called to arms, and all business suspended. Lagos, meantime, had collected a force of some thousands outside, and proceeded to invest the city. The representatives published a decree ordering the besieging forces to disband and recognize the new authorities. This Lagos at first agreed to do, but afterward refused. A suspension of hostilities was meantime agreed upon. On the 9th extraordinary powers were conferred on the Governor, who was ordered not to treat with Lagos on any other terms than a recognition of the authorities. On the 12th, news arrived that Flores who had all the time been acting in Urquiza's interest, had deceived him also, and decamped with the money. On the same day the besiegers sent in their ultimatum, demanding that half the Assembly should be dissolved, deputies sent to Urquiza, the expenses of the besieging army met, and the revolution declared glorious. Only 48 hours were given to consider these terms—which were at once rejected. On the 15th, the city began to be closely blockaded, and in that condition affairs were left at our last advices—the 5th of January. Meantime it is stated that the Congress at Santa Fé, had elected Urquiza, President of the Confederation, and left Buenos Ayres to join or remain aloof as she may see fit. There is but little doubt, however, that Urquiza will endeavor to coerce her into union, and the result of the struggle it is not easy to foresee.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Political agitation in England has taken a more definite shape in consequence of the re-assembling of Parliament on the 10th of February and the development of ministerial measures. The elections had been very sharply contested, but the result was favorable to the Government. Speculation was rife as to the measures which would be introduced, and the mixed character of the Cabinet increased the difficulty of safe conjecture. In the House of Commons, Lord John Russell, on the first day of the session, made a full statement of the course which the Ministry designed to pursue. No further increase in the army would be proposed, though there would be an increase in the estimates. A bill would be introduced to enable the Legislature of Canada to dispose of the clergy reserves in that colony: a new pilotage bill has been contemplated with other suggestions touching the shipping interest of the country: the House would soon be asked to consider the removal of Jewish disabilities, and the Government intended to offer a plan for education, which, it was believed, would tend to great improvements and promote the cause of education throughout the country. University education, schools in Scotland, transportation as a punishment (it being designed to stop sending criminals to Australia), and the general subject of penal legislation, would successively engage attention. The Chancellor would also submit bills for law reform, and especially for changing the laws relating to land tenure in Ireland. In regard to Parliamentary reform, while the Government were desirous of doing something to promote it, and would probably introduce a bill at the opening of the next session of Parliament, it had not been deemed advisable to take any action upon the subject at present. Sundry bills had been subsequently introduced upon the various topics referred to by Lord John Russell. The Chancellor's propositions for legal reform were less comprehensive than had been anticipated, but were still considered valuable. The Canada clergy reserve question seemed likely to be satisfactorily adjusted, although it encounters some opposition in ecclesiastical quarters. Mr. D'Israeli, on the 18th, called the attention of the House to the condition of the relations between England and France, in a speech generally regarded as the beginning of a vigorous and formidable crusade against the Ministry. He was particularly earnest in deprecating the violent denunciations of the Em-

peror by the London press, and dwelt upon the disastrous consequences which would follow a rupture of the friendly relations between the two countries. Lord John Russell, in reply, asserted the existence of a perfectly good understanding with the French Government, and denied the existence of cause for any apprehension.

A good deal of attention has been given in England to the alleged persecutions of the Madiai by the Tuscan Government, and on the 17th of February an address was moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Kinnaird, asking the interposition of the English Government on their behalf. Mr. Lucas, a Catholic member, opposed the motion on the ground that the Madiai were imprisoned, not for their religious opinions, but for attempting to make proselytes to them, which was an offense against Tuscan law, with the administration of which England had no right to interfere. He also cited several cases in which the English Government had sanctioned the persecution of Catholics upon religious grounds, and urged the duty of first correcting their own errors before meddling with the affairs of other states. Lord John Russell replied in vigorous vindication of the Government, and asserted in emphatic language the principle that persecution for religious opinion was odious and detestable, that the English Government would always raise its voice against it, and that he believed the Catholics in general disapproved of it. Mr. Fitzgerald declared himself, as a Catholic, utterly opposed to the treatment the Madiai had received at the hands of the Tuscan Government, and hostile to the principle that any fair attempt to convince others of the truth of one's religious faith, could be a crime and deserving punishment. A letter of instructions has been published from Lord John Russell to Sir Henry Bulwer, directing him to remonstrate in the most earnest manner with the Grand Duke of Tuscany upon the imprisonment of the Madiai, and to represent to him, that notwithstanding the various pleas by which the attempt is made to justify that act, if one of the prisoners should die in prison, the public opinion of all Europe will hold the Grand Duke guilty of having put a man to death for being a Protestant. The subject was widely discussed at public meetings, and through the English press.

Fresh meetings of the Peace Association have been held at Manchester—the primary object being to prevent any augmentation of the naval or military defenses of Great Britain under the apprehension of a French invasion. Messrs. Cobden and Bright made especially, earnest remonstrances, urging strenuously the friendly disposition of the French people, denouncing the British press for its stringent censures of Louis Napoleon, and insisting that the true way to insure the peace of Europe was by abandoning these irritating preparations for war. Mr. Cobden has also published a very able pamphlet, mainly historical, and designed to show that the last long war between England and France was produced by the aggressions and undue pretensions of the English Government, and that the French nation had no desire but that of preserving peace.—Emigration from England to Australia continues to be very large :—nearly a hundred vessels leave English ports for that country every month. The entire emigration from England during the past year exceeds three hundred thousand.—Four members of the House of Commons have been unseated, on the report of a Select Committee, on proof of having obtained their seats by bribery.—Captain Parry is turning his exploration of the Arctic regions to practical profit, having made arrangements for establishing a colony in Northumberland Inlet.—Application was made to the English court, on the 17th, by the French Government, for the delivery of the will and codicils of Napoleon Bonaparte : the delivery was ordered.—The steamer Victoria was wrecked between Liverpool and Dublin, and above seventy lives lost.

FRANCE.

The marriage of the Emperor and the meeting of the Legislative Assembly, are the events by which the month has been marked in France. On the 22d of January the Senate, Assembly, and Council of State met at the Tuileries, and were addressed by the Emperor in person, who said he had come to announce his marriage. The union he was about to contract, he said, was not in accordance with the traditions of the ancient policy, and there is its advantage. Every wise government would seek to replace France within the pale of the old monarchies : but this could be more surely attained by a straight-forward and frank policy, by good faith in its transactions, than by royal alliances which create false security, and substitute frequently interests of family in place of the national interests. The examples of the past, moreover, he said, had left superstitious beliefs in the public mind. Foreign princesses, during the last seventy years, had mounted the throne only to see their race deposed and proscribed by war or revolution. One woman alone had seemed to carry blessings in her train, and to live more than others in the memory of the people ; and that woman, the modest and estimable wife of General Bonaparte, was not the issue of royal blood. Referring to the marriage of Napoleon with Maria Louisa, as a satisfaction to French pride, the Emperor went on to say, that "when in the face of ancient Europe, a man is borne by the force of a new principle to the lofty level of the old dynasties, it is not by the adjunction of a coat of arms drawn from remote antiquity, and by seeking at any cost introduction into the family of kings, that he assures his acceptance. It is rather by never ceasing to remember whence he springs, by preserving his individual character, and by accepting frankly, in his relations with Europe, the position of *parvenu*—a glorious title when one has started up by virtue of the free suffrage of a great people." He had therefore considered his marriage simply a private affair. The selection of the person was all that remained. The object of his choice was of high birth—French by affection and education, and possessing, as a Spaniard, the advantage of not having a family upon which it would be necessary to confer honors and dignities. "Endowed with all the qualities of the soul, she will be the ornament of the throne, and in the day of danger she would become one of its courageous supporters." The Emperor, after some other phrases of commendation, announced that he should soon present the Empress to the people and the army ; and that when they came to know her, they would be convinced that this time also he had been inspired by Providence. The lady in question was Mdlle. de Montijo, the Countess of Teba, descended from a Scottish family who settled in Spain. The civil marriage was celebrated at the Tuileries on the 29th of January, and the religious ceremonies took place the next day, which was Sunday, at Notre Dame. Very extensive preparations had been made for the occasion, and the display was one of the finest ever witnessed in France. The details of course would be of little interest here. The Emperor signalized his marriage by pardoning 4312 per-

sons who were suffering banishment or imprisonment for political offenses: the list, however, contains no names but those of obscure participants in the alleged disturbances, and is said to embrace several women and one child of fourteen years old. It excites comment as showing the actual rigor and recklessness by which the Emperor's rule has been marked. All the banished generals and all the men of note who were proscribed after the events of December, 1851, are still under the ban. Over a thousand political prisoners are still unpardoned. And their number has been considerably augmented by the sweeping arrest on the night of the 5th of February of thirty or forty gentlemen, who were suspected by the Government of being the secret Paris correspondents of Belgian, Swiss, German, and Italian journals, and of having put in circulation rumors unfavorable to the character of the new Empress. This arbitrary arrest, effected in the night, and without due process of law, or the slightest proof of offense, created a good deal of dissatisfaction and affected the funds temporarily.—The Legislative Assembly met on the 14th of February, and with the other bodies was addressed by the Emperor in a brief, but emphatic speech. He said that calm had not been disturbed within the year: the law, in resuming its empire, had allowed the return to their homes of a majority of the men who were made the subjects of necessary rigors: the riches of the nation have increased: the activity of labor had developed itself in every branch of industry: the form of Government had been changed without any shock: great works have been undertaken without any new tax or loan: peace had been maintained without weakness; all the powers have recognized the new Government: and France now has institutions which may defend themselves, and the stability of which does not depend upon the life of a man. "These results," says the Emperor, "have not cost great efforts, because they were in the minds and for the interests of all. To those who would doubt their importance, I will reply, that scarcely fourteen months ago France was delivered up to the hazards of anarchy. To those who may regret that a wider field has not been given to liberty, I will reply, that liberty, has never aided in founding a durable political edifice; it crowns it when it has been consolidated by time. Let us, besides, not forget that the immense majority of the country has confidence in the present and faith in the future; there still remain incorrigible individuals, who, forgetful of their own experience, of their past errors, and of their disappointments, obstinately persist in paying no attention to the national will, deny the reality of facts, and in the midst of a sea which every day lowers more and more, call for tempests in which they would be the first to be swallowed up. These occult proceedings of the different parties serve no purpose but to show their weakness, and the Government, instead of being disturbed at them, only think of governing France and tranquilizing Europe." The Government would devote to useful purposes all the resources of the country, and prove to the most incredulous that when France expresses her formal intention to remain at peace, it may be believed, for she is strong enough not to deceive any one. The public revenues have increased: the financial position of the country has never been better for the last twenty years; and the army reduced by thirty thousand men last year, is about to be reduced by twenty thousand more. Most of the laws to be presented will not go beyond present exigencies; let us, therefore, he adds, persevere in this course of firmness and moderation, which reassures without irritating, which leads to good without violence, and so prevents all reaction.

SOUTHERN AND EASTERN EUROPE.

An insurrection broke out at Milan on the 6th of February, news of which for a time created general interest in England and other countries, inasmuch as circumstances seemed to indicate that it might be the initial step of a general revolutionary movement on the Continent. This belief was strengthened by the fact that proclamations were circulated from Mazzini and Kossuth—the former addressed to the Italian people, and calling upon them to join in a new crusade for freedom; and the latter to the Hungarian soldiers in the Austrian army, calling upon them to make common cause with the Italians, as both countries were united in political interests. The outbreak itself was partial, and was very speedily suppressed, with the loss of but few lives, by the Austrian troops. Kossuth subsequently pronounced the proclamation circulated in his name to be a forgery, and expressed his opposition to the Milan insurrection, or to any similar outbreak, which could be only local and partial in its effect, and thus lead to no good result. Martial law had been proclaimed in Milan, and a number of executions had taken place.

In HUNGARY the feeling of discontent with the Austrian rule is rapidly gaining strength. Writers in the direct interest of the Government state that its recent action has been received with the most unmistakable dissatisfaction—that a revolutionary net is undoubtedly spread over the whole country, and that upon any movement in any part of Europe the masses of the people would act precisely as they did in 1848. In the Southern Sclavonic provinces great discontent prevails. An attempt was recently made at Vienna, by a Hungarian, to assassinate the Emperor of Austria. The details of the crime have not been made public. The wound inflicted, however, was slight, and the assassin was immediately secured.

From TURKEY, in regard to the Montenegrin war, of which we spoke in our last Record, no decisive intelligence has been received. At the latest dates Montenegro was invested on all sides by a Turkish force, amounting to 44,000 men. Both parties had met with reverses; but there had been a steady gain on the side of the Turks. Alarmed at this, and perhaps desirous of effecting other objects, Austria, under the pretense of protecting her frontier, has dispatched thither large bodies of troops, mainly from Vienna. The march of the Russian corps for the scene of action is also confirmed; and other Russian forces were expected in Wallachia. Omar Pacha has addressed a proclamation to the insurgent districts, informing the Montenegrins that they may purchase peace by submission. He offers them religious liberty, with the right of electing their own judges and magistrates, subject to the control of the Pacha of Scutari; and he promises that no taxes shall be imposed except to maintain these officials, whose duty it will be especially to protect the poor; while the Montenegrins will be expected to protect the frontier. There is nothing in the proclamation about giving up arms. Meanwhile, until answers should be received, operations were suspended. Austria, meantime, has sent an embassador to Constantinople to offer her offices as mediator.

Editor's Table.

GHOST STORIES—or Tales of *Ghostly* Apparitions—have ever been regarded as forming a legitimate part of our more serious, as well as our lighter literature. A portion of the pages of this Magazine has been frequently devoted to it, and, we think, for the benefit as well as for the pleasure of our readers. Severe critics might condemn some particular tales, and still more severe critics might, perhaps, be disposed to rule out the whole department of ghostly narrative, whether given as true or fictitious, on the ground of evil tendency; yet we can only say, that while we might gratefully assent to the candid strictures of the one class, we could never yield to the sweeping demands of the other. The writings of this kind that have been given to the public in the pages of this Magazine, have been of three different classes. They have consisted, in the first place, of narrations of ghostly appearances, either supposed to be true or to have a sufficiency of evidence demanding, at least, a philosophical investigation; or, secondly, they have been *fictions*, known as such, yet designed to present the subject in its more serious aspects; or they have been, in the third place, tales of a lighter character, intended by their sportive denouement to bring into merited contempt, not the absolute truth of ghostly apparitions, but the absurd and trifling evidence on which such appearances are sometimes credited.

In all these ways the cause of truth, and even of religion, instead of being injured, may be actually promoted, if care is taken not to give too much prominence to a Sadducean skepticism, on the one hand, or to revolting forms of alleged ghostly experiences on the other. On the question, how far, in the selections or original tales furnished for this Magazine, either extreme has been shunned, the conductors would cheerfully submit themselves to all fair and candid criticism. Errors may doubtless be pointed out, but to have ignored this whole field could not have been justly demanded, either on the ground of a pure literature or a sound morality.

Such tales, it is often said, are injurious to the young, and they should, above all things, be carefully kept from the minds of children. Doubtless the excessive, the revolting, the terrifying, the deeply exciting in this department of literature, may disturb the healthy balance of the soul, and produce, in other respects, some of the most incurable mental disorders. And yet there is a counter evil which is equally, and in some ages, we think, even more to be dreaded. We mean the Sadducean feeling which *must* grow up, when from the very cradle, a hard, dry naturalism is ever being drilled into the young soul, and the ineffaceable impression produced that nothing is true, nothing real, nothing rational, that can not be felt, or grasped, or handled, or reduced to the conditions of the most ordinary experience in time and space, and measurable materiality. In the instruction of children all should be real. A most important truth indeed! But what is reality? Have our sober rationalists settled the bounds of this wide field, and truly determined that among the realities of the soul, and the soul's destiny, the vivid exercises of the imagination have no place and no office for which they are to be carefully and religiously trained? Even at the risk of excessive and morbid emotion, this department of the soul needs cultivation as well as the other spiritual faculties; and woe to the age in which it is *wholly* neglected, for the sake of an arid scientific tangibility, or a hardening of the understanding which calls itself rational, when it has shut out from the mind's contemplation whatever gives that rationality its highest value. Especially may this be said of that exercise of the imagination which connects our thoughts with the other world, and the belief in present surrounding spiritual existences. Mischievous as may sometimes be a morbid fondness for the ghostly and the supernatural, we may well doubt whether all the stories of haunted castles, and all the tales of demonology and witchcraft that ever came from the most weird imagination, could possibly breed so monstrous a lie in the human soul, as those books which are ever canting about "physical laws," and that system of instruction which boasts of explaining every thing on "scientific principles," to the entire exclusion of the imaginative, the romantic, the mysterious, or, in other words, of every immaterial power and entity that can not be brought within its dynamical formulas. It may well be doubted, we say, whether all the horrors of the worst novels of Mrs. Radcliffe or Maturin could ever exert so baleful an influence upon the mind as such an exclusive training. If compelled to choose between the two poisons, we do not hesitate to avow it—we would much prefer The Mysteries of Udolpho, or the Romance of the Pyrenees, as reading books for schools, to Spurzheim's Phrenology, or Combe's Constitution of Man.

The old ghostly legend, too, as it has been presented in all ages of the world, is so very different a thing from that naturalizing spiritualism which now prevails under the name of "spiritual rappings," that we can not help regarding the former as one of the best antidotes against many of the absurdities and fooleries that are connected with the latter. Any one who will carefully study the alleged modern phenomena, must see that it is all sheer naturalism, under an assumed spiritual form. It is a rank Sadduceism, that impudently pretends to be converted to a belief in spirits and devils of its own raising. Its warmest defenders make a merit of it, that the whole affair is strictly physical, and as far as it is so we have no wish to deny its facts or its proofs. As involving certain alleged questions of science, let it have the most thorough investigation. But aside from this, instead of cultivating the imagination, or enhancing its religious awe, which was always more or less the effect of the old ghostly tales, the whole tendency of this new form of demonology, or as we might better call it, naturalizing devilism, is to harden, dry up, unspiritualize, or, to employ a term which we have borrowed and used before, to de-religionize to an incurable degree the human soul. In the ghostly legend, on the other hand, that has sprung from real ghostly appearances, or has had its fictitious birth in the moral, in distinction from the mere naturalizing imagination, there has ever been an element of religion, and of religious accountability. Amid all its gross superstitions the *moral*, in some form, was ever predominant over the *physical*. The old ghosts preached retribution, they divulged crimes, they warned men of a judgment to come; the modern spirit-rappers gabble about "electricity," and "progress," and "physical laws," and a "new light," that is ever about to break, and yet never dawns upon the world. The former school of ghostly vision may

often, in its ignorance, have spiritualized nature; to the latter has been reserved the awful blasphemy of naturalizing spirit.

It is not, however, the actual truth, or the measure of actual truth, in particular ghostly legends, that constitutes their chief value for the philosophic mind. It is rather their inseparable connection with the solemn dogma of a future life, or the soul's independent existence after death, in a separate spirit-world as truly real as this world of flesh and blood; and it is in this aspect, mainly, that we would devote a few remarks to a topic of so much literary as well as philosophic and religious interest.

Ghosts and ghost-seeing have belonged to all ages, to all nations, to all conditions of mankind. If of any thing it may be said that it has been held *always, every where*, and by *all*, it might surely be affirmed of this inseparable characteristic of humanity. Instead of the inquiry—When and where, and under what circumstances has it been the most prevalent, the proper questions would rather be—When has the human race been without it? In what part of the world, in what period of human history, has there ever existed a race who did not believe in a ghostly life? What language is there whose texture would not be most seriously marred, if not wholly broken up, should there be taken from it every term in which there is directly expressed, or indirectly implied, the reality of such a dogma?

This idea of a ghostly life—whence came it? Philosophy did not invent it; neither can she prove it. Instead of making more clear, she has rather shed darkness over what lies distinctly in the human thought and the human conscience. Science has not discovered it by any process of experiment or induction. Sense is opposed to it. Scripture does not reveal it; but every where assumes the belief, and the reality it represents, as inseparable from all serious thinking, and implied in the lowest elements of any thing that may be called spiritual religion. Whence came it then? There can be but one answer to the question. It is coeval with the origin of our humanity. It has been in the world ever since man was born into it. It came to him with that Divine breath through which he first became a "living soul;" or it was imparted by primitive outward revelation, in that fresh morning of the race, when all of our humanity was yet bound up in "one bundle of life," and the voice of the Lord, sounding through all the chambers of the soul, produced that vivid thought of immortality which no subsequent individualization, or degeneracy of the individual man, could ever wholly destroy;—or as we might say in other words, it was so stamped upon our most inward generic being, as never afterward to leave the human family, or any portion of them, however far they might wander, however low they might sink, however wild and absurd the conceptions which they might in the course of time connect with the original communication.

We go not to philosophy, then, for our belief in a future state, or a separate ghostly life. The clear traces of it to be found among the rudest savages furnish a far stronger argument than ever she has devised—an argument that derives strength from the very fact that so far from being the product of any abstract reasoning, it is even directly opposed to sense. Why does the poor, dark, Esquimaux cling so undoubtingly to his traditionary dogma of a spiritual existence? He can not define a single term that he employs respecting it. Press him for their meaning, he runs down at once to crude material conceptions; and yet with what an unloosening grasp does he hold on to the unknown spirituality they represent. Logic, argument, reason, are not for him. He walks by sense, and sense, should he follow it here, would teach him that when he *sees* the breath depart from the poor wasted body, and all that *looked* like life dissolve into the surrounding air, there was an end of the man. When he has burned it upon the pyre, or buried it in the snow, or frozen earth, it disappears from all human view. It is no longer *seen*, nor *heard*, nor *felt*. "The place thereof knoweth it no more." And yet, without any remembered revelation, written or verbal, that he can trace—without reason—in the utter darkness of sense, and even in opposition to what dim light it may afford—in the face of all that he can denominate experience, he still follows the outgoing spirit with a belief in its continued separate existence, all the stronger from its being one which he would find it utterly impossible for him to explain to himself or others. In all psychology there is not another fact so wonderful.

He finds, too, in his rude language, a name for soul, as distinct, as independent, as much denoting an original acknowledged entity, as the word for body. Whence it came he knows not. Of any remote period, or distant land, in which his forefathers may have first employed it, he has no conception. He only feels that there is somehow in his nature as deep a need for such an utterance as for aught that falls within the world of sense. It is generally one of the most euphonic words in his harsh and barren dialect, as though it had come wafted from some primeval fount of harmony, or the very thought associated with it had an influence in tuning it to a higher and sweeter melodiousness. And so we may say of every tongue, whether barbarous or refined. We could almost affirm, *a priori*, that there is no language under heaven in which the word for soul is not both grand and musical. However varied its radical etymology, it is ever clear, and distinct, and sonorous, as though the very sound were to be symbolical of the primitive clearness, and distinctness, and universality of the belief which it represents. It is liquid and clear, like the English *soul*, or the German *Seele;* it is round and full and startling, like the Saxon *ghost;* it has the musical softness of the Latin *anima*, or the Greek *psyche* or *pneuma;* it has the euphonic grandeur of the Hebrew *ruah* or *neshâmâh;* or it is some grave, sweet, word of soothing, yet mournful, melody like the Choctaw *shilombish*.

By a psychological necessity which underlies all language, such term presents primarily a material conception; but this is ever of the most ethereal kind. Be it air, be it fire, be it the supposed fifth essence of the ancient, or the electricity of the modern mind, it ever comes as near as it can to the thought of absolute immateriality; thus showing what, for the want of a better term, we may call the instinct of the undeveloped reason, or the strong grasp the mind has upon that spiritual *idea*, or idea of spirit, of which every *conception* of the sense is found to be a more or less inadequate representative. But whether *conceived* of as material or not, it is still something supposed to be separate from that bodily organization which is decomposed in death. It is something that *goes forth*, and not only goes forth like the breath, but *continues* a separate and distinct entity. There is the yielding of the spirit, the "giving up of the ghost," the same expression that is to be found so frequently in our Bible, and which, or something equivalent to it, is perhaps to be traced in every language spoken by men. Every where are there the same metaphors connected with the pheno-

mena of dissolution, and significant, in a similar manner, of a surviving reality. Death is an *analusis*, or the separation of two things that had been long and intimately allied. It is an "unclothing," a laying aside of the "garment of the flesh," a departure from "the house of clay." It is a going home, a being "gathered to the fathers," a journey to Hades —that world *unseen*, though ever *believed* in spite of sense, and in opposition to all its phenomena. Every tongue has its terms expressive of the strongly imagined contrast between the abandoned earthly tenement and the winged spiritual inhabitant that has taken its flight to the skies above, or to some far distant "isles of the blessed"—

> "Whose fields beyond the swelling flood
> Stand dressed in living green."

Such figures are not the invention of the poet—we might almost say that they are innate in human speech. In the use of them, Pindar, and Homer, and the rude bard of the Hurons, are no more original than Watts or Wesley. The very materiality of the conceptions, we repeat it—and the truth is so important that it will bear to be repeated—shows the strength of the great idea. They are so at war with all that is visible in the phenomena of dissolution, that they must have been forced upon the human imagination by something higher and stronger than ever came either from sense or reasoning.

A similar and most striking proof of the same position may be derived from the readiness and facility with which children not only believe, but find a place in their minds for all that is told them about the soul. They might easily propose questions—and they sometimes do propose questions—which we are sadly puzzled to answer; but still no abstract difficulty stands in the way of their readily taking the notion we wish to convey. So quickly, indeed, do they seize it, that it would really seem as though we had been only unlocking the chambers of their own soul, and letting out one of its own slumbering innate ideas.

It is also a fact to be noted that, as far as we can trace it in human speech, death is seldom, if ever, characterized by a term etymologically signifying an extinction or *cessation* of existence. Even such as might seem the nearest to it, like the Latin *interitus* (*intereo* or *pereo*) denote a *passing through* or *over*, or out of one state into another, rather than any absolute end of being. And so every where. It is a *change*, a *departure*, a *transit*, an *exodus* or *exit*, a *transformation*. That early and beautiful fable of Psyche, or the Butterfly, has left its traces every where upon the language as well as the mythologies of mankind.

The phraseology, too, which is employed of the body undergoes a remarkable change after the period of dissolution. The material part is immediately addressed, or spoken of, by the impersonal pronoun. It is no longer *he* or *she*, but *it*. The personal epithets cease to be applicable. They belong to the soul, and have gone off with it. In a well-known passage, Socrates is represented as gently reproving his friend, and cautioning him not to speak of burying *him* (Socrates), but of burying his body, as being that alone of which such language could then be used. The rudest savage has the same thought; and it is the same spiritual instinct, if we may so call it, which has led to a like modification, or change of terms, in his own barbarous, yet soul-developed dialect.

In view of facts and considerations like these, what else can we say but that such belief in a ghostly life, and ghostly appearances is a part of our very humanity. Whether ghost-seeing in this world be ever an objective reality, or, in every case, a subjective affection of the supposed percipient, does not affect its important bearing upon the great doctrine of a separate spiritual existence. Be it imagination; yet such an uniformity in the imaginations and imaginings of men, of all men, of all classes of men, of all ages, must have proceeded from something so strongly implanted as to be inseparable from the human mind, in other words, belonging to its very constitution or nature itself. And then, this proved or admitted, the argument is irresistible. An interest so universal, so unfailing, so ever rising up and sustaining itself against the counter-influences of a world of sense and matter, must have somewhere an outward objective reality in the end—must render certain in some way a destined future existence of the race possessing it. To conclude otherwise, would be to violate the first law of the naturalist himself—it would be in opposition to all that reasoning from fitness and adaptedness, which scientific men are so fond of presenting, and so ingenious in carrying out in every other department. The prophet suggests to us the argument in its simplest yet most convincing form, although he applies it to another purpose. "Yea, the stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed times, and the turtle, the crane, and the swallow, observe the time of their coming." Where is the man of science who from the bare knowledge of such facts in natural history would not decide with a confidence admitting of no peradventure, that there must be for the possessors of these instincts, a warmer clime, a more sunny residence, in which they have their satisfaction and development. How much stronger the argument, from the universal human instinct, for that "other land," that more "genial home" of the soul's migration, without which human life is a problem, an enigma, more dark than any that science has ever undertaken to solve. Nature never errs, says the naturalist; her lowest types have a significance for which science may seek with the fullest confidence of reward. With what a power of meaning, then, should come home to our souls the appeal of the Psalmist—"Lord, hast thou indeed made man in vain?"

The outward forms of human life have varied endlessly, but the drapery with which the imagination, if it be the imagination, invests the ghostly state, has ever possessed a wondrous uniformity We are apt to think that ghost seers, and ghost stories, are mainly modern. No doubt the sombre mediæval period, with its strange mixture of a semi-pagan, semi-Christian mythology, had a peculiar tendency to multiply them. Certain views of the Church during the same period (views of which we can not now say whether we have gained or lost in wholly rejecting them) contributed greatly to the same effect. But still nothing was introduced which was essentially new. It may be admitted, too, that ghost-seeing was not so much a peculiarity of the Greek, as of the Roman, or the Christian period; and yet the same features are to be traced in all accounts of the kind. In ancient times as well as modern, ghosts ever appeared by night; they ever vanish mysteriously at the first symptoms of the dawn; they ever "fade at the crowing of the cock."

> "This warning heard,
> The wandering spirit ever starts and hies
> To his confine."

There is ever the same flitting, unearthly motion, the same mysterious voice, on the utterance of which no organs are perceived to move. There is

the same pale raiment, the same fear-inspiring aspect, the same undefined and vanishing form. Most remarkable, too, is the harmony in some of the accompanying superstitions. In the poems of Homer and of Hesiod there is noted the same strange recognition of ghosts by the animal creation, which we find in the German and Scottish legends. Through some mysterious instinct the ghostly presence is known to the dog or the horse even before it becomes objective to the human organs. The custom of burying, instead of burning, may have so affected the imagination as to have produced some variety in the associations connected with modern apparitions; and yet we learn from the highest authority, that even among the Greeks, who consumed the body to ashes, there prevailed the same belief of ghosts hovering round the cemeteries of the dead. Plato uses it, in his argument, as a well-established fact which no one would call in question. Some spirits, he says, are so earthly—through long sensuality they have so much of the flesh cleaving to the very soul, that they can not rise and get away to the more ethereal region. They still hanker after this world. Through the fear of Hades, or the invisible, they are drawn back again to the visible, the material, the sensual; and of these, as is usually said, are the spirits that still haunt the sepulchres and monuments of the dead. The fact is so far settled that it has in modern times furnished one of the problems of science. The acute Reichenbach attempts to account for it on natural principles, but with a want of success which shows, we think, that the question belongs to a higher sphere than the philosophy of odic forces.

In respect to the general fact of ghostly apparitions in the ancient world—and it is this class we now mainly have in view—we may find the most abundant evidence in the poets, who are far to be preferred to the philosophers as interpreters of the common mind. We might refer the reader to Homer's wondrously graphic account of the appearance of the ghost of Patroclus to the mourning Achilles, or to Virgil's affecting picture of the interview between Æneas and the shade of Creusa, or the still more vivid account of the visit of the departed Anchises to his desponding son. In reading, too, the terrific representation which Æschylus gives of the ghost of Clytemnestra urging on the swart fury-hounds to pursue with vengeance her matricidal murderer, we might almost fancy that we have before us some of the most striking scenes of the modern English and German tragedy. Orestes is metamorphosed into Hamlet, Clytemnestra into Lady Macbeth, the Œdipus of Sophocles into King Lear; and we are at a loss to decide whether it would be more proper to say that Shakspeare had copied the Greek poets, or they had exhibited, in their supernatural and ghostly pictures, some of the most peculiar traits of the Shakspearian drama.

But aside from the poets, we have direct prosaic accounts of spiritual apparitions related as actual facts, and with all the sobriety and circumstantiality of the most modern narrative. Our time and space will barely permit us to allude to one or two. In the letters of the Younger Pliny there is one of the most graphic narrations of a ghostly appearance to be found on record. The author was a skeptic of the extreme Epicurean school, and yet he tells the story with a sobriety, and a solemnity even, which leaves no doubt of the deep impression it had made upon his own mind. It might be entitled "*The Haunted House at Athens*," and could we regard it as pure invention, the unimaginative Pliny would almost be entitled to rank, in this respect, with Mrs. Radcliffe or Sir Walter Scott. We can only give the outlines. A spacious old mansion at Athens had long possessed an evil ghostly repute. Sounds were often heard in the deep silence of the midnight hour. The clanking of chains resounded amid its dreary and deserted vaults—first heard faintly at a distance, then increasing and coming nearer and nearer, until it denoted the approach, and next the presence, of the pale yet gory apparition. One occupant after another had been banished by its overpowering terrors. After standing a long time tenantless, it is bought cheap by the philosopher Athenodorus, for the very purpose of testing by his own experience the truth of these stories, and giving a striking proof of the triumph of philosophy over superstition. He commands his bed to be prepared in the principal apartment. He is furnished with his writing style and tablets, that no vacancy of mind might produce delusions of the sense, or give birth to imaginative terrors. But all is of no avail. At the usual hour the signal sounds are heard far down below, and, as they draw near, the effort is redoubled to keep his eye and mind intently fixed upon his scientific antidote. But on they come. Now they are heard in the next apartment. Immediately they are on the threshold. The unwelcome visitor stands before him, and beckons with his gory hand. The philosopher applies himself still more earnestly to his studies; but the renewed and angry clanking of the chains takes no refusal. He rises at last and follows the apparition. The inexplicable power of the dead over the living is felt by the sage, as well as by the slave or the peasant. There is, however, no need of proceeding farther with the story. We have only introduced it because of its antiquity, and its striking resemblance to modern narratives of the kind. It has the usual ending which is so frequent in all similar cases. The ghost leads him through the desolate apartments. It stops, at last, over a certain spot in the court-yard, and then vanishes. The place is marked; and the next day, on digging down, there are found the mouldering bones of one supposed to have been long since murdered. These are honorably interred, and the house is ever afterward free from its unearthly visitant.

This has all the appearance of a common ghost story. But by far the most remarkable of all the ancient narratives is that of the appearance of Cæsar's spirit to Brutus before the battle of Philippi. Here there is no vulgar clanking of chains, or vanishing into vaults; but, on the other hand, seldom has there been condensed in so brief a tale so much of the heroic and sublime. It derives, too, an interest of the highest kind from the character of its principal actor. That a Platonist should see spirits is in harmony with the nature of his philosophy. That the infidel Epicurean should be frightened by them, is no more than what we might expect from one of that shallow and boasting creed. It was perfectly natural that Hobbes should not have dared to sleep without a light through fear of hobgoblins. But here we have the Stoic—yea a Stoic of the Stoics—the stern, unfearing Brutus. Has *he* fallen a victim to nervous tremors, or to that *perturbationi animi* which the Stoics affirmed could never happen to the "wise man?" But for the story. The conciseness of Plutarch's narrative is in keeping with the moral sublimity of the account. Brutus sat reading in his tent at the third watch of the night. While thus engaged, the writer tells us, he felt a sensation as of some one approaching. Lifting his eyes to the entrance, he sees a strange and fearful visage. "Who art thou—man

or god? and on what errand dost thou come?" A hollow voice replied—"I am thy Evil Genius, Brutus. Thou shalt see me at Philippi." "I will see thee there," says Brutus. The ghost departed, and the Stoic patriot turned him again to his book. It was the brief appointment of two stern foes—one in the flesh, the other an inhabitant of the ghostly world—yet neither of whom had time or words to waste in useless speech, or empty ceremony.

Almost every reader must be familiar with Shakspeare's representation of this scene. We will conclude our homily on ghosts, by giving a version of it from Cowley's Ode to Brutus, which is probably less known, although among the finest gems of English poetry:

"Ill Fate assum'd a body thee t' affright,
And wrapt itself in terrors of the night.
'I'll meet thee at Philippi,' said the sprite,
'I'll meet thee there,' saidst thou,
With such a voice, and such a brow,
As put the trembling ghost to sudden flight.
It vanish'd as a taper's light
Goes out when spirits appear in sight.
One would have thought 't had heard the morning crow,
Or seen her well appointed star
Come marching up the eastern hill afar."

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE new year thrives like the old one, and spreads luxuriance, and wealth, like a carpet. The gold comes on in floods; steamships multiply week by week; banks rise up at street-corners like Aladdin palaces; new stocks cumber the brokers' lists; new equipages throng the streets; new bonnets greet the April sunshine; new firms grace the brown fronts of Courtlandt-street; new debts and profits quicken the stir of trade; and new churches—here and there—lift a warning finger of stone, from this ripening world, to the world that is ripening above.

Seriously, for a moment—if we in our careless way, and with a cigar upon our lips, can hazard a serious reflection—whither is all this growth, and quick succulence of the opening year to tend? Is moderation all gone by? Will the fast Californians trample us down utterly? Is a man good for nothing, if he win no coat of gold? Is steam to drive our quiet coaching to the wall? Must ships tear their rent through ocean at fifteen knots the hour, or be condemned?

Where is old, slow-paced learning to stand if it stands at all? And what, pray, is to become of ancient quietude of manner and of life? For ourselves, we feel out of breath. We grow afraid to show our thread-bare coat in the street. We hide our old books. We blush for our old silver tea-set. We fear the contrast even of our plain-bound Bible with some new Scriptural book, or the lectures of some new Dr. —— Parker.

"FAST," is the word: and it irks us terribly. Society is tumbling "ahead" neck and heels. We grow dizzy with watching it. We seek for quiet streets, where we may stretch our office limbs into healthful warmth, and we are horrified with some new line of omnibuses, or crazed by the infernal music of some "fine, athletic company of target-shooters." Our old friends that we counted on, four years back, for a quiet sit-down, or a cheerful rubber at whist, in a cosy parlor, twelve by fifteen, have all moved up town, equipped their daughters with guitars, and grown bloated with "Caloric," or with "Spirits."

The terrible glitter of the mines has crept into every fashion of life; tables glitter with galvanized plate; hotels glitter with vanity-teaching mirrors; boats glitter with chandeliers and stained glass; churches glitter with guilt crosses, and *guilty* clergy; wives glitter in showy diamonds and daughters; and home itself is glittering with this awful gold-guiltiness!

Seriously, is it not time to think whether we are upon the whole, making the new-coming wealth count toward the healthy development of character, and to the permanence and the advancement of what is most prized in domestic and in social life? Are we not, between steam and gold, growing into a mechanical and outside life—very rapid, to be sure, and very splendid; but not doing much to ennoble taste, and to build up those best bulwarks of any really strong people—cheerful and contented firesides?

Take your hair-brained Californian, steaming away from all the influences of the good old estate, and making money, and modeling character, among unshaven gold-diggers, and godless gamblers—with not so much religion about him as "sees God in clouds," and in what way does he grow fitting to be father of honest citizens?

Or, Mr. Crœsus, consider your daughter, whom you have cloaked in bedizenments that outshine every neighbor's daughter, making all your earnestness tend toward shrewd investments, and offering all your home-thought as a sacrifice to the Moloch of mammon. Are you kindling in your child such aspirations, or such quiet virtues, as will make her the mother of any Washington, or indeed of any good fellow whatever?

Is there not something earnest in life, after all, besides steam and besides gold; or even besides Caloric, and railroads? If one might judge by the papers nowadays, and their paragraphs, he might think there was not. Take up any journal you please, and how much will you find in it, dear madam—or dear reader of any sort—to stir a man's soul into a quicker and keener relish for the true refinements of life and of manners?—how much to stimulate to a bolder and sterner study of duty and to an ambition for that eminence which grows out of duty performed?—how much to chasten one's thoughts of life and its tasks; and to lighten its humblest phases with that dignity which grows out of cultivation and content?

On the other hand, scarce a column but will incite madly the thirst for that species of eminence which comes by wealth, and for that enterprise which braves all risks for its attainment. We are preaching like an old man, we know: but old men are growing rarer every day; and we cling to our pleasant privilege of garrulity while we may. Life hums and dashes by our dusty office window with a sad, exultant monotone; cabs and cars and biers, and target men and men in gigs, whirl by, and startle us into such musings as we have written down; while a frail flower, lifting its leaves against the dusty panes, is always a sort of God's voice to us, teaching us those old quiet truths of nature to which we have attuned our homily.

It is done now; and we turn to lighter things.

THE coming up of another Twenty-second of February, (a month gone by when this comes to our reader's eye) revives, spasmodically, our national interest in monuments; but we can not say that the disposition to invest in marble or in statue grows any stronger, with our growing means for making such a monument a worthy one. And historians, fifty years hence, will say, "that in those days (1853)

wealth abounded, and the mansions of the merchants were decorated like the mansions of princes. Rich carriages, and gay liveries were to be seen in all the thoroughfares of the town; yet scarce an effort was made to insure to posterity the perpetuation of those great examples of virtue and of patriotism, which now (thanks to a more generous and far-seeing posterity) are commemorated in our noble statues to Washington, Hamilton, and Franklin."

The Cooper memorial still stands, as it stood upon the evening of the Metropolitan meeting; and the enthusiasm of that night has gone out with the speeches of the time, and with the fading away of that great presence which held the chair. Will not our rich men spend a quiet thought upon the matter—considering, if they will not lend a trifling portion of their current income for such marble investment as shall be repaid on account of the dignity and gratitude of the city? And when some foreign traveler dines off their plate, and drinks of their stock of Burgundy, will it not add to the esteem in which they will desire to be held, if they can take him in their carriage to some rich chiseling of an author whose name is known far and wide, upon the other continent, and say—This is something our artists have done, in memory of Cooper.

Speaking of Cooper, reminds us again of that old, almost baronial place where he lived and died; but which now, unfortunately, has passed out of the name, and having been ransacked by upholsterers and plasterers, is about to change, by our wonderful American metonomy, into a "Cooperstown Boarding-house." It happened to us not long ago, while yet the leaves were green, and the turf half-rooted upon the dead master's grave, to stroll about the precincts of Otsego Hall; to muse among the shrubbery that his hands had planted; to pluck an ivy leaf from the wall that skirted his chamber; and to sigh in the desolate, cold rooms, which so little time ago were made alive with his presence, and cheerful with his hospitality. It is a large, old brick mansion, with baronial-fashioned turrets, and flanking tower; the walls are of a pleasant neutral tint, and hung over here and there with ivies, and creepers, and honeysuckles; the walks twist away easily from the hall-door among dense coppices, which conceal the limited extent of the grounds; and a gun-shot away, the placid Otsego Lake laves the shores of the little town which bore his family name, and mirrors the wooded hills that live in perpetual greenness upon the pages of his story.

The little church, whose decorations had grown under his eye, into English semblance, stands a short way behind the mansion; and between the two are copses of wood, and the graves which hold the man and the wife.

The little town struggles on in its old traffic; and the town's people trade, and eat, and sleep, and go to church, as they have done any time these fifty years; but the town's MAN, who made their little village known over the world, and their lake lisp its eventide ripples in the ears of millions who were born, and will die, thousands of miles away, is gone from them! leaving no weightier tokens among them than a dismantled hall, and a rounded grave.

He may have been cold, and ascetic, and unimpassioned: but a debt is due to his memory, not only by his townsmen, but by his mate-citizens all, which is not paid.

THE new President has spoken caution to the fast spirit of Young America, in the quiet and modest way with which he has made his entry to the capital. Noiselessness often teaches a good lesson; and none need the lesson more than Young Americans. Great strength is always quiet; and conscious power is never boastful. We do not mean to write down any party eulogium, or to magnify the abilities of the new-come magistrate; but we do mean to lend the testimony of our voice in approval of that unostentatious and reserved bearing, which has characterized Gen. Pierce from the very eve of his election. What a quiet satire he has been reading to those mouth-full politicians, who only win notoriety by noisiness, and who, with their bloated concert, have no capacity for solid sound.

And if we had space here, we are not sure but we should run on in another homily, upon that earnestness of life and of character, which needs no bravado and empty cheers, but which achieves success by healthful and quiet action. Young America is by much too fond of elbowing, and steaming, and puffing; and measures strength and speed by the amount of froth and spray that a man leaves in his wake. Let our young ones remember, that our gallant yacht, when she rode by the quickest craft of England, in the Southampton waters, parted the waters *cleanly*, dashing up only a few sparkles at her prow, and leaving not half so many bubbles behind as the clumsy cutters, whose fat sails bellied in her wake.

THE Ericsson ship and its success are still prominent topics in public talk. That a new motive power has come to light under the investigations of the accomplished inventor, no man now appears to doubt. But whether this power shall prove sufficiently effective to propel vessels against wind and tide, so as to compete with our admirable steam-marine, seems quite another question.

The Government has, it appears, made the matter one of serious consideration; and an Ericsson frigate or two are in contemplation. We greatly fear that this announcement will not materially add to public faith in the Caloric engine: the truth is, our government has heretofore shown such unfortunate attachment to unsuccessful experiments in the way of steam-navigation, that its patronage is no longer an *à priori* argument in favor of any invention whatever.

We may be mistaken (we hope sincerely that we are) but we can not now recall the name of any really successful steam-vessel built by Government within the last six or eight years. The Princeton, the Powhattan, the San Jacinto, the Saranac, have all had their mishaps, and their enormous outlays for repairs. Nor do we think that either one of them, at this present writing (although their cost has exceeded, by twenty per cent., that of the mercantile steam-marine), is in such sea-worthy state, as would warrant their connection with any mercantile line out of the port of New York.

These truths are humiliating; but they are not to be slept upon.

IN the way of Opera, the promises for the opening season are magnificent. Maretzek with his old troupe, is to join forces with Alboni (who is a troop in herself), and the throngs of Exhibition lookers-on will be gratified (if they desire) with Opera, throughout the summer.

Madame Sontag, with her winning ways, has kept one of our largest halls full to repletion; and only leaves the city, to make her next welcome an added triumph.

In view of all this devotion to the better kinds of

music, and to the fascinations of an educated voice, it becomes a curious matter of inquiry if the profession of vocalist will not rise to the highest place upon the social scale?

How is it, Mesdames—you who have daughters, supposing them gifted with natural advantages sufficient—would you be willing to educate them for a position which secures such nightly plaudits, to say nothing of a plethoric purse? Or is there something in the publicity of the thing which forbids, and will always forbid, modesty and delicacy to shiver in such open gaze?

Only a few years ago, when most lecturers were mountebanks, and a man of dignity and reputation kept aloof from the employment. But what do we find nowadays? Bancroft and Robert Winthrop, and Mr. Graham, and Dr. Hawks, and we know not how many others, are figuring under the lights of a lecture room; and joining company with the great troop of itinerants. Is any thing kindred supposable of the profession of vocalist; and shall we have by-and-by for our entertainment, a concert in which "those accomplished amateurs, the Misses A——, and Mrs. B——, and the widow C—— will lend their voices to the enchantment of the occasion?"

Or must great genius, if it have the misfortune to be hedged by family associations, slumber in the quietude of the parlor; and the "mute, inglorious" Corinnas or Sontags die without public token of their power? We throw out the hints, not because we have any intention of educating our daughters, Ameliar-Ann, or Maria-Jane, to such a life; but only because the hint flashes upon us, in view of the honors we do, both publicly and socially, to our distinguished vocal guests.

In view of the Great Exhibition, and of the throngs attendant upon it, the city world (well housed in city homes) is curious to know in what quarters the throng will repose itself? Even with the spring influx of trading merchants, our hotels are again gorged; and add them fast and magnificently as we will, the cry is still "All full." How is it that while London and Paris are never (or most rarely) packed to their utmost limits, the stranger must here always bide the inconveniences of a crowd?

The reason lies, as we apprehend, in the prevalence of that taste for glitter and noise, which is growing sadly characteristic of our people. Young men are not content to live in quiet side-streets; or, for that matter, young women either The lodging-houses of London, clean kept and orderly, in all the lanes ramifying from Piccadilly, and Regent-street, and Pall Mall, are unknown to the side-streets of New York. The *maisons garnies* of Paris, with their series of floors, and each floor a home, are as yet unknown here. The hotels proper are encumbered by bachelor residents; and no well known quiet quarters are ready for the quiet-minded strangers.

Is it not worth while to pay a little heed to side tastes, and to give some less pretentious front than graces Broadway, to some orderly and well furnished home for strangers;—such strangers as do *not* come merely to gaze upon the vagrant strollers upon Broadway, and who would love greatly some better type of home in an hotel, than can ever belong to the thronged palaces of our great thoroughfare?

While Mr. Greeley is busy contriving homes for the homeless, would it not be well for some capitalist to contrive a home for the hopeful? Some quadrangular house, with court within, and with Parisian division of apartments, and Parisian *concièrge* at the door, and Parisian ignorance of your neighbor (if you choose it) upon the same floor? Will not our cosmopolitan tendencies lead us to this in time; and is not the time nearly drawn nigh?

With the wet streets of spring-time, when the pavements are slippery, and the crush earnest, comes up the old topic of over-crowded Broadway. What, pray, has become of that old suggestion of the bridges of cast iron, light and elegant, to cross Broadway twice below the Park, as well as Canal and Courtlandt streets? Has any serious objection been urged? Or are we to pin our faith, and all our action, in such matters, to the stale notions of such City Fathers as rob us not only of our pence, but of our pride, and of all our self-respect? Is it enough merely to say, in so many newspaper lines, that the Council is a base one, and that we will have better things, without even an earnest effort in that direction?

Even as we write, we hear tidings of a movement which may, we trust, give to worthier men the keeping of the City Keys.

Just now there is much stir and talk *à propos* of society, and ladies' habits, and balls, and all the littlenesses which go to make what wears the name of Fashion. We fancy that there never existed a more sadly be-written company of ladies than belong to the tea-tables, and salons of New York. Their dresses, their equipages, their hair, their talk, their shop-bills, and their gloves are regular topics for ambitious writers; and strange as it may seem, and unpatriotic as the matter looks, one writer vies with the other—not in praises—but in the harshness of his speech. Under this habit, a sort of fashionable paragraphing is growing up into the stature of a small literature—terribly conventional in its aspect, and bearing all the dead smell which belongs to a last night's ball room, or a faded bouquet.

We notice, in the same connection, that some thriving young Scotchman (he must be very young) has been amusing himself with kindred comment upon the habits and manners of our ladies; and his remarks are so very *naïve* that we venture to transcribe a portion of them:—

"At parties, the ladies wear little jaunty aprons of various kinds of colored silk. There are two little pockets to them, trimmed with lace or gay ribbons. Out of one pocket peeps a beautiful and costly handkerchief, while out of the other peeps a bunch of flowers, giving the wearer a most coquettish appearance, which, to borrow the words of a friend of mine, 'comes round one's heart-strings so.' They do not dress much in white muslins, or other thin material. Silks and satins, of the gayest and dearest kinds, are worn. Their extravagance is prodigious. Here money is made quick, and spent as quickly. I could scarcely believe my eyes when I first walked up Broadway—such dresses, such frizzled, and curled, and pasted back heads of hair—nearly every lady with white, or very light colored kid gloves. Young girls, who ought to have been playing pal-lal in the nursery, dressed up like dolls; their forms pinned up in tight dresses, their hair tortured up by the hair-dresser, screwed, curled and twisted—tight gloves and lovely light boots—any quantity of jewelry, large heavy ear-rings weighing down and putting out of shape their ears: very beautiful to look at, but very sad to think of. I believe there is no city in the world, unless it be Paris, where the women dress themselves up as they do here. They live for dress, and their whole aim is vanity, added to the desire

to get married. The natural consequence is, that they make poor wives, and still poorer mothers; neither mind nor body being adapted for the one or the other. A very few years, and they lose their good looks, and become miserably, prematurely old. I never in my life saw such puny children as the children of American parents. This is no exaggeration.

"There is another custom peculiar to American ladies which I must mention. When a lady is invited to a tea-party, or ball, it is understood, she goes accompanied by a gentleman. If she has no brother, or if she prefer her *beau* instead, she writes a note to him, asking him to accompany her to So-and-so's party. He accepts, and calls for her with a carriage, unless the distance they have to go is short. On arriving at the house, the lady introduces the gentleman. This is the custom of even the highest society. Owing to this, few gentlemen are invited, except such as they particularly wish to make sure of. In dressing for these parties, the American lady uses a white powder which she rubs upon her forehead and other parts of her face, upon her neck and upon her arms. It is rubbed on with a little bit of flannel. This gives the skin an appearance of dazzling brilliancy, beautifully clear and white. They make no secret of using it, bringing their powder-box with them, and putting it on just before entering the room where those gentlemen are, for whom, and in the hope of captivating whom, they thus consent to follow a practice ruinous to their health and constitution, adding to the *present*, but taking from the *future*, beauty of their looks. It is said they look shocking bad when seen the morning after an evening's powdering."

The world is still agog about the Imperial marriage, and we have so many *reckonings* of Her Imperial face (the bride's), and figure, and dress, and character, that the late Montijo has become to us an errant kind of myth. But it is funny that Louis Napoleon, the great subjugator, should have thus fallen victim to a passion, which the world had given him credit for outliving. That any man should be thoroughly in love is funny enough; that a man near fifty should be in love is funnier still; but when that man is Emperor and rake the thing is funniest of all.

We believe the world, however, awards him unanimously the praise of making his marriage an *affaire du cœur*. This is rare enough anywhere; but in the atmosphere of courts is a miracle. We wish well to the Emperor and Empress; and may Heaven grant that the new estate in which he finds himself, may warp his ambition into kindly method; and that new wakened sympathies, may make his soul humane.

AKIN to French subject, is the new-started marvel about a "Bourbon;" which by dint of an ingenious magazinist, pitted by a distinguished Doctor of the Church, has set all the ladies of the country gadding, and gossiping.

All hail to the great Eleazer! He takes his place now in the mammoth metropolitan file of lions, where Kossuth, and the Lind, and Sontag, and Thackeray have gone triumphantly before him. No city in the world, and no people of any city, has such aptitude for these eminent displays of generosity, as the city and people of New-York. We shall look anxiously for subscription lists to the "lost Bourbon" fund; we have expectations of seeing before April is over, a "Bourbon" bonnet; we shall hope to tie our editorial neck about, with an Eleazer cravat; and we commend to Strakosch or any good composer, an "Eleazer Waltz."

Editor's Drawer.

THE habit of betting, or laying wagers, always struck us as, under any circumstances, a very foolish piece of business, to say the least of it: sometimes it is a great deal worse than foolish, being immoral, and oftentimes ruinous to the comfort and peace of individuals and families. A friend of ours revealed a new phase of the passion for betting, in a conversation which we had with him the other morning, which is worth repeating, from the ludicrous result of the wager.

"I was going up the Hudson the other day," said he, "in one of the pleasant little steamers that ply alternately between the eastern and western banks of that noble river, dropping passengers successively at the different pleasant villages on either shore, when my attention was attracted by a singularly dressed person, apparently a gentleman, who was occupying a favorable seat on the promenade deck.

"His linen was white, and well *laundered;* he wore a black coat, well made, and of unexceptionable *matériel;* and a head, of more than common intellectuality, according to the phrenologists, was surmounted by a glossy and fashionable hat; his 'vestment' was of black satin; his shoes were of patent French leather, and as lustrous as his hat. In short, every thing about him was *point-dévice*, with one single exception; and that was a most striking and remarkable one.

"I was presently joined by a friend, whom I had observed looking over the top of a paper which he had been pretending to read, and examining furtively the same discrepancy which had attracted my attention.

"He caught my eye while so engaged, and, with a half-suppressed smile, crossed over to where I was seated, and in an under-tone said:

"'That's a curious specimen of style in dress, isn't it? Did you ever see any thing so ridiculous in your life?'

"'Never!' said I.

"But let us explain in what this discrepancy of which we have spoken consisted.

"Our singular 'stranger' had on a pair of pantaloons that looked as if they had been cast off by some beggar. They were of a pretty-enough pattern, originally, being a medium-sized plaid, of a neutral tint in color that was by no means in bad taste: moreover they had evidently been well made at first; but they were ragged and tangled in looped threads at the bottom of the legs; they were bulged out at the knees, in each of which there were large irregular holes; and from a similar orifice in the rear, something white, as the wearer walked along the deck, dangled like a pocket-handkerchief. It was enough to make a Quaker laugh outright, so grotesque was the appearance of the eccentric stranger.

"He had seen both of us looking at him, as was quite evident from a peculiar expression that came over his face, while we were so engaged, as stealthily, however, as was possible; so we got up and began to promenade the deck, seemingly forgetting that we had been noticing him. At length *he* got up, and began to walk backward and forward also, keeping at the farther end of the promenade-deck from us at each turn. Presently he stopped in the middle of the boat, and waited until we came up. As we were about passing him, he 'motioned as if to speak,' as Hamlet says. We paused.

"'Gentlemen,' said he, in the easy, self-possessed manner of a gentleman, 'I seem to be an object of curiosity to you?'

"We frankly confessed that he was not at all out of the way in his conjecture.

"'You don't like my pantaloons, perhaps? said the 'stranger,' interrogatively.

"'As a mere matter of taste,' replied my friend, 'I should certainly not choose such a pair for myself: *comfort*, however, may be an object, in this hot weather; and as your unmentionables are well-ventilated, this circumstance may have had some influence in your choice of them.'

"'You wouldn't choose such a pair, then? But, sir, suppose you could make a hundred and fifty dollars by it in four months? How would *that* effect you?'

"'Why, I should be very doubtful whether the wearing of such a shabby pair of trowsers would add to the facilities of making money, particularly in Wall-street,' was the reply.

"'*I* have made a 'good thing' of it any how,' he said; and he proceeded to enlighten us as to the *modus operandi*.

"'I was one day looking at some garments in one of the wholesale clothing stores, in a street not far from Broadway, the proprietor of which, in the most polite manner, was doing his best endeavors to serve me. I had selected, for purchase, among other things, these pantaloons; when a friend who had seen me by the open door, came in, asked after my health, and indulged in those meteorological observations which form the staple of common conversation between two meeting friends; and then said, in a tone which must have been deeply offensive to the shopkeeper:

"'You are not going to *buy* those pantaloons, are you? They are made of miserable materials. They won't last you three months!'

"'I replied, that *I* could judge of the quality of a garment, I thought, as well as himself; and that I had already selected, and should certainly purchase the trowsers.'

"'Just as you *like*, of course!' said he, sneeringly; 'but I'll wager you a hundred dollars that if you put them on every day, little wearing to garments as your profession is, that they will be in rags before three months.'

"'Now I could have easily taken, and afterward sneaked out of that bet, by 'putting on' these pantaloons every day, and then taking them off, and worn others: but I scorned so dirty an action. Besides, I had confidence in the trowsers.

"'I'll *take* that bet!' said I.

"'Done!' said he; 'put up your money!'

"'We deposited the stakes in the hands of a third party; and that very afternoon I put on the contemned garment, and have worn it ever since.

"'My friend was right. I had not worn them a week, before the threads began to stretch apart, and the fabric, wherever there was the slightest strain, grew gauzy and thin; and at the end of six weeks there was 'a solution of continuity' in various parts; until at last they have come to be what you now see them.'

"'I trust,' said I, 'that your three months are nearly up?'

"'Yes; as the ghost of Hamlet's father says, 'My hour is almost come;' only three weeks, and I shall be free. But for an indomitable pride, and an even more indomitable will, shame would have compelled me to 'take off my trowsers' four weeks ago; but the idea of being conquered, of being laughed at, and last but not least, of paying the money, kept me true to my wager. If I had not stipulated to 'wear them at all times, as I would any other garment, about my regular business,' I could have kept myself at home, and 'hushed them up;' but that would have violated the agreement. I was a fool to *make* such an engagement, it was true; but I was too stubborn to *break* it, and not mean or knave enough to evade it!'

"Here we came to a landing on the west side of the river, where our friend got off, after bidding us 'good-by,' holding a newspaper behind him, carelessly, as he walked over the gang-plank.

"'This is my first and last bet!' said he, as he started to leave the boat; and we rather think that it *will* be; for the decision was given with an earnestness and unction that could not be mistaken!"

THERE was something rather "Yankee-like," in the conduct of the sailor who was trying to get "picked up," and placed on board a boat full of men, in a storm on Lake Erie; but the men could not take him in without endangering the lives of all on board. For half an hour he hung manfully upon the gunwale, but finally, his strength failing him, he called out to the rowers, who were struggling to reach the shore:

"Hold on, boys! My life is insured for five hundred dollars, and I abandon myself to the Company! Take me on board, and claim salvage!"

"A *Modern Belle*" is artistically and truthfully "served up" in some lines by an American poet, appropriately read at some "Lady's Fair" down East. Among other characteristics cited were the following:

"She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
She is clad in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;
She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles, and winks,
And though she talks but little,
'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

"She lies a-bed in the morning,
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling,
Because she was called so soon.
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still 'fresh' with paint;
Remains of her last night's blushes,
Before she intended to faint!

"She doats upon men unshaven,
And men with "flowing hair;"
She's eloquent over mustaches,
They give such a foreign air!
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon,
And if a mouse were to meet her,
She would sink away in a swoon.

"Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light;
Her color is made of cosmetics,
(Though this she will never own;)
Her body's made mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

"She falls in love with a fellow,
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his—hair!
'One of the very best matches'—
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for her husband,
He's got a fool for a wife!"

"A PASSAGE in your Drawer," writes a Western correspondent, "which gives one or two anecdotes

of clergymen, and the manner of writing and the character of sermons, has suggested to my memory the following, which is, I believe entirely authentic:

A gentleman asked a clergyman for the use of his pulpit for a young divine, a relative of his:

"I really do not know" said the clergyman, "how to refuse you; but if the young man should preach *better* than me, my congregation will be dissatisfied with me afterward; and if he should preach any *worse*, I don't think he is fit to preach *at all!*"

This argument was considered to be so "well put," that the request which had been made was not further insisted upon.

A MORE important invention even than the "*Patent Hen-Persuader*" of a contemporary, is a new "*Patent Mouse-Trap*," which is thus announced in the patent-office specifications, recorded in a former number of an American scientific journal. The improved mode is as follows:

"A piece of toasted cheese is suspended on a hook. Enter rat. A small mirror is so adjusted that the rat sees his shadow in the glass; and not recognizing himself at first sight, thinks that some *other* rat is among the cheese. He rushes in to head off his rival. The board he treads upon is supported by a weak spring, which yields under his weight, and precipitates him into a lower story of the trap, when the door flies back and resumes its place. Another rat comes along, and seeing the reflection of his predecessor as well as his own, and thinking that *two* rats are fighting for the cheese: so in *he* goes and *down* he goes, and is followed by a succession of victims, *ad infinitum!*"

The principle, it will be seen, like that of the "Self-acting Hen-Persuader," is based upon the inductive philosophy, as exemplified in the *acts* of domestic fowls and vermin.

IN one of Sidney Smith's articles in the Edinburgh Review occurs this striking passage:

"*A Hiss* is either foolish, or tremendous, or sublime. The hissing of a goose or a pancake is absurd and ridiculous; the first faint hiss that arises from the extremity of the pit of a theatre, on the first evening of a new play, sinks the soul of the author within him, and makes him curse himself and his Thalia; the hiss of the venomous *cobra di capello* is sublime: *it is the whisper of death!*"

A RARE specimen of "*Homœopathic Beer*" is said to be made in the State of Maine, now that the Liquor-law holds sway in that far-northern region: They catch a sturgeon at the head of the Kennebeck river, in the spring of the year, tie a hop to his tail, and then let him run again. By the time the fish has reached the mouth of the river, the waters are sufficiently tinctured, and good "*small* beer" may be dipped up in any part of the river!

A SOLEMN monitory lesson is happily and forcefully conveyed in these four simple lines:

> "Our life is but a tale, a dance, a dream,
> A little wave, that frets and ripples by;
> Our hopes the bubbles that it bears along,
> *Born with a breath, and broken with a sigh!*"

WHILE the magnificent steamboat *Baltic*, of the Collins line of American steamers, was on her trip up the Potomac river to Washington, some twelve months ago, and had approached near to the town of Alexandria, Virginia, a group of passengers were entertained by the following amusing story, connected with the Town Hall of the place, a large and imposing structure, ornamented with a clock and steeple:

The town had been recently visited by several gamblers from the Southwest, who, like their master the devil, had come thither, "seeking whom they might devour." At length a respectable citizen, in an evil hour, fell into the snare which had been set for him; and after a series of adverse games, carried on on different nights, he found himself fleeced out of the handsome sum of some three thousand dollars and upward. This he was obliged to pay, and *did* pay, although not very willingly, probably. But having "staked his money upon the cast," he was too "honorable," as it is called, not to "stand the hazard of the die." But a lucky thought enabled him to "bring about his revenges."

He had somehow or other ascertained that there was an old law in Virginia, established while she was yet a colony, in which it was "made and provided" that if any man could not show that he was pursuing some "lawful means of obtaining a livelihood," he should be sold, or hired out at auction, to prevent, by his labor, his becoming chargeable to the town. A complaint was therefore immediately entered against the gamester by his victim; he was arrested, tried, and condemned to be sold at public auction.

Here was a dilemma! The gambler was disposed, at first, to treat the whole matter as a joke; but he soon found out his mistake. He was taken to a public stand, "put up" for sale, and the bidding began —the "sale peremptory!" His victim started the bids with:

"One hundred dollars!"

"Two hundred," said the other. And so the gamester and his victim went on bidding, until the amount had reached two thousand dollars, when the former begged to be "let off," pleading poverty: but all would not do. There was no alternative; he must either be forced into a service of degrading labor, under the supervision of a man who had small cause to love him, or he must go on *bidding for himself*, which he was actually compelled to do, until the sum had reached three thousand five hundred dollars, when he was permitted to depart from the town by his persecutor, who gave the proceeds of the sale to the city, which was applied to the building of the steeple and clock of the very town-hall which had attracted the attention of the passengers.

It is said that ever since this occurrence, Alexandria has been considered a very "poor place of business" for the professors of cards and dice.

How much more of true, genuine happiness there would be in the world, if the lesson imparted in the following sentences was more generally heard. Alas! when it is too late; "when the cares and coldness of the world come withering to our hearts, and we learn how hard it is to find true sympathy," then it is, and too often then *only*, that we realize the blessings we have slighted, the opportunities we have wasted:

"How sweet is *social affection!* When the world is dark without, then we have light within. We forget the world, with all its animosities, while blest with social kindness. That man can not be unhappy who has hearts that vibrate in sympathy with his own; who is cheered by the smile of tenderness and the voice of affection. Let the world be dark and cold; let the indifference or hate of men gather about him in the place of business; but when he enters the ark of his own cherished circle, he forgets

all then, and the cloud passes from his brow, and the sorrow from his heart. The warm sympathies of his wife and children dispel every shadow, and he feels a thrill of joy in his bosom, which words are inadequate to express. He who, on the other hand, is a stranger to the joys of social kindness, can not be said to even have *begun* to live."

A RECENT occurrence in Boston, the challenging, by an enraged Italian musician, of an editor of one of the prominent papers of our sister city, and the cool and playful reply which the challenged party returned, reminds us of an amusing circumstance, of a somewhat similar character, which occurred "once on a time" in this State.

Previous to the abolition of the custom of fighting duels in this State by law, a member of our State Legislature challenged a brother member to "mortal combat," for some offensive words which he had used in relation to him, in the course of an exceedingly angry debate.

The challenge was at once accepted; but as the choice of weapons and place rested with the challenged party, he chose broad-swords, and the parties were to stand, one on *one* side of the Mohawk, and the other on the *other!*

"That is simply absurd," replied the "friend" of the challenger. "I can take back no such ridiculous proposition as that to my principal."

"Very well: what do you say to pistols?"

"Obviously the most convenient, common, and gentlemanly weapon."

"Pistols be it, then!" said the *challengée;* "and as to the place, I'll decide that when we meet—say to-morrow morning, at the foot of Sugar-loaf Hill."

The second reported; and the next morning the parties met, as had been stipulated.

"Where is our ground?" asked the challenger, "and in what way do we stand upon the field?"

"I've not chosen a '*field*' at all," said the other; "if I fight at all, we take positions on the top of 'Sugar-loaf.'"

This was declared impossible; for the hill was a round sharp cone, scarcely ten feet across at the top.

"How can we fight there?" asked the challenger, beginning to be aware of another evasion: "how can we stand, and how shall we take our positions?"

"Back to back," replied the other, "in the usual way; then each march forward ten paces, turn, and fire at the word, between one and three!"

"But that would take us out of sight of each other!" exclaimed the challenger, "and our fire would be lodged in the sides of the hill!"

"So much the better for both of us!" replied the other.

"Sir," replied the challenger, "you are a coward! a *coward*, sir; do you hear, sir? a COWARD!"

"Well, what of that? You *knew* I was, or you wouldn't have challenged me!" was the *finale* of this sanguinary engagement; for the challenger and his "friend" had left "the field," in a very high state of disgust.

SOME idea of the tautology of the legal formulæ may be gathered from the following specimen, wherein if a man wishes to give another an orange, instead of saying, "I give you that orange," he must set forth his "act and deed" as follows: "I give you all and singular, my estate and interest, right, title, and claim, and advantage of and in that orange, with all its rind, skin, juice, pulp, and pips, and all right and advantages therein, with full power to bite, cut, suck, or otherwise eat the same orange, or give the same away, with or without all its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, any thing heretofore or hereinafter, or in any other deed or deeds, instruments of what kind or nature soever, to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding!"

THE "progress of civilization," as it is termed, and the "go-aheadativeness" of the age, have not altogether banished the scenes and events of our country, when "wild in unsought woods the free-born savage ran." A letter from the northern wilds of Wisconsin to a Milwaukee newspaper, records an incident which smacks greatly of the olden time, in the history of farther eastern states, now crowded with cities and villages, and the "busiest kind" of a population; although once, and not so *very* long time ago either, so thinly inhabited, that, in the language of the great Webster, "scarcely a smoke rose from a human habitation between there and the frontiers of Canada." But to the "incident" to which we have referred:

"A child, three years old, belonging to a family living near the line of the county of Adams, was recently taken by a bear! It was playing about ten rods from its father, and out of his sight, when he heard a terrific shriek. He hastened at once to the spot, but nothing could be found of his child. Search was immediately instituted by a great number of the neighbors, but no traces of the child were to be found. At first the supposition was, that it had been stolen by an Indian; but the appearance shortly afterward of *a bear*, smelling and pawing the ground from which the child had evidently been taken, left no doubt in the mind of any one, that the poor child had been devoured by the ravenous beast. There were no *acorns* last fall," adds the correspondent, with fearful addition, "and the bears in this region are very hungry and bold!"

"NEW YORK," said a foreigner to us the other day, "seems to me to be a *City of Hotels* and a *City of Processions.* Every where," he said, "some hotels—always some processions." There is some truth in this; what with military funerals, military and target excursions, &c. Target excursions were most amusingly satirized recently by quite a large company of fantasticals, who paraded the streets attired in the fag-ends of some old cast-off theatrical wardrobe, and armed with brooms, old broken swords, butchers' saws, &c., the target was an old garbage-cart, drawn by a donkey about the size of a goat, and being covered with a piece of old carpeting, his ears only were visible—and a famous pair they were! A wreath was attached to the target, composed of a barrel-hoop: in the centre was a dried codfish, and the whole was ornamented with onions, turnips, sweet potatoes, &c. When this goodly company arrived at Coenties Slip, they made a halt, in order to contend for the prizes. The first prize was the shadow of a pig, about four weeks old, which was "on exhibition" in the donkey-cart. The manner of contending for the prize was by being blindfolded, armed with a brace and bit, marching up to the target, and boring a hole as near the centre as they could *guess!*

It was a laughable and most ridiculous sight, as the loud guffaws of some hundreds of lookers-on fully attested.

WELL, the Emperor of the French is married: a matter not unknown to any reader of the newspapers in England or America. The marriage, however, was a simple "nine days' wonder," and scarcely even that. Not one single class of society is pleased

with it; and notwithstanding the splendid display at the nuptial ceremonies, enthusiasm even then was not apparent, and has since, in an inconceivably short space of time, entirely faded away. Moreover, if reports may be credited, *the Army*, the idol and prop which was alone to render the imperial throne secure, is gradually growing disaffected, and is "gradually sliding away from its position, leaving the tottering legs of that same imperial throne, so daintily disguised by the trophies of glittering arms, the tinsel, and the gew-gaws piled around them, visible now in all their nakedness."

But with all this, and with all predictions and vaticinations we have not now to do; we only wish to record here some incidents connected with *Louis Napoleon in America.* All that now relates to him is of course interesting; and as the *finale* of one of the great episodes of his life, his first *coup de main*, was in New York, it may be expected that here much will be said of him. Many stories, naturally enough, are current, and now that he is Emperor, hundreds of persons who would never have thought of the penniless foreigner, remember the exiled Prince restored to the throne of "*his uncle.*" The following letter, received not very long since, gives a brief account of the mode of life the present Emperor led in New York:

"NEW YORK, March 8, 1853.

"MY DEAR SIR—Of course I saw Louis Napoleon when he was in this country, but do not remember his *physique* well enough to know whether the picture you refer to, be a good likeness or not. He was certainly a striking and remarkable man; one who, if seen in a billiard-room, where, by-the-by, *I* first saw him, would attract attention, but who did not at all fulfill my idea of the princely or imperial.

"I think it was in the spring of 1837 that he arrived here, and some little sensation was caused by the announcement, which gathered around his hotel (a rather mediocre one, by-the-by) a number of the idle men about town. Naturally enough foreigners crowded around him, and the peculiar '*set*' who got possession of him, deterred most of the better class of Americans from his society. He did, however, mingle with many who were perfectly unexceptionable. My personal intercourse, barring a few billiard-room interviews, was somewhat as follows:

"I was dining with some friends at D——'s, and when the walnuts were tolerably well-picked, a friend at the other end of the table invited me to join his party, which included the Emperor *that is.* I was formally presented to him as *Le Prince Louis* BONAPARTE (at that time he had not assumed the imperial NAPOLEON). He spoke English almost without an accent, and was apparently a few years older only than myself (about thirty), thin, dark-eyed, and, it may or may not be fancy, recalling rather the impression that he was his mother's son than a Corsican's. Somebody at the table referred to his *escapade*, upon which his cousin, one of the Murats, became expansive, and the theme being interesting, the hero of the event warmed. He spoke of the affair frankly enough, and called it what it was, 'a failure,' but in the future he seemed to anticipate success! He expressed his intention to return to Switzerland, and, as he spoke of his mother, did so evidently with true feeling, and most gracefully.

"Several times I subsequently met him, in the houses of one or two persons with whom he was *habitué*, but as I was no lion-hunter, I had no disposition to ride him down. Perhaps, had I been a prophet, I might have been a sort of Gordon Cumming.

"He soon left New York; but old Jackson, whom I fancy he saw, when the subject of his bold stroke for a crown was spoken of, said, 'Well, he is a brave fellow, and knows what he is about.' And indeed what he attempted could have been effected more easily by a small than a large force. Your friend Halleck saw more of Louis Napoleon than any one I know of; and if he pleased, could give you many details of his career in America. . . . . .

"Yours, etc."

We have taken some pains to find out what we could of Louis Napoleon, and record the following story, which we must premise, our informant gives as he heard, not as he saw:

"After living a little time in New York, and having been pretty essentially thrashed by one of the 'B'hoys' of that day, an accident which befell not only the Marquis of Waterford, but Louis Philippe, and William IV. of England, in this good city of Gotham, the Prince went to New Jersey, where he was involved in rather a funny scrape. A certain pig one day entered the garden of the person with whom he was domiciled, and began to eat up a parcel of Dutch bulbs set out to dry, fancying that they were onions. Remembering that he was son of a King of Holland, out sallied the Prince and incontinently shot the pig. The wrath of a Jersey Blue was excited, and the Prince arrested on the charge of *feloniously* shooting a pig. He refused any atonement, and as there are no princes in New Jersey, was arrested, and conveyed to Bergen jail. A good-natured lawyer, Mr. ——, chanced to be there, paid costs and expenses, and Louis Napoleon returned home without any other damage than the accretion of a certain amount of Jersey mud. This is the origin of the charge against him of pig-stealing.

"P.S. A friend at our elbow, who belongs to the Sporting Club, states that he was arrested for a much higher offense, 'shooting a pointer-dog,' who laid down on the tulip-beds; and that the sixty dollars fine and costs paid for his majesty have never yet been refunded to the kind-hearted lawyer."

While in New York Louis Napoleon was visited by many officers of the army, with whom he went to see one of the United States light batteries (Ringgold's, perhaps). The officer who accompanied him, says that after commenting on the trappings, etc., he remarked:

"Oh, you follow the old style. I have a better idea, which some day, perhaps, I may show the world."

Perhaps he may, for he is not only Emperor of the French, but author of the best book on artillery tactics in the world.

Of America and of its affairs he was utterly ignorant, having had no idea of its greatness, and no knowledge of its history.

One day the son of the Emperor Iturbide, who died so unfortunately in Mexico, was pointed out to him; on which occasion Louis Napoleon unmistakably conveyed the idea that he did not know that such a man as Iturbide had ever lived!

On the day after his arrival, he asked:

"What are the orders of nobility in America?"

The answer was, "We are Republicans, and have no nobility."

"How can that be?" said he; "they have nobles in Switzerland; and I thought, of course, they were to be found here."

He had, it is said, very strange ideas of the greatness of the country, and a gentleman with whom he

was somewhat intimate, states, that on one occasion he said:

"I have a fortnight's leisure, and would like very much to hunt the buffalo; will you go with me?"

In that he was not original; for more than one European has expected to leave New York in the morning, and bag a buffalo before night.

Joseph Bonaparte was not then in the United States, else Louis Napoleon would probably have been thrown into better associations. When he was in the United States, Louis Philippe was popular, and something of ridicule attached to his attempt. With one or two striking exceptions, those men with whom he mingled in America would scarcely be thought worthy to be his hair-dressers now; so that it will not at all surprise the world if, in the plenitude of his power, he acts strangely toward the United States. He was often seen at the *Café des Milles Colonnes* in very bad company; and on one occasion had a personal contest with an individual below contempt. He was quite well known to the police. Before he left the city, he said to a person who was his fellow-passenger:

"I shall never see your country again; but some day, it may learn that I am not what I seem, but really a Bonaparte."

That person is now one of the aides-de-camp of the new Emperor. *Par parenthèse*, it is said, that Mayne Reid, formerly a lieutenant of the New York Volunteers, is an officer of the Emperor's staff.

The above we give for what they are worth. They are the reminiscences of one or two well-known individuals of New York, in relation to what they saw and heard of the Emperor.

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

THE traveler in Europe is sometimes mortified, and sometimes amused, at the general ignorance which prevails there, in reference to the United States. We will relate one or two anecdotes illustrative of this ignorance, which the reader may rely upon as perfectly authentic.

About eight years ago, a distinguished American clergyman was at Rome. He was favored with an audience with the Pope. His Holiness very blandly inquired, "How large a proportion of the inhabitants of the city of New York are native Indians?" He supposed that New York was an Indian city, full of Pawnees, Pottawattamies, and Ojibewas, into the midst of whom, a few thousand European adventurers had crowded their way.

Last June, the writer was one evening walking on the beautiful Isle of Wight. Many pedestrians seemed to be passing through a gentleman's pleasure grounds, by a well graveled walk, which cut off an angle of the highway. We ventured to follow. Just as we arrived opposite the lordly mansion, a gentleman stepped out of the door. In the course of a conversation with a very pleasant, gentlemanly man, who was a native of Wales, we remarked that we came from America. "From Ameriky, from Ameriky," exclaimed the native, with his broad honest John Bull face beaming with surprise, "God bless my soul! why, you speak very good *English!*"

An American gentleman, not long ago, was dining with a very intelligent English gentleman, in one of the most important cities of Great Britain. "How far," inquired the hospitable host, "is the forest cleared away around the city of New York?" He evidently supposed that the ride of a few hours took one to the wigwam of the Indian, and to the forest where the wolf howls, and to the prairie where the wild horse and buffalo roam.

A few years ago, one of the most distinguished of American scholars was traveling down the Rhine. In conversation with a very pleasant fellow-traveler, he incidentally mentioned that he came from America. His companion very solemnly inquired,

"What language is principally spoken in the United States?" The American gentleman, who is rather famous for his waggery, very soberly replied,

"Why, a great many people speak Cherokee."

"You speak *English* remarkably well," exclaimed his London friend.

"Yes," replied the American, "I have often been told that I have made remarkable proficiency."

One of the scholars of New York was dining with a party of literary gentlemen in London. The question was asked, "Are the peaks of the Rocky Mountains visible from the city of New York?" "How far is Boston from Massachusetts?" was another of the inquiries proposed.

These questions, though not a little amusing, are not a little mortifying to one's national pride. They show that heretofore America has attracted but little attention in the Old World. But now the shadow of our gigantic growth sweeps the Atlantic. In the constellation of earthly nations, America has become a star of the first magnitude.

A FEW years ago, among the reigning *belles* in New Orleans, was a young lady from up the river, who was universally known by the not very feminine *soubriquet* of "The Great Western." Our fair heroine was as remarkable for her witty and cultivated conversation as she was for her very great personal attractions. One evening, when she was standing in a ball-room, surrounded by a bevy of admiring *beaux*, an impertinent scion of *chivalry-dom* (to speak à la Willis) asked her very abruptly, "Pray, Miss ——, why are you called 'The Great Western?'"

"Really, sir," was the ready and caustic reply, "I can not tell, unless it is because I have so many flats in tow!"

It is needless to say that the inquiring youth was not the only victim hit by this well-aimed revolver.

Upon another occasion, the same lady met at the foot of the stairs, as she was returning from a walk, a person who had just been to call upon her, and whom, as it happened, she by no means affected.—"Oh, Miss —— !" he exclaimed, "I regret so much that I did not find you at home—I left my card, however."—"It will do just as well, sir," was the very unexpected answer which he received.

AN EPIGRAM.

Minerva sprang, the fables tell,
Armed from the Thunderer's head—
The sage of B—v—r street, no doubt,
Sprang from a pig of lead.
His might—*her* wisdom can't surpass;
The virtues of *pig-lead* and—*brass!*

DE QUINCEY, when under the opium influence, had a quaintness about him which somehow recalled poor Lamb. Once, when the full intoxication of the drug was upon him, a waggish friend stuck upon a stick a raw potato, upon which he cut with his penknife representations of a nose, eyes, and a mouth, and then wrapped a white pocket-handkerchief around the stick. The image thus prepared he presented to De Quincey, who eyeing it with stupid bewilderment, stammered out—"Is it, is it, is it, an —an—an abortion?"

A FEW evenings ago, at a private house where we

happened to be spending the evening, an "infant phenomenon" was introduced, to exhibit her proficiency upon the piano. She took her seat and began, and with the utmost self-possession and complacency continued to play for more than an hour, without being deterred by the applause which was intended to put a stop to her performance, but which she took entirely for encouragement to go on. In vain we inquired:

"*The little darling! At what hour is she put to bed?*" She only stopped at the end of her piece—if the word *piece* is not a misnomer for something which to cultivated ears was without form and without meaning.

A person, too well known, to be named, remarked:

"*I was a good deal more interested at the beginning than at the conclusion.*"

"Why?" we asked.

"*Because the child was so much younger!*"

THE following extracts are translated from the "*Moniteur*," the French organ, for 1793. At the present moment when the Dauphin-mania, is epidemic, there may be some interest in reproducing, them:

"Friday, January 25th, 1793.

"Appeared the citizen Cléry, valet-de-chambre of Louis Capet (the king), and requested permission to make a declaration of the possession of three objects confided to him this morning (the day of the execution) by Louis Capet, in presence of several commissaries who testified to the fact; the said objects being a gold ring, on the inside of which is engraved as follows: *M. A. A. A.* 19 *Aprille*, 1770, and which ring he charged him to deliver to his wife, saying that it pained him to part with it. Besides, a silver watch-seal, which opens in three places, upon one of which are engraved the arms of France, upon another L.L., and upon the third a child's head, with a helmet on, which he directed him to deliver to his son; and lastly a small paper, upon which is written, in the handwriting of Louis Capet, 'My wife's, my sister's, and my children's hair,' and containing, in fact, four little locks of hair, which he directed Cléry to deliver to his wife, and to beg her forgiveness for not having permitted her to see him this morning, being anxious to spare her the grief of so cruel a separation.

"The Council permitted Citizen Cléry to retain these objects, until it may be otherwise decided by the General Council of the Commune."

"January 26th, 1793.

"The widow of Louis Capet requested very plain mourning garments for herself, her sister, and her children. The Council granted the request."

MANY years ago, before the days of ocean-steamers, we crossed the Atlantic in a Liverpool Packet, in company with a remarkable Italian quack, who called himself "Dr. Bartalotti of Bologna *of* Italy." The Doctor, according to his own account, had passed successively from the service of the Pasha of Egypt to that of the Emperor of Brazil, and thence to that of the President of Mexico. He was a sallow, haggard, sententious sort of man—very un-Italian in many of his ways—as temperate as a Turk, and withal almost as silent. This latter peculiarity may have been particularly prominent just then, on account of the martyrdom to sea-sickness which he endured. He had a habit, among others, of never declining an offer, considering it uncivil to do so. "Doctor, the pleasure of a glass of wine with you?" "Yes, thank you, but not now."

The first part of our passage was unusually boisterous, so much so, that we often in the night found it extremely difficult to prevent ourselves from tumbling out of our births. One evening, all the passengers, excepting the Doctor, were seated round the cabin-table at cards, backgammon, and other games. Our Esculapius was slyly intriguing with the steward for an extraordinary supply of pillows. When he had succeeded, and had arranged his berth to his perfect satisfaction, with an air of triumph at the superior comfort which he had procured for himself, he insisted that the whole party should visit his domicile. We yielded to his importunities, and discovered that he had made a perfect trough with pillows—he was so bolstered up that no lurch of the ship could possibly discommode him. We expressed our approval of his arrangements, and jestingly reproaching him for his selfishness, we returned to our amusements, and left him to "turn in." About half an hour afterward a dismal cry was heard to proceed from his state-room. "Open de door," was repeated several times, in the most lachrymose tones. "Open the door yourself, Doctor," we replied, not interrupting our games. In a few moments the same request was repeated with an energy which made us start to our feet. Turning round in the direction of the voice, we saw a stream of water flowing into the cabin from under the closed door. To force open the door was the work of a moment, and the spectacle then presented to our eyes was too absurd for our gravity. The Doctor was seated bolt upright in the upper berth, divested of all clothing except a very black and dirty amulet which he wore around his neck, and an intensely red night-cap, which contrasted oddly enough with the extreme yellowness of his skin. With both his hands he was holding on to the port-window, through which, in spite of his efforts, a flood of water was pouring in. His bed was deluged. His clothing was saturated. His trunks and chairs were afloat. The expression of his face was was too ludicrous to be described. The fumes of sleep were still upon him, and stupidity, terror, and helplessness were equally painted upon his countenance. His hair which was cropped as short as if he had just emerged from a state prison, was completely concealed by his Phrygian bonnet.

As soon as our laughter, which we made no effort to suppress, permitted us to do so, we dragged him out of his tub and transferred him to dry quarters. It was not until then that we thought of inquiring how the accident happened. It appeared that as he occupied the whole state-room to himself, our pill-administering friend had locked the door immediately after we had left him, and, establishing himself in his downy quarters, had turned over and gone to sleep at once, forgetting, or not knowing that both ports were unfastened. Presently the lurching of the ship had introduced a torrent through the open windows. The Doctor, springing up in alarm, thought at first, naturally enough, that the vessel had foundered, and that he was drowning. Being unable to fasten the windows, he could not at the same time hold even one of them closed and open the door. Hence his cries for assistance.

We never shall forget the figure that he cut that night—or how heartily we amused ourselves at his misfortune. For a week afterward clothes-lines encumbered the ship's deck, and upon these lines were hanging the various articles belonging to the nondescript wardrobe of our medical friend.

The last we saw of him he was astonishing the people of the Adelphi Hotel at Liverpool by a demand for breakfast at six o'clock of a spring morning.

Literary Notices.

The History of the State of New York, by J. R. Brodhead. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) It is high time that the delightful pleasantries of the illustrious Diedrich Knickerbocker on the early colonists and governors of Manhattan, should be succeeded by the sober narratives of veritable history. In this elaborate volume, Mr. Brodhead has supplied the desideratum, with a completeness and accuracy of research, a genuine historical acumen, and a lucidity and vigor of style which at once elevate his work to the rank of a standard and classical authority on the subject. After a rapid sketch of the progress of discovery prior to the voyages of Henry Hudson, the adventures of that intrepid navigator are minutely related—the establishment of the Dutch dominion in North America is described in its successive steps—the introduction of the religion, jurisprudence, and customs of the Fatherland is traced out—bringing down the history to the reduction of the province to the British rule in 1664. Mr. Brodhead has investigated the subject, to a great extent, by the aid of original materials. He writes with singular independence, and pays no servile homage to any authority, however eminent. His pages not only bear the marks of extensive research, but of conscientious impartiality, excellent judgment, and refined and liberal scholarship. His style is appropriate to the theme. Free from ambitious flights of rhetoric, it is manly and direct, flowing in an equable channel, and embellished, when, the occasion admits, with the chaste ornaments of composition. The antecedents of Mr. Brodhead admirably qualify him for the task he has undertaken. The influence of his previous culture and pursuits is reflected from almost every page of the present volume. He is the son of the Rev. Doctor Jacob Brodhead, formerly one of the ministers of the Collegiate Reformed Dutch Churches in this city. After graduating, in 1831, at Rutger's College, in New Brunswick, N. J., he entered the law office of Mr. Hugh Maxwell, the present Collector of this port, and, in 1835, was admitted to practice as an Attorney. His kinsman, the late Harmanus Bleecker, of Albany, having been appointed by Mr. Van Buren Chargé d' Affaires at the Hague, Mr. Brodhead joined the Legation as *attaché* in 1839. While residing in Holland, he projected the work, the first part of which is now accomplished. In 1841, Mr. Brodhead was appointed by the government of New York as agent, under an Act of the Legislature passed in 1839, for the procurement of documents in the archives of England, Holland, and France, relating to the colonial history of this State. This duty was completed in 1845, when eighty manuscript volumes were deposited in the Secretary's office at Albany, as the results of the Agency. Upon the appointment of Mr. Bancroft as Minister to Great Britain in 1846, Mr. Brodhead was commissioned by President Polk to be Secretary of Legation at London, in which post he remained until he was recalled by President Taylor in 1849. Since that time he has been quietly occupied in the composition of this history, and other literary pursuits in the city of New York.

In announcing the completion of Lossing's *Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution*, in two large octavo volumes, we may once more express our sense of its unique position as a historical work, and the singularly attractive features by which it wins the interest of the general reader. It is, in the strictest sense, a genuine American production. Suggested by native genius, patriotism, and taste, it exhibits no sectional partialities. Wherever the soil of our country has been moistened by generous blood, the sympathies of the author are touched with glowing fervor. Visiting in person the most celebrated scenes of Revolutionary prowess, he has not only become familiar with the localities of battles, but has formed intimate relations with the people. He has gathered much from local tradition, from conversation, and from individual reminiscences. Obtaining the materials of his narrative to so great an extent from living memorials instead of researches in dusty libraries, he has imparted to it a wonderful freshness and vitality. The variety of its contents, the profusion of personal anecdotes, the vivid descriptions of natural scenery and the humorous reflections in which the author often indulges, give to his work a perpetual charm. The easy and natural manner in which he makes his readers the companions of his journey, not mounting them on a fiery Pegasus, but jogging on with the faithful "Charley," invests his descriptions with a certain homelike character and makes you feel as if listening to the stories of a pleasant talker, rather than poring over the lifeless pages of a book. The engravings, which amount to over one thousand, form not only a delightful feature of the volume, but are rich as graphic illustrations of history. We can cordially recommend this great national work as one of which every American heart may be justly proud.

The second volume of Harper and Brothers' edition of Coleridge's Works, containing *The Friend*, perhaps the most vigorous, and certainly the most characteristic of the author's productions, has been recently issued. This beautiful edition has been greeted with a loud welcome by the numerous admirers of Coleridge's genius in this country.

A new edition of Archbishop Whateley's ingenious essay, entitled *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Bonaparte*, has been published by James Munroe and Co., with a postscript touching the light thrown on the subject by the movements of Louis Napoleon. The remarkable acuteness of this little work gives it much more than an ephemeral interest.

Among the recent juvenile publications of Harper and Brothers, are Charles Dickens's *Child's History of England*, a specimen of familiar historical writing surpassed only by Sir Walter Scott's Tales of a Grandfather; a new volume of Jacob Abbott's *Franconia Stories*, entitled *Ellen Linne;* and *The History of Nero*, by the same author. This last volume, for graphic and attractive description, is fully equal to any of Mr. Abbott's popular narratives.

Under the general title of *The Kathayan Slave*, we have a collection of sketches in prose and verse relating to the missionary life, by Mrs. Emily Judson They are marked by the rich and delicate fancy of Fanny Forester, chastened by the influence of deep religious feeling. In connection with numerous picturesque representations of Oriental manners and scenery, the writer presents an occasional vigorous argumentative defense of the missionary enterprise, with reference to the skeptical cavils of various objectors. Her statements, which are found-

ed on personal experience, are set forth with great force, and do equal honor to her head and heart. (Published by Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.)

One of the most valuable biographies of recent date is that of the illustrious brothers *Alexander and William Von Humboldt*, translated from the German by JULIETTE BAUER, and just reprinted by Harper and Brothers. William Humboldt died in April, 1835, at the age of sixty-eight. Connected with the most eminent men of his age in politics and literature, his life is a lucid commentary on the intellectual development of Germany. He is justly regarded by his biographer as a pattern of the depth and diversity of the German mind, and as the promise of a richer future for the German nation. "He stands like the representative of the change from spirit to life, from idea to reality, in which the German mind is engaged, for he was one of the first and ablest who took this step. He adhered to the past, advanced boldly forward, and put his trust in humanity and his country." Alexander Humboldt is still living in Berlin, at the advanced age of eighty-four. In spite of his years, he is still actively engaged in the loftiest intellectual pursuits, completing his great work, *Kosmos*, and eagerly seizing upon every new discovery in the progress of science for the illustration and enrichment of his comprehensive system. At the same time, he neglects no duty which his position in the world of science imposes upon him, answering every letter of the humblest scholar with no less punctilious attention than marked the correspondence of the late Duke of Wellington. His person is known to all the inhabitants of Berlin, who show him as much honor as they show the king. With the name of Humboldt, a whole world seems to rise before the imagination. His noble career of intellectual activity is well described in this volume, which is adapted to absorb the attention of every discriminating reader.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued a new volume by R. H. STODDARD, entitled *Adventures in Fairy Land*, an exquisite collection of allegorical stories, in rich poetical prose. Intended for juvenile reading, they are eminently adapted to be attractive to all whose love of beautiful fancies has not been chilled by the hard realities of this "working-day" world. In the guise of familiar stories to a group of eager youthful listeners, they convey many a lesson of elevated moral truth. Their transparent delicacy of expression is in admirable keeping with their purity and tenderness of sentiment. We can cordially commend this volume to readers of taste, as an admirable specimen of graceful and pathetic imaginative composition.

Villette, by CURRER BELL. A new novel by the author of *Jane Eyre*, is a piquante luxury to the sated taste of regular readers of fiction. Currer Bell is so direct, life-like, and human—accomplishes so much by such slight means—goes to the heart of a mystery by such sudden strokes of power—and withal keeps you in such provoking, yet delightful uncertainty, with regard to the real characters of her heroes and heroines—that her writings exercise a resistless fascination; and, in spite of their glaring faults, make an equal impression on the imagination and the heart. *Villette*, like *Jane Eyre*, is in the form of an autobiography. The scene is laid in the least romantic spot on earth—a young ladies' boarding-school in a provincial city. The principal characters are teachers in the institution. With such unpromising materials, we have a tale of exquisite beauty, wonderful character-drawing, and ever exciting incidents, though destitute of the tragic pathos and strange depth of passion which pervade the narrative in *Jane Eyre*. The power of the work consists, to a great degree, in its downright reality. The plot is simple, almost to bareness. But the personages of the story stand out from this plain canvas with a truly marvelous distinctness, showing the miraculous skill of the writer in the art of dramatic perspective. The characters are purely human. They make no claim to angelic virtues; nor do they disgust the sensitive reader by any demoniac manifestations. The story is a picture of life as it is. It is not disguised by the imagination of the writer, but only reproduced more vividly. If *Villette* does not equal *Jane Eyre* in startling vigor of thought and expression, its purer moral tone, and its more attractive portraitures, give it the assurance of a more durable fame. (Harper and Brothers.)

A new romance, entitled *Agnes Sorel*, by G. P. R. JAMES, has been issued by Harper and Brothers. The scene is laid in France, during the wars of that country with England in the fifteenth century, and presents many lively pictures of the state of society at that period. The hero of the story is Jean Charost, a noble of Bourges, whose fortunes have fallen into "the sear and yellow leaf," and who after various adventures enters into the service of the Duke of Orleans. In the course of the plot a great variety of historical characters are introduced upon the stage, including Henry the Fifth of England, Charles the Seventh, Joan of Arc, and the celebrated personage from whom the novel takes its name. The subject affords an admirable opportunity for the exercise of the descriptive powers for which the author is remarkable. Abounding in passages of brilliant picturesqueness, and in adventures of stirring interest, this production is a new proof of the fertility of Mr. James's pen, and will serve to enhance his well-earned reputation.

Interviews: Memorable and Useful; from Diary and Memory Reproduced. Under this quaint title, and heralded by a plethora of mottoes, the Rev. Dr. Cox gives us several chapters of personal reminiscences, describing scenes and conversations with various distinguished personages, in which he took part, and accompanied with appropriate reflections and inferences in the peculiar vein of humor which has given the author no little celebrity. Among the personages who figure in this volume are Dr. Chalmers, Dr. Emmons, John Quincy Adams, and Dr. Lyman Beecher, concerning whom a great deal of anecdotical information is presented, and in a form which is usually far more captivating than an elaborate biography. But the book is by no means taken up with mere personal details. The interviews described were occupied with important discussions. In the conversations with Dr. Chalmers, the discourse turned upon the Voluntary Principle, then a subject of eager controversy in Scotland—on the organization and differences of the Presbyterian Church in the United States—on the Temperance and Slavery questions—and on the true significance of some of the doctrines of Calvin. The interview with Dr. Emmons, in which the youthful champion appears to have foiled the veteran polemic with his own weapons, is brought to bear on the illustration of several disputed theological points. So, too, in an extended talk with John Quincy Adams, during a steamboat passage from New York to Providence, the leading principles of evangelical religion are brought under review, showing, in a highly favorable light, the dexterity and readiness of the author as an accomplished disputant. The portion of the volume in which this conversation is related, will probably

possess the greatest interest for the majority of readers. It presents a curious exhibition of intellectual gladiatorship. Mr. Adams evidently rejoiced in the occasion to put the learned divine to the test, and he plies him with all sorts of questions and difficulties, with good-humored pertinacity But Dr. Cox manfully maintains his ground before the wily statesman. He shows himself prepared on all points; and not a rent is made in his armor. Seldom has such a trial of wits occurred in a casual interview, and it is not surprising that the surviving hero of the "bloodless affray" has wished to give it a wider publicity. The remainder of the work is eminently instructive in a theological point of view, and at the same time will not be found devoid of amusement by the general reader. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Chapel of the Hermits, and Other Poems by JOHN G. WHITTIER. (Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) This volume is of a less Tyrtæan character than most of the productions of the writer. Mr. Whittier is chiefly known as an earnest advocate of various reforms. His muse has been more inspired by the sense of justice than the love of beauty. This has limited his universality, and made him rather the poet of a class than a favorite of the public. The present work is more deeply tinged with the spirit of reflection. A calm atmosphere pervades its pages. The problems of life, to which several of the pieces are devoted, give a pensive and tender cast to the composition. We are persuaded they will win new admirers for the gifted poet.

Spain; A Sketch, by S. T. WALLIS. (Ticknor, Reed, and Fields.) A new work by the intelligent author of *Glimpses of Spain*, containing a view of her institutions, politics, and public men. Mr. Wallis has enjoyed peculiar opportunities for an acquaintance with that interesting country. He is an acute and patient observer. His judgments on the important topics of which he treats are not thrown out hap-hazard, in the "hit-or-miss" style, which is affected by so many recent travelers. On the contrary, they are the fruit of examination and reflection, and are expressed with modest candor. His style is in admirable keeping with his subject. Free from pretension and grandiloquence, it is lucid, chaste, and dignified. He never attempts to play the buffoon, for the sake of concealing poverty of thought. Commend us to a traveler like Mr. Wallis, who gives us so much useful instruction in a charming form, with out putting on airs to bewilder his readers.

The London journals announce the *Life of William Bowles* as in preparation, containing his early correspondence with Coleridge. Both Southey and Coleridge, it will be remembered, were constant in their acknowledgment of the debt of obligation which their early verse was under to the muse of Bowles. The Life of the Vicar of Bremhill, though not a stirring one, was far from devoid of interest, and in good hands will doubtless form a pleasing picture of pastoral and poetic life.

The increasing importation of American books is now carried on in a more regular and systematic way than previously, several London houses having made arrangements for receiving the best new works as they are published in the States.

Apropos to this subject, the *Literary Gazette* has some brief comments on certain American writers, in which our readers may find amusement, if nothing else: "There are occasional works worthy of being known to the British public, though they may not seem to warrant the commercial enterprise of English publication or reprinting. Books of poetry are of this class, and other works, such as those whose titles follow: *The Podesta's Daughter, and other Miscellaneous Poems*, by GEORGE H. BOKER, author of "Calaynos," "Anna Boleyn," &c. "The Podesta's Daughter" is a dramatic piece of considerable merit; but some of the minor miscellaneous poems are much more to our taste, and display more poetic feeling and fancy. *Cap Sheaf*, a bundle of tales and sketches, by LEWIS MYRTLE, contains pleasant light reading, somewhat after the spirit of Washington Irving's "Sketch Book." *The Children of Light, a Theme for the Time*, by CAROLINE CHESEBRO', author of "Isa," "Dreamland," &c., is a tale of domestic life, colored with such light as an American authoress of deep feeling, delicate sentiment, and considerable ability is likely to throw on her subject. The English readers will be surprised and amused by some of the philosophico-religious speculations which seem familiar with their American sisters, even such as dwell in such remote and unknown places as Canandaigua, from which the book is dated. We observe that while these American imported books have the agents' names merely pasted on the title-page, others have a new title-page added in London, although the book is printed in America, a practice hardly justifiable, and which ought not to be continued."

We occasionally find rich specimens of ignorant and flatulent insolence in the London literary journals, in relation to American affairs. The following comical example is from "The Critic," a second-rate journal, as superficial as it is conceited:

"From Mr. Ingersoll's Model-Republic, tidings keep coming of the triumphant progress of Mr. Thackeray. At New York, he won golden opinions from all sorts of men. Preceded by Mr. Bancroft's certificate of respectability, and accompanied by the announcement that the Duchess of Sutherland had attended his lectures in London, Mr. Thackeray has been lionized, to an immense extent, by the aristocracy of New York, where journalists are careful to inform us that he appears at evening *soirées* in 'polished boots and a white cravat.' Mr. Dickens' nose was the physical feature respecting which there was most curiosity when that eminent novelist visited the States, and surely there is somewhere in the *American Notes* a chapter full of description of the various scientific and tactual investigations to which the author of *Pickwick's* organ of smell was subjected in some American town. The New York journalists preserve, on the whole, a delicate silence (very creditable to them) on the subject of Mr. Thackeray's nose; but they are eloquent about his legs; and when the last mail left, a controversy was raging among them on this matter, one party maintaining that 'he stands very firm on his legs,' while the opposition asserted that his legs were decidedly 'shaky.' Some ingenious New York booksellers turned his lectures to good commercial account, by bringing out (with new title-pages) copies of an old stereotype edition of Fielding and Smollett, that had long hung fire, and they made a very 'smart' thing of the speculation; so much so, that the Evangelical newspapers have been forced to make a protest! From New York Mr. Thackeray proceeded to Boston; but at the latest advices public opinion there had not come to any harmonious conclusion respecting his merits. The Boston mind (at the latest advices) had been engaged in discussing the commercial aspects of the phenomenon—whether Mr. Thackeray had a right to charge so much more for his lectures than was gen-

erally paid to Emerson, or to a certain 'Whipple,' or to the 'Hon. Rufus Choate,' who seems to be a rising man in those parts."

Some of the friends of M. de LAMARTINE have proposed to raise a national subscription, for the purpose of relieving him from his pecuniary embarrassments; but the poet and historian has nobly refused to accept any thing in the shape of a gift. He thinks that, in time and by labor, he can earn sufficient to pay off every demand on him, and to prevent his family mansion from passing into the hands of strangers; and, like Walter Scott in similar circumstances, he cries proudly, "My own right hand shall do it!" Whatever may be the opinion of this gentleman's political career, it is impossible, we think, to withhold admiration from the manliness and the purity of his private character—they are equal, in every respect to his genius. As we are speaking of him, it may be stated that the Sultan has agreed to take back the large estate he some time ago granted him in Turkey, and to allow him instead an annual sum of a few hundreds.

The chair held by M. EDGAR QUINET, the well-known professor and author, in the Collége de France, at Paris, has been suppressed by imperial decree. M. Quinet was exiled after the *coup d'état* of December, and though elected to his chair for life, was dismissed. The *spécialité* of this gentleman's teaching was the languages and literature of the south of Europe. The subject will have henceforth to be treated by the professor of the Germanic languages and literature—M. PHILARETE CHASLES.

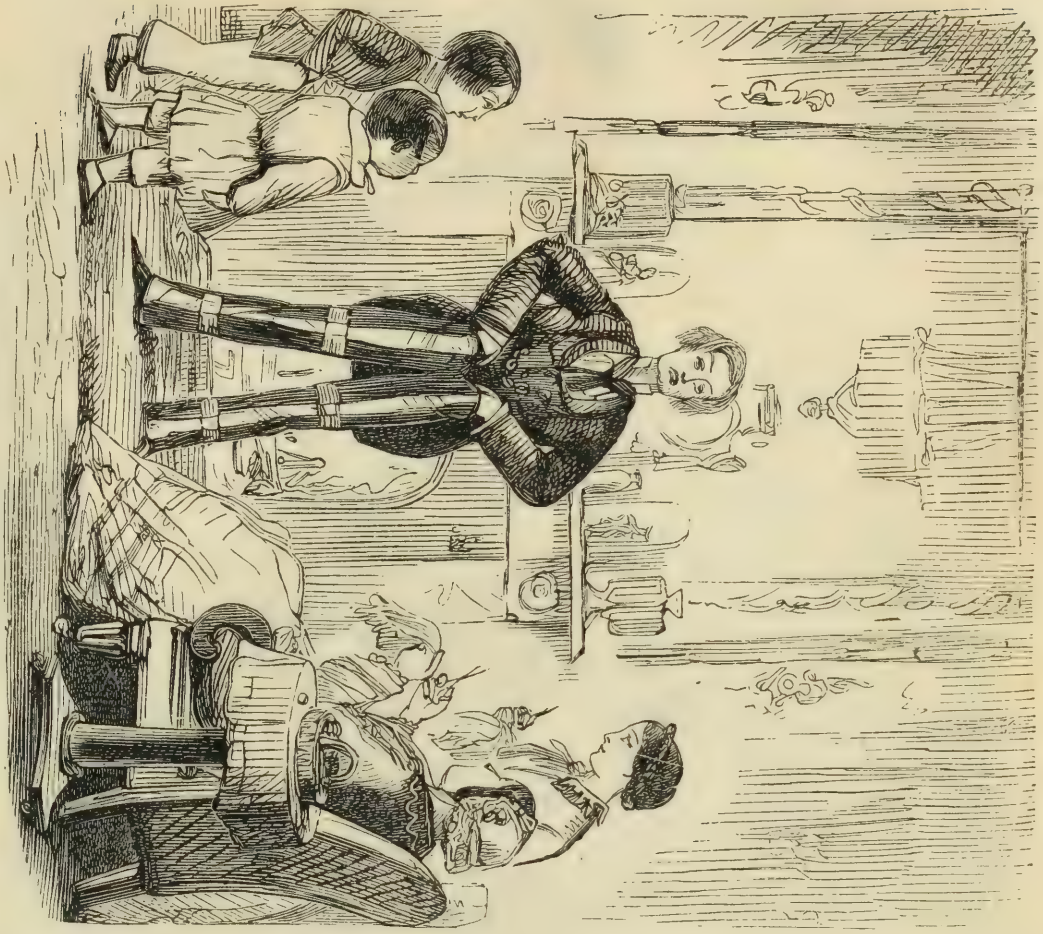
In a late sitting of the Academy of Sciences at Paris, M. Arago announced that Madame O'Connor had forwarded to him, for presentation to the Academy, a mass of letters addressed by LAGRANGE, the great mathematician, to D'Alembert, a treatise written by him in his youth on a mathematical subject, and a number of disquisitions on metaphysics, history, religion, &c. These papers were presented by D'Alembert to Condorcet, who was Madame O'Connor's father; and they have since then been lying neglected in a garret at her residence near Montargis. The letters and papers are of great value—not because they contain any striking scientific novelty, but because they reveal the character and private thoughts of a very eminent man. The contemporaries of Lagrange compared him to Newton—some of them even thought him superior.

M. GRÜN, well known as the chief *rédeacteur* of the *Moniteur Universel*, and the author of several works on parliamentary jurisprudence, contributed last year to the pages of the *Moniteur* a number of papers on the moral condition of the laboring classes in France—and these are now reprinted. The writer treats his theme, in the light—not to say flippant—style of French social pundits, under the various aspects of intemperance, imprudence, precocious marriages, disorderly passion, amusements, theatres, public fêtes, the influence of literature and the press—and so forth, in the old jog-trot way.

The translation of the first volume of Mr. MACAULAY'S *History* is obtaining immense success in France. It may be called the work of the season. Several of the principal journals of Paris have given elaborate reviews of it. They are unanimous in expressing admiration at the patient research it displays, at the loftiness of its philosophical tone, and especially at the brilliant style in which it is written; but the decided Protestant and liberal feeling which pervades it is displeasing to such of them as belong to the despotic and ultra-Church party. One of the organs of this school even goes the length of accusing the historian of downright religious skepticism, because he is not adverse to the Reformation.

The literary men of Dresden have been unusually diligent during the past season. GUTZKOW, who stands among the foremost of the romance writers of Germany, has contributed several tales to his periodical, which has already reached a sale of about four thousand copies weekly, and the circulation is steadily increasing. AUERBACH has published a new volume of *Village Tales*, containing two stories, the first of which is equal in interest, and superior in power, to any thing he has ever written; the second tale is not so good. He has a third in manuscript nearly ready, which will make its appearance shortly in a periodical. A French work has just appeared, entitled *Hebel et Auerbach, Scènes Villageoises da la Forêt*, translated by MAX BOUCHON. It contains translations of many of the Allemannisch poems of Hebel, and the village tales of Auerbach. The author not only translates accurately, but fully enters into the meaning and spirit of the two poets. Auerbach's works have now appeared in English, Dutch, Swedish, Danish, and French translations. A Fräulein AMALIE BÖLTE, who spent many years of her life in England, has lately published a very clever, but somewhat one-sided book on English life and manners, under the title of *Visitenbuch eines deutschen Arztes in London* (Diary of a German Physician in London). KOHL, so well known in England from the translations of his travels in England, Ireland, Russia, &c., is now employed on a work about the *Gradual Discovery of America*. As the materials for such an undertaking are not to be found in the Dresden library, Kohl will most likely be obliged to seek for them among the treasures of the British Museum. GERVINUS is at present in Berlin, studying for a new and amended edition of his celebrated *History of Literature*.

Professor GERVINUS's new book is producing an extraordinary stir in official Germany. Great pains are taken by the Heidelberg police to find out every purchaser of the volume. It has been seized in Munich and elsewhere; and the Professor is cited before the legal tribunals. Prof. Gervinus, following in the wake of ideas proposed by Vico, Montesquieu, Herder, Hegel, Michelet, and Auguste Comte in succession, believes that he has discovered the laws by which the development of nations—the growth of the world—is governed; and these laws he has attempted to explain in the incriminated *Introduction to the History of the Nineteenth Century*. The book is very abstract, technical, and scientific—all which is natural with a German professor dealing with the abstruse principles of historical philosophy. It was, therefore, not cast in a popular mould, or likely to be much read, except by men of thought and speculation, With these classes, however, Gervinus is a great authority; and his influence is particularly felt in the universities. The sting lies in the nature of the law which he thinks he has discovered: viz., the inevitable tendency of civilized nations toward self-government—toward democracy, in fact. This idea is certainly far from novel; and the excitement got up about it only shows once more how unsound is the relation in which intellectual Germany stands at this period to the several armed powers of the country.



A MORAL IMPOSSIBILITY.

Mamma.—My dear Frederick, do, pray, take your hands out of your pockets.

Frederick.—Couldn't do it, Mamma, dear; all our Men at College wear their hands in their pockets, and I couldn't disgrace my Class by taking mine out!



A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

Bootmaker (*with great feeling*).—Oh no, Sir! Don't have Napoleons; have Tops, Sir! yours is a beautiful leg for a Top-boot, Sir!—(*young Nimrod is immensely pleased*) Beautiful leg, Sir! same size all the way down, Sir?—(*young Nimrod is immensely disgusted.*)



AN ABSURD SUPPOSITION.

IRRITATED SWELL.—Ring? Yes, of course I rung! How the Deuce do you suppose I'm to do my Back Hair with only one Candle?



EASILY SATISFIED.

FOND PARENT.—I don't care, Mr Medium, about its being Highly Finished; but I should like the dear c'hild's Expression preserved.

Fashions for April.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—HOME DRESS AND BALL COSTUME.

WINTER, in our variable and uncertain climate, is loth to surrender his empire to the more genial rule of Spring, and is apt to reassert his claims long after they had been apparently abandoned. Warned therefore by experience, Fashion is not deceived by the bright days of April. Though the almanac declares us to be in the middle of the vernal months, the heavy and gorgeous fabrics of winter are yet partially retained, both for home dress and on the promenade. Dresses are cut long in the skirt, especially behind, reminding one of the trains in which our stately grandmothers swept along. Waists are round, not pointed. Sleeves are puffed, gathered, plain at top, wide in the arm, tight at the wrist, for morning dress; for half-dress, they are puffed, and confined on the fore-arm by a small band For evening, bodies are frilled, cut low, square across, or *à la Vierge*, plain at the top, gathered at the waist; sleeves short, formed of one or two *bouffants*, and frequently divided by small bows, bunches of ribbon, or pearl buttons. The illustrations which we present, while graceful, are selected from the more chaste and simple styles.

FIGURE 1.—HOME DRESS.—The cap has a crown of plain white tulle, mounted on another of plain white tulle supported by a slight stiffening. This crown, not very deep, is cut in vandykes at the edge, and the middle one, the largest, comes forward on the head. These vandykes are edged with three extremely narrow bands of terry velvet. Then a blond an inch wide is sewed to the edge of them, and gathered at the corners only. On each side little loops and ends of terry velvet ribbon No. 4. Dress and vest of colored taffeta. The body of the dress is embroidered muslin, trimmed with lace, and forms a waistcoat at bottom. The skirt is trimmed with a flounce 34 inches deep, gathered at the head and festooned. The bottom of the flounce is festooned in teeth like those of a cock's comb. The flounce is only one width more than the skirt. The vest is embroidered and ornamented with velvet. The stuff is cut out; the velvet is applied underneath, and then the running design is embroidered in chain-stitch or braid.

FIGURE 2.—BALL COSTUME.—The hair is arranged in flat bandeaux, with a rather large plat, laid on round, like a diadem. A second bandeau, puffed, and the ends of which are turned under, accompanies the plat; a comb covers and supports the back hair; on each side two feathers fall back, rather low. Dress

of moire antique, with skirt and bouillons of white tulle, ornamented with gold violets and selvedge. The body is moire, and altogether of a new style. It has no shoulder-piece; is very low, and in the form of the top of a corset, heart-shape in front, and the sides passing just under the arms. The body is not more than eight inches deep at the sides. The waist has a point of nearly two inches in front, and only half that length behind. The waist is shaped by a plait. The top and bottom edges are bordered with a gold band nearly half an inch wide, laid on flat. The top of the body is composed of a tulle bouillonée imitating a bertha. This bouillonée may be six inches high, and at the shoulder only two inches. The short sleeve is also made of bouillonées; little violets are stitched in the folds of the bouillonées; the skirt is tulle, and 28 inches tong. It is bordered with gold band, and covered with little violets.

Most of the new ball dresses received from Paris are ornamented with beautiful embroidery in gold and silver, mingled with silk in various shades of color. One that has been greatly admired is of white tarletane, embroidered in bouquets of lilies of the valley in gold and silver, intermingled with fuchsias in crimson silk. These bouquets are grouped together so as to form wreaths, which extend from the bottom of the skirt to the waist, diminishing in size as they ascend. The embroidery of the corsage consists of the same wreaths, forming a *gerbe* in front. The sleeves, which are gathered up by bows of crimson ribbon, embroidered with gold, are edged by a wreath of embroidered flowers, the same as those on the skirt and corsage of the dress.

Another elegant ball dress, which is of organdi, is made with a double jupe. The lower jupe has a deep flounce of guipure lace, surmounted by a bouillonée, within which is inserted a lilac ribbon. The upper jupe is also trimmed with a flounce of guipure, which descends to the top of the bouillonée on the lower jupe. The upper jupe is gathered up at one side, and fastened by a bow of lilac ribbon. But that which gives the stamp of novelty and elegance to this dress, is that the second or upper jupe is sprigged with small violets, cut out in velvet, fixed on the organdi.

In addition to the dresses above described, which are suited exclusively to full evening or ball costume, we may notice several others of a more simple, though not less elegant description. These dresses are of clear book muslin or organdi, and are richly ornamented with work. Some are scattered over with sprigs or bouquets, others have deep flounces, or fronts worked *en tablier*. Any of these dresses may be worn over slips of pink or blue silk, or they may be simply trimmed with bows of ribbon, the pattern of the needlework being adapted for the addition of bouquets or bows.

Promenade Costume.—Bonnet of black velvet, trimmed with ribbons of garnet velvet, and a fanchon of black lace. The inside of the brim is covered with a white blond. The sides are ornamented with tufts of flowers of velvet and satin. A torsade of black and garnet velvet lies on the top of the head. Redingote of plaid velvet trimmed with velvet bands. The body is high and plain, the waist round. The sleeves are half-large, and come down half way to the elbow. The ornament consists of small bands of velvet piped with silk, crossing each other, and buttoning on the dress. These bands are cut pointed toward the top and cross immediately, that is to say,



Figure 3.—Promenade Costume.

the ends which descend are much longer than the part crossed. Those at the top of the body are three inches long, those at bottom only two inches. The first skirt is two and a half inches, the last five inches. The opening of the sleeves is held by three crossed bands of one, one and a half, two, and two and a half inches. The collar of Venice guipure forms a point. The undersleeve is composed of a guipure which half covers a muslin puff gathered at the wrist.

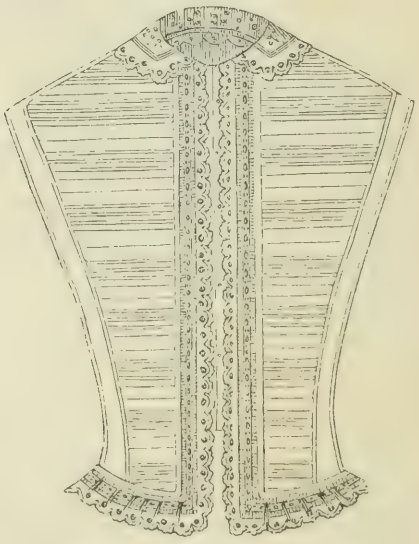


Figure 4.—Chemisette.

Chemisette consisting of two rows of bands embroidered in satin stitch, and set off by an insertion which turns and forms lappets. The body of this shirt is composed of varied plaits. The collar is plain.

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RICE-MILL ON THE SAVANNAH.

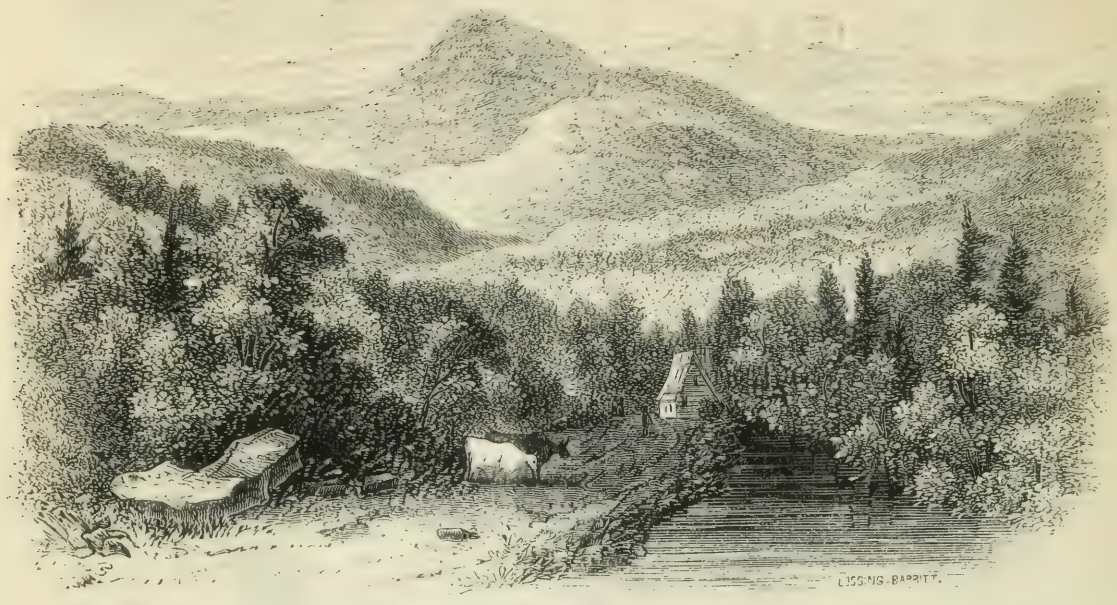
THE LANDSCAPE OF THE SOUTH.

BY T. ADDISON RICHARDS.

BUT little has yet been said, either in picture or story, of the natural scenery of the Southern States; so inadequately is its beauty known abroad or appreciated at home. This ignorance is not likely to be enlightened by the reports of tourists led hastily by business errands over highways which happen for the most part to traverse the least interesting regions—the intervals in Nature's inspirations; neither will the indifference pass away in the censurable blindness which overlooks the near in its reverence for the remote

The Great Artist in his lavish adornment of our happy land has been unmindful of no part; least of all of that of which we now write. None of the fair sisterhood of States may boast more winning charms than those of the sunny land; or if perchance they be wanting in certain features, they possess compensating beauties peculiar to themselves alone. Proud mountain heights lift their voice of praise to Heaven; the thunders of Niagara are echoed by Tallulah; as the gentler prattle of Kaaterskill and Trenton, is answered by Ammicalolah and Toccoa. For the verdant meadows of the North, dotted with cottages and grazing herds, the South has her broad savannas, calm in the shadow of the palmetto and the magnolia: for the magnificence of the Hudson, the Delaware and the Susquehanna, are her mystic lagunes, in whose stately arcades of cypress, fancy floats at will through all the wilds of past and future. In exchange for the fairy lakes of the north, she has the loveliest of valleys, composed and framed like the dream of the painter—turf-covered Horicons and Winnepisseogees. Above her are skies soft and glowing in the genial warmth of summer suns, and beneath lie mysterious caverns, whose secrets are still unread.

We shall speak briefly of the various types of landscape beauty in the South, instancing the most memorable examples of each. The distinguishing mark of the mountain scenery of the Southern States as contrasted with that of the North, is its greater picturesqueness and variety of form and quantity. The grand ranges of the Catskills and the Adirondacs and the peaks of the Green and the White Mountains, are but outer links of that mighty Alleghanian chain,



COWETA CREEK—BLUE RIDGE.

which, centring in Virginia, rears its most famed summits in Georgia and the Carolinas. The Alleghanies in the Northern States move on in stately and unbroken line, like saddened exiles, whose stern mood is ever the same, and whose cold features are never varied with a smile; while in their home in the South, every step is free and joyous. Here they are grouped in the happiest and most capricious humor, now sweeping along in graceful outline, daintily crossing each other's path, or meeting in cordial embrace; here gathered in generous rivalry, and there breaking away sullenly in abrupt and frowning precipice. All is Alpine variety, intricacy and surprise. Seen from the general level, the mountains are ever sufficiently irregular in form and course to offer grateful contrasts; here and there in their unstudied meetings, leaving vistas of the world of hill and dale beyond: while the panoramic views command vast assemblages of ridge and precipice, varied in every characteristic—the large in opposition to the small, the barren in contrast with the wooded, the formal and the eccentric, the horizontal and the perpendicular; while a fairy valley in which the Abyssinian Prince might have rambled, a winding river, a glimpse of road-side or a distant hamlet, lend repose without monotony to the landscape.

It is in the existence of this variety, so essential an element of the picturesque, that is found the superior charm of the Southern mountain region over that of the North; this subtle characteristic, so completely felt by the poor peasant who refused to sell, though to provide for his necessities, one of his three cows, upon the sole ground that two would not group well; and so happily illustrated in that charming fiction of Venus' cestus, in which Juno, however beautiful, had no captivating charms before she had put on the magic girdle; in other words, until she had exchanged her formal and stately dignity for playfulness and coquetry.

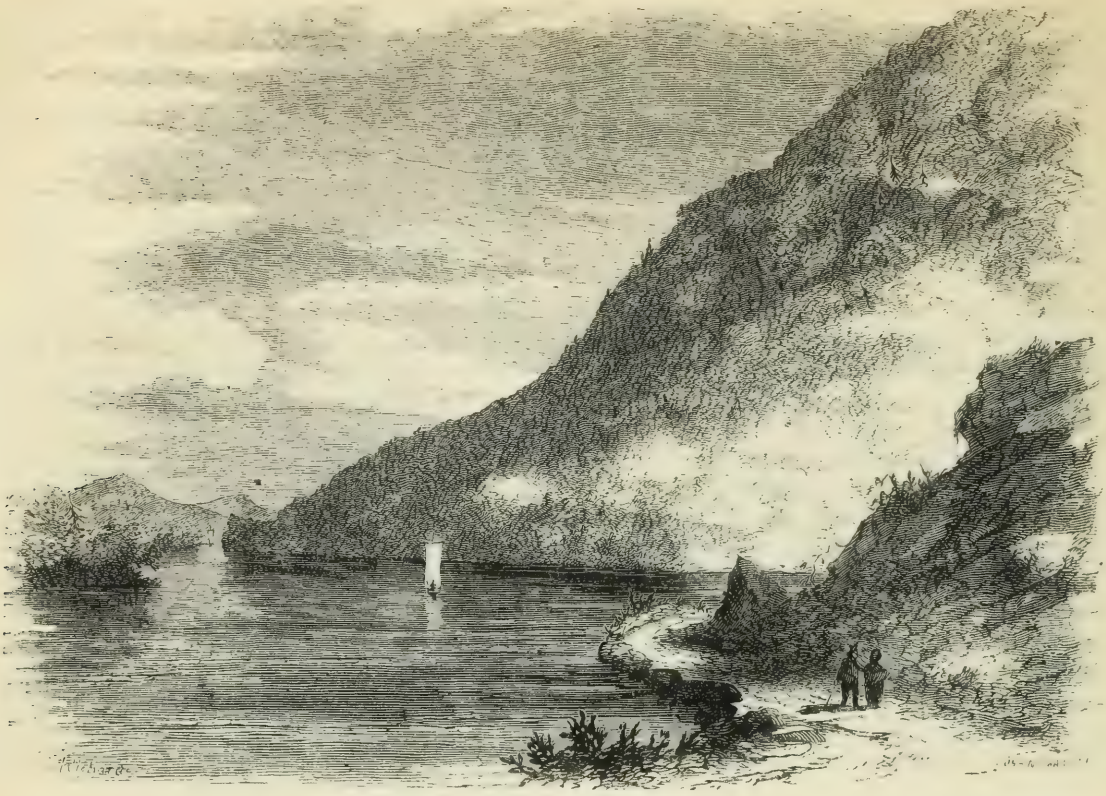
Many a voyager of days past—before the rapid locomotion of the steam-car had supplanted the patient and plodding stage-coach—will remember how the "rough places" in his long journey westward, over the hills of Maryland, were "made plain" by the beauty of the ever-changing landscape—oblivious of the toils of the way, the thumps and jolts in the illy-graded ravines, and the wearying ascents to far-off mountain tops, in the brighter memory of the charming snatches of dell and rock and waterfall, and in the wide reaching panoramas which continually accompanied and repaid his involuntary ups and downs. At a hundred points—from the romantic shores and precipices of the Patapsco, at Ellicott's Mills, to the western declivities of the Cumberland Mountains—he will recall the mild sympathy and pleasant fancies with which fair Nature beguiled and sweetened his way. Virginia—noble and ancient Virginia! still, as of yore, the stately and turbaned duenna of our great family of nations—is full of beauties which might detain us forever within the boundaries of her old dominion. Her marvelous Natural Bridge, and her more wonderful Weir's Cave, are epics in the poetry of nature, upon which alone she might proudly rest her fame; yet from the frowning cliffs of the meeting of the waters at Harper's Ferry, on the east, through all the winding bout of her many famed springs, even to the extremest western limits, quiet valleys and rugged mountain forms, every where speak her praise. The

artist can not well go astray here in his search for inspiration. We make but a moment's tarry in Virginia, our especial destination being yet further southward, where the most striking examples of that type of natural beauty of which we now speak are to be met. This destination is Georgia and the Carolinas.

Leaving the hilly region of Raleigh, the traveler westward enters upon a world of interesting and novel scenes, which even to catalogue would exceed our present intent. Chief among these beauties is Black Mountain, the monarch of the Blue Ridge, and the highest point of land in the South; more elevated indeed above the level of the country around than any peak in the Union, not even excepting Mount Washington. The most impressive glimpse of this noble scene is that caught in the passage of the Hickory Nut Gap, one of the great natural outlets of the Blue Ridge southward. Still further on, the Coweta Creek pursues its coquettish way at the base of many a lofty and picturesque hill; and the French Broad River, after increasing its strength with the waters of a hundred tributary brooks, pushes its course angrily through forty miles of mountain barrier, until it reposes in the less rugged regions of Tennessee. This stream follows the only highway between the States of Tennessee and North Carolina, and a fine turnpike road has been constructed here, for the accommodation of the vast travel from the Western to the Southeastern States. More than a hundred thousand head of cattle are every year driven over it, into North Carolina, and thence southward. We well remember our first ride upon this magnificent causeway. We had long known it in story and fancy; and approaching it on the eve of a fair summer day, after weeks of wearying travel over mountain paths, where the lotus never dreamed of growing, we reveled in the prospect of once more indulging our faithful Bucephalus in a trot. Alas! scarcely had we crossed the blue waters to the grateful shade of the rocks on the opposite shore, than a cloud of dust heralded the lazy approach of an army of waddling porkers, through which for a dreary half hour we had slowly to dispute the way. This barricade conquered, once more we cracked our whip, but only again to encounter another and yet another detachment, as we doubled point after point of our winding way. It was not alone that we were compelled to journey more slowly and more cautiously than we did over the rough mountain passes, but now a fat citizen, squeezed by his brethren under our



THE CHIMNEY ROCKS, N. C.



THE FRENCH BROAD RIVER.

wheels, would terribly endanger our equilibrium; or a very Atlas of a fellow would lift us from our footing, with a chilling threat of a bath with Tselica in the sullen waters. This noble road is well supplied, at brief intervals, with admirable hotels—a rare gratification in southern travel, for often have we in our journeyings said an extra grace, spontaneously and gratefully, over our evening meal, when we have by good chance found any thing edible to eat, and a knife to cut it.

Approaching the Tennessee line, the tourist suddenly stumbles upon a delightful little episode of refinement and fashion under the porticoes of the Warm Springs. This is one of the chiefest summer haunts of the kind in which the South is so rich, and which Southerners have of late years so happily learned to appreciate—retreats far surpassing the Northern Spas in picturesque surroundings, and fully equaling them in all medicinal virtues. One can scarcely imagine a happier summer home than is to be found in the social and festive pleasures of the refined and genial circle which gathers in this quiet mountain nook—alternated with immediate converse with Nature in her strictest solitude, and in her gentlest or loftiest moods; or appetized by the most generous means and appliances of the chase. Here the daring Southron kills his deer in the wild mountain pass in the morning, and in the voiceful and thronged saloon at night. The French Broad is very circuitous in its course, and shut in as it is on either hand by towering hills, the road necessarily hugs its margin, and is often built in the river, at the base of huge rocky cliffs, by which it is not unfrequently completely overshadowed. Much of the river is a series of angry rapids, though it occasionally widens into a shallow lake, or narrows up into sullen and fathomless depths. The Chimney Rocks and the Painted Rocks are famous points upon the French Broad, in the vicinage of the Warm Springs; the one taking its name from a fancied resemblance to chimneys in the ambitious soaring of the vast piles of trap, and in the cavities found at their base—recesses by no means useless, when opposing travelers meet, or in the transit of the live-stock with which we were beset some paragraphs ago. The Chimney Rocks form almost the last striking point of a mountainous character in the passage of the river toward Tennessee, whose domains lie just beyond. The Painted Rocks would make a twin-picture with the Chimneys. Beside their picturesque virtues, they have a special traditional interest in the fantastic markings left upon them by the pencils of the aboriginal Cimabues and Giottos. Many of these picturings still remain upon the face of the rocks, and in colors scarcely dimmed by the suns and rains of the many long years which must have passed since they were executed.

Innumerable poetic and thrilling legends are interwoven with the history of the French Broad and its guardian hills, as indeed with every scene and spot of beauty in the South. The venerable hunter (and many of the pure Leatherstocking lineage are still to be found here) will enliven the way, as he guides you over rock and chasm, or will beguile the evening hours, while dispensing to you his homely hospitality, with his tales and superstitions of the past—traditions which you must receive in singleness of heart, would you hold any place in his esteem.

Not the least winning of these stories, is the

weird history of the ill-fated Tselica, the mythical incidents of which we gather from the vivid pages of a manuscript poem by the South's most honored bard and chronicler.

In this charming romance, Ockwallee, a young and gallant chief of the Muscogees, becoming enamored of the beauteous daughter of the rival nation of the Cherokees, Mr. Simms tells us in graphic verse—

> "In what disguise her home he sought,
> And how his sweet persuasion wrought
> The charm on her, that in his soul
> Swayed ever with supreme control."

How each being all the world to the other, they hide their loves in some islet fairy bower, jealously screened from the vengeful eyes of their maddened kinsmen. Here the hours fly in halcyon delight, the brave hunter seeking the joys and rewards of the chase by day, to follow the setting sun with more eager step to the expectant smiles of his watching bride. One sad morn, while the dreaming girl is weaving tasteful shoon and garb for her absent warrior, he encounters the ireful faces of his ruthless foes, a long and marvelously contested struggle leaves his mangled corse upon the angry shore. Tselica, with haggard eye and icy heart, bears the bleeding form of her slain hero to the skiff secreted near. Overwhelmed by her sorrows, she heeds not the gradual drifting of the bark toward the boiling rapids, until she is drawn into the surge with the corses of those slain by the arrows of the fated Ockwallee. Her gaze is fixed upon their ghastly eyes, and she dreams that even in death their vengeance seeks to rend her chieftain from her arms.

She still lives, the spirit of the waters, and he who would woo their cooling breath, must beware, lest mistaking him for her buried love, she folds him in her embrace only in the anguish of her disappointment to hurl him thence to the grave of her slain foes. Thus seeks Tselica, and thus will she ever seek, until—

> ——"Say the redmen, when hath sped
> A thousand moons, the penance kept,
> And she shall win her warrior's bed,
> Where he so long hath lonely slept!—
> And then, at her embrace, his heart
> Shall from its marble slumbers start,
> And they together shall arise,
> And find their lodge in Indian skies;
> He blest with fields of endless chase,
> She ever lovely in his eyes,
> And happy in his dear embrace!"

Through the Hickory Nut Gap, the Saluda and the Rabun Gaps, ready and easy passage



MOONLIGHT IN THE SALUDA GAP, S C



TABLE MOUNTAIN, S. C.

may be found, from the romantic region of the French Broad, to equally attractive points in the neighboring States. The Rabun Gap, traversing the great Apalachian chain in the northeast corner of Georgia, is a path of exceeding interest. At the greatest elevation, the waters of the Tennessee and the Savannah rise, so near each other, that it would be but the toil of a gala-day to wed them. Here the eye delightfully roves over the far-spreading valley of the Tennessee, turning ever and anon from the miles of unbroken wilderness to the grateful view of smiling plantations and gleaming cottages. Inclining the ear to the pleasant whispers of falling waters, lo! the sparkle of the neighboring falls of the Eastatoia: a galaxy of cascades, most novel and varied in character

The happy grouping of the mountains at this point, affords the most striking effect of fog which we have ever beheld. The mist which daily gathers from the waters of the Tennessee and fills the whole valley, appears at sunrise as a vast lake, held in by the encircling ranges of hills. So dense is it, that it has in appearance all the solidity of water; seeming as it falls to be an immense mass of spray. Like the cascade also it descends until it reaches the base of the mountain, and then drops along the plain until gradually dissipated. Excepting at the point where the mist flows, the whole atmosphere is as clear and dry as at noon day. It presents all the features of a *bona fide* cataract, a cataract shaming the magnificent pretensions of Niagara —in all save one, the thundering of its mighty voice.

In the passes of the Hickory Nut and Saluda, the wild aspect of the country is often relieved by the smiling summer homes of the opulent dweller in the less healthful lowlands. In the broad light of day sufficient forms of beauty arise here to occupy the eye and stir the fancy; but, in the mystic light of the moon, under which weird influence we once peered into these grand scenes, pictures start forth at every step. We have added a memory of this dreaming hour to the views with which we have poorly sought to interpret our rambling gossip.

The chief objects of interest in the mountain scenery of South Carolina, are the Table Rock and the neighboring peaks of Cæsar's Head and Bald Mountain. Table Rock is a noble line of palisades, rising nearly a thousand feet from the crown of a majestic hill, and reaching an elevation above the sea of four thousand three hundred feet. The northern front, over half a mile in extent, is perpendicular, while the opposite side admits of easy ascent. A grand fête in honor of the statesman Calhoun, who lived hard by, was once celebrated on the summit of Table Rock, on which occasion cannon proclaimed the *vivats* of the people to the giant hills below A flight of well-secured wooden steps leads up the eastern declivity. The top of the rock is comparatively level; much of it is covered with noble trees, while other portions are stony and unproductive Near the centre of this haughty domain are the *débris* of a hut, built as a kitchen to an unachieved hotel. On the left of the rock is a conical spur called the "Stool," from a legend which makes it the seat of the Great Spirit, when in other days his convenience led him to lunch upon the respectable mahogany of the Table Rock. At the base of this

mountain is the fair vale of Saluda, watered by the meanderings of the crystal river of the same name; and upon the opposite side of this valley are the feathery cascades of Slicking. These falls drop from a succession of rocky terraces, the highest of which overlooks the adjoining valley, and commands a noble view of the Table Mountain and the surrounding spurs. Not far from this locality, which is one of great resort, is King's Mountain, a spot of Revolutionary association; and Grassy Mountain, a singular, smooth cone of rock; barren, with the exception of a stunted growth on the crown, after the fashion of the scalp lock of the Indian.

We must not leave the hills without a mention of the famous Yonah, Currahee, Look-out, Cahutta, and Rock Mountain, in Georgia. Yonah, or the Great Bear, is a brave peak, looking down upon one of the sweetest valleys of the Pine State, and is associated with tales of that scene which, in proper place, we have yet to tell.

Currahee is cherished by Georgians, as much from the fact that it is their first mountain love, rising in solitary grandeur far to the south of the great galaxy of hills, as for its own pictorial charms. Currahee is a special resort of the sportsman—of the lover of venison above all others.

Look-out Mountain unites on its crown the States of Tennessee, Georgia, and Alabama, and while not of surpassing attraction itself, serves to unfold, for leagues in all directions, the matchless landscape around it. The Cahutta is a link midway between the hill region of the eastern and western corners of Georgia. It occupies the centre of the ancient Cherokee domain. A disused turnpike, which we once explored with fearful risk, scales its rocky acclivities The Rock Mountain is chiefly remarkable for its singularly isolated position—no kith or kin are near, to cheer its solitude. It is a vast rock, six miles in circumference, embedded in the earth to a depth architecturally proportionate to its total magnitude, and so complete is the absence of all continuing strata, that its presence is as rationally accounted for by supposing it to have dropped from the heavens, as by any other theory.

Rock Mountain is a spot of so much visitation, that an Observatory, 165 feet in height, has been erected upon its summit; but even with this additional elevation, the view obtained is monotonous—so far has the lonely mountain wandered from its proper home. An enraptured tourist thus sums up his emotions in the album of the Rock Mountain Hotel.

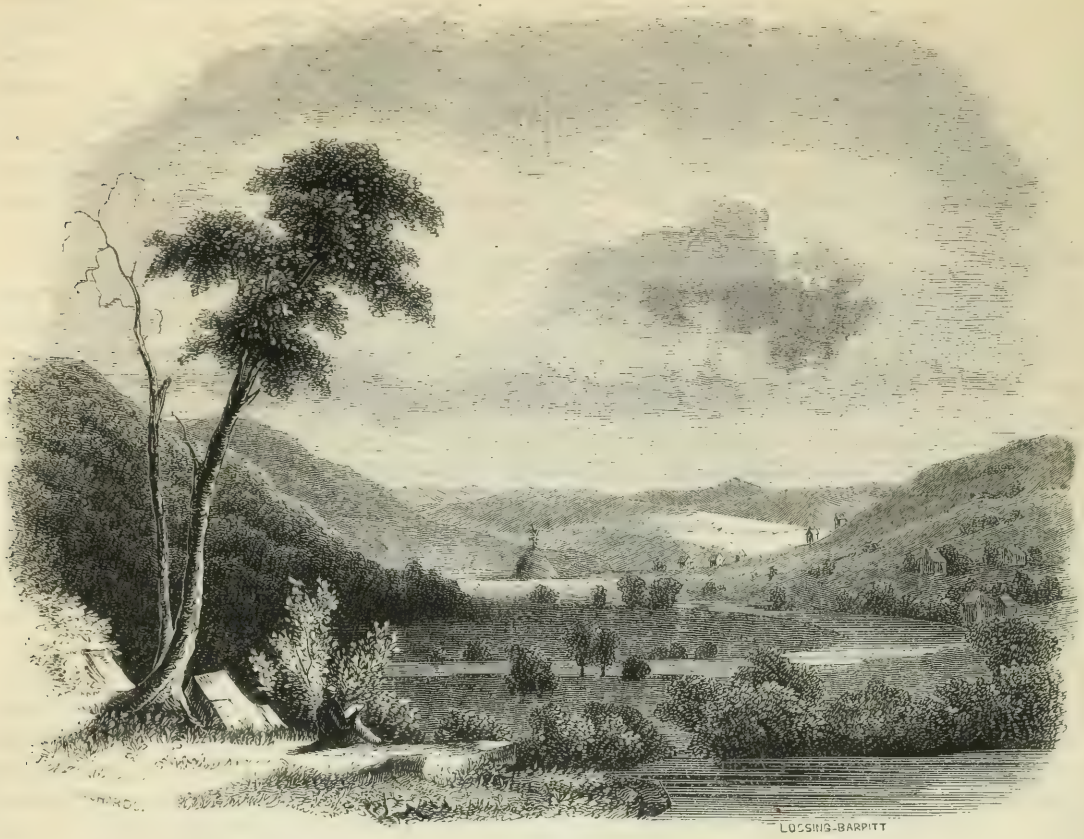
"Oh, mercy! sich a pile of stones
Was never seed by John A. Jones!"

The hill views in Georgia, as in South Carolina, though many and beautiful, give place to the greater charms of the valleys and waterfalls.

The valley scenery of the South owes its peculiar delight to the varied and frolicsome humor of the mountains—their number and capricious courses continually forming the oddest and most secluded little nooks and glens—rather than the great plains which lie at the feet of the long ranges of the Catskills. These valleys take the place of the lakes of the North, and go far to compensate for the absence of that charming feature; the want of which, however, the tourist will sometimes feel in his Southern rambles, despite the substitute he may occasionally find in the widening bend of a lazy river, or the gleam



VALLEY OF JOCASSEE, S. C.



VALLEY OF NACOOCHEE, GEORGIA.

of a sparkling brook; for as Lamartine aptly says, "Water is ever to the scenes of nature, what the eye is to a beautiful countenance:" "*Elle les éclaire, elle leur donne ce rayonnement, cette physionomie qui les fait vivre, parler, enchanter, fasciner le regard qui les contemple.*"

In South Carolina, besides the gentle glen of Saluda, nestled at the foot of the Table Mountains, there is the fair valley of Jocassee, dissected by the babbling waters of the sparkling Keöwee; the very spot to dream in on a summer-morn: or, in moonlight-hours to dance with the woodland elf and the merry fay! In the lovely county of Habersham in Georgia, is Nacoochee, or the Evening Star, the queen of glens, vailed in the broad shadow of Yonah and other majestic hills; while in the extreme west of the State, the Dogwood Valley is as dangerously seductive to the hurried tourist as was Vanity Fair to the pilgrims of the Celestial City. These points are types of a rich and wide valley landscape. They are small in area, some half-a-dozen miles only in length, and one or two in breadth. They are completely environed with picturesque mountain walls; and a well-cultivated and productive plantation, with its log-hut, or more pretending cottage is always found in their happy recesses. They are often rich in mineral wealth, and a successful search for gold has sadly defaced the beauty of many of their pleasant places. Romantic Indian legends are associated with and give name to many of these spots as to hundreds of others in the South. Where the aboriginal nomenclature has been unhappily forgotten or rejected, modern baptismals in the extreme of bad taste have generally followed. Thus the traveler is called to admire the graces of Mud Creek, to watch the rising of the sun from the summit of Pig Hill, or to give ear to the melody of the Coon Cascades.

In connection with a visit to Jocassee, the traveler invariably "does" the proximate falls of the White Water, charming in themselves, and still more happily remembered in association with the wild beauties of the mountain ledges and dells, traversed in the few miles rambled thence, from the bosom of the pretty valley. In the same excursion, too, he will ever cherish with delight a memory of the Keöwee, the silent waters of Jocassee's glens,

> "Down in thy crystal depths are seen
> The pebble and the pearly shell,
> Or rock with velvet robe of green,
> Whose shade the bright trout loves so well,
> When in the sun's unclouded beam,
> Like silver glistens all thy stream
>
> "Upon thy marge the violet blows,
> The lily bends its snow-white head,
> And nigh the lofty chestnut grows,
> And flings its shadows o'er thy bed;
> While laurels to thy ripples bend,
> And to the air their fragrance lend.
>
> "Thy banks along of brightest green
> (When summer skies above thee glow),
> The wild deer in his pride is seen,
> His image in the wave below;
> And there he sips thy crystal tide,
> Nor dreams of danger by thy side!"

The valley of Nacoochee, or the "Evening Star," approached at eventide from the east, reaches the eye and heart of the appreciative beholder, like the blissful embodiment of a dream —the wide extent of swelling plain, environed and jealously excluded from all the outer world

by ranges of hills of luxuriant verdure, in all the varied tints which close proximity and gradually growing distance impart; the gorgeous carpeting of the many grasses, the countless flowers, the tassellated maize, and the bending grain of every nature, the cottages, the smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze—the fickle shadows of the passing clouds, and the inconstant flow of the infant waters of the Chattahoochee.

In the bosom of this rococo vale there rises a conical mound of unusual size with the history of which is interwoven a veritable chef d'œuvre of aboriginal romance—the legend which gives to the valley its name of Nacoochee, or the Evening Star. Perhaps we may be permitted to relate the story now in words we have before employed.

In days of yore, before that fell time when the lordly Indians were compelled to

> "——Yield their pleasant lands
> To the stranger's stronger hands,"

the Great Spirit found a serious rival in the love of his children of the vale, in the heavenly person of the far-famed and adorable Nacoochee, sovereign princess of the soil. The maiden's father was a mighty chieftain in her warlike nation, and viewed with hereditary and unconquerable envy and hate, the prowess of the neighboring tribe. Unhappily the princess' young heart had been early stolen by a gallant youth, son of the ruler of this very obnoxious race; and when did an Indian maiden's love ever succumb to aught of opposing fate? In the silent hour, when the dream-god held undisputed sway, they met, and kissed and vowed—and vowed and kissed and met again. The spiteful current of true love dashed a malicious wave of intelligence of these secret trysts to the wigwam of the parent chief. He started! Nacoochee, the sun-beam of his soul, was gone! up sprang the warriors with bended bows and vengeful brows. Now the valley feels their stealthy step—a gossamer robe yields to the dalliance of the night zephyr; it is the fair maiden's, and at her feet kneels the scion of their hated rival—an unearthly yell follows, scarcely quicker than does the winged arrow: the maiden sees the danger—she falls before her lover—receives the fatal shaft sent for his heart—and dies! The youth in a frenzy of despair sinks by her side, a self-immolated offering at the shrine of love. The warriors now gather around; grief wrings all hearts, and most sorely that of the childless chief: he pines and dies, and with the fated lovers, is buried in the bosom of the valley, and a consecrated mound is piled over their resting place, upon the summit of which is planted a solitary pine. This



SOUTHERN SWAMP.



LOWLAND RIVER SCENE.

tragical tomb, with its gloomy tree, remains even to this day, and is no other than the self-same mound which now forms so interesting a feature in the landscape of Nacoochee.

The river scenery of the South has its charms, though with the exception of the Tselica, or French Broad, they are not at all comparable in degree and variety with the beauties of the Northern waters. The mountain streams are numerous, rattling on in merry frolic, or flowing gently in virgin purity and grace. As they leave the hills and enter the sandy soils of the low-lands, they grow lazy and muddy, but their banks are often densely covered with luxuriant foliage, or they rise in huge and grotesque bluffs. The shores of the Savannah, the Alabama, and the Mississippi abound in this latter feature; pleasing to the unaccustomed eye, but desolate to the habitué. In the lower parts of the Atlantic and Gulf States the rivers are of singular beauty in the hazy atmosphere, and in their gorgeous drapery of the foliage of the live and water oaks, the orange, the bay, the laurel, the magnolia, and a thousand pendant vines, mosses and evergreens; with the rice and the cotton fields dipping into their waters. The Cooper and the Ashley are fair examples of this class of Southern river views. A passage from the latter accompanies these inadequate memoranda. Our frontispiece also is a taste of the same quality; a glimpse on the Savannah River with the spires of the Georgian metropolis in the distance: the middle ground occupied by a rice-mill, and in the foreground the rice flats and the live oak. The monotonous level of the landscape hereabouts throws the whole burden of interest upon the dreamy atmosphere and the luxuriant vegetation, and well, too, do they sustain it. Even in mid-winter, the countless evergreens lend a *riant* air to the scene, while it is scarcely possible to describe its summer lavishness of beauty. Naught of grace and richness can be imagined which is not seen in the vast rice fields, from the earliest budding of the young plant, to the golden tinting of the ripened grain: in the venerable groves of massive oak whose forms are barely discernible in their wealth of trailing moss and vines: and in the ghostly and impressive aspect of the forest swamps and dark lagunes. The giant cypresses, edging on either side as far as the eye may penetrate, the bed of a deep channel in these dark jungles, interlace their branches and form grand cathedral aisles, gorgeously adorned by the pendant vines and the flowering shrubs. Life and death are locked in close embrace, as the budding flowerets cling around the rotting *débris* of former vegetation. The ever present moss—jestingly called Death's Banner—in its mournful fall, proclaims the dangers and terrors of these luring haunts, fearfully as the terrible inscription over Dante's hell. The land is poisonous, and pestilence is in its breath. In solemn harmony with the scene is the fitful cry of the wild bird, the phantom form of the gaunt and skeleton crane, the hiss of the gay coated serpent, and the uncouth apparition of the frightful alligator.

> "Nothing of genial growth may here be seen,
> Nothing of beautiful! wild ragged trees,
> That look like felon spectres—fetid shrubs
> That taint the gloomy atmosphere—dusk shades,
> That gather, half a cloud and half a fiend
> In aspect, lurking on the swamp's wild edge,
> Gloom with their sternness and forbidding frowns,
> The general prospect."—

It is in winter only that the traveler may venture within these dismal yet tempting shades. Even the acclimated jealously shun them at all other seasons—seeking the higher and sandy pine wastes, or the towns and cities.

Returning to the hill-region, with which we have more particularly to do at this time, we will glance hastily at the water-falls. While North Carolina is pre-eminent in the Southern States for its mountain views, Georgia is not less distinguished for the loveliness of its many sparkling cascades.

In the vicinity of Nacoochee and Yonah, is the merry flow of the Toccoa—Toccoa the Beautiful: an elfin stream, which in one graceful bound, o'erleaps a precipice of two hundred feet. Simplicity and repose make up the sentiment of this favorite scene; the splash of its falling spray is but a soothing lullaby, and scarcely have the waters kissed the shadowed bed beneath, when, apparently in no manner ruffled by their unwonted plunge, they ripple as noiselessly and cheerily as before. Many poetic imaginings have been born of the sweet voice of Toccoa: among these dreams we are told how the remorseless red men eager for the blood of their white foes, trusted themselves to the pilotage of a woman, and were led by her over the fearful edge of the precipice, to the death they sought to give:

"Embosomed in the primal forest shades,
And singing gayly through the day and night;
Dashing thy waters into myriad braids
Of diamond spray that sparkles down the height,
And changes hue beneath the shifting light;
Laughing away the hours in childish mirth,
And gently dallying with the ear and sight,
Scarce calls thy murmuring voice an echo forth,
Toccoa! merriest water-fall of all the earth!"

But a few miles distant from Toccoa, is the series of beautiful cataracts in the deep gorge of Tallulah. The granite walls of this ravine rise in places to an elevation of a thousand feet: and within the passage of a mile, the Terrora river, which dashes through it, falls in eight or nine cascades of widely contrasted character and extent. In the lower falls—the Serpentine and the Horicon—the waters dance merrily, yet evenly, under the foliage of a gay cluster of beech and birch; while the Oceana and the Tempesta rage and writhe amidst confused heaps of jagged and barren rocks. The passage of the bed of the ravine is extremely hazardous, but the wants and pleasures of the visitors have worn easy paths to all the points of attraction. The *morale* of Tallulah the Terrible, and Toccoa



CASCADE OF TOCCOA, GEORGIA.



FALLS OF TALLULAH, GEORGIA.

the Beautiful, is in as vivid opposition as their names imply. While Toccoa is seen at a single glance, no two points at Tallulah offer the same picture; the one glides on in unvarying sweetness and graciousness of mood, while the other is now mad in gladness, and anon sullen in despair:

"A mountain river—rushing on
Betwixt eternal walls of stone,
Down in a deep and dark abyss,
Bedded with rock and precipice,
Now flowing with a sullen course,
And uttering murmurs loud and hoarse;
Now plunging with resistless tide,
Adown a precipice's side
Enwrapped in snowy foam and spray,
It thunders on its headlong way.
'Till mingled with the flood below,
It there resumes its wonted flow.
Again, and yet again, it leaps,
From base to base, down rocky steeps,
Rending the air with ceaseless roar,
Swelled with loud echoes from each shore."

This vicinage—and to a less extent, all the region of which we have spoken—has been much visited of late by home tourists: and many gentlemen have erected here pleasant country-seats, at which they pass half the year. Watering-places are rapidly increasing in number and fashion; for the whole South is rich in every kind of medical springs. Comfortable inns are becoming less rare, and the highways are assuming more inviting aspects. Still the Northern voyager will sadly miss the superior conveniences and comforts of his own more traveled and better ordered routes; the by-ways are miserable, the people ignorant, the fare scant and wretched, and the expense of travel disproportionately great. The reputed hospitality and chivalry of "the land of the pine, the cedar, and vine," has nothing to do with the humbler dwellers in the rude forest wilds; and, indeed, the people of the South generally, however kind their hearts, have too profound an ignorance or contempt of the secret of comfort in their homes, to make the guest long forget his exile. From the illy ordered and dilapidated condition of their homesteads, the stranger might well fancy them to be but brief sojourners, waiting only an occasion to fly to more pleasant abodes.

In the mountain regions the settlements are so far asunder, and the public conveyances so insufficient, that the only true mode of travel is with tent and baggage. But few inns are to be

found out of the villages, so that the traveler must seek his quarters at any cabin to which night-fall may happen to bring him. Thus soliciting a home, the modest mountaineers will tell him that they do not entertain people, but if he chooses to put up with what they have, they reckon he may. He is left often to stable his horses himself; which done, he enters a wretched cabin, *sans* windows, *sans* furniture, *sans* every thing, excepting now and then a pianoforte, in strange contrast with the general air of the habitation. The taste is no more considered than the sight: he may throw away the best appetite in the world upon a piece of rude corn bread, a slice of indigestible pork, or, perhaps a half-boiled chicken. If he reads or writes during the evening, it must be by the ruddy glare of the pine torch alone; and if he manages to sleep, it is upon a rough, often dirty pallet, surrounded by the entire household, from the snoring patriarch to the tuneful babe; for the same apartment is universal kitchen, parlor, and boudoir.

With the increase of travel, these little material discomforts will be, of course, abated.

This is forest-life: very different is that of both town and country, in the lowlands, where the home of the opulent and educated Southerner offers all the delights of the highest social refinement and the most catholic mental culture.

A KENTUCKIAN IN THE EAST.*

MR. ROSS BROWNE, who is no stranger to our readers, has furnished us with a very entertaining, and withal instructive, book of Eastern travel. For keen observation, graphic delineation of character, humorous description, and felicity of diction, we know not where to look for its equal—as we shall endeavor to show by somewhat extended extracts. Meanwhile, the circumstances under which the journey was undertaken and performed have a moral in them which is well worth recording: Some twelve or fourteen years ago, the author, a youth of eighteen, determined to make a tour in the East. In order to do this, it was necessary to put money in his purse; and it occurred to him that the profession of a stenographic reporter was the most available means of accomplishing this indispensable preliminary, to say nothing of the collateral advantage of listening to those bursts of Congressional eloquence which he would be the means of transmitting to an admiring posterity. A year's close application made him master of the art; whereupon he set out from his home, in Kentucky, for Washington. Here he was fortunate enough to obtain a situation as reporter in the Senate, and employed his leisure hours in reading works of travel, and counting over, in imagination, the six or eight hundred dollars which he anticipated would, at the close of the session, distend his lean purse; on the strength of which he proposed to make his Eastern tour, as befitted a gentleman, to whom expense was not the least object. But he soon found that the speeches were not so very instructive; and what was far worse, that reporting them was much less remunerative than he had supposed. So it happened that the expected six or eight hundred dollars dwindled down to fifteen, with which very moderate sum he set out for Jerusalem. By the time he had got as far east as New York his money was expended; and on endeavoring to obtain a clerkship, he was astounded to learn that any thing in the shape of a salary attached to such a position was just then out of the question. Nothing better occurred than to ship before the mast on board a whaler. The consequence was a voyage of some eighteen months to the Indian Ocean, during which he gained some experience in the art and mystery of scrubbing decks and catching whales—very useful branches of education, doubtless, but not specially remunerative in the case of our author—who on his return paid his last cent to a porter, for carrying his trunk at Washington. The voyage, however, was not wholly fruitless, for it furnished him with materials for a very entertaining volume, "Etchings of a Whaling Cruise." For the next four years, he did the State some service as reporter in Congress, and as clerk in the Treasury Department. But a man's fate, as the Arabs say, is written on his skull; and our author was destined to chronicle the feats of YUSEF BADRA, "the destroyer of Robbers, and Prince of Dragomans," who about this time began to conduct travelers through Syria. So he began once more to look Eastward.

This time he endeavored to reach the East by going west, and set out for California and Oregon, with a commission in the revenue service, to take effect on his arrival. On the voyage he passed within sight of Juan Fernandez, for which island he set out in an open boat, in order to gain some tidings of his, and our, and everybody's old friend, Robinson Crusoe. Here occurred that remarkable series of adventures, recorded in the last three Numbers of our Magazine.

On arriving in California, our author found that his services were not required in the revenue service. But while he was balancing the relative advantages of the professions of laundry-man and mule-driver, it happened that the Convention was summoned to form a State Constitution for California, and he was appointed to report the debates in that body. If fame speaks truly, not a few of the best speeches were composed by the reporter, and afterward adopted by the reputed authors, as precisely what they intended to have said. As to that, however, we can not speak confidently, as we were not in the Convention. For the preparation of these debates the future author of "Yusef" received a sum which enabled him to undertake his Eastern travels under auspices more favorable than those which waited upon his earlier attempts.

After traversing Italy in various directions, our author found himself, in the closing weeks of September, at Naples. It was yet too early to set out for Syria, and the thought occurred to him that the time might be profitably spent in a *gira*, or "turn," through Sicily; and with an account of this, the book commences. After an almost fruitless search for the office of the steamer, and a sharp contest with the clerks, who seemed to think their chief official duty was to prevent travelers from taking passage, our

* Yusef: or the Journey of the Frangi; a Crusade in the East. By J. Ross BROWNE. With Illustrations from Sketches by the Author. 12mo. pp. 421. Harper & Bros.

author finally succeeded in getting on board, with passports duly *viséd*, and, in the course of time, reached Palermo. The following description, with the accompanying sketch, will give his impressions of the general condition of Sicily, and the causes to which that condition is to be attributed:

"The implements of agriculture, the rude and half-savage appearance of the people, the entire absence of the comforts of civilization, all bore evidence of the depressing effects of military rule. 'What object is there in these poor wretches endeavoring to benefit their condition?' said my friend, the Italian, to me. 'What good will it do them to increase their crops, or build better houses, or educate their children? The more they have, the heavier they are taxed; they naturally think they might as well remain idle as labor for the support of a horde of brutal soldiers to keep them in a state of slavery; and there is no incitement to education, for it only makes them the more sensible of their degraded condition. Yet it is not to be contended that they are fit for self-government; all they need is a judicious and humane system of laws, which will afford them adequate protection against the errors and follies of despotic rulers. They are not deficient in capacity or industry, where they have any object in making use of their natural gifts. You see them now in a state of hopeless degradation and bondage.' While the Italian was talking, a Capuchin friar came to the door of the diligence to beg for the church. I thought my friend might have added some reflections on this branch of the subject, that would have shown more clearly the root of the evils under which the Sicilians labor; but being a good Catholic he was silent. I contented myself by giving the poor friar a baiocco, and making a sketch of his face as he stood waiting for the Italian to give him another. There was plenty of time to get a good likeness."



SICILIAN FRIAR.

The great object of a tour in Sicily, is to see the sun rise from the summit of Mount Etna. The journey from the foot of the mountain, which is performed by night, partly on mules and partly on foot, is fatiguing enough. Our author agreed with his English traveling companion that the sunrise was "excessively fine;" but added the mental reservation, that it would require the simultaneous rising of the sun, moon, and all the stars to get him up there again in the middle of the night. The descent, however, would seem rather agreeable than otherwise:



DESCENT OF ETNA.

"A walk down Mount Etna includes a slide of about a mile from the crater. Commencing near the crater is a steep bank of ashes and cinders, extending nearly to the Casa Inglesa, by which the trip is made, with a locomotive speed, quite delightful. Peeping over the brink of the precipice, you enter into a calculation as to the probability of having your limbs dislocated, in case you should strike some unseen rock; and about the time you become satisfied that a leg or an arm must be sacrificed, there rises a dust some hundred yards below, and you see a large dark body bouncing down like a man of India rubber, scattering cinders and ashes before it, and yelling like a demon. Away it goes, rising and jumping and tossing, till it looks like a great black-bird hopping down into the gulf of lava below, dwindling as it goes, till you see nothing but a dark speck. Then down dashes another and another, and you see that it must be old Pedro leading the way, and the stragglers following. Committing yourself to Providence, you draw a long breath and jump over too; and then, *Per Baccho*, how you go; up to your ankles in cinders, ten feet every jump! The wind whistles through your hair; you half shut your eyes to keep out the dust that has been raised by the guides; you shout like a drunken man, without knowing why, Hurra! glorious! splendid traveling this! hold me, somebody! stop me, Pedro! by Jupiter, there goes my hat; I knew it couldn't stay on! for heaven's sake belay me! It is no use, nobody will belay you! There you go, faster and faster at every jump, till you don't know which end will come out first. Now you bet ten to one that your feet will win the race; now a hidden mass of lava brings them up with a sudden jerk, and you'd lay heavy odds on the end of your nose—yes, the nose must win; you feel the premonitory jar as it nears the end of the track; terror seizes your soul; you jump

desperately ten, twenty, thirty feet at every bound, twisting yourself back in the air like a cat; you vow in your agony of mind that you will never drop poor puss over the bannisters again in order to see her land on her feet; another leap, another twist does it; your feet are in the air, and you go sailing down gallantly on the seat of your breeches. Hurra! clear the track, there! don't stop me! glorious! splendid! Here we are, Pedro, all right; keep a look out for my hat, it'll be down here presently! Bless my soul, what a slide that was!"

Any one who has traveled in Italy will recognize the accuracy of the following portraits of the gendarmes and postillions:

"When the diligence stopped at one of the outer gates, we were carefully inspected by a couple of officers, in flashy uniforms and feathers, who politely requested us to allow them the pleasure of looking at our passports. One stood a little in the background, with pens, ink, and paper in his hand: he was evidently a subordinate character, notwithstanding the brilliancy of his plumage, which, from a hasty estimate, I calculated to consist of the tails of three gamecocks; the other was a portly man, of grave and dignified demeanor, rich in tin buttons and red cloth epaulets, and with a mustache that would have done credit to the Governor himself; in fact, I thought at first that he was the Governor, so imposing was his personal appearance. The passports he opened slowly and cautiously, either from habitual contempt of the value of time, or a latent suspicion that they contained squibs of gunpowder; and at last, when he had fairly spread them out, with the signatures inverted, he carefully scanned the contents for five minutes, and then calmly addressed us, in bad Italian: 'Your names, Signores, if you please.'



SICILIAN GENDARMES.

"As to the sparky little postillion who drove us so furiously out of Catania, and who afterward fell asleep when there was nobody on the roadside to admire his driving, I have him safe enough. Here he is. Public indignation is respectfully solicited:



SICILIAN POSTILLION.

"The individual mounted upon that horse, swindled us out of two carlins. What he did with so much money it would be impossible to say; he may have put it in his boots for safe keeping; but he certainly could not have deposited his ill-gotten gains in his coat-pockets. I only knew that we paid him the sum above specified for doing certain duties that he never performed; and that implicit confidence is not to be placed in a man simply because he wears a feather in his hat, a jacket with red cloth embroidery and small tails, and a pair of top-boots, big enough to bury him in when he dies."

The principal industrial pursuit followed by the Sicilians—that at least which most strikes the traveler—is begging. To say nothing of the blind, the deformed, and the crippled, who have a sort of natural right to levy contributions upon their more fortunate fellow-beings, the children beg as a matter of amusement, or to show their proficiency in education, while the adults beg in order to set a wholesome example for the rising generation, and train them up in the ways of usefulness and industry. There is a peculiarity in Sicilian traveling which is apt to impress the traveler a little unfavorably at first. That is, that when he has paid for a seat in the diligence, he has by no means done paying for his journey. He has merely acquired a right to a certain number of inches of seat, but that has nothing to do with locomotion, which is only to be obtained by gratuities to the postillions; failing which, as our author once found to his cost, he is liable to be left to enjoy his seat in the diligence in the highway, amidst the jeers and laughter of the popu-

lation. Our traveler attempted, on his return, to compel the proprietor of the diligence to refund the amounts thus extorted, beyond what were specified in the articles of agreement. The charges were duly made out and presented to the accused *padrone*, with what success the victim shall relate:



COUNSEL FOR THE ACCUSED.

"The counsel for the accused, which consisted of the conductor, the driver, the postillion, and several of the ragged facchini, belonging to the hotel, broke in and protested that it was the custom of the country, that any other padrone would have charged double the price; they all talked at once, and their appeals in behalf of the padrone were so eloquent and moving, that he evidently began to consider himself a much injured man, and this sense of outraged honesty so inspired him with courage, that he began to protest that he would have justice for such unmerited accusations; he couldn't stand it; he'd go to the police office.

"The upshot of the whole business was, that we had to pay the full amount on the agreement, and suffer an additional loss of several carlins in fees to the counsel of the accused, who never ceased to persecute us till we showed symptoms of a disposition to pay the required amount. The ground upon which they based their claim was that they had helped us out of the difficulty! Such a course of conduct might well be considered as adding insult to injury; but having no alternative we paid the fees in order to get rid of the counsel, who were getting stronger every moment; and who had already enlisted the sympathies of every straggler in the street."

Having accomplished the *gira* through Sicily, our author set out Eastward on a "Crusade against the Mists of Fancy." At Athens he enjoyed an interview with the King and Queen of Greece: that is, their Majesties and the traveler both happened to be in the street at the same time; and he is sure that he looked at their Majesties, and has no doubt that they returned the compliment. King Otho is described as "rather a small man, with a small head and face, and rather a small show of character in the expression of his countenance; looking uncommonly unwholesome in mind and body." The Queen is "a buxom young woman of about thirty, of light complexion, blue eyes, full face, rather plain in features, but lively and good-humored looking," who might pass with us "for the daughter of a farmer, more accustomed to jumping fences and looking up the cows, than to the atmosphere of royalty." The scene on board the steamer, as they approached Constantinople, is thus described:

"We entered the Sea of Marmora by sundown, and became poetical over its sleeping isles. It was a night for romantic thoughts; the moon was so minutely visible through the clear atmosphere that its seas and mountains lay outspread upon it like a chart of silver, the sky glittering with stars, the waters of Marmora were as smooth as glass, and the isles softly steeped in a mellow light, and the dim outlines of the mountains of Europe and of Asia loomed up like sleeping giants in the mystic background.

"About the decks lie bearded Turks, smoking their chiboucks, and Greeks in petticoats, and pale Armenians in tall turbans and long robes, sipping their coffee and talking of the money-market; and dirty Arabs, in their brown capotes, doing nothing at all, and not likely to do any thing for some time; and Jewish peddlers and pilgrims, nodding and reading aloud from the Talmud, or praying in dark corners; and Mohammedans of all castes, spreading their mats in the most in-



PILGRIMS ON THE STEAMER.

convenient places, and bowing down toward Mecca, regardless of the world and all its prejudices. Some hundreds of stupid Turkish soldiers, with heavy faces, half sea-sick, are gathered in huge piles on the forecastle deck, or gamble in groups about the gangways; and abaft the break of the quarter-deck is a cross-barred cage, covered over like a tent, filled with masked, and black-eyed, laughing, romping Turkish women and squalling babies, belonging to the harems of those old gray-bearded Mussulmans close by smoking their chiboucks or bobbing at Mecca; and now and then there emerges from the cage an ugly African, who draws her mask over her thick lips if you look toward her, with as much coquetry as if she thought it would not do to let so much beauty be seen at once."

From the description of Constantinople, we must copy two or three characteristic sketches. Giving due precedence to the quadruped citizens over their less active biped neighbors, we begin with

THE BATTLE OF THE BYZANTINES.

"Opposite to the Hotel de Byzant is an open space, inhabited by one of these canine communities, whose operations of domestic and municipal economy afford me constant food for study. Near by is a Mohammedan grave-yard, inhabited by another tribe; and it is my chief employment, every afternoon, to sit on the portico, smoking a chibouck, and watching the movements of my four-legged neighbors. I have formed quite an attachment for the Byzantines, and a bitter prejudice against those sneaking fellows beyond, who skulk behind the tomb-stones. We of the Byzant region—for I have fought for them, and am now treated as a member of the community, and always received with a general wagging of tails—we Byzantines depend chiefly for our living upon the offal cast out from a range of houses just beyond the boundary. True, this is not strictly our property, but we consider that it ought to be; and so, whenever a bone, or a mutilated cat, or a defunct chicken, is thrown out we are startled from our sunny corners and daily slumbers by the little curs that we keep to wake us; and, headed by the shaggy old veterans, who have fought their way to eminence, we sally forth in a body to seize our prey. Domestic difficulties ensue; hungry drones, who are the first to run, want more than their share, and scuffles take place, which arouse the scouts of the enemy. Now from every tomb-stone there springs a barking foe; the grave-yard re-echoes with the call to arms; big dogs and little dogs rush furiously into battle array; and down they thunder in terrible force upon the fighting Byzantines, in an avalanche of dust. One universal yell of rage and defiance rends the welkin; the smoke of battle rises on high, and for a while nothing is seen but a cloud of dust, and nothing heard but the gritting of teeth and the tug of strife at close quarters. It is a moment of awful suspense. Shall it be victory and chicken, or defeat without chicken? The noble Byzantines or the skulking Tombers? Now there is a swaying to and fro of the struggling mass—tails begin to appear through the dust; the wounded rush out and skulk off, panting, to places of temporary safety. Individual foes, twisted up in mortal strife, tumble out and roll together on the blood-stained field; cowards hover round in the outer circle, snapping at unguarded legs; and thieves sneak off with portions of the prey, and eat them behind the tomb-stones while the battle is raging. At last superior numbers prevail against desperate courage. Alas for the Byzantines! The Tombers drive them yelling beyond the lines. They rally and re-rally their exhausted forces, but it won't do; they are morally and physically vanquished—the chicken is gone, and the maimed and the dying skulk off, licking their wounds. Flushed with victory, the Tombers follow up to the very door-steps of the Byzant, and defile the sacred temple of the Byzantines. Do you suppose I can sit quietly, with a stick in my hand, and witness this crowning insult? Not I.—To the rescue! to the rescue! On, Byzantines, on! Away we go! Down go the Tombers before a volley of sticks and stones, and we chase the flying foe into the very secret recesses of the grave-yard. Hurrah for the Byzantines! Victory is ours at last; and for the rest of that day the Tombers are a crest-fallen set. Many a human battle has been decided in the same way, and why shouldn't we feel proud of our victories as well as others?"



GENERAL VIEW OF CONSTANTINOPLE.

SHOPKEEPERS.

At last, after getting lost a dozen times in the narrow streets, you enter a dark archway, much as you would enter a cavern, with a lurking suspicion of an attack from a horde of banditti. This is the beginning of the famous bazaars of Stamboul. A grave old man, with a tremendous turban on his head, and a long chibouck in his



SHOPKEEPERS.

mouth, sits bundled up among his precious fabrics, totally indifferent to the matter of customers; in fact rather averse to any interruption, for he happens to be listening to a story about some ghouls and genii, which a neighbor is relating at the time. In the next bazaar every body seems to be asleep; though they are all bright enough when they hear the voice of a traveling gentleman; so bright, indeed, that in a few moments half a dozen sharp-witted youths are after you from the immediate vicinity, telling you to "Come dis way; no good bazaar dat; bess bazaar dis way; plenty nice ting sheep." This eventually arouses the old gentleman, and he looks up, with a patronizing air; perhaps he might be prevailed upon to sell you something. You are determined not to trust yourself to the sharp-witted fellows who are pulling at your elbow. The indifference of the venerable gentleman piques you; besides you know he must be honest.—"*Kats grosh?*" you ask, taking up the article carelessly. Something in the shape of an answer is grunted by the old man; of course you can't have the faintest idea of the meaning, the language being Turkish, or Arabic, or some other barbarous compound of guttural sounds. "*Kats grosh?*" you say again, a little louder. The old man takes a puff of his chibouck, and raises up ten fingers, and shakes them at you four times. It must be forty piasters, or forty dollars. You draw out a piaster, and demand in plain English if he means to say that it requires forty of these to purchase the article? The old gentleman nods assent. Two dollars seem high for such a trifle. You shake your ten fingers at him three times, which means thirty piasters. "*Bosh!*" says the merchant, with a contemptuous toss of the head, and he coolly resumes his chibouck. As you turn to walk off he beckons you back, takes up the silk, points out all its beauties, grows eloquent upon its peculiar merits, enlarges in the most barbarous tissue of exclamations upon its cost, all of which you have to suppose, not understanding a single word he says. Eventually he concludes by shaking his ten fingers at you three times and five fingers once, signifying thirty-five. You shake back at him three fingers less, upon which you are determined to stand. No, it will not do; the old Turk stands on two, and the purchase can't be made for the sixteenth part of a little finger less. Off you start again, and this time you don't turn to look back.—"*Hallo! come back here!*" shouts the old man, as plainly as possible in Turkish; and now he goes through an imaginary process of cutting his fore-finger in two. No, sir, you exclaim; not the first knuckle of a fore-finger more! The half of the fore-finger is resigned at last! the article is yours; and with a proud consciousness of shrewdness and self-dependence, you pocket it, and set out for Pera. . . . . Breakfast has just commenced, the purchase is duly exhibited, and extravagantly admired by the ladies; the price is miraculously low; it must have required extraordinary jewing to get it so cheap. It is passed round for the final judgment of a grave gentleman who understands these things thoroughly. Heavens! what a grim smile of pity and contempt; your beautiful specimen of Turkish skill is worth just ten piasters, and has been manufactured in Paris, where such things can be bought for little or nothing!"

THE HOWLING DERVISHES OF SCUTARI.

"Gracious heavens, what a sight! A menagerie of wild animals let loose would be tame to it. I can compare it to nothing but a bedlam of hopping and howling lunatics. First on one foot, then on the other, the shaven heads bobbing as a schoolboy bobs his head after a dive when he gets a bubble in his ear; all bobbing together, and nodding, and jerking, and jumping, and hopping like gigantic puppets worked by secret wires; the high scream gradually lowering to a groan, and the groan jogging down by degrees into a grunt, and the grunt into a general howl, so deep and savage that the snarling of hyenas or the roaring of lions would be music to it. The lusty gang in front work them-

selves into a phrensy; their shaven crowns jerk about at such a rate that one expects to see a head roll down on the floor every moment; their voices lose all semblance of human voices, and now it becomes a hoarse panting grunt from the pits of their stomachs, and streams of sweat roll down from their faces, and their scanty cotton robes hang dripping on their bodies. Through the wriggling, jerking mass you see a little howler who has hopped and howled himself out of breath; his head hangs on his shoulder, his eyes rolling, and his tongue hanging out while he gasps for breath; an old priest gives him a smart crack on the pate with his knuckles, and he starts into motion again as if suddenly galvanized, and the whole fraternity of little howlers are frightened into a fresh fit of hopping, and bobbing, and yelling. Now you detect a sly fellow in the crowd trying to cheat people with the idea that he is as zealous a worshiper as any of them; but you can plainly see that he is an impostor or a backslider; he only hops once in a while, when he thinks he is noticed, and howls so faintly that nobody can hear him, and, as to the jerking of his head, it is the mere nodding of a head in the act of taking a private nap, and requires no exertion except to keep up a show of wakefulness. Old men with long grizzled beards sway to and fro, unable to hop, and too short of breath to howl; but they keep up a bass growl, and with their deep blood-shot eyes and the restless swaying of the head, look not unlike polar bears standing upright. Still older men, unable to stand at all, sit upon their mats and sway and growl in concert. At last the voices have been jogged out of the sturdiest worshipers; nothing is heard but the husky grating of the breath in the throat, and the hurried panting for air; and finally their chins fall loosely on their breasts, their tongues loll out, and all become motionless as statues. The chief priest thereupon makes a prayer, to which the most devout attention is paid. Not a whisper is heard till the prayer is concluded. For a moment a dead silence prevails. The whole congregation and all the worshipers are mute and motionless. It is a most impressive picture of rapt devotion. Barbarous the scene may be, but not devoid of solemnity. And now a low sobbing is heard around the hall of worship—so low at first that it seems to come from spirits in the air; gradually it swells and spreads around till the whole crowd of dervishes are sobbing, and the sobs deepen into a low crying, and the low crying into a wild burst of grief, swelling and winding around the hall like a funeral wail. From every eye the big tears roll down, and the faces and breasts of the sobbing crowd are wet with weeping. So strong, indeed, is the influence of the melting mood, that the wife of my Portuguese friend, who stood near me, covered her face with her handkerchief, and I verily believe cried as hard as any of them. It was the most earnest crying I ever witnessed—so like natural weeping that I began at length to feel moist about the eyes myself, and never in my life did I come so near bursting out into a regular cry. Five minutes more would have done it; for, however ridiculous such exhibitions may appear, there is always something in believing people to be in earnest when they pray, and especially when they cry, that touches one in a tender part. I am certain Alphonse de Lamartine would have opened the flood-gates of his tender heart under a similar appeal to his sympathies, and have deluged the whole place with tears."

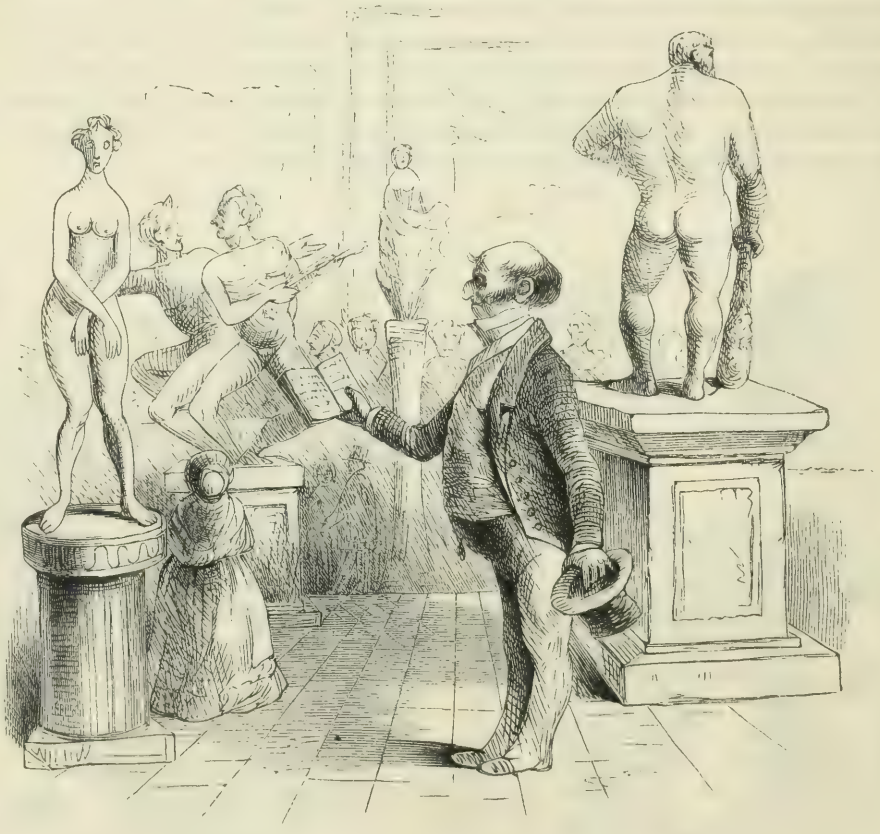


HOWLING DERVISHES.

Mr. Brown gives numerous graphic sketches of the tourists whom he encountered in different parts of his journey. Foremost among these is the worthy Portuguese, Doctor Mendoza, and the "Madam," his amiable spouse. The good Doctor spoke English, though with a sad confusion in the gender of the pronouns, and a total oblivion of the terminations of words. He was traveling with no discoverable object except to kill time, and hunt up the best hotels. His special enthusiasm was the splendid style in which the hotels at St. Petersburg are conducted. Without good hotels he thought it quite "imposs to exiss;" though our author not unfrequently found him tarrying in indifferent quarters, where it was "necess to repose, because the Madam was indispose, and he muss remain tranquil."—Here is a capital sketch of an English tourist. The scene is on board a steamer in the Sea of Marmora, during a furious Levanter:

THE ENGLISH TOURIST.

"Crowded as we were with deck-passengers, chiefly pilgrims on the way to Jerusalem, it was pitiable to behold their terror, and the miserable condition to which they were reduced by sea-sickness and exposure to the weather. Some lay covered up in their dripping blankets, groaning piteously; others staggered about the decks, clinging to the rails, and looking vacantly toward the land; some prayed, some wept, some smoked, some did nothing at all, but it was evident there were not many aboard who would have objected to being put ashore again. In the midst of all the confusion, I noticed an English tourist on the quarter-deck, leaning against the companion way, and contemplating the scene with a calmness that was really provoking.—Hang it, man! I thought, have you no soul—no bowels of compassion?—Why don't you look amused, or sorry, or interested, or sick, or miserable, or something? I went a little closer, to try if I could discover some trace of feeling in his stolid features.—Surely I had seen that face before; that clean-shaved face; those well-trimmed, reddish whiskers; that starched shirt-collar of snowy whiteness; that portly figure. Certainly I had seen him. Every body has seen him. Bromley is his name—Mr. Bromley, an English gentleman of fortune, who travels to kill time. He is the Mephistophiles of Englishmen. I saw him every where—always reserved, serious, dogmatical, and English. When there were only Americans in the party he was a vast improvement upon Bromley. As a matter of principle and habit, he never makes acquaintances that may be troublesome hereafter. He is the embodiment of the non-committal. He never takes any thing on hearsay; he looks at nothing that is not designated in the guide-book; patronizes no hotel that is not favorably mentioned by Murray; admires no picture except by number and corresponding reference to the name of the artist; is only moved to enthusiasm when the thing is pronounced a *chef d'œuvre* by the standard authorities. He shuts himself up in his shell of ice wherever he goes, and only suffers himself to be thawed out when he thinks, upon mature consideration, that there is no danger of coming in contact with somebody that may take advantage of the acquaintance. To his fellow-countrymen he is stiff and haughty; they may claim to know him on his return to England; to Americans he is generally polite and affable, and returns any advance with great courtesy; but seldom makes an advance himself. Bromley is a perfect gentleman in the negative sense. He does nothing that is ungentlemanly. He is too non-committal for that. Possibly he has a heart, and a soul, and just as much of the little weaknesses that spring from the heart and soul as any man—if you can only find it out. He looks British, feels British, talks British, carries with him the very atmosphere of Great Britain."



MR. BROMLEY RECOGNIZING A VENUS AND HERCULES.

At Beirut our author encounters the hero whose name the book bears. Yusef is the very ideal of a Syrian Dragoman—that important personage to whose care the Eastern traveler consigns himself; who is responsible for every thing from the weather to the fleas; who provides brains for the traveler, the muleteers, the mules, and the horses; who must be lexicon, valet, cook, comforter, and protector; who must be always ready, never tired, never at fault. All this Yusef was, and knew, and did—or, in case of failure, he was never at a loss to know and do something equally satisfactory. He thus takes possession of our Howadji:



YUSEF.

"There was a cool air of self-reliance about him; an off-hand, dashing style of address in the man; a contempt for all rivalry and opposition; an unmistakable superiority over all the other Arabs, that took both myself and friend captive at once. We belonged to him; we were his subjects from the very beginning. Demetrie held us by force of a fine mustache; but the great unknown held us by force of character. We were at once under mesmeric influence; he could have taken us to the public bazaars and sold us without the least opposition on our part, at almost any sacrifice, such was the mysterious nature of his power. What he was, or where he lived, or what he intended doing with us, it was impossible to say; all he did, so far, was to push aside the babbling crowd of guides, and utter contemptuous exclamations when they provoked him, such as, 'Dirty blackguards! Poor devils! Never mind them, gentlemen; they don't know any better! Miserable dogs! Come on, gentlemen; come on; this is the way!

"On our arrival at Demetrie's, our friend and protector took us to the best room in the establishment, where he arranged us comfortably; told us we might rely upon Demetrie for good feeding; and then, drawing forth from his sash a small black book, addressed us substantially as follows:

"'Gentlemen, I am Yusef Simon Badra, the dragoman for Syria. This is my book of recommendations. I have taken a thousand American gentlemen through Syria. Yes, sir; the Americans like me; I like the Americans! I hate Englishmen; I won't take an Englishman; they don't suit me; can't get along together; I know too much for 'em. But the Americans suit me; always ready; up to every thing—fun, fight, or frolic. There are other dragomans here, gentlemen. Emanuel Balthos is my friend; I won't interfere, if you wish to take him. I don't say he's afraid of robbers; I don't say he hires guards in all the bad places on that account. I speak only of myself. The robbers know me. The name of Yusef Badra is guard enough in any part of Syria. Courage is a great thing in this country; courage will carry a man through where a thousand guards daren't show their faces. The last time I was out I killed six Bedouins. I sometimes kill such fellows for fun They know me; they know it's a habit I have, and they always keep clear when they can But you can choose for yourselves, gentlemen; there's my book; look over it. Of course you'll smoke some chiboucks. Ho! there—Hassin—chiboucks!'"

In our January Number we gave an account of the famous dance of the *Raas*, as performed by Yusef at Baalbek, to the unbounded admiration of all the spectators, male and female; completely eclipsing the reputation which our author had gained by the performance of the classic melody of "Old Zip Coon," and the affecting recital of the venerable "Uncle Ned," who was snatched from the midst of his admiring friends by a terrible monster called "Grim Death." We here present the illustration belonging to that scene in which the great "Destroyer of Robbers" forced the Howadji to the conclusion that all triumphs are fleeting, and that the *Raas* is the greatest dance ever invented.



YUSEF DANCING THE RAAS.



SALADIN.

Our readers can not have forgotten the description, in our January Number, of Saladin, the wonderful horse furnished to our author by this Prince of Dragomans. Here he is to the life, as he was first presented to his future rider:

"His back must have been broken at different periods of his life in three distinct places, for there were three distinct pyramids on it; one just in front of the saddle, where his shoulder-blade ran up to a cone; another just back of the saddle; and the third, a kind of spur of the range, over his hips, where there was a sudden breaking off from the original line of the backbone, and a precipitous descent to his tail. The joints of his hips, and the joints of his legs were also prominent, especially those of his fore-legs, which he seemed to be always trying to straighten out, but never could, in consequence of the sinews being too short by several inches.—His skin hung upon this remarkable piece of frame-work as if it had been purposely put there to dry in the sun, so as to be ready for leather at any moment."

It will also be recollected that upon the first trial of Saladin, he proved to be a very different kind of animal from what his appearance indicated, and that his rider very much astonished the Dragoman by his exemplification of the American method of equitation.



SALADIN IN ACTION.

THE ARAB STORY-TELLER.

"This is, among his countrymen, a most important character. Every body who has traveled through Egypt or Syria, will bear witness that the accompanying pencil-sketch is a faithful representation of the class. The old gentleman whose name is attached to it lives in the neighborhood of Beirut. He is called Ben-Hozain, the King of Talkers. The handwriting is his own; and you will admit that the name looks as much like Ben-Hozain as it does like Benjamin Huggins, of which I think it must be a corruption. Ben is conspicuous chiefly for the length of his mustache. His tongue is long, but his mustache is a good deal longer; in fact, it is such a mustache as any Arab in Syria, however distinguished, might be proud to swear by. It is to be regretted that people should swear at all; but if they will swear, it is better they should be profane on the subject of beards or mustaches, than on matters of higher import. By profession and inclination Ben-Hozain is a story-teller. I do not mean to say that he is given to willful lying, or to any malicious misrepresentation of facts; but the business of his life is to entertain the public of Beirut with traditional romances of the country."



THE GUIDE IN DAMASCUS.

"We took for our guide through the city a methodical old gentleman called Ibrahim. In his book of recommendations he is represented to be a 'regular old Jew,' 'as honest a man as any body could expect,' 'not the brightest guide in the world, but the best in Damascus, and one who knows the way through the city;' and, in justice to him, I must say that he deserved these testimonials, and that his knowledge of the languages is equal to his knowledge of the antiquities of Damascus.

"The old gentleman (for he claimed to be a Reis) was very slow and dignified in his movements, and wore a long beard and large turban, that gave him a most imposing aspect; we called him Ibrahim the Solemn. He showed us the bazaars, and told us, with great solemnity, that they were bazaars; the mosques, too, he pointed out, and informed us that they were mosques; some old walls, likewise, he showed us, and said they were walls; after which, satisfied that he had imparted to us much valuable information, he took us to a native smoking-house, and with our permission, called for coffee and narguillas for the whole party, which he paid for out of his own purse, charging us afterward only double the amount; according to a custom prevalent among guides all over the world.

"I was greatly struck with the majestic and dignified appearance of old Ibrahim; and thought he would look very much like a distinguished person, on paper. Indeed, I secretly entertained the belief that he was really some extraordinary man, in reduced circumstances; probably one of the learned Rabbi that I had read about in books on the East. My chief ground for the latter opinion was, that he seemed always to be wrapt in a profound study; and had a great antipathy to any thing like learning in others. Nothing so excited his contempt (if I might judge by the gravity of his countenance, for he never manifested his excitement in any other way) as any allusion to the history of Damascus. In a happy moment of inspiration, I got an exact fac-simile of his features, which will enable the reader to see precisely how he looked upon being asked by one of the party, if he remembered at what date St. Paul preached from the house-top. On the subject of Roman antiquities he was especially reserved. It was evident that he had an antipathy to the Romans, and would in no degree contribute to the perpetuation of their fame. That he will come out one of these days in a book against that people for building useless walls and arches in Damascus, and thereby setting idle tourists all agog, about ruins that don't exist as well as those that do exist, I have no doubt whatever. I observed it in the expression of his countenance on several occasions when I solicited his opinion about Herod the Great."



THE BATHS OF DAMASCUS.

"Here was a blue mist, through which all that we could discern were shaven heads, naked and dusky figures looming through the warm soapy atmosphere, with a grim and horrible effect. There was a hot, heavy, oppressive smell, that quite disheartened one of us at least as to the prospect. I instinctively held my breath, for

fear of inhaling some plague, leprosy, or other loathsome disease peculiar to Oriental cities. While thinking seriously of darting out, paying the *backshish*, and considering the thing done, a gaunt figure emerged from the fog, and seized me with the grasp of a vice. He was the most frightful looking monster I ever beheld—a perfect living mummy; dark, lean, and shriveled, with sharp-pointed yellow teeth, and only one eye, the other having been dug out with some rough instrument; but that single eye was enough: it actually seemed to glare with triumph at the idea of a Christian subject. Another naked wretch seized hold of my friend the English captain, and we were both dragged rapidly into an adjoining apartment.

"I sincerely hope that the impression made upon my mind on entering this den of Satanic visions will never be effaced by any future experience. It was quite sufficient to give me a general idea of the state of things to which a man may be reduced by an evil course of life. In truth, it was worthy to be ranked with Martin's illustrations of Milton. At one end was a seething caldron of hot water, in the shape of a dark marble vase, from which arose hot clouds of steam; the marble floor was wet and soapy, and of a smarting heat; the walls were reeking with a warm sweat; high overhead was a concave ceiling, pierced with round holes, in which were colored glasses, and through this the light poured down in streaks of every hue; a mist of hot vapor hung in the atmosphere, lit up by flashes of colored light, and gave the moving figures an appearance of wretches roasting in flames of fire and brimstone; and all around, in every direction, were bare bodies, and limbs, and shaven heads glistening through the obscurity, and great naked monsters torturing them with dippers full of scalding water or blinding lather from huge basins of suds; some scraping with razors a bald crown, some scalding down a leg or an arm, or rubbing off the skin from the backbone of a prostrate victim; others stretching out limbs and trying to disjoint them, or scrubbing them down with hard brushes—all working with a fiendish zest, increased to a malicious grin of triumph when a groan or involuntary yell of agony could be elicited.

"We were seized again by the naked monsters before mentioned, and dragged into a room still further on, and of much smaller dimensions. There were only two or three victims in this branch of the establishment. It seemed to be the finishing-up place, where people who chose to go through the whole operation were subjected to the final and most exquisite ordeals; but we, as a matter of favor, were permitted to suit ourselves by having the whole thing concentrated. It was of such a fiery temperature that for a few minutes it was a sufficient labor to struggle against suffocation. Soon the big drops of sweat rolled down from my forehead; I was covered with a flow of steam and sweat that quite blinded me. The captain vanished in a white mist, leaving a parting impression on my mind of a man gasping for life in a sea of soap-suds. I saw no more of him for a quarter of an hour. Meantime I was jerked out of my winding-sheet by the one-eyed monster, and thrust down into a sitting posture, close by the vase of hot water. 'Hold, for God's sake! What—' It was too late. A perfect deluge of foaming lather came pouring down over my head and face, running into my eyes, ears, and nostrils, and stopping up my mouth beyond all hope of speech. I have an indistinct recollection of a confusion of agonies through which I went for the next five minutes, but can not depict them with any thing like the force of reality.

"From the crown of my head to the soles of my feet, I was enveloped in a bank of hot lather, which the horrid wretch who had me down was rubbing into my flesh with a small rake, or some other instrument of torture. At last he reached my eyes, and here he rubbed so effectually that the pain was too exquisite to be borne. 'Water, water!' I roared, in the very extremity of agony, 'water, you villain! quick, or I'm blind for life!' '*Mooè*,' suggested the captain from his bank of suds on the other side, 'call for *mooè*, that's the Arabic; he'll understand it better than English!' '*Mooè!*' I screamed in the madness of anguish; '*Mooè!* you rascal!' There was a guttural sound of assent from outside the coating of lather; it was impossible to see an inch; but I heard a dabbling as if in water, and thought I detected something like a fiendish inward laugh. Next moment my brain seemed to be scorched with a hissing flame of fire, and my body felt as if a thousand devils were tearing strips of skin off it with red hot pincers. For a while I was entirely incapable of utterance. I could only writhe madly under the grasp of the live mummy, who held me down with one hand, while he continued to pour the scalding flood over me with the other, till a momentary cessation of the torture enabled me to call for aid. 'Captain! oh heavens, captain! he's boiling me in earnest!' 'Cold water!' said the captain in Arabic; 'put some cold water on him!' There was a pause now, while the man went in search of cold water, during which I sat simmering in a puddle of suds, afraid to stir lest my entire suit of skin should drop off. In a few minutes he returned, and, holding the bucket over my head, he poured down a stream of fresh water that sent a shock into my very core. It was a relief, however, as it eventually enabled me to open my eyes. When I did open them, the first object in view was that diabolical wretch, grinning horribly, and squinting with a malicious satisfaction at the results of his labors. I was red all over, a perfect boiled lobster in external appearance. '*Tahib?*' said he, signifying, Good, isn't it? '*Tahib*, hey?' And then he took from a large bowl of suds a familiar-looking instrument, a brush, which he fastened on his hand, and seizing hold of me by the arm, commenced rubbing with all his might. To be carded down in this manner with a hard brush, the wooden part of which now and then touched

up some acute angle, was not productive of agreeable sensations, but it was a vast improvement on the hot-water process. Such exquisite delight did the villainous old mummy take in it, that he strained every muscle with zeal, and snorted like a racer, his fiery eye glaring on me with a fiendish expression, and his long pointed teeth, glistening through the steam, as if nothing would have afforded him half so much satisfaction as to bite me. Stretching me on my back, he scrubbed away from head to foot, raking over the collar bones, ribs, and shin bones in a paroxysm of enthusiasm. This done, he reversed the position, and raked his way back, lingering with great relish on every spinal elevation, till he reached the back of my head, which event he signalized by bringing the end of the brush in sudden contact with it. He then pulled me up into a sitting posture again; for by this time I was quite loose, and felt resigned to any thing, and drawing the brush skillfully over the beaten track, gathered up several rolls of fine skin, each of which he exhibited to me, with a grin of triumph, as a token of uncommon skill. '*Tahib, Howadji? Tahib?*' Good; isn't your excellency cleverly done, eh?

"Having arrived at this stage of the proceedings, the indefatigable monster again covered me up in a sea of lather, and while I was writhing in renewed agonies from streams of soap that kept running into my eyes, in spite of every effort to shut them off, he dashed a large dipperfull of hot water, over me, following it by others in rapid succession, till, unable to endure the dreadful torturing, I sprang to my feet, seized the dipper, and shouted, '*backshish!*' at the top of my voice. The word acted like magic. I never have known it to be applied in vain throughout the East. It opens sacred places, corrupts sacred characters, gives inspiration to the lazy, and new life to the desponding; in short, it accomplishes wonders, no matter how miraculous. From that moment I was a happy man; rubbed down with a lamb-like gentleness, smoothed over softly with warm sheets, dried up from head to foot; turbaned like a Pasha, slipped into my clogs, and supported through the various chambers into the grand saloon.



THE BATHS OF DAMASCUS.

"An attendant now handed us chiboucks and coffee, which, together with the delightful sense of cleanliness and relief from all further suffering, produced a glow that was quite ecstatic. Covered up to our necks in warm sheets, we lay back, supported by pillows, sipped our coffee and smoked our chiboucks with a relish to which all the past pleasures of life seemed absolutely flat. A thorough feeling of forgiveness, a quiet sense of happiness, and an utter indifference to the world and all its cares, pervaded the entire inner man, while the outer was wrapt in that state of physical beatitude which the Koran promises to the devout followers of the Prophet in the seventh heaven."



THE ARAB MULETEER.

"The Arab Muleteer is a practical philosopher and man of the world. There is nothing to trouble him but his mule, and that only troubles him when it wakes him by running off the road or throwing him into a ditch. He wants but little here below, and has a happy knack of getging that little almost free of expense. His mule must be fed or it will die in the course of time, but that want he supplies by taking the oats and barley out of the trough where the horses of the Howadji feed at night, and putting them in the place where his mule ought to be feeding. He does this when the dragoman is not present, because if the dragoman saw it, there would certainly be an unpleasant state of feeling between the parties. The muleteer is a man of peace; he wishes to get along in the world as quietly as possible; hence he feeds his mules as far as practicable at the expense of others, and says nothing about it, from a natural repugnance to disturbances of the peace. To be sure the horses of the Howadji sometimes look unaccountably lank and dispirited; and the mules unaccountably thriving and frisky, but what difference does that make to the muleteer? If it makes any difference at all it is in his favor; it prolongs the journey, adds so much to his pay, and affords him in some degree an equivalent for the beatings which he daily receives from the dragoman.

"He takes life easy, as a matter of personal convenience; sometimes sleeping on the top of the baggage, which is on the top of the mule, and sometimes trotting along with his comrades, listening to pleasant stories of genii and dragons, or telling some pretty tough ones himself, but always in that happy and contented frame of mind which evinces an entire absence of care. Clothing never annoys him at all; a shirt or two and an old sash last him a lifetime; breeches he wears little or none; shoes are superfluous, except when his circumstances are affluent. What if he have nothing to eat now and then? He can smoke the pipe of bliss, and sleep the sleep of oblivion. What if he be out of tobacco? No matter, the Howadji will give him some. Moreover, he knows where the bag is kept, and can help himself, provided nobody be looking on. Food is the least of his wants. A bunch of grapes or figs and a piece of leather bread satisfy all his necessities in this respect; and occasionally there are pots and pans that come in as a sort of relish, to be licked when the dragoman has been drinking a little arrack, and feels unusually good-natured. A very happy fellow is the Arab muleteer, take him altogether, sleeping and smoking his way through life on a capital of one mule. When he gets rich by making a fortune of ten dollars, he buys a small ass, so that he can ride after his mule, and boast an ass of his own; and then he assumes the honorable position of a Howadji among muleteers, and is, to all intents and purposes, a gentleman."

THE ARAB GUARD TO THE DEAD SEA.

"While we were sitting upon the top of the ruin, there came out from among the rocks close by a ragged Arab, of most uncouth aspect, with a long gun hung over his shoulders and a rusty sword swinging by his side. An old pistol and a crooked knife were thrust in his sash, which was long and flashy, but defaced by the dirt of ages. All the colors of the rainbow were combined in his turban, his tawdry vestments, and scanty breeches, and his nose was hooked like an eagle's, and his eyes flashed and wandered like the eyes of some wild beast that had been caught not long before. I declare, within bounds, that he was the most ferocious, unshaved, unwashed, and dilapidated looking vagabond I had

seen in all my travels, and it was not without suspicion that I watched him as he approached, and a lurking fear that there were more of the same kind not far off. Sure enough, out came another pretty soon, just as if the ground had opened and let him through from some infernal region below; and another soon after, rubbing his eyes; and then another waking himself up too, all armed like the first, with long guns mounted all over with brass, and rusty swords, and old pistols fastened in their sashes, and all looking so ragged and hungry, and so much like genuine robbers, that I involuntarily turned to see if Yusef had brought his fire-arms to bear upon them. My chief dependence was upon Yusef, for I never carried any weapon of defense except a penknife, and my companion was likewise unarmed. Besides, Yusef had a courageous and blood-thirsty disposition, as he repeatedly avowed, and delighted in nothing so much as in killing people, which I was not naturally fond of, apart from the risk of killing myself by carrying deadly weapons. I had always felt a presentiment that if I carried a revolver or pistol of any kind in my pocket, it would go off and disable me for life; hence I never carried any thing more deadly than a penknife, and that I was resolved not to use in the way of violence unless driven to the last extremity. At last I made bold to come down from the top of the wall, and ask what they wanted. 'Nothing, O prince of Generals,' said Yusef; 'only to take you to the Dead Sea.' 'Do you mean to say, thou vilest of dragomans, that this is the Arab guard sent here by the Sheik of Jericho to protect us against the Bedouins?' 'I do, O General! It is verily the Arab guard.' 'For which we paid two hundred piasters, and forty piasters for the roast sheep?' 'Yea, the same; verily the same, on my sacred honor as a dragoman; only there will be another man before we reach St. Saba.'

"I looked at their guns, which were pointed in various directions; said nothing, but secretly hoped the other man would not be a corpse. For you perceive the expected guard of twenty that were to insure our lives had been reduced to eleven imaginary men before we arrived at Job's well. It now consisted of four actual beggarly varlets. Each carried a long gun, as, already stated, and each had a dangerous way of carrying it across his back, or over his shoulders, or under his arms; so that there were stocks and muzzles ranging all round. It was utterly impossible for one of these guns to go off without killing somebody. As we rode on down the valley, the fifth man joined us; and when I saw that his gun was longer, if any thing, than the rest, and was carried so as to take a wider range, I at once committed myself to Providence, under the conviction that if there was any shooting to be done it would not be the Bedouins that would suffer, but we who rode behind the guard; and especially I dreaded this result when I came to think that there might be powder in the pans and slugs in the barrels, and that the powder might take fire if the locks should once get to going. In faith, so impressed was I with this idea that I fully made up my mind to call these fellows aside the very first chance, and prevail upon them by a heavy *backshish* to discharge their guns at some rock or tree, and keep them unloaded until we were attacked by the Bedouins; and it was my settled determination, in the event of such an attack, to join the Bedouin party at once, and remain on that side till the conclusion of the fight."



ARAB GUARD TO THE DEAD SEA.

CROSSING RIVERS IN PALESTINE.

"The position is striking, and not altogether ungraceful. It has the advantage of making one pair of legs answer a double purpose—that of carrying the owner across the river, and at the



same time the Howadji who is mounted upon the back of the owner; and it presents the Howadji in rather a more elevated point of view than if the legs of both parties were in the water; which, however, sometimes happens before they reach the opposite bank. Should the Arab who acts the part of carrier in these cases, accidentally step upon the point of a sharp stick, and suddenly let go his hold, the probability is, that the hold of the gentleman upon his back will reduce both parties to a level, but not to an equality; because the more elevated naturally falls underneath, and he not only suffers from the disaster, but is obliged in the end to pay *backshish* for a back that failed to carry him over, and no deduction made for getting his own back saturated with mud and water."

THE FATE OF YUSEF BADRA.

But Yusef, the Prince of Dragomans, had some human frailties. Among these was an inordinate fondness for arrack. As he drew near to Beirut on the return from Damascus and Jerusalem, his fiery soul was excited by that fiery spirit to such an uncontrollable degree, that he dashed on far ahead of the travelers he was escorting. Encountering on the road a poor decrepit old Turk, he administered to him a most unmerciful beating, and then went on his way greatly soothed in mind by this exploit. Next day, while he was promenading the streets of Beirut, resplendent in velvet and gold, narrating to his admirers the exploit of last evening—transforming, however, the decrepit old Turk into a terrible giant—he was pounced upon by a couple of soldiers, and led to prison. His victim had found his way to the city, and entered a complaint before the Cadi. And here is the sequel:

"In two hours the whole town of Beirut was in commotion. It was cried aloud in Greek, in Arabic, in Italian, in French, in English—Have you heard the news? Yusef Badra's in jail! Badra's in jail? Badra! Badra! God help poor Badra! Sad is the fate of Badra! Poor Badra! Unhappy Badra!

"We returned toward Demetrie's. The pathway was lined with Arabs, friends and fellow-citizens of the fallen Badra. They cried aloud to us, as we passed, Howadji! Howadji! Badra! Badra!

"We entered the yard in front of Demetrie's. It was filled with muleteers who had served under Badra; among whom we recognized our own Mustapha. They cried out to us, O Howadji! Howadji! Badra! Badra! Mustapha caught us frantically by the coat-tails, and wept aloud, while he pointed toward the jail, and cried, Badra! Badra!

"We went to his prison. There he sat behind the bars, surrounded by thieves and vagrants, and stared at by the idle rabble outside, crushed down in body and soul. The big tears rolled down his cheeks. When he saw us he covered his face and groaned: 'My niece did it, gentlemen; she made me drunk. All my misfortunes have come from devils in the form of angels. Take warning, O Howadji, and never put faith in woman.' We told him how sorry we were that we could do nothing for him; that he was a very pitiable object to be sure, but he could only blame himself for it; that it would be greatly to his advantage in the end, perhaps, to spend some time in prison, inasmuch as it would enable him to refrain from visiting his nieces, and save him from the mortification of being made drunk on arrack; that confinement has its pleasures as well as its pains; and should he be kept in jail six months it would be a continual source of satisfaction to him to reflect upon the blood of the six Bedouins he had slain, and anticipate the pleasure of killing six more as soon as he was set at liberty.

"Having thus afforded all the consolation in our power to the unfortunate Yusef, we bade him a kindly farewell, never more, perhaps, to see his familiar face again. The steamer for Alexandria was already getting up steam.

"Doctor Mendoza had, with his customary kindness of heart, evinced the most profound concern for our dragoman, from the moment he had heard of his arrest by the Turkish soldiers. He went to the Portuguese consul's that afternoon, before the steamer sailed, and stated the whole case in the hope of obtaining Yusef's release. On his return he popped his head in at the door of our room, where we sat smoking our chiboucks, and lamenting the unhappy fate of the Destroyer of Robbers. With a clouded brow and desponding voice, he told us of the interview:

"'I have speak my consul for your dragoman. No-ting can be done. She are necess to remain in jail, because she can not get out. No more she shall voyage at present. 'Tis imposs. It will be necess for her to remain tranquil. Very bad hotel in jail, because it are without the convenience for eat and sleep. Consequent she shall die. Dis is all. No more at present she shall get out. I am very sorry, but—'tis imposs!'"



LAST VIEW OF YUSEF.



ST. CLOUD.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

BY JOHN S. C. ABBOTT.

NAPOLEON IN COUNCIL.

THE amount of intellectual labor which Napoleon performed seems actually superhuman. No other man has ever approached him in this respect. His correspondence, preserved in the archives of Paris, would amount to many hundred volumes. His genius illumines every subject upon which he treats. The whole expanse of human knowledge seemed familiar to him. He treats of war, government, legislation, education, finance, political economy, theology, philosophy, engineering — upon every subject which can interest the human mind, and he is alike great in all. Notwithstanding the constant and terrible wars through which his banded foes compelled him to struggle, and all the cares of an empire, which at times seemed to embrace the whole of Europe, during the twenty years of his reign he wrote or dictated more than the united works of Lope da Vega, Voltaire, and Sir Walter Scott, three of the most voluminous writers of Spain, France, and England. His confidential correspondence with the Directory, during the two years from 1796, to 1798, which was published in Paris in 1819, amounts to seven large closely-printed volumes. The following letter will be read with interest, as a specimen of his correspondence with his ministers. It strikingly shows his lofty spirit,

his noble ambition, his expanded views, his practical wisdom, and the blended familiarity and elevation of tone with which he addressed his ministers.

"Fontainebleau, Nov. 14, 1807.

"Monsieur Cretet, Minister of the Interior,—You have received the Imperial decree by which I have authorized the sinking-fund to lend 1,600,000 dollars to the city of Paris. I suppose that you are employed in taking measures which may bring these works to a speedy conclusion, and may augment the revenues of the city. In these works there are some which will not be very productive, but are merely for ornament. There are others, such as galleries over the markets, the slaughter-houses, &c., which will be very productive. But to make them so will require activity. The shops, for which I have granted you funds, are not yet commenced. I suppose you have taken up the funds destined for the fountains, and that you have employed them provisionally for the machine at Marly. Carry on the whole with spirit. This system of advancing money to the city of Paris, to augment its branches of revenue, is also intended to contribute to its embellishment. My intention is to extend it to other departments.

"I have many canals to make; that from Dijon to Paris; that from the Rhine to the Saône; and that from the Rhine to the Scheldt. These three canals can be carried on as vigorously as could be wished. My intention is, independently of the funds which are granted from the revenues of the state, to seek extraordinary funds for the three canals. For this purpose I should like to sell the canals of St. Quentin, the produce of which might be employed to expedite the works of the canal of Burgundy. In fact, I would sell even the canal of Languedoc, and apply the proceeds to the construction of the canal from the Rhine to the Saône. I suppose that the canal of St. Quentin might be sold for 1,600,000 dollars; that of Loing for as much; and the canal of Languedoc for more. There would then be 6,000,000 dollars procured immediately, which I should employ in carrying on the three great canals with all possible rapidity. I have the money. The state will lose nothing; on the contrary, it will gain; since if it loses the revenues of the canals of Loing, St. Quentin, and that of the South, it will gain the product of the canals of the Scheldt, Napoleon, and Burgundy. When these works are completed, if circumstances permit, I shall sell these, in order to make others. Thus, my object is to pursue a directly opposite course to that of England. In England, a charter would have been granted for constructing the canal of Quentin, and the work would have been left to capitalists. I have, on the contrary, begun by constructing the canal of St. Quentin. It has cost, I believe, 1,600,000 dollars; it will produce 100,000 dollars annually. I shall then lose nothing by selling it to a company for what it has cost me; since, with this money, I shall construct other canals. Make me, I beg of you, a report upon this subject, otherwise we shall die without seeing these canals navigated. In fact, it is six years since the canal of St. Quentin was begun, and it is not yet finished. Now, these canals are of much more importance. The expense of that of Burgundy is estimated at six millions. What can be expended from the general funds of the state does not exceed two hundred and fifty thousand yearly. The departments do not furnish more than 100,000 dollars. It would, then, require twenty years to finish this canal. What may not happen in this time? Wars and inefficient men will come, and the canals will remain unfinished. The canal from the Rhine to the Scheldt will also cost a large sum. The general funds of the state are not sufficient to carry them on as quickly as we could wish. The canal of Napoleon is in the same situation. Let me know how much it will be possible to expend yearly on each of these three canals. I suppose that, without injuring other works, we might allow to each, yearly, three or four millions; and that thus in five or six years we might see them all navigated. You will inform me how much the existing imposts will furnish for these three canals; how much I have granted for 1808; and the supplementary funds which I granted in 1806, for carrying on these works with the greatest activity. You will propose to me to sell the three canals already finished, and at what price it would be best to sell them. I take upon myself the charge of finding purchasers: then we shall have money in abundance. You must tell me, in your report, how much the three, which I wish speedily to finish, are estimated to cost, and compare it with the sums which the three old canals have cost that I wish to sell.

"You understand what I wish. My intention is, to go beyond your report. Perhaps it will lead to opening a fund for public works, into which the proceeds of the navigation of the canals would be immediately thrown. We might thus grant to this the proceeds of the sale of the three canals, and of others besides, if there are any which can be sold. With this institution, we should change the face of the country.

"I have made the glory of my reign to consist in changing the surface of the territory of my Empire. The execution of these great works is as necessary to the interest of my people as to my own satisfaction. I attach equal importance and great glory to the suppression of mendicity. Funds are not wanting. But it seems to me that the work proceeds slowly, and meantime, years are passing away. We must not pass through this world without leaving traces which may commend our memory to posterity. I am going to be absent for a month. Be ready on the 15th December, to answer all these questions, which you will have examined in detail, that I may be able, by a general decree, to put the finishing blow to mendicity. You must find, before the 15th December, in the reserved funds, and the funds of the communes, the necessary

means for the support of sixty or one hundred houses for the extirpation of beggary. The places where they shall be erected must be designated, and the regulations completed. Do not ask me for three or four months to obtain further instructions. You have young auditors, intelligent prefects, skillful engineers. Bring all into action, and do not sleep in the ordinary labors of the bureau. It is necessary, likewise, that, at the same time, all that relates to the administration of the public works, should be completed; so that, at the commencement of the fine season, France may present the spectacle of a country without a single beggar, and where all the population may be in action to embellish and render productive our immense territory.

"You must also prepare for me all that is necessary respecting the measures to be taken for obtaining, from the draining of the marshes of Cottentin and Rochefort, money for supporting the fund for public works, and for finishing the drainings, or preparing others.

"The winter evenings are long; fill your portfolios, that we may be able, during the evenings of these three months, to discuss the means for attaining great results.* NAPOLEON."

At a meeting of the Privy Council Napoleon appeared much incensed against one of his generals. He attacked him with great severity asserting that his principles and opinions tended to the entire subversion of the state. A member of the Council, who was a particular friend of the absent general, undertook his defense, stating that he lived quietly on his estate, without obtruding his opinions upon others, and that consequently they were productive of no ill effects. The Emperor vehemently commenced a reply, when suddenly he stopped short, and turning to the defender of the absent said, "But he is your friend, sir. You do right to defend him. I had forgotten it. Let us speak of something else."

M. Daru was at one time Secretary of State. He was distinguished for his indefatigable appli-



NAPOLEON AND HIS SECRETARY.

cation to business. Napoleon said of him that "he labored like an ox, while he displayed the courage of a lion." On one occasion only were his energies ever known to fail. The Emperor called him at midnight to write from his dictation. M. Daru was so completely overcome by fatigue, that he could scarcely hold his pen. At last nature triumphed, and he fell asleep over his paper. After enjoying a sound nap, he awoke, and to his amazement perceived the Emperor, by his side, quietly engaged in writing He saw, by the shortness of the candles, that he had slept for some time. As he sat for a moment overwhelmed with confusion, his eyes met those of the Emperor.

"Well, sir;" said Napoleon with rather an ironical smile, "you see that I have been doing your work, since you would not do it yourself. I suppose that you have eaten a hearty supper, and passed a pleasant evening. But business must not be neglected."

"I pass a pleasant evening, Sire!" exclaimed M. Daru, "I have been for several nights closely engaged in work, without any sleep. Of this your Majesty now sees the consequence. I am exceedingly sorry for it."

"Why did you not inform me of this?" said Napoleon, "I do not wish to kill you. Go to bed. Good-night M. Daru."

* It was the reading of this letter, many years ago, which first led the author of these articles to imagine that justice had not been done to the character of Napoleon It is needless to add that the thorough investigation of subsequent years has not weakened that sentiment.

Napoleon, conscious of the influence wielded by literary and scientific men, ever kept a watchful eye upon the meetings of the Institute. It was an invariable rule of this body, that a newly elected member was to deliver a speech eulogistic of the member whom he was succeeding. M. Chateaubriand, a friend of the Bourbons, was succeeding M. Chenier, one of the judges of Louis XVI. Chateaubriand, trampling upon established courtesy, stigmatized the political principles of his predecessor, and proscribed him as a regicide. A scene of uproar immediately ensued, and a stormy and angry debate agitated the assembly. From the Institute the dispute spread rapidly through Paris. Old feuds were revived and the most bitter animosities rekindled. Napoleon ordered the speech to be shown to him, pronounced it extravagant in the extreme, and forbade its publication. One of the members of the Institute, who was also a prominent officer in the Emperor's household, had taken a lively part in the discussion, sustaining the views of M. Chateaubriand.

At the next levée, when a group of the most distinguished men of France was assembled around the Emperor, the offending officer made his appearance. Napoleon thus addressed him:

"How long is it, sir," said he, with the utmost severity, "since the Institute has presumed to assume the character of a political assembly? The province of the Institute is to produce poetry and to censure faults of language. Let it beware how it forsakes the domain of literature, or I shall take measures to bring it back within its limits And is it possible that *you*, sir, have sanctioned such an intemperate harangue by your approbation? If M. de Chateaubriand is insane, or disposed to malevolence, a mad-house may cure him, or a punishment correct him. Yet it may be that the opinions he has advanced are conscientiously his own, and he is not obliged to surrender them to my policy, which is unknown to him. But with you the case is totally different. *You* are constantly near my person. You are acquainted with all my acts. You know my will. There *may* be an excuse in M. de Chateaubriand's favor. There *can* be none in *yours*. Sir, I hold you guilty. I consider your conduct as criminal. It tends to bring us back to the days of disorder and confusion, anarchy and bloodshed. Are we then banditti? And am I but an usurper? Sir, I did not ascend the throne by hurling another from it. I found the crown. It had fallen. I snatched it up, and the nation placed it on my head. Respect the nation's act. To submit facts that have recently occurred to public discussion in the present circumstances, is to court fresh convulsions, and to become an enemy to the public tranquillity. The restoration of monarchy is vailed in mystery, and must remain so. Wherefore then, I pray, this new proposed proscription of members of the Convention and of regicides? Why are subjects of so delicate a nature again brought to light? To God alone it must belong to pronounce upon what is no longer within the reach of the judgment of men! Have I then lost the fruit of all my care? Have all my efforts been of so little avail, that as soon as my presence no longer restrains you, you are quite ready once more to bathe in each other's blood!"

"Alas! poor France!" he exclaimed, after a moment's pause, "long yet wilt thou need the guardian's care. I have done all in my power to quell your dissensions. To unite all parties has been the constant object of my solicitude. I have made all meet under the same roof, sit at the same board, and drink of the same cup. I have a right to expect that you will second my endeavors. Since I have taken the reins of government, have I ever inquired into the lives, actions, opinions, or writings of any one? Imitate my forbearance. I have ever had but one aim. I have ever asked but this one question, 'Will you sincerely assist me in promoting the true interest of France?' All those who have answered affirmatively, have been placed by me in a straight road, cased in a rock, and without issue on either side. Through this I have urged them on to the other extremity, where my finger pointed to the honor, the glory, and the splendor of France."

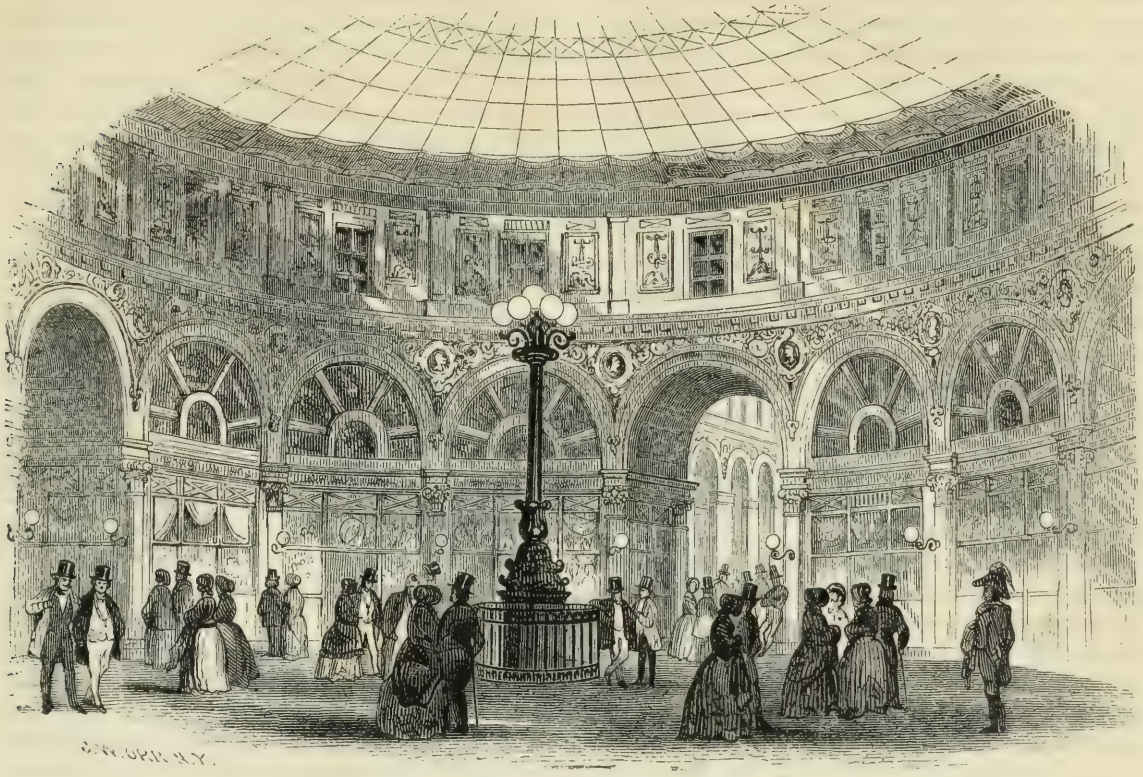
This reprimand was so severe, that the person to whom it was addressed, a man of honor and delicate feelings, determined to ask an audience the next day, in order to tender his resignation. He was admitted to the presence of the Emperor, who immediately said to him—

"My dear sir, you are come on account of the conversation of yesterday. You felt hurt on the occasion, and I have felt no less so. But it was a piece of advice which I thought it right to give to more than one person. If it has the desired effect of producing some public good, we must not either of us regret the circumstance. Think no more about it."

Napoleon introduced this year into the financial department, the most rigid system of accounts by double entry. The decree requiring this is in force to the present day. It has rendered the French system of accounts the most sure, the most accurate, and the most clear of any in Europe.

In one of the meetings of the Council, Napoleon proposed that long galleries, or rather streets, covered with glass, for pedestrians only, should be constructed, to shelter buyers and sellers from the vicissitudes of the weather. This was the origin of those brilliant Passages, where every visitor to Paris loiters away so many pleasant hours. Forty slaughter houses had deformed Paris, filling the air with pestilent odors and paining the eye with the revolting necessities of the shambles. At the suggestion of Napoleon they were all removed. Four large and peculiarly appropriate houses were constructed for these purposes outside of the city, and near the four principal entrances to the metropolis.

The generals and the soldiers who had endured such wasting fatigue, and who had achieved such Herculean enterprises for France, were most



THE PASSAGES.

magnificently rewarded. Besides their regular pay, nearly four millions of dollars were expended in gifts, as an expression of gratitude. A handsome annuity was settled upon every wounded soldier. Napoleon seemed never weary in lavishing favors upon those, who, in fields of blood, had defended and established the independence of France.

He was magnificent in his provision for others. He was simple, frugal, economical in the highest degree, in every thing which related to himself. With an eagle eye he guarded against the slightest misapplication of the public funds.

The adopted mother of Josephine having died at Martinique, he directed that the negroes and negresses who had served her, should be made free and placed in a condition of comfort for the rest of their lives. He ordered the number of Christian chapels to be increased to 30,000, that the benefits of divine service might be extended to every village in the empire. He endowed several theological seminaries to encourage suitable persons to enter the priesthood.

The nation insisted that the civic code, which had become the crowning glory of France, should be called the Code Napoleon. "Assuredly," says Thiers, "if ever title was merited, it was this. For that code was as much the work of Napoleon as were the victories of Austerlitz and of Jena. He had soldiers who lent him their arms. He had lawyers who lent him their knowledge. But to the force of his will, to the soundness of his judgment, was owing the completion of that great work." It will remain, through all time, a memorial which never can be sullied, of Napoleon's genius and philanthropy. The Emperor wrote to all the princes under his influence urging them to introduce into their respective states this code of justice and of civil equality. It was thus established in large portions of Europe, conveying, wherever it went, perfect equality of rights, and putting an end to feudal tyranny.

In his intense desire to promote the grandeur of France, Napoleon appreciated, perhaps more highly than any other sovereign, the glory of intellectual achievements. Science, literature, arts, he encouraged in every possible way. He was the first general the world has ever known, who united with his army, a literary and scientific corps to extend the bounds of human knowledge. Under his fostering care Lagrange gave a new power to abstract calculation. La Place, striding beyond the limits attained by Galileo, Kepler, and Newton, rendered his name as immortal as those celestial bodies whose movements he had calculated with such sublime precision. Cuvier exploring the mausoleums of past creations, revealed the wondrous history of our planet, when "the earth was without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep."

The world is destined to be as much astonished by the writings of Napoleon as it has been by his deeds. Neither Bourbon nor Orleanist has been willing to do justice to his fame. His letters, his proclamations, his bulletins, his instructions to his ministers, glow with the noblest eloquence of genius. They will soon be given to the world. And they will disperse much of that mist of calumny and detraction which have so long sullied his renown. No one can peruse the papers of this extraordinary man without admiring the majesty of his all comprehensive mind. The clearness, the precision, the fervor, the imperious demonstration, and the noble simplicity which are impressed upon all of his utterances, give him a place in the foremost ranks of

science, of literature, and of eloquence. "Singular destiny," exclaims Thiers, after perusing volumes of manuscripts from his pen, "of that prodigious man, to be the *greatest writer* of his time, while he was its greatest *captain*, its greatest *legislator*, its greatest *administrator*.

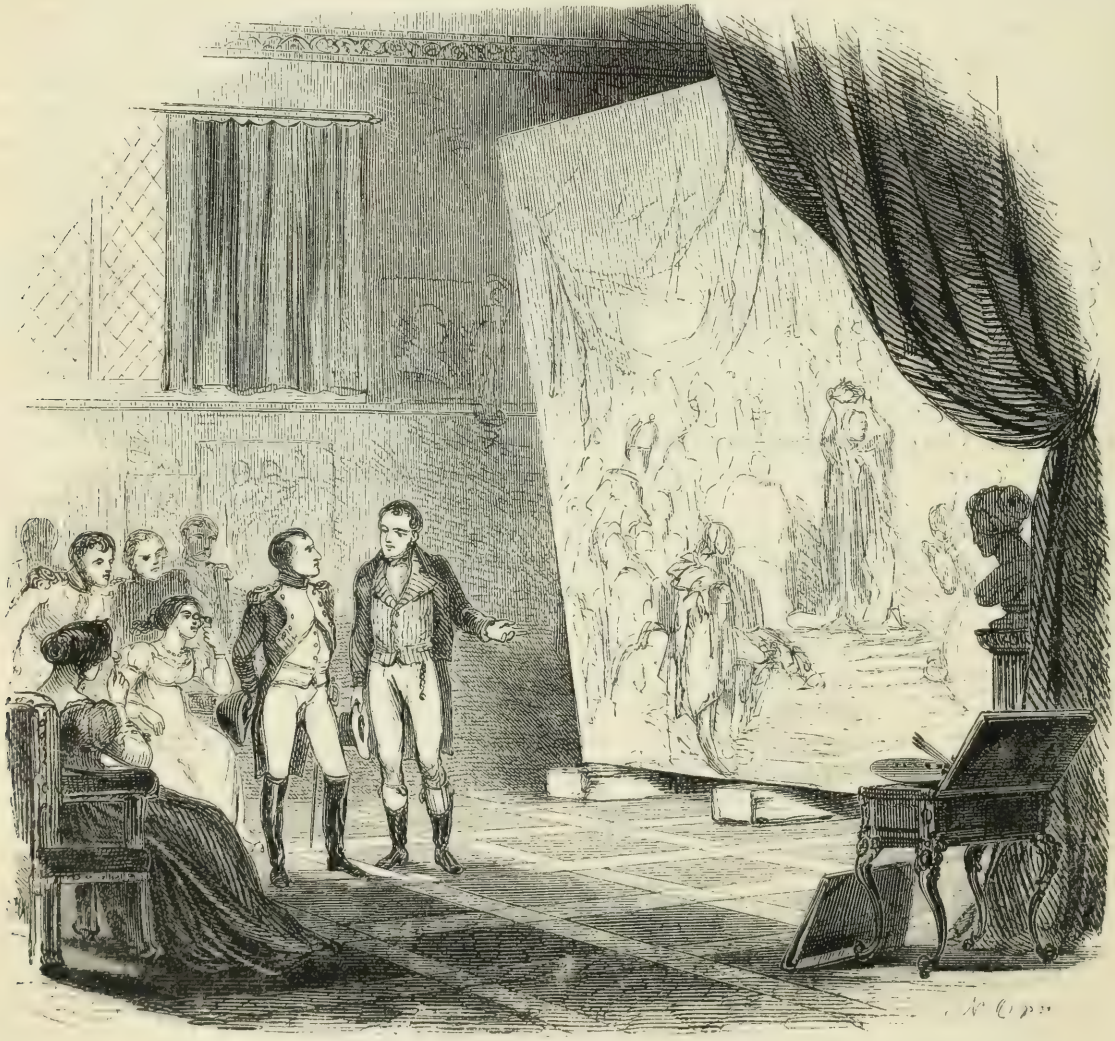
Every man of refined genius admires the classical productions of the scholars of Greece and Rome. Napoleon, from a natural appreciation of the beautiful, strove to create an enthusiasm for classical studies in the university. There is an element of melancholy which pervades every noble mind. Amidst the mausoleums of dead empires, such spirits love to linger. The utilitarianism of Napoleon was beautifully blended with the highest poetic sensibility. The sun which ripens the corn and fills the succulent herb with nutriment, also pencils with beauty the violet and the rose.

To encourage exertion, and to rescue merit from hostile or unjust detraction, Napoleon had classes of the Institute organized, to give a perfectly impartial report upon the progress of literature, the arts, and the sciences. These reports were read to the Emperor in the presence of the Council of State, and munificent rewards were conferred upon the deserving. When the reading of the first report was finished, Napoleon said to the deputies of the Institute.

"Gentlemen! if the French language is become an universal language, it is to the men of genius who have sat, or who still sit among you, that we are indebted for this. I attach a value to the success of your labors. They tend to enlighten my people. They are essential to the glory of my crown. I have heard with satisfaction the report you have just made to me. You may rely on my protection."

The approbation of the Emperor was the highest reward which genius could receive. Desirous of giving an impulse to the arts of design, he visited with Josephine and a brilliant assemblage of his court, the studio of the painter David. This distinguished artist had just completed the picture of the Coronation. He had selected the moment when the Emperor was placing the crown upon the brow of the Empress. The painting had been criticised as rather representing the coronation of Josephine than that of Napoleon. The Emperor contemplated for a few moments, in silence, the impressive scene which the pencil of the artist had so vividly delineated. Then, turning to the painter, he said,

"Monsieur David, this is well, very well, indeed. The Empress, my mother, the Emperor, all are most appropriately placed. You have made me a French knight. I am gratified that



NAPOLEON IN THE STUDIO OF DAVID.

you have thus transmitted to future ages the proofs of affection I was desirous of testifying toward the Empress." Then advancing two steps, and turning toward the painter, he uncovered his head, and bowing profoundly, said, "Monsieur David, I salute you."

"Sire," replied the painter, with admirable tact, "I receive the compliment of the Emperor in the name of all the artists in the Empire. I am happy in being the individual one you deign to make the channel of such an honor.

This painting was afterward suspended in the grand museum of the Louvre. Napoleon, in a second visit, met by appointment M. David and all his pupils. He conferred upon those young artists who had distinguished themselves, the decoration of the Legion of Honor. He also conferred upon M. David the dignity of an officer in that honorary corps.

It may, perhaps, be hardly decorous to introduce the public to the private and sacred hours of the Emperor. Yet the most trivial acts illustrate character. Every thing is interesting which can throw light upon one whom the world has pronounced to be the most extraornary man the world has ever known. The Emperor and Empress had separate apartments in the palace. He occasionally, however, passed the night with Josephine, when much of the time was spent in conversation. The faithful valet of the Emperor, Constant, was ordered to enter the apartment at seven o'clock to awake the imperial couple, draw the curtains, and replenish the fire, if necessary. The valet thus artlessly reports the scene which usually ensued:

"The Emperor commonly asked for tea, or an infusion of orange flowers, and rose immediately after. The Empress would say, with a smile, 'Will you rise so soon? Remain a little longer.' 'Well, if I do, you will not sleep, will you?' was his Majesty's usual reply. Then he would roll her up in the coverlet, laughing, and tickling her on the cheeks and neck. In the course of a few minutes the Empress rose also, and putting on a loose morning-dress, either read the journal while the Emperor dressed, or retired, by a private access, to her own apartments, but never without addressing some kind and condescending words to myself."

The revolution had destroyed the feudal throne of the Bourbons, but to construct a democratic throne of vastly surpassing splendor. It seems to be essential to a monarchy that it should be surrounded by an aristocracy. Napoleon was a democratic Emperor, the choice of the people, and ever studying their interests. He now displayed his mighty genius in the attempt to create a *democratic aristocracy*. This, perhaps, might have been possible, by avoiding the incorporation of the hereditary element. Napoleon wished to surround his throne with great families, who should contribute to the splendor of French society, without doing violence to the principles of republican equality. He thought that this could be accomplished by allowing the members of the new nobility no exclusive privileges, and by presenting these honorable distinctions as a reward to all who could earn them by their services. He had at his disposal immortal names to confer upon those who had performed immortal exploits. The new nobility, proud of titles won upon the fields of Rivoli, Castiglioni, Montebello, Auerstadt, and Eylau, were regarded with contempt by the ancient aristocracy, who could trace a proud ancestral line through the dimness of departed centuries. Stable-boys, tailors' apprentices, and merchants' clerks, soaring upon the pinions of genius, from uncongenial employments, into the regions of mighty enterprise and renown, though decorated with the loftiest titles, and burdened with wealth, were still regarded with contempt by the impoverished and undistinguished descendants of the Condés, the Guises, and the Montmorencies. Napoleon was fully conscious of this difficulty. In speaking of the subject at St. Helena, he said:

"An aristocracy is the true, the only support of a monarchy. Without it, the state is a vessel without a rudder—a balloon in the air. A true aristocracy, however, must be ancient. Therein consists its real force, its talismanic charm. That was the only thing which I could not create. Reasonable democracy will never aspire to any thing more than obtaining an equal power of elevation to all. The true policy in these times was to employ the remains of the aristocracy with the forms and the spirit of democracy. Above all, it was necessary to take advantage of the ancient historic names. It was the only way to throw the halo of antiquity over our modern institutions. My designs on this were quite formed, but I had not time to bring them to maturity. It was this: that every lineal descendant of an old marshal or minister should be entitled at any time to get himself declared a duke by the government, upon proving that he had the requisite fortune; every descendant of a general, or governor of a province, to obtain the title of a count upon obtaining a similar endowment. This system would have advanced some, excited the hopes of others, awakened the emulation of all, without injuring any one. Pretty toys, it is true, but such as are indispensable for the government of men. Old and corrupted nations can not be governed on the same principles with those which are simple and virtuous. For one, in these times, who would sacrifice all to the public good, there are thousands and millions who are governed only by their interests, their vanity, or their enjoyment. To attempt to regenerate such a people in a day, would be an act of madness. The true genius of the workman consists in making a right use of the materials which he has at his disposal, to extract good even from the elements which appear at first sight most adverse to his designs. There is the real secret of the revival of titles, ribbons, and crosses. And, after all, these toys are attended with few inconveniences, and are not without some advantages. In the state of civilization in which we are placed, they are proper to awaken the respect of the multi-

tude, and not without influence in producing a feeling of self-respect in their owners. They satisfy the vanity of the weak, without giving any just cause of offense to the strong."

The attempt to unite republican equality with imperial splendor is vain. But Napoleon was now involved in a labyrinth of events from which no finite wisdom could extricate him. That France was incapable of sustaining a true republic, ten years of anarchy had conclusively proved. But Napoleon was now gathering all power into his own hands, and surrounding himself with a proud, hereditary aristocracy. Though he was disposed to consecrate all his energies to the welfare of the people, he was laying the foundations of a perfect despotism. He seems to have some misgivings himself respecting the expediency of appointing an hereditary aristocracy.

O'Meara remarked to Napoleon at St. Helena, that it had excited some surprise that he never gave a *dukedom in France* to any person, although he had created many dukes elsewhere. He replied, "It would have created great discontent among the people. If, for example, I had made one of my marshals Duke of Bourgogne, it would have excited great alarm in Bourgogne. They would have conceived that some feudal rights and territory were attached to the title. The nation hated the old nobility so much, that the creation of any rank resembling them would have given universal discontent, which I, powerful as I was, dared not venture upon. I instituted the new nobility to destroy the old. The greater part of those I created had sprung from the people. Every private soldier had a right to look up to the title of duke. I believe that I acted wrong in doing even this. It lessened that system of equality which pleased the people so much. But if I had created dukes with a French title, it would have been considered as a revival of the old feudal privileges with which the nation had been cursed so long."

The power of Napoleon was absolute. Circumstances, which he could not control, rendered it necessary that it should be so. It was essential that he should be invested with dictatorial authority to repel the foes banded against the independence of France. Every intelligent man in France recognized this necessity. That Napoleon devoted this absolute power to the glory of France, and not to his own selfish indulgence, no one can deny. He says, with his accustomed glow of eloquence:

"I had established a government the most compact, carrying on its operations with the utmost rapidity, and capable of the most nervous efforts. And, truly, nothing less was required to triumph over the immense difficulties with which we were surrounded, and to produce the marvels which we accomplished. The organization of the prefectures, their action and results, were alike admirable. The same impulse was given at the same instant to more than forty millions of men. By the aid of these centres of local activity the movement was as rapid at all the extremities as at the heart of the Empire. Strangers who visited us were astonished at this system. They never failed to attribute the immense results which were attained, to that uniformity of action pervading so great a space. Each prefect, with the authority and local patronage with which he was invested, was in himself a *little emperor*. Nevertheless, as he enjoyed no force but from the central authority, owed all his lustre to official employment, and had no natural or hereditary connection with the territory over which his dominion extended, the system had all the advantages of the feudal government without any of its inconveniences. It was indispensable to clothe them with all that authority. I found myself made dictator by the force of circumstances. It was necessary, therefore, that all the minor springs should be entirely dependent on, and in complete harmony with the grand central moving power."

The efficiency of this government no one can question. That France was driven to its adoption by the incessant attacks of its foes can not be denied. That this alone enabled Napoleon for twenty years to triumph over the combined despots of Europe, in arms against him, is equally beyond a doubt. France in her peril surrendered herself to a dictator in whom she reposed confidence, and invested him with absolute power. Nobly did Napoleon requite the trust. He concentrated every energy of his body and every thought of his soul to the promotion of the welfare of France. Wherever he erred, it was in the path of a lofty and a generous ambition. His power was as absolute as that of Alexander. But the Czar was the monarch of the nobles; Napoleon the chosen sovereign of the people. The centralization of power was, however, appalling. The Emperor selected the members of the Council of State, the Senate, and the Legislative Bodies. He appointed all the officers in the army and the navy. The whole police of France, all the magistrates, the judges of all the courts; all persons connected with the customs, the revenue and the excise; all the ministers of religion, the teachers in schools, academies and universities, the postmasters, and all persons concerned in the administration of roads, bridges, public buildings, canals, fortresses &c., were either directly or indirectly subject to the appointment of the Emperor.

One day Napoleon at St. Helena, was reading the infamous memoir of his life by Goldsmith. He found himself there accused of every crime which a demon could perpetrate. Calmly laying down the book he said—

"After all, let them abridge, suppress, and mutilate as much as they please, they will find it very difficult to throw me entirely into the shade. The historian of France can not pass over the Empire. If he have any honesty he will not fail to render me my share of justice. His task will be easy. The facts speak of themselves. They shine like the sun.

"I closed the gulf of anarchy and cleared the

chaos. I purified the Revolution, dignified nations, and established kings. I excited every kind of emulation, rewarded every kind of merit, and extended the limits of glory. This is at least something. And on what point can I be assailed on which an historian could not defend me? Can it be for my intentions? But even here I can find absolution. Can it be for my despotism? It may be demonstrated that the dictatorship was absolutely necessary. Will it be said that I restrained liberty? It can be proved that licentiousness, anarchy, and the greatest irregularities, still haunted the threshold of freedom. Shall I be accused of having been too fond of war? It can be shown that I always received the first attack. Will it be said that I aimed at universal monarchy? It can be proved that this was merely the result of fortuitous circumstances, and that our enemies led me step by step to this determination. Lastly shall I be blamed for my ambition? This passion I must doubtless be allowed to possess, and that in no small degree. But at the same time my ambition was of the highest and noblest kind that perhaps ever existed—that of establishing and consecrating the empire of reason, and the full exercise and complete enjoyment of all the human faculties. And here the historian will probably feel compelled to regret, that such ambition should not have been fulfilled and gratified. This is my whole history in a few words."

The 15th of August 1807, Napoleon was thirty-eight years of age. A brilliant party was assembled at the Tuileries. It was an evening of surpassing loveliness. All Paris, intoxicated with enthusiasm, thronged the spacious garden of the palace. With loud acclamations they called for their sovereign. He repeatedly appeared in the balcony, holding the Empress by the hand, and surrounded by a brilliant group.



NAPOLEON AND THE CHILD.

Spontaneous bursts of applause, from one hundred thousand voices, greeted him whenever he appeared. Taking the arm of his faithful friend Duroc, Napoleon, in disguise, left the palace and mingled with the groups crowding the garden. Every where he heard his name pronounced with gratitude and love. A little boy was shouting with transport, *Vive l'Empereur*. Napoleon caught the child in his arms. "Why do you shout in that manner?" said he. "My father and mother," replied the child, "taught me to love and bless the Emperor." Napoleon conversed with the parents. He found that they had fled from the horrors of civil war in Brittany and had found employment and competence in Paris. With glowing hearts they testified to the blessings which Napoleon had conferred upon France. The next day a present from the Emperor informed them to whom they had unbosomed their gratitude.

On the ensuing day Napoleon, accompanied by his marshals, and followed by an immense concourse of people, met the Council of State, the Senate and the Legislative Body. He thus addressed them:

"Gentlemen! since your last session, new wars, new triumphs, new treaties of peace have changed the political state of Europe. All nations rejoice with one accord, to see the influence which England exercised over the Continent destroyed forever. In all that I have done, I have had in view solely the prosperity of my people, more dear in my eyes than my own glory. I am desirous for maritime peace. No resentment shall be allowed to interfere with this desire. But whatever be the issue which the decrees of Providence have allotted to the maritime war, my people shall find me ever the same, and I shall ever find my people worthy of me. Your conduct, when your Emperor was more than fifteen hundred miles away, has heightened my esteem. The proofs of attachment which you have given me, have excited my warmest emotions.

"I have contemplated various plans for simplifying and improving our institutions. I have created several imperial titles to give new lustre to distinguished subjects, to honor eminent services by eminent rewards, and to prevent the revival of any feudal title incompatible with our Constitution. My Minister of the Interior will inform you of the public works, which have been commenced or finished. But what remains to be done is of far greater importance. I intend that in all parts of my Empire, even in the smallest hamlet, the prosperity of the citizen and the value of land shall be augmented by the effect of the general system of improvement which I have conceived. Gentlemen! your assistance will be necessary for me to arrive at this great result. I have a right to rely firmly upon it."

This speech was heard with deep emotion and applauded with transport. After Napoleon had retired, the President of the Legislative Body gave utterance to the almost unanimous sentiment of France, in the following words:

"The picture set before our eyes seems to present the image of one of those pacific kings, exclusively engaged, in the internal administration of his dominion. And yet all these useful labors, all these wise projects, were ordered and conceived amid the din of arms on the furthest confines of conquered Prussia, and on the frontiers of threatened Russia. If it be true that, at the distance of five hundred leagues from the capital, amid the cares and the fatigues of war, a hero prepared so many benefits, how is he about to increase them by returning among us! The public welfare will wholly engage him, and his glory will be the more touching for it.

"He displaces, he contracts, he extends, the boundaries of empires. All are borne away by his ascendency. Well! this man, covered with so much glory, promises us still greater. Peaceable and disarmed, he will prove that this invincible force, which, as it runs, overturns thrones and empires, is beneath that truly royal wisdom, which preserves states by peace, which enriches them by agriculture and industry, adorns them with master-pieces of art, and founds them everlastingly on the two-fold support of morality and the laws.

Napoleon took great interest in the female school which he had established at Ecouen. He often made presents to the young ladies who distinguished themselves.

One day in a visit he found all the young ladies engaged in needle-work. After having addressed a few pleasant words to each of the classes, he playfully asked a bright-looking girl,

"How many needles-full of thread does it take to make a shirt?"

She archly replied, "Sire, I should need but one if I could have that sufficiently long."

Napoleon was so pleased with the readiness of the reply, that he immediately gave a golden chain to the young lady. It became, of course, to her a priceless treasure. All the pupils of the school most enthusiastically loved the Emperor.

After the restoration of the Bourbons, an order was issued that every thing should be removed from the institution which could call to the mind the *Usurper*. The gifts which the pupils had received from the Emperor were taken from them. But Miss Brouard kept her chain in her bosom. She had declared that she would part with it only with her life. One day a servant perceived it. The fact was reported to the Principal. The chain was demanded. It was refused. She was reported to the higher authorities. The chain was again demanded. She replied, "It was the gift of the Emperor, and I will keep it, be the consequences what they may, till I die." She was imprisoned in the hall of correction, where she remained in solitude several days. Still she would not yield. The whole school was assembled together, and Miss Brouard, though an universal favorite, was expelled.

A short time after, one of the ladies of the Bourbon family, the Duchess of Angoulême



NAPOLEON AT THE FEMALE SCHOOL.

made a visit to the school. All the young ladies were ordered, as soon as she should enter, to shout, "*Vive le Roi!*" in honor of the Bourbon King. The duchess entered, and to her utter consternation, was greeted with the unanimous acclaim, "*Vive l'Empereur!*"

The Count de Lille, afterward Louis XVIII., then residing in Russia, made some movement indicative of a new conspiracy to recover the Bourbon throne. Alexander, that his good faith might not be suspected, communicated the fact, through General Savary, to Napoleon. The Emperor replied, "Thank the Emperor Alexander for the communication which he directed you to make to me. He is mistaken if he supposes that I attach the least importance to any thing that the Count de Lille can do. If he is tired of his residence in Russia, he may come to Versailles. I will make every necessary provision for him."

Napoleon was minutely informed of every thing that was passing in the court of St. Petersburg. Alexander, often the victim of wayward passions, had become so captivated by a beautiful woman, that all his time was absorbed in devotion to her. At the close of a letter of diplomatic instructions, Napoleon wrote to his minister: "It is not a matter of indifference to me to observe the character of that man who was born a sovereign. A woman turns the head of the autocrat of all the Russias! All the women in the world would not make me lose an hour. Continue to acquaint me of every thing. Let me know the most minute details. The private life of a man is a mirror in which we may see many useful lessons reflected."

After the marriage of Jerome with the daughter of the King of Würtemberg, as the young couple left Paris for their kingdom of Westphalia, Napoleon gave the following instructions to his brother:

"My brother, I think you ought to go to Stuttgard, as you have been invited thither by the King of Würtemberg. You will proceed thence to Cassel, with all the pomp with which the hopes of your people will induce them to surround you. You will convoke the deputies of the towns, the ministers of all religions, the deputies of the States now existing, taking care that there shall be half not noble, half noble. Before that assembly so composed, you will receive the Constitution and swear to maintain it.

"Appoint at first only half of your Councilors of State. That number will be sufficient for commencing business. Take care that the majority be composed of non-nobles, but without letting any one perceive this habitual caution to keep up a majority of the third estate in all offices. I except from this some places at court, to which, upon the same principles, the highest names must be called. But, in your ministries, in your councils, if possible, in your courts of appeal, in your administrations, the greater part of the persons whom you employ should not be nobles. This conduct will go to the heart of Germany, and, perhaps, mortify the other class. It is sufficient not to use any affectation in this conduct. Take care never to enter into discussions, nor to let it be understood that you attach such importance to the advancement of the third estate. The avowed principle is to select talents wherever they are to be found.

"What is of particular consequence to me is, that you delay not in the least the introduction of the Napoleon Code. The happiness of your people is of importance to me, not only for the

influence which it may have upon your glory and mine, but also under the point of view of the general system of Europe. Listen not to those who tell you that your people, accustomed to servitude, will receive your benefits unthankfully. They are more enlightened in the kingdom of Westphalia than some persons would fain persuade you. Your throne will never be firmly founded but on the confidence and the love of the population. What the people of Germany desire with impatience is, that individuals who are not noble, and possess talents, should have an equal right to your consideration and to office; that every species of bondage, and all intermediate restrictions between the sovereign and the lowest class should be entirely abolished. The benefits of the Napoleon Code, the publicity of law proceedings, the institution of juries, will be so many distinguishing characteristics of your monarchy. And, if I must tell you my whole mind, I reckon more upon their effects for the extension and consolidation of that monarchy than upon the results of the greatest victories. Your people must enjoy a liberty, an equality, a prosperity unknown to the other people of Germany. This liberal government will produce, in one way or another, changes the most salutary to the system of the confederation and to the power of your monarchy. This mode of governing will be a stronger barrier to separate you from Prussia than the Elbe, than fortresses, than the protection of France. What people would be willing to return under the arbitrary Prussian Government after it has tasted the benefits of a wise and liberal administration? The people of Germany, those of France, Italy, Spain, desire equality, and require liberal ideas. It is now several years that I have directed the affairs of Europe, and I have had occasion to convince myself that the grumbling of the privileged classes was contrary to the general opinion. Be a constitutional king. If the reason and the intelligence of your times were not sufficient, in your position, good policy would enjoin it."

Said Napoleon at St. Helena:

"It was the subject of my perpetual dreams, to render Paris the real capital of Europe. I sometimes wished it, for instance, to become a city with a population of two, three, or four millions, in a word, something fabulous, colossal, unexampled until our days, and with public establishments suitable to its population.

"Had Heaven but granted me twenty years, and a little more leisure, ancient Paris would have been sought for in vain. Not a trace of it would have been left. I should have changed the face of France. Archimedes promised every thing, provided he was supplied with a resting place for his lever. I should have done as much, wherever I could have found a point of support for my energy, my perseverance, and my budgets. A world might be created with budgets. I should have displayed the difference between a Constitutional Emperor, and a King of France. The kings of France have never possessed any administrative or municipal institution. They have merely shown themselves great lords, who ruined their men of business.

"The nation itself has nothing in its character, but what is transitory and perishable. Every thing is done for the gratification of the moment and of caprice; *nothing for duration.* That is our motto. And it is exemplified by our manners in France. Every one passes his life in doing and undoing. Nothing is ever left behind. Is it not unbecoming, that Paris should not possess even a French theatre, or an opera house, in any respect worthy of its high claims?

"I have often set myself against the feasts which the city of Paris wished to give me. They consisted of dinners, balls, artificial fire-works, at an expense of two or three hundred thousand dollars, the preparations for which obstructed the public for several days, and which afterward cost as much to take away as they had cost in their construction. I proved, that with these idle expenses, they might have erected lasting and magnificent monuments.

"One must have gone through as much as I have, in order to be acquainted with all the difficulties of doing good. If the business related to chimneys, partitions, and furniture for some individuals in the imperial palaces, the work was quick and effectual. But if it were necessary to lengthen the garden of the Tuileries, to render some quarters wholesome, to clean some sewers, and to accomplish a task beneficial to the public, in which some particular person had no direct interest, I found it requisite to exert all the energy of my character, to write six, ten letters a day, and to get into a downright passion. It was in this way that I paid out as much as six millions of dollars in sewers, for which nobody was ever to thank me. I pulled down a property of six millions in houses in front of the Tuileries, for the purpose of forming the Carousel, and throwing open the Louvre. What I did is immense. What I had resolved to do, and what I projected, were still much more so."

Some may suppose that the above account of Napoleon's administrative labors, is the glowing eulogy of a friend. Read then the testimony of an English historian. Every page of Lockhart's Life of Napoleon, bears the impress of his hostility to the mighty Emperor against whom England waged such unrelenting warfare. And yet Lockhart is constrained to witness to the following facts:

"Wherever the Emperor was, in the midst of his hottest campaigns, he examined the details of administration at home more closely perhaps than other sovereigns of not half so great an empire did during years of profoundest peace. His dearest amusement, when he had nothing else to do, was to solve problems in geometry or algebra. He carried this passion into every department of affairs. Having with his own eye detected some errors of importance in the public accounts shortly after his administration begun, there prevailed henceforth, in all the financial records of the state, such clearness and accuracy

as are not often exemplified in those of a large private fortune. Nothing was below his attention, and he found time for every thing. The humblest functionary discharged his duty under a lively sense of the Emperor's personal superintendence. The omnipresence of his police, came in lieu, wherever politics were not touched upon, of the guarding powers of a free press, a free senate, and public opinion. Except in political cases, the trial by jury was the right of every citizen. The Code Napoleon, that elaborate system of jurisprudence, in the formation of which the Emperor labored personally, along with the most eminent lawyers and enlightened men of the time, was a boon of inestimable value to France. 'I shall go down to posterity,' said he, with just pride, 'with the code in my hand.' It was the first uniform system of laws which the French monarchy had ever possessed; being drawn up by consummate skill and wisdom. It at this day forms the code not only of France, but of a great portion of Europe besides. Justice, as between man and man, was administered on sound and fixed principles and by unimpeached tribunals. . . . In the splendor of his victories, in the magnificence of his roads, bridges, aqueducts, and other monuments, in the general predominance to which the nation seemed to be raised through the genius of its chief, compensation was found for all financial burdens, consolation for all domestic calamities, and an equivalent for that liberty, in whose name the tyrant had achieved his first glories. But it must not be omitted that Napoleon, in every department of his government, made it his first rule to employ the men best fitted, in his mind, to do honor to his service by their talents and diligence. ... He gratified the French nation by adorning the capital, and by displaying in the Tuileries a court as elaborately magnificent as that of Louis XIV. himself. The old nobility returning from their exile, mingled in those proud halls with the heroes of the revolutionary campaigns, and over all the ceremonies of these stately festivities Josephine presided with the grace and elegance of one, born to be a queen. In the midst of the pomp and splendor of a court, in the ante-chambers where kings jostled each other, Napoleon himself preserved the plain and unadorned simplicity of his original dress and manners. The great Emperor continued throughout, to labor more diligently than any subaltern in office; Napoleon as Emperor, had little time for social pleasures. His personal friends were few. His days were given to labor, and his nights to study. If he was not with his army in the field, he traversed the provinces, examining with his own eyes the minutest details of arrangement, and even from the centre of his camp, he was continually issuing edicts which showed the accuracy of his observation during those journeys, and his anxiety to promote, by any means consistent with his great purpose, the welfare of every French district, town, or even village."

Such was Napoleon, as delineated by the pen of his enemies. Napoleon left no means untried to promote peace with England. He exhausted the arts of diplomacy and of conciliation to secure that end. There never was a greater historic error than to suppose Napoleon accountable for those long wars which succeeded the French Revolution. Says Mr. Richard Cobden, with a candor highly honorable to his stern sense of justice:

"There is a prevalent and active belief among us that that war arose from an unprovoked and unjust attack made upon us; that we were desirous of peace, but were forced into hostilities; that in spite of our pacific intentions our shores were menaced with a French invasion; and that, such having been our fate in spite of all our efforts to avoid a rupture, what so natural as to expect a like treatment from the same quarter in future? And, as a rational deduction from these premises, we call for an increase of our 'national defenses.'

"Now, so far is this from being a true statement of the case, it is, I regret to say, the very opposite of the truth. I do not hesitate to affirm that nothing was ever more conclusively proved by evidence in a court of law than the fact, resting upon historical documents and official acts, that *England was the aggressor in the last French war.* It is not enough to say that France did not provoke hostilities. She all but went down on her knees (if I may apply such a phrase to a nation) to avert a rupture with this country.

"But, in truth, the originators of war never pretended that they were fighting for the liberties of the people any where. Their avowed object was to sustain the old governments of Europe. The advocates of the war were not the friends of popular freedom even at home. The Liberal party were ranged on the side of peace—Lansdowne, Bedford, and Lauderdale, in the Lords; and Fox, Sheridan, and Grey, in the Commons, were the strenuous opponents of the war. They were sustained out of doors by a small minority of intelligent men who saw through the arts by which the war was rendered popular. But—and it is a mournful fact—the advocates of peace were clamored down, their persons and property left insecure, and even their families exposed to outrage at the hands of the populace. Yes, the whole truth must be told, for we require it to be known as some safeguard against a repetition of the same scenes. The mass of the people, then wholly uneducated, were instigated to join in the cry for war against France. It is equally true, and must be remembered, that when the war had been carried on for two years only, and when its effects had been felt in the high price of food, diminished employment, and the consequent sufferings of the working classes, crowds of people surrounded the King's carriage, as he proceeded to the Houses of Parliament, shouting, 'Bread! bread!—Peace! peace!'

"But to revert to the question of the merits of the last French war. The assumption put forth that we were engaged in a strictly defensive war is, I regret to say, historically untrue.

If you will examine the proofs as they exist in the unchangeable public records, you will be satisfied of this. And let us not forget that our history will ultimately be submitted to the judgment of a tribunal over which Englishmen will exercise no influence beyond that which is derived from the truth and justice of their cause, and from whose decision there will be no appeal. I allude, of course, to the collective wisdom and moral sense of future generations of men. In the case before us, however, not only are we constrained by the evidence of facts to confess that we were engaged in an aggressive war, but the multiplied avowals and confessions of its authors and partisans themselves, leave no room to doubt that they entered upon it to put down *opinions* by physical force—one of the worst, if not the very worst, of motives with which a people can embark in war."

THE DISAGREEABLES!

"I DON'T like spiders," said a young female; "I never did: they are such hideous, disgusting-looking creatures, the very idea of them makes me shudder;" and she seemed ready to faint, as a "hunter" ran across the floor. Certainly, the spider is not a creature which one would desire to have as a near neighbor: it has such a plotting, creeping way, and such a sort of vicious expression about it. We like what is frank and open. In a battle between a spider and a fly, one always sides with the fly; and yet of the two, the latter is certainly the most troublesome insect to man. But the fly is frank and free in all its doings; it seeks its food and pursues its pastime openly; suspicion of others, or covert designs against them, are quite unknown to it, and there is something almost confiding in the way in which it sails around you, when a single stroke of your hand might destroy it. The spider, on





the contrary, lives by snares and plots; and is, at the same time, very designing and suspicious, both cowardly and fierce; it always moves stealthily, as though among enemies, retreating before the least appearance of danger. Its whole appearance corresponds with its character, and it is not surprising, therefore, that while the fly is more mischievous to us than the spider, we yet look upon the former with more favor than the latter.

Nevertheless, perhaps it would be well if all who "creep about this world of ours,"

> Tho' uglier than most he be,
> Were useful in their kind as he.

The spider has provided the astronomer with his measuring-line. Its web has determined the distances of the heavenly bodies, and by it the movements of what were till lately considered fixed stars have been ascertained. By its agency the comet has been tracked in its wanderings, and it is not too much to assert that it has contributed to the preservation of human life, and that by its slender cord vessels have been turned aside from dangerous rocks. It may be asked, How could the spider's web produce such results? We reply, Inasmuch as it has led to an accuracy of observation which might never have been attained without it. The astronomer must have delicate instruments, the essential feature of which is some means of determining the precise instant when a heavenly body crosses the central line, or axis as it is called, of the telescope. For this purpose, a line of some kind, or, more correctly, a system of lines, must be stretched across the tube, in or near the focus of the eye-glass, marking precisely the axis of the instrument. A fine thread of silk or linen, or even the finest human hair, or the most delicate wire, is too coarse and uneven for the purpose, where great exactness is required. A spider's thread is found to answer perfectly, being exceedingly fine and regular. On a minute examination, a spider will be found to have four protuberances or spinners, furnished with a large number of tubes, from each of which a very slender thread proceeds, which immediately after unites with all the other threads in one. Thus, the proper thread is formed of these four, and these again of a number of smaller threads; and it is calculated that one spider's thread consists of no fewer than 4000 lesser threads! And yet so delicate is it, that the eye can not detect any coarseness or roughness in it, and it is fitted for the nicest calculations! Hence it is used in nearly all the better class of astronomical instruments; and daily, in various parts of the world, astronomers are watching the passage of the sun, the moon, the planets, and the fixed stars, behind the fine spider lines that stretch across the tubes of their telescopes. What must be the touch of the claws which guide and arrange these threads as they proceed from the spinners!



MAGNIFIED CLAW.

Professor Mitchell, by an invention of his own, has been able to divide a second into a thousand appreciable parts. To do this he converts time into space, seconds into inches, by causing the beats of the clock to be recorded (by means of a little magnetic telegraph) on a revolving disk, so that the distance between the marks thus made represents a second. The instant a star crosses one of the spider lines in the telescope, the observer touches the telescope key with his finger, and thus causes a mark to be made on the same revolving disk. The position of this mark among those made by the beat of the clock, gives the time of the observation, and as its distance from the preceding second's mark can be very accurately measured, the time is obtained with corresponding exactness. The great difficulty in this arrangement was to break and connect the galvanic circuit, at every stroke of the pendulum, by an apparatus so delicate as not to interfere with the regularity of the clock's motions. A very delicate wire lever was constructed, which, by being made to vibrate, alternately broke and completed the circuit. How to connect this with the clock, without interfering with its rate of motion, was the next question. A very fine human hair was tried; but it was "too rough, too coarse, too cable-like," to answer the purpose. A fibre of silk was next tried with no better success. At length a spider's thread was selected, and it worked to entire satisfaction. For twenty months that slender line has been moving to and fro in the Cincinnati Observatory, measuring off second after second on the revolving disk, and in this way exhibiting accurately the time of a multitude of astronomical observations, thus connecting, as it were, the heavens and the earth.

Reader, when next thou brushest the cobweb from the wall, or thine eyes light upon the circular webs, glittering with pearly dew-drops on the hedge-row and the grass by the way-side, remember what the spider's thread has accomplished.



"But, whatever you may say about the spider's web, there certainly can be nothing interesting in the spider itself." In reply, we shall give a few illustrations of the achievements and ingenious qualities of this remarkable insect. Mr. Jesse, in his "Country Life," gives an account of a spider which he observed crawling at night over the ceiling of the room in search of flies, which it devoured as it caught them, and appeared, unlike most spiders, to have no place of retreat. During the day, it remained motionless at some spot on the ceiling in the middle of three fine threads, which it had thrown out, one end of each of which had its termination at the place where the spider was resting. If one of the threads were ever so slightly touched, the spider instantly disappeared. "I at first thought," says Mr. J., "that it had suddenly let itself fall to the ground, but after a short time I saw it in its original position On disturbing it a second time, I was enabled to ascertain that by means of its two fore-feet, which alone suspended it from one of the threads, the insect spun itself round with so much rapidity as to become perfectly invisible. This lasted for about half a minute, when I again saw the spider hanging on the thread by its two feet. There can," he adds, "be no doubt that this power of producing instantaneous concealment must be the means of preserving the spider from becoming a prey to its many enemies, especially as it has no place to which it can retreat as many spiders have." It seems fully aware that its safety depends upon the threads it throws out, which it leaves with reluctance.



THE GOSSAMER SPIDER.

Talk we of air balloons, that little aeronaut, the gossamer spider, adopted the principle long before it was discovered by man, that a body heavier than air could be upborne by a substance lighter than that element. It constructs its balloon of silken threads which are considerably lighter than air, and folding its legs, with its back downward, it is wafted along with ease and rapidity in its airy chariot. These creatures mount to such great altitudes that Dr. Lister, when he ascended York Minster, still saw them floating far above him.

The manœuvres of the spider to escape from an object surrounded by water are very interesting. Kirby placed a large field spider on a stick in the middle of a vessel of water. The creature, after fastening a thread to the top of the stick, crept down the side till its fore-feet touched the water. It then swung itself off the stick, which was slightly bent, and ran up the rope it had made; this it repeated several times. At length, it let itself drop from the top of the stick by two threads, each distant from the other about one-twelfth of an inch, guided as usual by one of its hind feet, one of the threads being apparently smaller than the other. Having nearly reached the water, it stopped short, and broke off close to the spinners the smallest thread, which still adhering by the end to the top of the stick, floated in the air. Soon after, Kirby discovered one of these threads extending from the top of the stick to a cabinet about eight inches distant—and lo, the spider was gone, having used it as a bridge, over which to escape the watery element.

Few facts have more excited our astonishment than the possibility of a man being able to live and move at the bottom of the ocean; this tri-

umph of the diving bell over the unfriendly element was anticipated by the water-spider. Having first spun some loose threads, and attached them to aquatic plants, it varnishes them over with a glutinous secretion resembling glass. This is its house. It then covers its body with the same substance, and beneath this coating introduces a bubble of air. Thus clothed, like a shining ball of quicksilver, it darts to the bottom, and introduces the air from under its pellicle into its habitation, repeating the operation till the lighter element excludes the heavier, and an aerial habitation is formed beneath the water. Thence the spider goes in quest of prey, and having obtained it, carries it to his sub-aquatic mansion, where it is devoured at leisure.



"One species of the spider," says Swainson, "closes the entrance of its retreat with a door formed of particles of earth, and closely resembling the surrounding ground. This door, or rather valve, is united by a silken hinge to the entrance, at its upper side, and is so balanced that when pushed up it shuts again by its own weight. In the forests of Brazil we once met with a most interesting little spider, which sheltered itself in the same manner. Its case was suspended in the middle of the web. Upon being disturbed, the little creature ran to it with swiftness. No sooner had it gained its retreat than the door closed, as if by a spring, and left us in silent admiration, too great to allow us to capture the ingenious little creature for our collection."

The house-spider chooses a recess in a corner of a room or a piece of furniture: it then fixes a thread to one side, and carries it, according to the dimensions intended, to the opposite side or point, and fastens it. It then pulls it, and renders it tight; and so goes backward and forward several times, in order to make the margin strong, which will have to bear considerable stress. From this margin threads are spun in various directions, and the interstices are filled up as the spider runs along, until the whole assumes the gauze-like texture which we so often admire. The grim artificer then takes up his abode in a chamber constructed in a remote corner, which he connects with the net by "electric wires," which vibrate when booty is within his grasp, and serve as bridges across which he glides to attack his victim.

But the garden, or geometric spider is more ingenious than the house-spider. Having first finished the outline of its web, the spider fills it up by lines like the spokes of a wheel. It proceeds to the centre, and pulls each thread with its feet, in order to insure a proper tension and strength. The concentric circles are next formed. Having completed its work, it runs to the centre and bites off the point at which all the spokes were united, so as to make their security depend on the circular threads, and probably to render the web more elastic. In the circular opening thus made, it takes its station, and watches for its prey. But it has always a chamber of retreat, where it may lurk unobserved, till the vibration of the threads connected with it indicates that prey has been taken.



GARDEN, OR GEOMETRIC SPIDER.

EXTRACTS FROM THE PORTFOLIO OF AN EXCITEMENT SEEKER.

NUMBER III.

A SEARCH ON THE BATTLE FIELD.

I PAID that man's bill very willingly; though the charges were somewhat high; and, in less than half an hour after, I was on the road toward Brussels, for the first time traveling in a foreign *chaise de poste*.

Notwithstanding the brightness of the moon on the preceding night, the weather had again become rainy, and I never remember a more melancholy drive through any country than I had that day. From Ostend to Ghent the whole country seemed beautifully cultivated, and divided into little fields, like gardens. The hedges were thick: the trees many; but, alas! the mud was deep, and the pendant branches catching the descending deluge, conveyed it to the middle of the road, bespattering the vehicle as it rolled along. On the coast of Belgium little had been seen which would give the traveler any intimation that vast events affecting not only the whole land but the whole world were in preparation; but as I approached Ghent, the scene changed. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, the population seemed all in motion; and among carts and carriages and crowds of Flemings, every here and there appeared the bright uniforms of the British soldiery. The streets of the city itself were filled with a moving mass, for which there seemed hardly room enough in the houses round, and the eager activity and excitement witnessed every where, naturally roused in my heart all sorts of boyish enthusiasm. But I must not pause to dwell upon my own sensations. I was soon plunged into another Flemish inn, where the accommodation was far inferior to that which I had met with at Ostend, and the house so full that it was hardly possible to obtain either food or lodging. The guests were principally Frenchmen, who had followed Louis XVIII. in his flight from Paris; but among them I distinguished several of my own countrymen, and while I was dispatching a very humble supper, obtained after much difficulty, to my great joy I perceived a face I knew. It was that of an elderly officer whom I had seen once or twice at

my father's house; and to him I soon made known my errand, and whom I was seeking.

"Sir Edward," he said, "is at Hal, with Sir Charles Colville's division; and, if you will take my advice, Mr. Harcourt, you will go there at once, if your business with him is of importance; for you see we are daily receiving news of Master Bonaparte, and there is no knowing where any division of the army may be in a few days. I am going on straight to Brussels, and hope we shall have a battle soon; for to tell the truth, I am better fitted to fight these folks than to talk to them. Can you speak any of their jargon?"

I answered that I could; and then came a long consultation as to whether the nearest way to Hal would not be through Brussels. Other difficulties besides those of mere distance, however, had to be surmounted. Post horses I could get; but beyond Ghent not such a thing as chaise de poste or cabriolet was to be had for love or money, and I was obliged to ride after the old fashion, with a postillion carrying my little portmanteau behind him. The fatigues, anxieties, and disappointments of my journey were great and many. It would be endless to tell how I was turned back here, and found no horses there; was obliged to stop a whole night at one town, and could find no stopping-place at another. The whole country was in confusion; reports were flying far and wide of marching armies, and even battles fought; and when I arrived at Hal, I learned that Sir Charles Colville's division had marched the day before, and that Sir Edward —— was only to be heard of in Brussels, where Lady —— and some of the children then were. Thither then I turned my steps; but as I rode on, the thunder of an awful cannonade told me that the fierce strife had now really begun, and that the two greatest generals in the world were contending at length in person. I reached Brussels about six o'clock that evening, and never shall I forget the state of the city. News had arrived just before I entered that the English had obtained a great victory: that Napoleon had fled, and that his army was annihilated. The Prussians, be it remarked, were never mentioned. Still there were not a few who still doubted—and more still who were right willing to doubt. Every moment, however, brought fresh tidings and fuller confirmation of the tale. As yet, however, no one knew what loss had been suffered as payment for the great achievement of the age—no one knew who was killed, who was wounded—and the thrilling anxiety of many a heart in Brussels was terrible. Reports there were many: rumor was of course busy. I remember it was stated that Lord Uxbridge was killed, and many a gallant gentleman was reckoned that night among the dead who lived to fight other battles, and win glory in distant lands.

As soon as possible, I found my way to the hotel where Lady —— was lodging, and on asking for her was admitted at once. I found her to all appearance calm, but there was something terrible in her calmness. She soon discovered that I had not come from the field of battle, as she had at first supposed; and on hearing my business she answered, stroking down the glossy hair of a little girl who sat by her knee all the while, "I really can not tell you where to find him, sir. God knows—God only knows. The last I heard of him was from a village called Waterloo this morning. He may be there still, perhaps."

I could obtain no further information from her, for although her whole demeanor was perfectly tranquil, she was evidently preoccupied with feelings so intense and strong, that it was in vain to question her further, and I retired to consider what I ought to do. My conclusion was to go out to Waterloo as speedily as possible; but there were many difficulties in the way Enormous sums were asked for every conveyance, and though I had ample means for all the expenses of an ordinary journey, I had no more. At length, however, I effected a bargain with the driver of a little one horse vehicle who agreed to take me out to within three miles of the village of Waterloo on the following morning at daybreak, and he punctually kept his word, though he affected to be, or really was, exceedingly alarmed for himself, his horse, and his carriage.

The sun had not risen when we set out, but we soon had painful proofs of being near the scene of a great battle. With the first rays of daylight we beheld country carts bringing in wounded men; not indeed those severely injured, but officers of various nations who were anxious to obtain better attendance than could be found in the immediate neighborhood of the field, and who could bear the journey. Twice or thrice we passed a string of French prisoners disarmed and escorted on their way to Brussels by a body of Flemish infantry. Seldom have I seen more dejected faces than those I beheld among the poor fellows, who had probably marched out of Paris full of false hopes of triumph, only to share in that great and signal defeat. But I must not dwell upon these details. Suffice it that about six o'clock the driver stopped at the door of a little beer house and intimated that I must thence pursue my way as best I could. I tried to bribe him on, but he resisted the temptation, and with the papers entrusted to me in my pocket, I trudged forward on foot. I know nothing more melancholy than that walk except the scene that followed. The village of Waterloo itself—if there had been any repose in it during the night—was full of confusion by the time I reached it, and every house was the theatre of some tragedy. No accurate information could I obtain of Sir Edward ——, however. Some said he had marched on with his corps, but they could give no reason for believing so; and one old soldier who was sitting on a stone before the little church with his shattered hand bound up in a bloody handkerchief, observed when he heard me questioning the hospital men, "You had better go and look for him on the ground, young man. I do not think he ever came off the field. That's my opinion."

All men are apt, especially when they are young, to take opinions for more than they are worth—in fact, through life it is so—and, indeed, though the opinions that we follow are sometimes adverse to our own character, sometimes harmonious therewith, still we do follow them, according to the idiosyncrasy of each man. I determined, then, to seek for Sir Edward —— upon the field; and behold me wandering on, before the inhabitants of cities felt it to be any thing more than the early morning, walking over that vast field of battle, in truth, and reality, with hardly an object. To seek for Sir Edward —— dead, or alive—was merely a pretext—one of those pretexts with which we fool ourselves through life, far more than we fool the others who surround us. One good excuse is worth a thousand real reasons, and a walk over the field of Waterloo had a thousand motives to which any excuse was a God-send.

When I emerged from the wood of Soignies, the scene seemed very little different from that which I had beheld in the neighborhood of Hal. A wide, open country, slightly undulating, with grain crops heavily beaten down by rain, as it seemed; but speedily the eye detected objects which brought a different conclusion. I remember, the first thing that struck me was the carriage of a dismounted cannon, on the right. It had nothing very remarkable about it, a wheel sticking up in the air, like that of an overturned cart; but yet, association was busy, and spoke of strife around it. I next came suddenly upon a dead horse, which had fallen, probably, at some distance from the spot where it had received the shot. But a stream of gore, dark red and light red dabbled together, stained the yellow rye grass round. Neither saddle nor bridle were there. Somebody had torn them off already; but from the appearance of the animal, I should think it had been an officer's charger. The ground was rising a little as I walked on, and deviating from the road, to the right, I gained an eminence, slight indeed, but sufficiently high to give me a view of the whole scene. But still, it was not very terrible: the horror was in the details. I saw a great number of groups of men moving about in different directions, some carrying hand barrows, others with a cart in the midst of them; and along the high paved road, a small body of infantry, in the bright scarlet of the British line, were moving along with beating drums and sounding fifes, to a gay tune sadly discordant with the feelings of my heart. They look like a speck in the midst of that wide field, where so many had striven and died on the preceding day.

About quarter of a mile in advance of the spot where I stood, I perceived some eight or ten men very busy about a particular point, near which stood an old apple tree, and I made my way thither to ask if they could give me any information regarding the spot where Sir Edward ——'s corps had been posted during the battle; but my way was now among the dead. Several more horses were lying around, and I passed the bodies of three British officers, lying cold, and ghastly, one under a bush, where he had apparently crept to die, another on the broad hill side, with a wound right in the centre of his forehaed; the third, contorted fearfully, with a large portion of his right side and arm carried away by a cannon ball. There had been busy, greedy fiends about them, evidently; for though their dress showed their rank in the army, neither swords, nor belts, nor epaulettes were left. A large raven had perched by the last corpse, and was busy with his share of the prey—so busy, that he suffered himself not to be disturbed till I was close by, and then merely flew into the apple tree

When I came up with the living men whom I had seen, I found them lifting a dead body upon a hand litter, and one, who seemed the chief of the party, told the others to take it back. He was a quick, impatient personage, short in his replies, and enduring no long questioning.

"Who the devil can tell you?" he answered, when I asked where Sir Edward ——'s corps had been stationed. "He was there on the left, near La Haye Sainte, at the beginning of the battle; but every body was every where. You are most likely to find him down by the ditch, if you are looking for the body, or under that scraggy hedge. Ask some of the hospital men. Here, Michael, turn that fellow over. He has fallen right across Sir William L——."

There had evidently been a fearful struggle just there; for the dead bodies were thick, and many; but I walked on in the direction which had been pointed out to me, and to my surprise, soon found myself on a spot which bore no trace of strife whatever. It was a little piece of ground, of about two acres, very steep and abrupt, with the corn standing tall, and untrampled upon it; not an ear was bent with any thing heavier than rain, no mark of galloping hoof or charging foot was to be seen. It was an oasis in the desert of the battle field. As I walked alone through it, with the ears of grain just turning yellow, nearly up to my eyes, I could not have told by any sight or sound, that I was not in one of the pleasant wheat fields of England; but it was heavy walking; for the ground was still wet with recent rain. Suddenly, it seemed red. The stalks were bent in different directions, forming a sort of cradle round what at first seemed a dead body, as I looked at it through the ears. The next instant, however, I saw a pistol presented at me, and a feeble voice cried, in English, "Keep off!"

The person who spoke was a young man—a boy, I might almost call him—for he was as beardless as a woman, with small, beautiful features, and a skin which had known but very little summer sun. He was dressed in a hussar uniform, and there he lay, with his horse close beside him, the poor beast quite dead, and he with his right leg smashed to atoms.

I soon satisfied him that I had no sinister design; and he told me very quietly and simply, that he had had the misfortune of being hit toward the end of the day, as he was carrying an

order to one of the regiments, on a part of the field where little was going on.

"Nobody has come near me," he said, "and I can't see any thing but this tall corn. That we beat them, I know, from the sounds I heard; but though I would have given my life to see them run, I can not even crawl; for you see the state of my leg Luckily, they made such a smash of it that I have bled very little. That's the horse's blood there. But I feel dreadfully thirsty. I wish you could get me a drop of water."

I never saw such coolness and calm endurance in my life, and I hurried not only to get him water, but assistance, which happily came in time to save his life. As soon as I had seen him taken care of, I pursued my search, the surgeon, whom I found upon the field, directing me toward the spot where he supposed Sir Edward —— to have been engaged; and here the scene of devastation was fearful. The ground, in one spot, was literally loaded with corpses, broken ammunition wagons, dismounted guns, dead and dying horses, and men writhing in agony, who had not yet been removed from the field, although a great number of men were busily employed in carrying away those who still showed any signs of life

The countenances of the dead afforded a strange and terrible subject of observation. In some instances, the face was as calm as that of sleeping infancy; in others, all the fierce passions of the contest seemed to have been arrested suddenly in full career, and stamped upon the features by the hard hand of death. Other countenances, again, showed nothing but the ghastly anguish of the mortal wound In one spot which I passed over, a number of the French cuirassiers had fallen, and their bodies bore terrible evidence of the fierce, energetic strength of their opponents Most of them were tall, powerful men, covered with shining steel; but that steel had been no more defense against the relentless sabre than a sheet of paper. In most instances, they had been killed by the point of the weapon, piercing through and through the cuirass, and seeking out the heart within. But once I remarked a helmet cleft down to the very rim by a blow, which must have carried the edge of the sword deep into the brain. The fiercest countenances I saw were here; and in some cases, the expression of rage and hatred was still so strong and vivid, that one could hardly believe the men were really dead. Just after I had passed them, I saw, at the distance of about two hundred yards, a group of several men, of whom one was kneeling, gathered together near an old tree; and I was hurrying along close under the ragged hedge I have mentioned, when a loud, fierce voice called out to me in French, "Sacre bleu! Donne moi de l'eau; ou je t'écrase la cervelle!" And, turning round, I saw at the distance of about twenty yards, a French grenadier sitting on the ground, with his musket pointed right at me He had been wounded in the leg, it seemed; but had contrived to sit up, and make a sort of rest of his cap and the body of a dead comrade. I got him some water from a little spring near at hand, in the helmet of one of the cuirassiers. He drank largely, and set down the rest by his side; but the only thanks I got were a "va t'en;" and I went away, glad to escape without a shot, for I never saw so sullen and ferocious a countenance.

I was soon at the spot where the little group I have mentioned still remained; and I found that it was a surgeon's party, gathered round a superior officer of the English service, whom they had found still living, though, to all appearance, mortally wounded. He was a mild-looking, handsome man of the middle age, and was not only quite conscious, but able to speak, although the deathly palor of his countenance, the fallen temples, and the sunken eyes spoke plainly how much he had suffered. One young man, kneeling, supported his head and shoulders in his arms, while an elder personage was applying a tourniquet to the thigh. Several others were standing round with bandages and instruments, and of one of these I asked if he could give me any information of Sir Edward ——.

"That is he," replied the young man; and at the same moment Sir Edward said, addressing the surgeon, "I think, my dear sir, we might both employ our precious time better. I am dying. You can not save me. Many a poor fellow needs you more, and will better repay your attention. I have a message to send to my wife, that is all."

"May I speak a word?" I said, passing between two of the assistants. "I have business of the utmost importance with Sir Edward——, papers to sign, on which much depends."

The dying man looked up at me mildly, and said, "From Mr. C——? It is somewhat late; but I am glad to see you, sir ——. Now, my good friend," he continued, addressing the surgeon, "if you can keep half an hour's life in me, I shall die happy."

Kneeling by Sir Edward's side on the bloody ground where he lay—and bloody it was, indeed, in no figurative sense—for the very stalks of corn and wild field flowers were spattered and dabbled with gore, I drew forth the papers which had been given to me, and was about to read. But he looked at them with a faint and melancholy smile, and said, "Somewhat too lengthy, sir, for a few minutes' life. Has he not sent me something to sign? I have full confidence both in his integrity and judgment."

"It is here," I answered, taking from the rest the paper which I had copied out fair a night or two before. "I can read it to you in a few minutes"

"No need," he answered. "I will sign it. I feel fainter each minute. Has any one a pen and ink? Will a pencil do?"

"I have an inkhorn," said one of the assistants, producing one, and a silver pen.

"Here, take this, Sir Edward," said the surgeon, handing him something in a small horn-cup. "It will keep you up"

He drank down the potion, whatever it was, and while I knelt, holding the paper as best I could, one of the assistants raised him to nearly a sitting position in his arms. He took the pen, wrote the word Edward, and began writing another name—not the one he usually bore—and with difficulty wrote the two or three first letters, when, suddenly, there was the report of a musket, a ball whistled close by my head, struck the dying man on the temple, and he fell back a corpse in the arms of the assistant.

I started on my feet in a moment, and looked round to the spot where I had left the French grenadier. He was just raising his head from taking aim, and the smoke was still curling round him. "The fiend!" I cried, "he has shot him. He threatened to shoot me as I passed."

There needed no more A tall Scotch lad of the surgeon's party darted away without a word, snatched up a musket and bayonet as he ran, and in a minute after we saw him kick something violently with his foot, and strike the bayonet with both hands into an object lying before him. We asked no questions when he returned, and though no one liked to approve, no one was found to blame him.

I knew not well what to do. I was not sufficiently versed in the law to be aware of what might be the questions arising from the event which had just occurred; but I thought it best to draw up, on the spot, a brief statement of the facts, showing that the personage generally known as Sir Edward —— had been killed in the very act of signing the document prefixed; and this I had certified by the attestation of all present.

Leaving the body of the unhappy gentleman to be carried to Waterloo, I found my way back across the field, and while passing through the wood, was overtaken by a country cart going into Brussels. In it I obtained a ride for the payment of a few francs, but I was almost sorry I had not walked; for the driver was loquacious, and I anxious for calm thought. It seemed to me a duty to carry the news of her husband's death to Lady ——, and to break the intelligence to her as gently as possible. But I shrunk from the task with a timidity which I myself felt to be strange, although I must always contend that scenes of human suffering, especially of a mental kind, have always been intensely painful to me. However, I made up my mind in the end to do what I believed to be right; and consequently, on arriving in Brussels, I went at once to the hotel near the park, where the lady lodged.

No one who could bring intelligence from the field was refused admittance in any house in the city, and I was suffered to go in at once. The lady had now her two children with her—the little girl I had before seen, and a boy somewhat older. I could perceive that she made a great effort to command herself, but she did not succeed so well as the preceding evening. She started up, and gazed earnestly in my face, with a sort of tremor over her whole frame that communicated itself at once to mine. I could hardly speak; and, certainly, my first words could give her no intimation of the tale I had to tell. But my look and manner, it would seem, were sufficient; for before the unmeaning sentence with which I commenced was concluded, the long-suppressed emotions burst forth. She uttered a shriek that rings in my ears even now, and fell down at once upon the floor. The children gathered round her, sobbing, and I ran to the door, and called for help; but the first person who came was a lady who lodged in the adjoining apartments—a tall, stately, elderly woman, who seemed to know something of the family, and to comprehend the case at once. We raised up the unfortunate lady between us, and placed her on a sofa. Water and hartshorn were procured by the children's nurse, and a lady's maid, who came speedily to help; and then leaving the widow in their hands, the old lady turned to me, saying, "I suppose, sir, you have brought her intelligence of her husband's death?"

I inclined my head, saying, "I was about to tell her, madam, but I had no time; for she fainted before I could do so."

"We divine!" said the old lady, with a melancholy shake of the head. "Words are little needful when such tales are to be told. Poor thing! She is unaccustomed to sorrows. I lost a son yesterday at noon. his brother has gone on, perhaps to share the same fate to-morrow. This is her first loss: mine have been many. Are you a relation of the family?"

I replied in the negative; and informed her that I had brought some important papers from England, for Sir Edward's signature.

"And found him dead," said the lady. "That was unfortunate."

I had to undeceive her, and tell her the whole tale, interrupted from time to time by the sobs of the children, who were hanging round the senseless form of their mother, and could hardly be pacified. Before I had well concluded, the maid said, in a low voice, "She is coming to, my lady. Keep quiet, Caroline: your mamma is coming to."

The old lady laid her hand upon my arm, whispering, "Not a word to her of that sad tale! Let her think that her husband died by the enemy's cannon, with many a gallant man besides. Give her no cause to suppose that she is peculiar in calamity."

The precaution was needless. Lady —— opened her eyes; but there was a strange expression in them. She sat up on the sofa, looked round faintly, bowed her head to me, and to the elder lady, saying, with an unmeaning smile, "Pray, sit down, sir—take a seat, Lady Jane. Sir Edward will be delighted to see you. He has only gone out for a few minutes to look after his horses. He will be quite sorry when he finds that he was not at home. Take Edward and Caroline away, Maria. What have they been crying about? Don't let their father see them with such faces; and before friends, too! They are very good children, sir; but, like other children, they will have their little squabbles."

There was something so terrible in her politeness, that I could have cried too; but the old lady whom she had called Lady Jane, said, in a quiet tone, "Leave her to me; and go back to England as fast as possible. Tell her relations what has happened, and let her brother come over at once. We will do the best we can for her here; but it is a sad case."

I was glad enough to quit the room, which I did at once, Lady —— rising, and courtesying low to me as I did so. Her farther history I need not dwell upon. A somewhat tedious lawsuit followed, of the kind called—one would think in derision—a friendly suit, in which the hearts and minds of a number of innocent people are ground down and torn by the wheels and tenter-hooks of technicalities, to gratify the carping spirit of the law. Happily for herself, Lady —— was unconscious of all that was taking place, and her children were too young to feel the full weight of their affliction, although it was sad enough to know that their father was dead, and their mother a lunatic.

I will only give one more anecdote of this youthful period of my life, which I have dwelt upon more to show those into whose hands these papers may fall how my peculiar habits of mind, or thought, if you will, were formed, than with any idea of offering a connected narrative. The other papers will be found generally detached; with here and there, perhaps, a connecting link, but nothing more; and I will only add, that wherever I do not speak of my own personal knowledge or experience, but give a statement as it has been made to me, I have taken the utmost pains to ascertain that the facts occurred precisely as they are related. In one or two instances I have gone back to periods anterior to my own time; but I have never done so without investigations sufficient to assure me that the narrative is somewhat more true than is usually found in the pages of history. Let me return, however, to a time when I had been some two years studying the law.

WARMING A VIPER.

I HAD seen little of my good friend, Mr. White, after the awful scene I had witnessed in his dissecting-room. But one day I was surprised by a visit from him in the office, and grieved to see how pale and ill he looked. I was now much more accustomed to observe men accurately, and gather what was passing in their minds from slight indications, than I had been when I last saw him. But his conduct and demeanor puzzled me altogether. There seemed something in his thoughts which he wished to say, and yet did not choose to utter. He moved from chair to chair, he strove ruefully for a joke, but his laugh was faint; even his "I term it," had something sad and rueful about it; while the wandering, anxious expression of his eyes, showed any thing but his usual philosophical self-possession. His only apparent object seemed to be an inquiry into my legal studies, and as to how much I had learned of the criminal law. On this subject he came more than once, and seemed, I thought, well satisfied to find that I had made that most interesting branch of my profession a matter of especial attention. But as soon as his questions were answered, he darted off to something else, or fell into a deep reverie; and, in the end, he left me without a word of explanation. About a fortnight after, I received a note, inviting me to take tea with him—not fixing any particular day, but leaving me to make the appointment myself, and as I really had a sincere regard for the old man, I went as soon as possible. We passed the evening quite alone together; and his conduct was now even stranger than before. His nervous excitement was so great that he started at every sound, and one time, when some rascally pickpocket was pursued down the street in which he lived, with a loud cry of "Stop thief!" he turned so pale that I thought he would have fainted. He let the evening go by, however, nearly to the end, without any explanation; and not till I had taken up my hat to depart, did he say, "My dear Willy, I want to tell you something, as I term it—I want to consult you. But I can not make up my mind. It is too terrible; and yet I must consult some one."

"Pray, explain," I answered; "I am quite ready to wait, and give you all the assistance in my power."

"No, no;" he replied, hurriedly. "Not to-night, not to-night. Go home and study the criminal law. Study it minutely, as I term it. Make yourself master of every part of it, and I will come and see you again, if there is any place in that office of yours where I can speak with you in secret."

"I had better come and talk with you here," I answered, "and am quite ready to do so, whenever you send for me."

"Well, I will send," he said, abruptly. "Good-night, good-night;" and he hurried me out of the house.

About ten days more passed before I heard any thing further; but then, just as I was quitting the office, late in the evening, a note was brought to me by a servant-girl, containing a few words, written in a hand which I could hardly recognize as that of my old friend. They merely informed me that he was very ill, and asked me to come and see him as soon as possible. I went away at once, in no very good spirits myself; for I was fatigued and depressed by over-application. It was that horrible month of November, too, and the streets of London presented their most melancholy aspect. There was a fog; not very thick or yellow, but still dense enough to make every thing look dim; and through it a small, fine rain was descending, rendering the streets wet and muddy. The lamps in the shops were already lighted, and a man with a great flaring link was running along the streets from lamp-post to lamp-post. But gas was unknown at that time in the great city; and the dull, glass globes, with their cotton-wicks, and little vessels of oil, shed but a dull and feeble light around. The figures of the men and women in

the streets, distinguished for a moment under these gloomy lamps, and then lost in the obscurity which reigned in the intervals between them, seemed like spectres to my eyes, and the whole place had a sort of funereal aspect, not at all relieved by the bad odors which rose up from bad oranges and decayed vegetables in King-street, and in Covent Garden. I found my way, at length, however, to the house of Mr. White, and knocked at the private door. The woman who opened it, told me that her master was ill in bed, and had a gentleman with him, but would see me, she was sure. She asked me to come in and wait, while she informed him of my arrival, and conducted me into a large, old-fashioned room, behind the shop, where she left me with a solitary candle, amidst dingy furniture, anatomical preparations, a few books, and some pictures and engravings. One of the latter almost excited a smile, as I looked at it; for it represented a great naval victory, with ships on fire, dismasted, and knocked to pieces, boats sinking, and men drowning, while an inscription below dedicated the picture to the hero of the day, whom the artist absurdly styled, "The friend of human nature." I was kept waiting nearly half an hour, and then a gentleman, in whom I recognized at once a very respectable solicitor, entered the room, saying, "Your good friend will see you now, Mr. Harcourt. I have been making his will; so the business was private, of course. But you have not been forgotten. He fancies he is dying; but I can not make out any disease he has, except low spirits, and you must try to cheer him."

I took up the candle, and mounted the stairs, guided by a maid whom I found in the passage. The poor old man was in bed, and, certainly looked very like a dying man. His features were shrunk and sharpened, and the hand he held out to me pale and emaciated.

"Ah, Willy," he said; "I am glad to see you. My dear boy, I am going to Kingdom Come; and I do believe it is the best thing for me."

I asked him to send for further medical advice; but he shook his head ruefully, saying, "No use, as I term it. I know too much of the profession. Besides, it would not do in my case."

> "Canst thou not minister to minds diseased,
> Pluck from the memory a rooted sorrow,
> Raze out the written troubles of the brain,
> And with some sweet, oblivious antidote
> Cleanse the full bosom of that perilous stuff
> Which weighs upon the heart?"

"I would gladly do so in your case, my dear sir," I answered; "but I know not how. I might, perhaps, if you would tell me what troubles you."

"I don't think it," answered Mr. White; "but I will tell you. Go and see that there is nobody at the back of the door, and then come and sit down here, close by me."

I did as he directed; and then, with much hesitation, and in a feeble voice, he gave me the following narrative, which I will put almost in his own words, omitting his usual expletives:

"You remember, I am sure," he said, "a terrible scene which took place in this very house, somewhat more than two years ago—we shall none of us ever forget it—I mean when we galvanized the body of Joe Miles, the burglar. Well, we all ran away, if you recollect, except yourself and old Doctor ——. He fainted; and you were too frightened to run, I fancy. I soon plucked up courage and returned, meeting you coming down the stairs. Doctor —— had recovered, and was at the door; but neither of you would stay, and I went back into the room myself The hanged man was there, then lying over on his side, and I went up, intending to turn him round, and straighten his limbs again. But judge of my bewilderment, when I saw that he was breathing—not regularly, but with gasps, once or twice, perhaps, in a minute. I did not know, for the life of me, what to do. I thought I should have gone mad; for all the consequences of that man's coming to life again, then flashed upon my mind, for the first time. For a moment, I thought of taking up the scalpel, and cutting the carotid artery; but that seemed to me like murder; and I stood in a stupefied state by the man's side, watching him as he lay. Very soon, the breathing began to be more regular, and then I do not know what foolish feeling of compassion seized me; but I suddenly took the determination of finishing what we had begun. I said to myself, 'a hanged man, unless his neck be broke, or apoplexy supervenes, is but a drowned man, after all—he is merely suffocated.' So I got hartshorn, and put cold water to his head, and very soon I had him sitting up, and looking about him. The first thing he did was to damn my eyes; and then I told him, civilly, that he had been hanged, and I had brought him to life again, adding a few words of admonition. I was trembling all over, and his next words did not tend to quiet me.

"'You have, have you, you little sniveling son of a bitch?' he said. 'Why the devil couldn't you let me alone, when it was all over? Well, what do you intend to do with me now?'

"I plucked up courage, and getting between him and the door, I answered, 'Have you hanged again, in five minutes, if you don't speak more civilly.'

"That seemed to bring him to his senses; and he began to talk much more smoothly. He begged pardon for what he had said, told me he was half mad, and asked, if I could expect a man to be very sane, who had danced a jig upon nothing for half an hour All that seemed reasonable enough, and he remained in the same mood for the greater part of that day, cursing and swearing a great deal, it is true; but still telling me that he was much obliged to me for saving him, and eating and drinking every thing that I would let him have, although he complained that swallowing hurt him *damnably*. I gave him a cravat of my own to cover up his neck, and got him a hat to fit his great big head, thinking that when nightfall came, he would be glad enough to go, and get to his old haunts. He did not seem at all disposed to depart, however, and began to

talk jocosely, when I represented the necessity to him. He said he was my son, and called me *papa*, asking what fortune I intended to give him, since I had brought him into the world when he was well out of it. I tried to treat the matter as a joke, too; but it was a very serious one, and, in the end, I was obliged to give him a very considerable sum of money to get rid of him at all, he promising to go over to France immediately, if I would furnish him with means to do so, and never to return to England. From that day I have not known a moment's peace; for though he did not reappear for six weeks, even during that time, my mind was always occupied with the thought of what might happen.

"At length, one night, about ten o'clock, the maid told me that a gentleman wanted to consult me; and in came the scoundrel himself as boldly as possible. He had spent every farthing I had given him, and wanted more. I tried reason, and remonstrance, and threats; but it was all in vain. He was as impudent as Satan; and the only thing that seemed to keep him in bounds for some time, was the fear of driving me to denounce him, in despair. At first he contented himself with a ten pound note, or a twenty pound note; but he gradually increased in his demands, and he contrived to work upon my fears, Willy, by showing me that he had none of his own. He would sit in a chair opposite to me, below, laughing and jesting about hanging, as if it were the pleasantest thing in the world; and he would curse, and he would blaspheme, and swear that if he were hanged again, I should have the pleasure of the same trip. I did not dare to ask any body what would happen if I did reveal the whole, and I was horrified at the very thought of a public trial for frustrating the ends of justice. But one time I made up my mind to resist, and told him that I had been informed—though it was not true, by the way—that he could not do any thing to me. I let him go away without any money; but he shook his great fist in my face, and swore that he would have some by one means or another. 'I will break into Kirk, the jeweler's house, this very night,' he said, 'if you don't give me some,' and off he went. I did not believe he would do what he said; but the next day I saw in the papers, that the jeweler's house had been entered, and robbed; and a few days after, he came again, bringing an abandoned strumpet with him I was quite cowed this time; but he was quite frank and jocose, saying, 'I told you I would break into Kirk's. You see I am a man of honor, and always keep my wôrd. Now, then, I want fifty pound.'

"I let him have it, and when he had folded it up, and put it in his pocket, he said, after whistling a bit of a song, 'To-morrow, I shall rob Sharp, the money-changer's. That will be a good sweep, won't it, old cove, and if I find any thing curious on the premises, you shall have it as your share.' I got up, and reached my hat; but he said, with a grin, 'You sit down and be quiet, now. This girl can prove that you never denied your knowledge of my going to rob Kirk's; so if I swing, you swing, old gentleman; so we will have no more nonsense.'

"Thus it has gone on, my dear Willy, for months past. Sometimes he will be away for several weeks, and then he will come and demand an exorbitant sum, and boast of what he has done, and tell me of all sorts of crime which he has committed; so that I have had neither rest nor peace for an hour. I dare not look into a newspaper, for fear of seeing something horrible: the door never opens but I fear that he is coming; and the sight of his white, bloated face and great leaden eyes, makes my very spirit sink within me. All night long I dream of him; and when I am out in the streets, I dread the sight of him at every corner. It has worn me down; and I am dying. I never can hold up my head again. But there is one crime I must prevent. Last night, he told me that he intended to break into the house of my patient, Captain Pearce. Now, Pearce is as bold and as fierce as a lion, and there will be bloodshed to a certainty. Willy, you must stop it. You can bear witness to how the whole matter came about. Go away to Bow-street: get some officers; and have the man apprehended. Do the best you can for me, my dear boy, and, all events, prevent the attack upon Pearce's house. The fellow now goes by the name of Miller, and lives in Crane Court, out of Fleet-street. The house is to be robbed to-night. Don't commit me, if you can help it."

I made him give me Captain Pearce's address, and assuring him that I could manage the matter without bringing his name at all in question, which seemed to comfort him much, I went away to Bow-street, and obtained the assistance of two officers, stating simply, that I had positive information that Captain Pearce's house was to be broken into that night, by a man named Miller. So well had he concealed himself, that even the Bow-street officers seemed to have no knowledge of him. A good many questions were asked, and some hesitation shown; but on my stating who I was, and that I was clerk to Mr. C——, all difficulties vanished. I wanted the men to go at once to Crane Court; but they laid their own plans, and went away to the house of Captain Pearce, taking me with them. The Captain himself was out of town, so no explanations were necessary there; and going into the house, we cooped the servants up in the upper rooms, lest there should be any confederacy; remaining ourselves below, with a dark lantern, to wait for the coming of our friend. Midnight was soon passed; one—two o'clock came, without a sound; and I began to fancy we should be disappointed. But about a quarter past two, a noise was heard in the area, and we groped our way from the parlor, where we then were, down into the kitchen. There we stood, as silent as mice, while a whirling sound was heard, something like the grinding of a coffee-mill. Suddenly a round hole appeared in the area-door, showing the light from the street, and an arm was thrust in, which soon undid the

fastenings. The door was then quietly opened, and the cadaverous face of Joe Miler looked in. The officers sprang toward him; but he had seen them; and darting away, he ran for the area-steps.

"Stop, or I'll shoot you!" cried the chief officer, leveling a pistol at him, while I and the other followed hard upon his track.

"Shoot, and be damned," he cried. But I was the most active, and caught him by the skirts of the coat ere he reached the street. He stumbled and fell upon the pavement, and both I and the officer fell upon him, trying to hold him down, to prevent him from doing mischief; for he, too, had a small pistol in his hand. He struggled hard, and was almost too much for us; but in the midst of our wrestling, I heard his pistol go off, and started up. The officer drew back likewise. The felon lay still upon the pavement; and when we turned on the light of the lantern, we found that he had blown his brains out, whether accidentally or intentionally, I can not tell; but the ball of his own pistol had entered his eye, and passed out near the top of his head.

A great many circumstances of no great importance detained me at Bow-street till after break of day; but then I hurried away to the house of Mr. White even before I went home. I found the whole household up, and the assistant opened the door to me.

"Ah, Mr. Harcourt," he said, "you come too late. The poor old gentleman died not five minutes ago!"—and thus ended a terrible experiment with galvanism.

SIX AND HALF-A-DOZEN.

WHEN my friend Don Bobtail said, "I wish to see the hippopotamus and marry an heiress," I naturally understood only one half of his remark. I flatter myself that we young men about town "who know the world" &c., also know very well what it is to marry an heiress. About the hippopotamus, however, I was not so sure; so I said simply:

"Your Excellency must remember that you are not in London."

"How, not in London?" replied he.

"Why, that we have no zoological exhibition here, no Regent's Park, and consequently no hippopotamus."

Don Bobtail Fandango mused a moment, then he continued:

"But have you not an idiom, *comme ça*, to see the hippopotamus?"

At that moment it occurred to me that the Don was struggling to express himself in an ordinary slang phrase, and wished to say—'see the elephant.' But I did not immediately relieve his doubt. On the contrary, as I remembered that once in Monaco I was obliged to suspect him of a conspiracy with the beautiful Belli Occhi, by which I was the loser, I determined to have my revenge.

"Perhaps," said I, "you mean to say that you want to see the elephant."

"Precisely," replied the Don.

"What do you understand by the expression?" inquired I, as we strolled slowly along.

"Why, I suppose it means to study life. For instance, in Monaco, when you made the acquaintance of Belli Occhi, and frequented her rooms; and when we relieved our graver duties with an innocent turn at cards or the billiard table—then, I should say, if I understand the expression correctly—you saw the elephant, in Monaco."

"And a prodigiously white elephant it was," returned I, as I recalled those days; "But do you know how the expression originated with us?"

"No, I do not," said the Don; "it must be a curious story."

"Not at all," said I, "it's very simple. You know, although we have no Regent's Park, nor Zoological Garden, we do have a menagerie occasionally, and Bangum sometimes entertains the town with a procession of elephants. Well, two or three years ago there was a very large and fine animal imported from Siam expressly for the great Bangum. It came to England by the overland mail, and, as you will remember, a steamer was especially detailed to bring it to America. Mr. Bangum endeavored to persuade the Secretary of the Navy to dispatch a seventy-four for the purpose. But the Secretary, an illiberal and obstinate official, decidedly refused. Upon which the caustic Bangum caused a wax figure to be made, bearing a strong resemblance to the Secretary, which he placed in his admirable collection, hung the girdle with the scalps of children, and wrote under it in large red letters 'The modern Nero.' This figure was the chief ornament of the famous Chamber of Horrors in Bangum's Museum; and I have no doubt, the Secretary would have resigned, had he known it. The elephant arrived in due season; was exhibited at the menagerie, and the town flocked to see it. Suddenly it disappeared. No one knew what had become of it. It was talked about on 'Change. The newspapers had eloquent leaders about it. The magazines discussed the subject, with illustrations, and one article in particular 'Have we an elephant among us?'—excited great attention. Still the elephant did not appear. 'Such an animal could not disappear without somebody's knowing about it,' said one astute journal. 'It was too large for any mischievous boy to carry off in his pocket, or any wily nursery-maid in her reticule,' said another, a conservative and safe evening print, planting itself boldly upon facts."

"That was a very correct view of the case," hinted Don Bobtail.

"Well, the excitement presently subsided, or rather shifted to the later novelty of the great Bangum's 'the affectionate anaconda,' which was warranted to squeeze the most delicate infant without suffocation: a fact not so remarkable when we reflect that it was constructed of India rubber and wool. An intelligent and gratified public swarmed to the soirées of the anaconda, and the poor elephant was forgotten. What do you think had become of it?"

"Really I can't imagine," replied my friend, the Spanish Embassador.

"Well," resumed I, pausing a moment to cough, and wondering how I should dispose of my subject, "I will tell you. This marvelous disappearance occurred several years since; but a few weeks afterward, as I was passing down Broadway I was overtaken by Mr. Bangum.

"'Good-morning,' said he; 'have you seen my anaconda?'

"'No, not yet; I was just going.'

"'Most marvelous thing, sir; something truly surprising Dr. Gerund and his school visited it yesterday: every one of the scholars was squeezed by the anaconda, and without suffocating results. A truly affectionate animal, sir, —schools half price.'

"'Mr. Bangum,' said I, looking at him mysteriously and speaking in a low voice, 'where is the elephant?'

"'Do you wish to see the elephant, sir?' said he after a moment, narrowly watching me; and I confess a thrill, as I recall the first time those celebrated words, fell upon my ear.

"'Are we not all longing to know what has become of it?' returned I.

"'Very well. You know how much I esteem you You know how dearly I prized that animal—by-the-by, have you seen 'the modern Nero?'—judge how horror-stricken I was when I discovered that certain fiends in human shape had been endeavoring to poison my innocent! I took measures instantly and had him privately removed—'

"'Where?' eagerly demanded I.

"'Softly, my impetuous young friend,' returned the benign Bangum; 'gently over the stones. My dear elephant is now in the attic of the Astor House, where, in a tropical atmosphere of 250° Fahrenheit, and browsing upon aloes and the fruit of the Banyan-tree imported by me expressly for his eating, he drags out a confined but, I trust, tolerably contented existence'

"The great Bangum applied his handkerchief to his eyes

"'There, sir, is the inestimable animal to be seen—admittance, under the peculiar circumstances, one dollar.'

"And the face of my friend was again buried in his handkerchief

"I, of course, instantly visited the recluse, upon the terms suggested by Bangum, and I found that his disclosure had not been strictly confidential, but was shared by most other young men about town. The malicious whispered that the fiends in human shape who wished to destroy the innocent animal were entirely fancy sketches of Bangum's, who found he could 'realize' more by creating 'peculiar circumstances,' under which the admittance should be one dollar. But the joke was so good that it soon became town-talk, and men asked each other, 'Have you seen the elephant?' as naturally as they ask, 'Have you heard Alboni?'"

"That, then, is the origin of this famous expression?" said his Excellency, with an air of deep thought.

"It is, indeed," replied I, with an air of profound sincerity.

"But my dear friend," continued Don Bobtail, "you have not mentioned one fact: is the elephant still visible?"

"Certainly," replied I.

"And visitors are admitted?"

"Of course: admittance, under the peculiar circumstances, one dollar."

"So there is no trouble about getting in?"

"Why, yes," answered I; "I ought to say that the clerks in the office have been so much bothered by applications to visit the attic, that they undertake to laugh now at the idea of having an animal in the attic. That is natural, for if it should be discovered that such a guest was entertained in the house, it might drive other guests away."

"It's very odd that none of the boarders in the house have discovered it," said my friend Fandango.

"They came very near finding it out once. One summer morning, Mrs. Mallows, a young bride from the country, was sitting at her open window in the room directly under that of the great unknown. She was reading Mr. James's last new novel, and nibbling at some cake that lay in a plate upon a table by the window; when, suddenly, she said, just as she was in the most interesting part of the book—(that, you remember, where the younger of the two horsemen dismounts at the top of the hill)—a huge, black monster, like a snake, came twirling and twisting in at the window, and after wriggling a moment in the air, pounced upon the sponge-cake and disappeared, while she fell fainting upon the floor. It was the trunk of the elephant which had been dispatched upon a foraging tour, and was well pleased to find delectable sponge-cake ready set out at the window. There was great investigation and excitement; but as usual in such cases, the investigators knew where the difficulty was, and naturally applied themselves to every point but that. They took care, however, to secure the windows of the elephant's room so that they could not be opened."

"And he is still in the attic of the Astor House?"

"Infallibly," said I; "but they will deny it at the office."

"And he lives in an atmosphere of 250° Fahrenheit, and browses upon aloes and the fruit of the Banyan-tree?"

"Exactly so, unless Mr. Bangum is a deceiver."

"Very well," said the Spanish Embassador, "I will undertake to see the elephant. Good-morning. By-the-by, remember Delmonico's at five."

"Trust me. Good-morning."

And I parted with my distinguished friend, whom I had thus put upon a false scent. But was it any thing more than a fair revenge for the little trick he played upon me at the masked

ball in Monaco, on occasion of the King's *fête*? The circumstances, you remember, were these: The Polish Count Icthyosaurowski had arrived at the capital just in time for the entertainment—that is, a day or two before. I was then very intimate with Belli Occhi, and was not favorably disposed, of course, toward any new-comers who had the audacity to unite beauty and wealth with novelty. So, on the first evening of the Count's arrival, as I was walking with Signora Occhi in the garden of the palace, and exchanging occasional nods with the King, who was smoking at the dining-room window of the palace (for, like most of my countrymen, I was on intimate terms with the royal family), I said to her:

"*Cara Belli*, I don't believe in Polish Counts; and if I really thought that Icthyosaurowski had any nose under that mat of hair which overspreads his face, I think I should pull it.'

"Fie," said the beautiful Occhi, "how can you speak so of a gentleman who likes me?"

And the beautiful Belli Occhi blushed as she spoke, while I resolved to go down upon my knees the moment we got off the gravel-walk, and swear eternal fidelity. But before we came to a soft place, the King threw away the stump of his cigar, and beckoned me to approach. I obeyed the royal summons.

"Slave," said the king, biting off the end of a fresh cigar, "give me a light."

I produced a match, and retired. My fair companion was plucking camelias, and watching the birds of paradise, as I returned. I rallied her gracefully upon her pensiveness, and she smiled languidly a smile that pierced my heart, for it seemed to indicate that her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Is Icthyosaurowski rich?" she asked, at length.

"He is the richest of Polish noblemen!" said I, with a bitter sneer. "At least, I know he has a letter for 50,000 francs upon Scrueini, the court-banker."

I had taken care to ascertain this fact immediately upon the Count's arrival; for, upon consulting my own account with Scrueini, I had found it in a very unsatisfactory state—and, as I had formerly met wandering Polish gentlemen who did not object to a little turn at cards, I was quite confident I could persuade the new arrival to play a very little, just—for my advantage. I, in fact, stripling though I was, had not been intimate with Don Bob for nothing, and looked upon Count Icthyosaurowski's small sum as already transferred to my account.

"Indeed," replied my friend, with an air of great interest, when I mentioned the fact of the money. And she immediately became more affectionate than ever. As we reached the garden-gate, she said to me:

"We meet to-morrow at the ball?"

"Yes; but not before?"

"*Non è possibile*; I must keep myself fresh for the evening."

We parted. But I did not sleep until I had expended a few hundred francs in a serenade beneath her adored windows.

The next morning, I received a note from my darling Belli, as follows:

"Most ingenuous youth: I shall wear to-night a pink domino, with black fringe; and a bleeding heart embroidered upon the back—emblematic of my devotion to you, unworthy, but too fondly dear, Giovanni."

Did I wait with impatience for the ball? Did Hero long for Leander?

During the morning, Don Bobtail came in. "I'm not well, to-day," said he. "I shall be unable to attend the ball to-night."

I was so delighted at the withdrawal of my rival, that I sympathized with him most sincerely. I regretted that he should lose so handsome a sight.

"However, Don Bob," said I, "of course, you would not wish to peril your precious health, by any improper exposure, which this would certainly be. I think you do very right to stay away."

"I'm glad you think so," said he; and he took leave.

The evening came. Ah! precious evenings of royal splendor and festivity! whose purple light illuminates the memory of us "traveled" youth, how all too rapidly ye passed!

The streets of the town of Monaco were silent for three hours after dark. It was like that famous silence, which, as is so frequently stated in poems of an elevated character, precedes the storm. Monaco was dressing for the masked ball. Preternatural silence was the proper harbinger of the mystery of the masks. Suddenly, a noise was heard. It was the first carriage, bearing its lovely burden to the palace. In half-an-hour, the streets of Monaco were noisy with the constant rattling of wheels. Monaco was proceeding to the masked ball. Fancy, in the most elegant of those carriages, dearest reader, a youth armed for victory, in the striking and unusual costume of a *débardeur*. Since those days, it is a custom much in vogue at Saratoga and elsewhere, on similar occasions: and with the utmost propriety, for a *débardeur* is a heavy porter; and the figures of the youths who assume that character, and the satin ribbons and full silk appointments of the dress, are strictly suggestive of heavy porters. That *débardeur* was the present author. His carriage fell into file, and presently I reached the door, and, as I surveyed myself in the dressing-room, I confess—and I hope you will believe it, I thought less of myself than of the pink domino, embroidered with the bleeding heart. I should attach myself to that only. I would declare, this very night, the ardor of my passion. And it was a consolation to me to reflect that the curious eyes of the excellent Spanish Embassador would be closed in refreshing sleep, and would not be watching me as they were wont.

I entered the great saloon, and made my obeisance to Majesty, who, as is usual with Kings,

sat upon a throne, with a crown on his head, a sceptre in his right hand, and a globe in the left. Then I passed on to discover the domino I sought. An Italian masquerade, or *festina*, is the only occasion of the kind that deserves the name; for, it is really a mask. Every body is concealed under a long black domino, with a black mask over the face; and no woman could tell her lover, even, except by some sign, previously arranged, or by instinct.* In France and Germany, and other half-civilized countries, the men are not allowed to mask at all; and the women wear some fancy domino, which distinguishes them all the evening, so that when once discovered, there is no escape for them. Where all are shrouded in black, every one is constantly plunging into obscurity. The universal blackness is a cloud, into which you may retire, if discovered; and when you re-appear, it shall be with as much mystery as ever.

Naturally the caustic reader will now ask in a trenchant way, "Why, if you are so fond of the uniform blackness, did you go in the ridiculous costume of a *débardeur*, and your female friend in that pink domino?"

I will tell you why. It was because I did not attend the *fête* for the fun of a general intrigue, but to meet one particular person and to remain constantly with that one, and—if you will insist upon it—I did not feel quite sure that my beautiful Belli would not leave me to languish in ignorance and accost a hundred masks in vain, if we did not come to a clear understanding before we went. She was fond of jokes, and if she saw me hopelessly hunting through the crowd to find her, I am not entirely sure, that she would have relieved my suspense by betraying herself. However, that is none of the reader's affair. We had agreed to be known to each other, and within a few minutes I saw the pink domino, the only one in the room, while I was the only strictly fancy costume.

I rapidly gained the side of the pink figure who quietly awaited me. How large and queenly it looked in the ample domino! How the adored Bella stood eminent among the black figures that glided around her. Every body was speaking in the shrill treble peculiar to an Italian masquerade, and which confounds all voices as effectually as the black dominos confuse the figures. It is a habit taken from Pulcinello, who always speaks in that tone, and in Paganini's "Carnival of Venice," this high, sharp squeak is distinctly heard in the violin, and is one of the most characteristic points of the composition, full of local color, to borrow a phrase of the court painter at Monaco, Il Cavaliere Agro Dolce. During the masques of the Carnival all Italy squeaks in that shrill tone.

"At last," said the pink domino, but, of course in the peculiar voice.

"I am here, divinest Occhi," returned I in a whisper.

She moved away, and I followed her. She passed out of the saloon to the balcony that hung over the garden. The night was exquisite. It was May and moonlight. I followed the mysterious pink domino out of the saloon, and smiled when a black mask came close to my face and whispered, "beware." I laughed aloud when another murmured "*poverino.*" I was a *poor fellow*, was I? I the favored friend of Belli Occhi?—and I laughed again in gentle scorn.

We moved away from the saloon to the end of the balcony, and then in a more natural voice, yet still somewhat disguised, Belli said:

"Why don't you believe in Polish Counts?"

"Because they are usually impostors."

"But not always, and they are often handsome."

Now, was it natural that I should hear from Belli's lips that other men were handsome, without a pang?

"They are not handsome in my opinion," said I coldly.

"Dear Giovannino, don't be jealous. I think you are much handsomer than Icthyosaurowski."

It was my darling Belli who said it, and I kissed the pink domino.

"But tell me," continued she, "do you know him?"

"No."

"Do you know any thing about him?"

"Nothing, except that he was at the Casino last evening after I left you."

"What did he do?"

"Well—a little *rouge et noir*."

"Did he lose any thing?"

"A trifle."

"And paid?"

"On the spot."

"Did you say that he had a letter for 50,000 francs upon Scrueini?"

"I know it."

"Dear Giovannino."

The reader will easily imagine my sensations, as the novels have it, during this staccato conversation. As soon as I felt sure of my voice, I said in the coldest way—

"Signora Belli Occhi, may I be permitted to know the reason of this interesting inquiry on your part into the affairs of Count Icthyosaurowski?"

"Why, certainly. You know my grandmother was a Russian of the Plesiosaurosikoff family, who married an Icthyosaurowski, and from the beauty, and family appearance, and manner of this Count, I was persuaded he was my cousin, and now I am convinced of it from what you have told me. You are not angry, *caro mio*, because I ask about my cousin, are you?"

How could I be? I pressed her hand, and begged a thousand pardons. The fact is that I was not aware of the relationship between the families of Occhi and the Icthyosaurowski. That, of course, explained every thing.

"Come to me in ten minutes in the banqueting room," said Belli, as she left me. I re-

* The pre-arranged sign is, perhaps, the sure method.—*Ed.*

mained upon the balcony, and drawing out my tablets wrote an impromptu sonnet by moonlight, upon Love. It was afterward considered very pretty, and I had it translated into sixty-three languages during the "World's Fair" in London, under the editorial supervision of my friend, Farquhar Tupper.

The ten minutes ended, and I pushed through the crowd into the banqueting hall. I sought the pink domino in vain. I went into every corner: I waited: I wondered: I underwent awful fears. What could have happened? Had Belli been taken suddenly ill? Had she fallen in the garden? Was her watch slow? Had she had a fit? I was agonized. I ran to the usher—

"Have you seen a pink domino within a quarter of an hour?"

"No, *ill'mo Signore*, illustrious sir," responded the usher

I determined to find her. I would rush out of the palace, *débardeur* though I was, and discover the reason of this awful absence. I leaped down the front stairs of the palace. I was just running out of the door, as I thought, when I found that I had missed my way, and rushed into a cabinet, where, to my amazement, I beheld my excellent friend the Spanish Embassador and Count Icthyosaurowski with cards in their hands and a table before them covered with gold. I heard only the end of a sentence as I burst in upon them,

"Forty thousand francs," said the Count, at the same moment handing Don Bob a paper, which that distinguished diplomatist thrust into his pocket as I appeared.

"Ah! good-evening," said he, calmly, as I stared at the table, the gold, and the men. "I was much too unwell to undergo the excitement up-stairs, so my friend here—Count Icthyosaurowski, Mr. Smytthe—and I have been having a quiet turn at cards."

I still stared, kind reader, for, covering the back of the chair in which Don Bobtail sat, I observed a pink domino, which I seized, turned over, and disclosed a bleeding heart embroidered upon the back.

"What does this mean?" gasped I.

"Oh! yes," said the Don, placidly, "certainly, I forgot—our friend, the Signora Belli, left it here a few moments since. She said she should return for it in ten minutes, as she had an appointment in the banqueting hall. She ought to be here now. Count, it's yours, I believe."

I was transfixed with this coolness; but determined to search the matter thoroughly, I opened the door to run to the house of the fair Belli, when, lo! she was coming in as I hurried out.

"Excuse me, dear Giovanni," cried she. "I fear I am a little late, but I unfortunately tripped as I was coming back to our appointment, and was compelled to run home and change my dress. Come, Don Bob, give me my domino—and, *caro mio Giovannino*, let's go up to supper."

I fell upon my knee and kissed her hand, and implored her forgiveness. For shall I tell what ridiculous and injurious suspicion floated through my mind, as I had seen Don Bob, and the Count, and the pink domino. Yes, I will tell it, to my shame. I thought, then, that Don Bob, who was fond of cards, and made a good deal of money in an honorable way, by turning them over with other gentlemen, had heard from Belli what I had said of the 50,000 francs of the Count—that she and he had arranged the pink domino, with the understanding that he was to wear it during the early part of the evening, I, meanwhile, supposing from what he said, that he would not come—that he should then ascertain for himself whether the Count ever played, and then, when he had learned all he wished to know, I was base enough for a moment to believe, he meant to engage the Count at cards, and win his money, while Belli came in, took the domino, and fulfilled the appointment with me in the banqueting hall. I blush to think I could ever judge my fellow men and women so harshly.

It was odd that the Count left Monaco suddenly, and that Don Bobtail gave a series of very handsome suppers immediately after his departure, at which Signora Belli was resplendent with a great many new jewels and dresses—and it was also singular that for several weeks afterward I could never obtain a private interview with that beautiful woman, although, during the same time, I frequently saw her driving *tête-à-tête* with the Spanish Embassador, who had purchased a noble pair of horses.

In fact, although, of course, I acquitted my friend of any double-dealing, yet I was annoyed, and a little suspicious, and determined that when I had him on my native heather I would repay him in some innocent way. Hence the elephant humbug, of which I was to hear the result when we met at Delmonico's for dinner.

Punctually at five o'clock I entered Delmonico's dining-room, and saw the Spanish Embassador quietly reading the evening paper.

"In good time," said he—"oysters?"

"Yes—a good beginning."

We eat our oysters and drank our Chablis. We chatted pleasantly of a dozen things. We laid plans for the evening. We recalled the pleasant days of Monaco.

"I should be glad to have you there again," said Don Bob, in rather an intense manner.

"Would you show me the elephant!" said I.

Don Bobtail Fandango, the Spanish Embassador, put down a bit of quail he was just raising upon his fork. He looked at me. I raised my glass, fixed my eye on his, smiled, and said—

"Don, here's the health of Count Icthyosaurowski!"

We shouted together

"Well done!" said he, "well done! I forgive you"

"Tell me about it," said I, as the Don ordered cigars and coffee.

"I went to the Astor House, as you directed me," commenced my distinguished friend, calmly, "and sauntering toward the desk, I said to the

clerk, in an under-tone, 'I want to see the elephant!' The clerk said nothing, and went on writing. From what you told me, I expected such a reception, so I said again, 'I wish to see the elephant.' The clerk raised his eyes, looked at me and said, 'Please not be joking here, sir;' then fell to writing again. I stepped a little nearer, and to show him that it was useless to try to fool me, since I knew very well what I was saying, I whispered in his ear, 'I want to see the elephant that you keep in the attic in an atmosphere of 250° of Fahrenheit, and which browses upon aloes and the fruit of the Banyan tree.' The clerk started, as if he thought I was about to seize him by the throat, and took up a hammer that lay by him, at the same time looking at me in a very alarmed manner, as if he supposed I were crazy. But I smiled encouragingly, and he apparently took courage. 'Sir,' said he, 'there is no such thing in the house; somebody has been imposing upon you, for I see by your accent that you are a foreigner.'

"'My young friend,' said I, 'all that is very useless with me. I know perfectly well that it is your habit to deny the fact of the animal's being in the house, and it is a wise thing on your part, because it serves to satisfy the ignorant. But you see that I know all about it, and you might as well have me shown up directly. I am fully aware of all the circumstances under which Mr. Bangum has put the animal here; and here is the fee, which,' added I, emphatically, '*under the peculiar circumstances*, I know to be one dollar.'

"'You're either mad or drunk,' said the clerk to me, 'and if you don't march, I'll call the porter to put you out.'

"This was rather too strong; and I said simply, 'Very well, young man, I shall expose you.' Then turning to the groups of gentlemen in the office, I said, 'You may not be aware, gentlemen, that there is an elephant kept in the attic of this house, in an atmosphere of 250° of Fahrenheit, which feeds upon aloes and the fruit of the Banyan. For peculiar reasons, Mr. Bangum, who owns the animal, has put the price of admission at one dollar: but there is such an incessant demand to see him, that the clerks of the house, who are not at all interested in the matter, sometimes quite forget their good manners, when civilly requested to show strangers the elephant.'

"At this point there was a loud burst of laughter, in which I heartily joined.

"'You see, gentlemen,' said I, 'although a foreigner, I yet know a few things.'

"'But there is one thing you don't know, it seems,' said a tall, large gentleman, with smiling wrinkles around his eyes.

"'What is that?' inquired I.

"'You don't seem to have learned that the elephant has been transferred to the care of the Surrogate.'

"'Certainly,' broke in the clerk, with twinkling eyes; 'to the care of the Surrogate. We found it difficult to keep up an atmosphere higher than 245° Fahrenheit.'

"'But what is the Surrogate?' inquired I; 'for, as I said, gentlemen, I am a stranger.'

"'The Surrogate, sir,' said the large gentleman, 'is an officer of very various duties, the chief of which are the care of the elephant and ringing the City Hall bell.'

"'A very useful citizen, then, sir,' answered I.

"'And a very worthy, sir,' answered the large gentleman.

"'He has, then, the elephant in charge at the present time?' inquired I, respectfully.

"'He has, sir; and you probably are not aware where his office is?'

"I confessed my ignorance, and my large friend continued:

"'The office of the Surrogate, sir, is in the cupola of the City Hall. He has it there for convenience to the bell.'

"'The elephant, then, is at present in the cupola of the City Hall?'

"'Precisely; and I have no doubt that the Surrogate will have the greatest pleasure in showing him to you.'

"'Is the animal perfectly quiet and harmless?' asked I.

"'Oh, perfectly! To be sure he occasionally strays out of the office, and gets in among the clock-works, which makes some confusion. The clock stops for a few days—perhaps the hands fall off, or something of that kind. But when the elephant is once extricated from the machinery, things get on as smoothly as ever. He made a singular mistake one day, however.'

"'What was that?'

"'Oh, it was simple and natural enough. The Surrogate was busily writing at the table, with his back to the elephant, who, in a momentary absence of mind, alarmingly applied his trunk to the bald head of the functionary, evidently taking it for a remarkably fine specimen of the fruit of the Banyan-tree. However, the Surrogate turned suddenly round, and the elephant perceived his mistake.'

"'That was fortunate,' said I.

"'Quite so,' said the large gentleman.

"I bade the gentleman a courteous adieu, and ran across Broadway to the Park. As I went toward the City Hall, I looked up toward the cupola to see if I could detect any sign of the animal which I was now determined to see, as a point of honor. I thought that, possibly, his trunk might be sportively twirling in the air, or his tusks thrust through some crevice. But I detected nothing. Running rapidly up the stairs, I climbed toward the cupola until I could go no further. Then I knocked at a door. A very gruff voice saluted me through the key-hole.

"'What is it?'

"'I want to see the elephant,' whispered I, through the same orifice.

"'Go to —— Wall-street,' thundered back the gruff voice.

"'I'll give you two dollars if you'll let me in,' continued I;—nor could I help adding: 'Mr. Surrogate, this is hardly the treatment I anticipated.'

"'I advise you to cut, or you'll be apt not to sleep soft to-night,' was all the answer that I received; and I confess it was rather humiliating to my diplomatic and Spanish dignity. I reflected a moment; then said:

"'Sir, are you not the Surrogate?'

"'No,' roared the voice, 'I'm the Bell-ringer.'

"'But, sir, I understood that you combined with those duties the charge of the elephant?'

"Upon that there came such an oath, that I am still astonished how a phrase of such dimensions could squeeze through so small a keyhole. It fairly blew me down stairs. When I gained the Park, I looked at the clock, and saw that it was half-past four. I devoted the next twenty minutes to wandering about that tranquil and shady retreat, and, far from the city's hum, collected my thoughts, and convicted myself of being the victim of an amiable deceit. I forgive you, my young friend, for I am aware that my conduct toward you has not been always perfectly transparent. I conceive that I have truly seen the elephant, under your auspices—if to see that animal means to cut the eye-teeth (doubtless from some occult allusion to his tusks) Will you now undertake to satisfy my other desire—that of marrying an heiress?"

"I certainly will," answered I.

"Well, then," said Don Bobtail, "let us drink, in an extra bottle, forgiveness all round, and the health of the Count Icthyosaurowski."

"And the Surrogate?"—asked I.

The Spanish Embassador laughed pleasantly; and finishing our cigars, we strolled quietly up Broadway to the Opera.

FISHER'S GHOST.

IN the colony of New South Wales, at a place called Penrith, distant from Sydney about thirty-seven miles, lived a farmer named Fisher. He had been, originally, transported, but had become free by servitude. Unceasing toil, and great steadiness of character, had acquired for him a considerable property, for a person in his station of life. His lands and stock were not worth less than four thousand pounds. He was unmarried, and was about forty-five years old.

Suddenly Fisher disappeared; and one of his neighbors—a man named Smith—gave out that he had gone to England, but would return in two or three years. Smith produced a document, purporting to be executed by Fisher; and, according to this document, Fisher had appointed Smith to act as his agent during his absence. Fisher was a man of very singular habits and eccentric character, and his silence about his departure, instead of creating surprise, was declared to be "exactly like him."

About six months after Fisher's disappearance, an old man called Ben Weir, who had a small farm near Penrith, and who always drove his own cart to market, was returning from Sydney, one night, when he beheld, seated on a rail which bounded the road—Fisher. The night was very dark, and the distance of the fence from the middle of the road was, at least, twelve yards. Weir, nevertheless, saw Fisher's figure seated on the rail. He pulled his old mare up, and called out, "Fisher, is that you?" No answer was returned; but there, still on the rail, sat the form of the man with whom he had been on the most intimate terms. Weir—who was not drunk, although he had taken several glasses of strong liquor on the road—jumped off his cart, and approached the rail. To his surprise, the form vanished.

"Well," exclaimed old Weir, "this is very curious, anyhow;" and, breaking several branches of a sapling, so as to mark the exact spot, he remounted his cart, put his old mare into a jog-trot, and soon reached his home.

Ben was not likely to keep this vision a secret from his old woman. All that he had seen he faithfully related to her.

"Hold your nonsense, Ben!" was old Betty's reply. "You know you have been a-drinking and disturbing of your imagination. Ain't Fisher a-gone to England? And if he had a-come back, do you think we shouldn't a-heard on it?"

"Ay, Betty!" said old Ben, "but he'd a cruel gash in his forehead, and the blood was all fresh like. Faith, it makes me shudder to think on't. It were his ghost."

"How can you talk so foolish, Ben?" said the old woman. "You must be drunk, sure-ly, to get on about ghostesses."

"I tell thee I am *not* drunk," replied old Ben, angrily. "There's been foul play, Betty; I'm sure on't. There sat Fisher on the rail—not more than a matter of two mile from this. Egad, it were on his own fence that he sat. There he was, in his shirt-sleeves, with his arms a-folded; just as he used to sit, when he was a-waiting for any body coming up the road. Bless you, Betty, I seed 'im till I was as close as I am to thee; when, all on a sudden he vanished, like smoke."

"Nonsense, Ben: "don't talk of it," said old Betty, "or the neighbors will only laugh at you. Come to bed, and you'll forget all about it before to-morrow morning."

Old Ben went to bed; but he did not next morning forget all about what he had seen on the previous night: on the contrary, he was more positive than before. However, at the earnest, and often-repeated request of the old woman, he promised not to mention having seen Fisher's ghost, for fear that it might expose him to ridicule.

On the following Thursday night, when old Ben was returning from market—again in his cart—he saw, seated upon the same rail, the identical apparition. He had purposely abstained from drinking that day, and was in the full possession of all his senses. On this occasion old Ben was too much alarmed to stop. He urged the old mare on, and got home as speedily as possible. As soon as he had unharnessed and fed the mare, and taken his purchases out of the cart, he entered his cottage, lighted his pipe, sat over the fire with his better half, and gave her an account of how he had disposed of his pro-

duce, and what he had brought back from Sydney in return. After this he said to her, "Well, Betty, I'm not drunk to-night, any how, am I?"

"No," said Betty. "You are quite sober, sensible like, to-night, Ben; and therefore you have come home without any ghost in your head. Ghosts! Don't believe there is such things."

"Well, you are satisfied I am not drunk; but perfectly sober," said the old man.

"Yes, Ben," said Betty.

"Well, then," said Ben, "I tell thee what, Betty, I saw Fisher to-night, agin!"

"Stuff!" cried old Betty.

"You may say *stuff*," said the old farmer; "but I tell you what—I saw him as plainly as I did last Thursday night. Smith is a bad 'un! Do you think Fisher would ever have left this country without coming to bid you and me good-by?"

"It's all fancy!" said old Betty. "Now, drink your grog and smoke your pipe, and think no more about the ghost. I wont hear on't."

"I'm as fond of my grog and my pipe as most men," said old Ben; "but I'm not going to drink any thing to-night. It may be all fancy, as you call it, but I am now going to tell Mr. Grafton all I saw, and what I think;" and with these words he got up and left the house.

Mr. Grafton was a gentleman who lived about a mile from old Weir's farm. He had been formerly a lieutenant in the navy, but was now on half-pay, and was a settler in the new colony; he was, moreover, in the commission of the peace.

When old Ben arrived at Mr. Grafton's house, Mr. Grafton was about to retire to bed; but he requested old Ben might be shown in. He desired the farmer to take a seat by the fire, and then inquired what was the latest news in Sydney.

"The news in Sydney, sir, is very small," said old Ben; "wheat is falling, but maize still keeps its price—seven and sixpence a bushel: but I want to tell you, sir, something that will astonish you."

"What is it Ben?" asked Mr. Grafton.

"Why, sir," resumed old Ben, "you know I am not a weak-minded man, nor a fool, exactly; for I was born and bred in Yorkshire."

"No, Ben, I don't believe you to be weak-minded, nor do I think you a fool," said Mr. Grafton; but what can you have to say that you come at this late hour, and that you require such a preface?"

"That I have seen the ghost of Fisher, sir," said the old man; and he detailed the particulars of which the reader is already in possession.

Mr Grafton was at first disposed to think, with old Betty, that Ben had seen Fisher's Ghost through an extra glass or two of rum on the first night; and that, on the second night, when perfectly sober, he was unable to divest himself of the idea previously entertained. But, after a little consideration, the words "How very singular!" involuntarily escaped him.

"Go home, Ben," said Mr. Grafton, "and let me see you to-morrow at sunrise. We will go together to the place where you say you saw the ghost."

Mr Grafton used to encourage the aboriginal natives of New South Wales (that race which has been very aptly described as "the last link in the human chain") to remain about his premises. At the head of a little tribe then encamped on Mr. Grafton's estate, was a sharp young man named Johnny Crook. The peculiar faculty of the aboriginal natives of New South Wales, of tracking the human foot not only over grass but over the hardest rock; and of tracking the whereabouts of runaways by signs imperceptible to civilized eyes, is well known; and this man, Johnny Crook, was famous for his skill in this particular art of tracking. He had recently been instrumental in the apprehension of several desperate bushrangers, whom he had tracked over twenty-seven miles of rocky country and fields, which they had crossed bare-footed, in the hope of checking the black fellow in the progress of his keen pursuit with the horse police.

When old Ben Weir made his appearance in the morning at Mr. Grafton's house, the black chief, Johnny Crook, was summoned to attend. He came and brought with him several of his subjects. The party set out, old Weir showing the way. The leaves on the branches of the saplings which he had broken on the first night of seeing the ghost were withered, and sufficiently pointed out the exact rail on which the phantom was represented to have sat. There were stains upon the rail. Johnny Crook, who had then no idea of what he was required for, pronounced these stains to be "White man's blood;" and, after searching about for some time, he pointed to a spot whereon he said a human body had been laid.

In New South Wales long droughts are not very uncommon; and not a single shower of rain had fallen for seven months previously—not sufficient even to lay the dust upon the roads.

In consequence of the time that had elapsed, Crook had no small difficulty to contend with; but in about two hours he succeeded in tracking the footsteps of one man to the unfrequented side of a pond at some distance. He gave it as his opinion that another man had been dragged thither. The savage walked round and round the pond, eagerly examining its borders and the sedges and weeds springing up around it. At first he seemed baffled. No clew had been washed ashore to show that any thing unusual had been sunk in the pond; but, having finished this examination, he laid himself down on his face and looked keenly along the surface of the smooth and stagnant water. Presently he jumped up, uttered a cry peculiar to the natives when gratified by finding some long-sought object, clapped his hands, and, pointing to the middle of the pond, to where the decomposition of some sunken substance had produced a slimy coating streaked with prismatic colors, he exclaimed, "White man's fat!" The pond was immediately search-

ed; and, below the spot indicated, the remains of a body were discovered. A large stone and a rotted silk handkerchief were found near the body; these had been used to sink it.

That it was the body of Fisher there could be no question. It might have been identified by the teeth; but on the waistcoat there were some large brass buttons which were immediately recognized, both by Mr. Grafton and by old Ben Weir, as Fisher's property. He had worn those buttons on his waistcoat for several years.

Leaving the body by the side of the pond, and old Ben and the blacks to guard it, Mr. Grafton cantered up to Fisher's house. Smith was not only in possession of all the missing man's property, but had removed to Fisher's house. It was about a mile and a half distant. They inquired for Mr. Smith. Mr. Smith, who was at breakfast, came out, and invited Mr. Grafton to alight; Mr. Grafton accepted the invitation, and after a few desultory observations said, "Mr. Smith, I am anxious to purchase a piece of land on the other side of the road, belonging to this estate, and I would give a fair price for it. Have you the power to sell?"

"Oh, yes, sir," replied Smith. "The power which I hold from Fisher is a general power;" and he forthwith produced a document purporting to be signed by Fisher, but which was not witnessed.

"If you are not very busy, I should like to show you the piece of land I allude to," said Mr. Grafton.

"Oh, certainly, sir. I am quite at your service," said Smith; and he then ordered his horse to be saddled.

It was necessary to pass the pond where the remains of Fisher's body were then exposed. When they came near to the spot, Mr. Grafton, looking Smith full in the face, said, "Mr. Smith, I wish to show you something. Look here!" He pointed to the decomposed body, and narrowly watching Mr. Smith's countenance, remarked: "These are the remains of Fisher. How do you account for their being found in this pond?"

Smith, with the greatest coolness, got off his horse, minutely examined the remains, and then admitted that there was no doubt they were Fisher's. He confessed himself at a loss to account for their discovery, unless it could be (he said) that somebody had waylaid him on the road when he left his home for Sydney; had murdered him for the gold and bank-notes which he had about his person, and had then thrown him into the pond. "My hands, thank Heaven!" he concluded, "are clean. If my old friend could come to life again, he would tell you that *I* had no hand in this horrible murder."

Mr. Grafton knew not what to think. He was not a believer in ghosts. Could it be possible, he began to ask himself, that old Weir had committed this crime, and—finding it weigh heavily on his conscience, and fearing that he might be detected—had trumped up the story about the ghost—had pretended that he was led to the spot by supernatural agency—and thus, by bringing the murder voluntarily to light, hoped to stifle all suspicion? But then he considered Weir's excellent character, his kind disposition, and good-nature. These at once put to flight his suspicion of Weir; but still he was by no means satisfied of Smith's guilt, much as appearances were against him.

Fisher's servants were examined, and stated that their master had often talked of going to England on a visit to his friends, and of leaving Mr. Smith to manage his farm; and that though they were surprised when Mr. Smith came, and said he had "gone at last," they did not think it at all unlikely that he had done so. An inquest was held, and a verdict of willful murder found against Thomas Smith. He was thereupon transmitted to Sydney for trial, at the ensuing sessions, in the supreme court. The case naturally excited great interest in the colony; and public opinion respecting Smith's guilt was evenly balanced.

The day of trial came; and the court was crowded almost to suffocation. The Attorney-General very truly remarked that there were circumstances connected with the case which were without any precedent in the annals of jurisprudence. The only witnesses were old Weir and Mr. Grafton. Smith, who defended himself with great composure and ability, cross-examined them at considerable length, and with consummate skill. The prosecution having closed, Smith addressed the jury (which consisted of military officers) in his defense. He admitted that the circumstances were strong against him; but he most ingeniously proceeded to explain them. The power of attorney, which he produced, he contended had been regularly granted by Fisher, and he called several witnesses, who swore that they believed the signature to be that of the deceased. He, further, produced a will, which had been drawn up by Fisher's attorney, and by that will Fisher had appointed Smith his sole executor, in the event of his death. He declined, he said, to throw any suspicion on Weir; but he would appeal to the common sense of the jury whether the ghost story was entitled to any credit; and, if it were not, to ask themselves why it had been invented? He alluded to the fact—which in cross-examination Mr. Grafton swore to—that when the remains were first shown to him, he did not conduct himself as a guilty man would have been likely to do, although he was horror-stricken on beholding the hideous spectacle. He concluded by invoking the Almighty to bear witness that he was innocent of the diabolical crime for which he had been arraigned. The judge (the late Sir Francis Forbes) recapitulated the evidence. It was no easy matter to deal with that part of it which had reference to the apparition; and if the charge of the judge had any leaning one way or the other, it was decidedly in favor of an acquittal. The jury retired; but, after deliberating for seven hours, they returned to the court, with a verdict of Guilty.

The judge then sentenced the prisoner to be hanged on the following Monday. It was on a Thursday night that he was convicted. On the Sunday, Smith expressed a wish to see a clergyman. His wish was instantly attended to, when he confessed that he, and he alone, committed the murder; and that it was upon the very rail where Weir swore that he had seen Fisher's ghost sitting, that he had knocked out Fisher's brains with a tomahawk. The power of attorney, he likewise confessed, was a forgery, but declared that the will was genuine.

This is very extraordinary, but is, nevertheless, true in substance, if not in every particular. Most persons who have visited Sydney for any length of time will no doubt have had it narrated to them.

AND THEN?

THE oracle of the beautiful sequestered little hamlet of Ambermead, was an old gentleman of unobtrusive and orderly habits, whose peculiar taciturnity had obtained for him the familiar cognomen of Two Words. Mr. Canute, *alias* Two Words, dwelt on the outskirts of the village, tended by an ancient housekeeper, almost as chary of speech as her worthy master. It was surmised that Mr. Canute had seen better days; but though his means were straitened, his heart was large, and his countenance expressed great benevolence. Notwithstanding the brief mode of speech which characterized him on all occasions, the advice of Mr. Canute was eagerly sought on every subject whereon it was presumed advice could be profitable; and the simple rustics of Ambermead perhaps valued it the more, because, though delivered without a particle of pomposity, the terseness and decision of the words expended, left an indelible impression, which long sermons often failed to convey. Mr. Canute lived on terms of intimacy with the family at the old Hall—an intimacy cemented by early association, for Mr. Harwell and Mr. Canute had been school-fellows; and when a painful and lingering illness attacked the squire, his ancient friend and crony felt deep anxiety as to the ultimate fate of Mr. Harwell's only child, the good and lovely Clara Harwell. The disease was an incurable one; though the suffering might be protracted, there was no hope of ultimate recovery, and an air of gloom reigned over the village of Ambermead, where once the sweet spring and summer tide brought only sport and glee. Ambermead was noted for a profusion of rich red roses, exhaling delicious fragrance; and for the song of innumerable nightingales, whose harmonious concerts resounded amid the umbrageous groves, sheltering the hamlet on every side, and extending beyond the old Hall of Ambermead. But now, although the roses bloomed and the birds sang, serious faces looked from the cottage doors; and while the younger villagers forgot their usual pastimes, the elders conversed apart in whispers, always directing their glances toward the Hall, as if the sufferer within those thick walls could be disturbed by their conversation. This sympathy was called forth, not only by the circumstance of Mr. Harwell being their ancestral landlord, the last of an impoverished race, but from his always having lived among them as a friend and neighbor—respected as a superior, and beloved as an equal. Their knowledge, also, of the squire's decayed fortunes; and that, on his death, the fine old place must become the property of a stranger, whom rumor did not report favorably of—greatly enhanced the concern of these hereditary cultivators of the soil; and many bright eyes grew dim thinking of poor Miss Clara, who would so soon be fatherless, and almost penniless. The estate of Ambermead was strictly entailed in the male line, and the next heir was of distant kin to the Harwells. A combination of misfortunes, and no doubt of imprudence in years long bygone, had reduced the present proprietor to the verge of ruin, from which he was to find refuge only in the grave. The Harwell family had lived for centuries in Ambermead. They seemed so much to belong to their poor neighbors, who always sympathized most fully in all the joys and sorrows of the "Hall folk," that now, when there was a certain prospect of losing them forever as it seemed, the parting became more than a common one between landlord and tenant, between rich and poor—it was the parting of endeared friends.

They watched and waited for Mr. Canute passing to and fro, as he did every day, and more than once a day; and on his two words they hung, as if life or death were involved in that short bulletin.

"How is the squire to-day?" said one.

"No better," replied Mr. Canute, mildly, without stopping.

"And how's Miss Clara?" inquired another, with deep pity in his looks.

"Very patient," responded the old man, still moving slowly on with the aid of his stout staff.

"Patient!" repeated several voices when he was out of hearing. "Yes, yes, patient enough; and Master Canute means a deal when *he* says patient. Bless her young sweet face! there's patience in *it* if ever there was in mortal's."

Mr. Canute's patience was sorely taxed by questioning at all hours; he was waylaid first by one, then by another, on his way from his own cottage to the Hall, but with unfailing good-nature and promptitude, he invariably satisfied the affectionate solicitude of his humble neighbors—in his own quaint way, certainly—never wasting words, yet perfectly understood.

The summer-tide was waning into autumn, and the squire of Ambermead faded more gradually than autumn leaves, when late one evening a wayfarer stopped at Mr. Canute's cottage, which was on the roadside, and requested permission to rest, asking for a draught of water from the well before the porch,

"Most welcome," said Two Words, scanning the stranger, and pleased with his appearance, for youth and an agreeable countenance are sure passports; perhaps, too, Mr. Canute discerned

gentle breeding in his guest, despite travel-soiled habiliments, and a dash of habitual recklessness in his air. At any rate, the welcome was heartily given, and as heartily responded to; and when Mr. Canute left his dwelling, in order to pay his usual evening visit at the Hall, he merely said, addressing his young visitor: "Soon back;" and turning to Martha, the careful housekeeper, added: "Get supper;" while on stepping over the threshold, second thoughts urged him to return and say to the young man: "Don't go."

"No, that I won't," replied he frankly, "for I like my quarters too well. I'll wait till you come back, governor; and I hope you won't be long, for my mouth waters for the supper you spoke of."

Mr. Canute smiled, and walked away more briskly than usual; and after sitting for some time beside the sick man's bed, and bidding "good-night" and "bless you," to sweet Clara Harwell, he retraced his steps homeward, and found supper ready, and the handsome stranger so obviously ready to do justice to the frugal fare, that Mr. Canute jocularly remarked: "Keen air;" to which the stranger replied in the same strain: "Fine scenery;" on which the host added: "An artist?" when the youth, laughing outright, said: "An indifferent one, indeed." After a pause, and suffering his mirth to subside, he continued: "Are you always so economical in words, sir? Don't you sometimes find it difficult to carry on conversation in this strain?"

"*You* don't," replied Mr. Canute smiling, and imperturbably good-natured.

"Not I," cried the youth, "and I want to ask you half a hundred questions. Will you answer me?"

"I'll try," replied Mr. Canute."

"I've not long to stay, for I'm on a walking tour with a friend; but I diverged to Ambermead, as I was anxious to see it. I've had a curiosity to see it for a long while; but my friend is waiting for me at the market-town, eight miles off, I think, and I shall strike across the country when the moon is up, if you'll give me a rest till then."

"Most welcome," said Mr. Canute, courteously.

"Ah, ha!" quoth the stranger, "if that's the way you pursue your discourse, I don't think I shall learn much from you. I hope, however, that I may get a wife who will follow your example—a woman of two words, in short; she'll be a rare specimen of her sex!"

"Ah, ha!" ejaculated Mr. Canute.

"But come, tell me, for time presses," said the young man, suddenly becoming grave—"tell me all about Ambermead, and the squire—how long he's likely to last. For, in fact, the friend I mentioned, who is with me during this walking tour, is vastly interested in all that concerns the place and property.

"The heir?" whispered Mr. Canute, mysteriously.

"Well, well, suppose we say he is; he's not altogether a bad fellow, though he is considered a bit reckless and wild. But he has heard of Clara Harwell's beauty and goodness from his cousin, Lady Ponsonby (she's Clara's cousin, too, you know); and he is really quite sorry to think that such a lovely creature should be turned out of the old Hall to make room for him. He wants to know what will become of her when old Harwell dies, for all the world knows he's ruined. It's a pretty place this old Ambermead—a paradise, I should say. I know what I'd do, if I was ever lucky enough to call it mine." The youth rubbed his hands gleefully. "I should be a happy dog, then!"

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, smiling.

"Why, then, I'd pull down the rickety old house up there, and build a palace fit for a prince; I'd keep nothing but the old wine; I'd have lots of prime fellows to stay with me; and I should sport the finest horses and dogs in the country!" The speaker paused out of breath.

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, quietly.

"Why, then, I'd hunt, and shoot, and ride, and drink, and smoke, and dance, and keep open house, and enjoy life to the full—feasting from year's end to year's end—the feast of reason and the flow of soul, you know, in old Ambermead!"

"And then?"

"Why, then, I suppose that in time I should grow old, like other people, and cease to care for all these things, so much as I did when strength and youth were mine."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, more slowly.

"Why, then"—and the stranger hesitated—"then, I suppose, like other people, in the course of nature, I should have to leave all the pleasures of this life, and, like other people—die."

"And then?" said Mr. Canute, fixing his eyes, glittering like diamonds, on the young man's face, which flushed up, as he exclaimed, with some irritation:

"Oh, hang your 'and thens!' But the moon is well up, I see, so I'm off. Good-night, and thank you." And without further parley, he started off on his walk over the hills; and Mr. Canute silently watched his guest's retreating figure till, in the deep shadows of the surrounding groves, he was lost to view. In the moonlight, in the darkness, in the valley, and on the hillside, these words haunted the wayfarer, and he kept repeating to himself, "And then?" Thoughts took possession of his mind that never before had gained entrance there, or at least they arranged themselves in a sequence which gave them quite a new significance. His past life presented itself to him for the first time as a coherent chain of events, exemplifying cause and effect; and if his plans for the future did not at that moment receive any determinate change, he still kept repeating, anxiously and inquiringly, as he wandered on in the moonlight, the two strangly-suggestive words: "And then?" It proved a long and a toilsome night's journey for that belated traveler; for he had left Mr. Canute's cottage so hastily, that he had omitted to ask for certain landmarks on the hills leading to the place whither he was bound. In

consequence, the stars faded in the sky, and the rosy morn broke through the eastern mists, ere the weary man, from the summit of a high hill, which he had tortuously ascended, beheld afar off, down in the valley, the shining river, the bridge, and the church-tower of the town where his friend, in some anxiety, awaited his re-appearance.

During all his after-life, that young man never forgot the solitary night-walk when he lost his way beneath a beautiful spangled summer sky; the stars seemed to form the letters, "And then?" the soft night-breeze seemed to whisper in his ear: "And then?"

It is true, he had not gained the intelligence he sought respecting the inmates of Ambermead Hall; but he had laid bare his own folly for the inspection of Mr. Canute; and in return, he had listened to no reproof—no tiresome lecture vouchsafed from prosy age to ardent youth, but simply two words had penetrated his heart, and set him a-thinking seriously. Mystic little words! "And then?"

For nearly three years after Mr. Harwell's decease, the old Hall, contrary to general anticipation, remained untenanted, save by domestics left in charge. Miss Clara had found shelter with her relative, Lady Ponsonby, though her memory was still fresh and warmly cherished among the humble friends in her beautiful native village. Mr. Canute, if possible, more silent than ever, still remained the village oracle; perhaps more cherished than of yore, inasmuch as he was the only memento remaining of the beloved Harwells—the old familiar faces now seen no more. *He* would listen, and *they* would talk, of days gone by; he felt the loss even more than others, for he mourned a companion and friend in Mr. Harwell, and Clara had been to the good Two Words as an adopted daughter. At length it was rumored that Mr. Selby, the new proprietor, was soon expected to take possession of his property in due form; moreover, that he was on the point of marriage, and that his young bride would accompany him. Ill reports fly quickly; and it had been circulated in former times that Mr. Selby was wild and extravagant, careless of others, selfish and profligate. Indeed, Mr. Canute had not contradicted such reports, so it was generally opined they were too true, and had a legal foundation. With heavy hearts, the inhabitants of Ambermead commenced their rural preparations for the reception of the squire and his bride; green arches were erected, and wreaths of flowers were hung on the spreading branches beneath which the travelers' road lay. It was the season of roses and nightingales, when Ambermead was in its glory; and never had the rich red roses bloomed so profusely, and never had the chorus of the groves been more full and enchanting, than on the summer evening when the old and young of the hamlet, arrayed in their holiday attire, waited to greet the new-comers.

Mr. Canute stood at his cottage-door; the bridge just beyond, over which the route conducted to the Hall through avenues of greenerie, was festooned with roses; and a band of maidens in white, lined the picturesque approach. The sun was setting, when a carriage drove quickly up, slackening its pace as it crossed the bridge, and stopping at Mr. Canute's humble gate. Two Words himself, bareheaded, stepped forward on seeing a lady alight, who in another moment threw herself into his arms, exclaiming: "Our first greeting must be from you, dear, dear Mr. Canute! I need not introduce Mr. Selby—he is known to you already." Speechless from astonishment and emotion, the old man could only say: "Miss Clara!"—as he gazed from one to another, recognizing in the gentleman the wayfaring guest who had departed so abruptly on his walking expedition over the moonlight hills, more than three years previously. Seizing the hand which Mr. Canute silently extended, Mr. Selby said, with deep feeling:

"It is to your instrumentality that I owe my present happiness."

"How so?" was Mr. Canute's reply, looking with pleased surprise into the open face, which, on a former occasion had won his confidence and admiration.

"*Two words* spoken in season wrought a change in me, which all the preaching of friends and guardians had failed to effect," returned Mr. Selby, "and without which Clara never would have blessed me with her hand. These years of probation have proved my sincerity; and Lady Ponsonby (a severe and scrutinizing judge) pronounced my reformation complete ere she permitted me to address Clara. Those two little words, '*And then?*' enigmatical to the uninitiated, convey a deep and mystical meaning to *my* heart; and they are of such significant import, that by inserting them whenever I paint the future, I trust to become a wiser and a better man."

Clara gazed proudly and confidingly on her husband; and the news of her arrival having spread through the village, a crowd collected, whose joy and surprise found vent in tears and blessings, to say nothing of numerous *asides*, purporting that Miss Clara never would have espoused a bad man; ergo, Mr. Selby must be a worthy successor of the ancient race!

The prognostication proved correct; and the pathway, strewn with bright summer roses, over which Clara trod in bridal pomp on her way to the ancestral home where she was born, was indeed emblematical of the flowery path which marked her future destiny.

The old Hall of Ambermead is still extant—a fine specimen of venerable decay, surrounded by ancestral groves, still famed for sheltering innumerable nightingales when the Ambermead roses exhale their delicious fragrance. In the old church-yard on the green hill-side, a white monument gleams in the sunshine, whereon may be traced the name of John Canute, specifying the date of his happy death, while below is engraven this inscription of two words—"*And then?*"

HOW EIDER DOWN IS GATHERED.

THE rocks and sea-coasts of Norway, the rugged steeps and barren precipices of the Shetland, Orkney, and Faröe Islands, and the wild scenery of the Hebrides, are the abodes of numerous tribes of aquatic birds, as puffins, herons, cormorants, and eider fowl. The simple inhabitants of some of these secluded spots depend in a great measure upon these creatures for their food and clothing. The flesh of some is eaten when fresh, and some is salted for keeping: the eggs are esteemed excellent food, though much too strong in their taste to be relished by persons unaccustomed to such delicacies; the skins of the eider-ducks form under-clothing, which is proof against very severe cold; and, without any very material injury to the birds, a vast quantity of the finest down is collected from them annually. This invaluable substance is so firm and elastic, that a quantity which, when compressed, might be covered by the two hands, will serve to stuff a quilt or coverlet, which, together with extreme lightness, possesses more warmth than the finest blanket. The importance of such a defense in the inhospitable climate of these exposed regions, may be well imagined. Accordingly, one of the chief employments of the inhabitants, is the collection of these indispensable articles; an occupation, in the pursuit of which the adventurous fowlers are often exposed to dangers, the bare idea of which would seem enough to deter the most courageous from the attempt, had not long practice rendered them almost insensible to fear. We shall give a short account of the method pursued on these occasions.

On the coast of Norway, there are many low and flat islands, upon which the birds, during their breeding season, lay their eggs in great abundance: these the fowler approaches in his boat; leaving it moored to the rocks, he quietly examines the nests, which are made on the ground, constructed of sea-weeds, and lined with the finest down, which the female plucks from her own body. The eggs are generally four in number, of a pale-green color, and somewhat longer than a common duck's egg. With great caution and gentleness, the fowler removes the female from the nest, and takes possession of the superfluous down and eggs, being careful, however, to leave one behind, lest the nest should be deserted. The patient bird endures this robbery with the greatest resignation, and immediately commences the reparation of her loss, by laying more eggs, and covering them with fresh down, in which latter office her faithful mate bears a part, and yields up his own plumage for the defense of their yet unhatched progeny. This operation is often repeated more than once upon the same nest. It is asserted that, although the birds will bear quietly this treatment from the hands of those to whom they are accustomed, the appearance of a stranger is by no means acceptable, and that they testify their displeasure at the work of destruction by loud and fearful screams. This singular fact may perhaps be accounted for by the great kindness with which the natives treat them; so great, indeed, that in Iceland they have been almost rendered tame, and will often build their nests close to the houses. Their quiet and peaceable dispositions are also manifested by the circumstance, that two females will sometimes lay their eggs in the same nest, in which case they always agree remarkably well.

The ease and facility, however, with which the plundering of these nests is effected, are remarkably contrasted with the extreme danger to which the same occupation is exposed in other parts. The most precipitous and inaccessible rocks are often the chosen abodes of these winged creatures, where they remain in apparent security, seemingly far removed from man's rapacious hand. But who shall say what difficulties are so great, that patience and courage may not overcome them? The bold adventurer, inured to toil, with sinews well strung by constant labor, and animated by a spirit of dauntless courage, climbs the most rugged steep, surveys with coolness the most frightful precipices, and trusting himself to ledges of rock scarcely large enough for the foot to rest on, loads himself with the hard-earned spoil, and returns to the bottom with as much indifference as ordinary men would descend a ladder.

The Holm of Noss, a vast rock separated by some violent convulsion of nature from the island of the same name—one of the Shetland group—presents remarkable difficulties to the bird-catchers. Its sides are extremely precipitous, its distance from the mainland is about sixteen fathoms, and the gulf between is occupied by a raging sea—yet have all these been overcome. A kind of bridge of ropes is thrown across, by which the fowler, seated in a cradle, is drawn over, and commences his operations. The original formation of this bridge, if such it may be called, is somewhat remarkable. The rock had been long inaccessible, when at last an adventurer, bolder or more skillful than the rest, having landed at the base, contrived to scramble his way to the summit, after encountering incredible difficulties; his companions threw across to him a strong rope, which he made fast to several stakes previously driven firmly into the ground, and the same was done by them on the opposite side; to this a basket or cradle was then attached, which, by means of cords fastened at either end, might be drawn backward or forward. The end of the story is truly tragical. Emboldened by his success, instead of returning by the means of conveyance he had thus provided, the unfortunate man determined to descend the rock where he had come up; but the task was too difficult even for his practiced foot: one false step, and all was over; his mangled body at the foot of the rock too plainly attested the madness of the attempt.

But not always can even these means be had recourse to; it is often necessary to descend from the cloud-capped summit down the face of the naked precipice, to seek for nests hidden in the fissures of the stone. The reckless daring exhibited by the islanders on these occasions, has

called forth the admiration and wonder of all who have had an opportunity of witnessing them. We subjoin the account given by Sir G. Mackenzie, of the method which the inhabitants of the Faröe Islands pursue in their search for puffins. "When the rocks are so high and smooth as to render it impossible for the fowlers to ascend, they are let down by means of a rope from above. To prevent the rope from being cut, a piece of wood is placed at the verge of the precipice. By means of a small line, the fowler makes signals to those above, and they let him down or pull him up accordingly. When he reaches a shelf of the rock where the birds have their nest, he unties himself, and proceeds to take them. Sometimes he places himself on a projecting rock, and, using his net with great adroitness, he catches the birds as they fly past him—and this they call veining. This mode of catching birds is even practiced while the fowlers are suspended. When a projection of rock is between the fowler and the place where the birds are, he swings himself from the rock so far that he turns round the projection. In this, great address and courage are requisite, as well as in swinging into a cavern. When he can not, with the help of his pole, swing far enough, he lets down a line to people stationed in a boat below, who swing him by means of it as far as is necessary to enable him to gain a safe place to stand upon. Besides being exposed to the risk of the rope breaking, the fowler is frequently in danger of being crushed by pieces of the rock falling down upon him." The same method is pursued in the other islands. The ropes employed are of two sorts—one made of hides, the other of hair of cows' tails—the former are most esteemed; they have the advantage of ancient usage to recommend them, and they are, besides, less liable to be worn away by the sharp edges of the rock. The mode of constructing them is as follows:—A hide of a sheep and one of a cow are cut into slips, the latter being the broader; each slip of sheeps' hide is then plaited to one of cows', and two of these compound slips are then twisted together, so as to form a rope of about three inches in circumference. The length of these ropes varies from 90 to about 200 feet, and they are sold at thirteen pence a fathom. So highly are they valued, that, at St. Kilda, a single rope forms a girl's marriage-portion. In this island, the most westerly of the Hebrides, a mere speck of land in the wide waters of the Atlantic, old and young alike engage in the same hazardous pursuit. Accustomed from infancy to creep to the extremest verge of the precipice, dangers which, to the unpracticed, appear most appalling, only serve to afford them amusement. A modern traveler informs us that he has seen very young children creep over the edge of a tremendous cliff, 1300 feet high, formed by the termination of Conachar, the loftiest eminence in the island, and considered to be the highest precipice in Britain, and coolly collecting the eggs or birds by means of a slender pole like a fishing-rod, furnished at the end with a noose of cow hair, stiffened by the feathers of a solan-goose. The same writer witnessed the extraordinary feats of a bird-catcher, who, while supported by one companion alone, with whom he was conversing carelessly, contrived to catch four birds, and, burdened with two in each hand, still held fast by the rope, and striking his foot against the rock, threw himself out from the precipice, and returning with a bound, would again dart out, capering and shouting, and playing all manner of tricks. When we consider that one false step of the man above, one momentary yielding of his strength, would inevitably prove fatal to both, we can not but feel the greatest astonishment at their presence of mind. Accidents, however, though extremely rare, do sometimes occur, and those of the most frightful nature, of which the following may serve as an example:

It is by no means uncommon for fowlers to proceed alone on these excursions: on such occasions they fasten the rope to a stake driven into the ground above, and thus descend. It was upon one of these solitary expeditions that the following occurred: A bird-catcher left his home one morning to pursue his usual occupation, but alone; having secured his rope to the summit of the cliff, he let himself gradually down, and reaching the spot where the rock overhung a ledge, on which he expected to reap an ample harvest, he dexterously swung himself forward, and gained the resting-place. As he expected, he here found a number of nests, and, in his ardor, forgetting the usual precaution of fastening the rope round his body while in the act of plundering a nest, the cord slipped from his grasp, and after swinging backward and forward for some time, but without coming within reach, at length settled many feet from the spot where he stood. For a moment he stood aghast, uncertain how to act; the sudden blow almost deprived him of the power of thinking; gradually, however, he recovered the use of his faculties, and looked anxiously around for means of escape. Fearful, in truth, was the prospect: the heavy mass of rock above, smooth as if chiseled by the mason's hand, offered no crevices to which the most tenacious grasp might cling: many hundred feet below, the raging waters burst with terrific noise upon the pointed crags; while the depth to which he had descended, the solitude of the spot, and the roar of the tumultuous waters, altogether precluded the possibility of making himself heard, and summoning assistance to rescue him from his dreadful situation. One chance alone remained, and that a desperate one: by a bold leap he might regain the rope—it was an awful hazard; if he failed, instant destruction must be the result; but death, though slower in his present state, was no less sure: his resolution was taken; breathing a short and energetic prayer, he summoned all his strength, and fearlessly sprung forward. He lived to tell the tale, for the rope was caught, and the summit gained in safety.

Such are the usual methods pursued for capturing birds when they build near the summit of

the highest rocks, and such the dangers to which the attempt is exposed. But similar risks are run in taking those which have their haunts below. For this purpose, the expedition sets out in a boat, and having landed at the spot selected for their operations, one of the most daring of their number fastens a rope round his waist, and taking in his hand a long pole, furnished with an iron hook at one end, either climbs up the rock, or is thrust upward by his companions, until he can find a resting-place sufficiently large for their purpose. Having reached this spot, he lowers the rope, and hauls up one of the boat's crew; the others are then raised in the same manner; and this process of climbing and hauling is repeated as often as necessary, until they reach the spots most frequented by the birds. The fowlers then separate, and distribute themselves over the face of the rock, acting, however, for the most part in pairs, each being provided with a rope and fowling-staff. For the sake of mutual security, two frequently connect themselves together by their ropes, and whenever the nests are below the ledges on which they stand, one permits himself to be lowered down by the other, until he can reach them. In this laborious occupation they often spend many days together, throwing the booty they have collected into the boats below, and spending the nights in the crevices of the rocks, being at the same time not unfrequently ill supplied with provisions.

Another plan sometimes adopted in these islands, is that of setting gins or nooses over night, in places most frequented by the birds; these are examined next morning, and often afford a large supply. It was upon one of these occasions that the following occurred: A bird-catcher of St. Kilda had been fixing some traps upon a ledge, elevated about 150 feet above the level of the sea, and was moving forward for the purpose of regaining his rope, when, unfortunately, his foot caught in one of the nooses, and before he was aware of the fact, tripped himself, and fell over the edge of the precipice. There he hung, suspended by one leg, and with a full view of the boiling surf below him. In vain he wrenched his body round, and strove to grasp the edge from which he had fallen; all his exertions were to no purpose; the bare stone afforded nothing to his grasp, and his strength became rapidly exhausted. He shouted and screamed till the rocks re-echoed with his clamor, but none was at hand to lend him succor; the shades of night were fast closing in, and he was obliged to resign himself patiently to his fate, hoping that the morning might bring some assistance. In this perilous situation he passed the live-long night. Pierced with cold, suffering the severest agony, the weight of his whole body being supported by one limb alone, and momentarily expecting the noose to give way and precipitate him headlong into the angry waters, it seemed as if the hours would never end. But morning came at last, and, as surrounding objects gradually emerged from the darkness which had concealed them, his eyes wandered anxiously around in search of some sign of life. Who may describe the pleasure that thrilled through his bosom, as first he distinctly recognized the form of a companion! The sight gave new vigor to his frame; he summoned all his strength, and uttered a loud cry for help. His call was heard, and no time was lost in relieving him from his dreadful situation.

We who have been brought up in comparative ease and luxury, can scarcely picture to ourselves a more wretched lot than that of these poor islanders, compelled to undergo such toils, and expose themselves to so great dangers, for acquiring the mere necessaries of life; yet they are a happy race of men, and would be loth to exchange this kind of existence, with all its excitement and pleasures, for the more quiet lives and less spirit-stirring employments of the inhabitants of cities.

A LONDON CURATE'S STORY.

JUST now a young man, a parishioner of mine, has called in to relieve the fullness of his heart, by pouring out his feelings to me. The few obstacles which stood between him and the girl he loves, have been removed, and in the elation of his joy, he is ready to call upon heaven and earth to rejoice with him.

Well, I have heard him out. I have listened for more than an hour to the expression of his lover's raptures, of his fears which are past, and of his hopes and expectations which are on the eve of realization. I have given him smile for smile, sympathy for every word, and hearty congratulation for each distinct item of his communication. Now I have seen him to my door, and as I come back to my dingy study, it strikes me as looking more cheerless and chill than usual.

There lies my half-written sermon on the desk, but I seem to have lost the spirit and earnestness with which I commenced it. The din of the noisy streets, to which habit has accustomed my ear, is suddenly become unbearable. How is it that now I notice that my little fire burns with such a dead and sluggish aspect—that the weather is so heavy and oppressive—that there is such a sombreness and disheartening influence in every thing around me?

Let the truth be spoken, I have never told my secret to any man; nor would I now to the dearest friend I have, and in the closest hour of mutual confidence, break the sad, deep silence of the last twenty years. But young Luke Hamilton, with his eager story, coming to the gray-haired curate, has done him an evil he little suspects. He has broken the seal of the fountains locked so long! passion and feeling kept under during nearly half my lifetime, stir into rebellion beneath the resolute foot that has held them down; a smouldering agony has striven into flame again!

What I would not tell my friend I will tell the public; to its wide, impalpable ear I will pour out my heart. I can not go about my work with this weight upon my soul, with this secret which is burning inwardly, unspoken. There is some-

thing that prompts me to self-indulgence to-day. I feel as if I should rob sullen sorrow of half its bitter sting were I to put it into words:

Looking back upon my early childhood, it seems as vague and distant as though it had been some prior state of being. I have a remembrance of a fair, laughing boy in petticoats, standing on a chair by a window that looked down upon the leafy tops of orchard-trees, while a soft maternal hand combed out the long flaxen curls that were the crown of his infantile beauty. I remember the same boy, shouting and romping with a grave but tender playfellow, in green meadow fields; and the impression is strong upon me of the awed, earnest feeling, with which he sat by his mother's side in the low-roofed church with the leaves whispering against the window-panes, and heard that same playfellow's voice reading with so penetrating a solemnity the accustomed prayers, or raised to fervor beneath the impassioned suasion of his sermon eloquence.

Thank God! with him life was an easier pilgrimage than his son has found it.

It is difficult for me to believe that that boisterous, merry-hearted, tenderly nurtured child, was the early development of him who has grown up so grave, lonely, and self-contained.

That phase of my being was soon over though. I was early called upon to rough it with the world. I lost both my parents in my tenth year, and, almost before my first paroxysms of grief were over, was sent to Christ's Hospital, charged to push my way upward, by the distant and influential relative who had undertaken to look after me.

What I suffered in that complete transition from a quiet home amidst the Cumberland lakes, and tender parental care, to a vast public school in what I may fairly call a foreign city, God only knows. The tyranny and cruelty which my shrinking sensitiveness drew down upon my head—the terrible isolation of my position—the sickness of heart with which I looked forward to the long term of misery before me, my eyes heavy with the tears I dare not shed—my agonizing remembrances of the past, had the effect of maturing my boyhood. I suffered no more than many a lad of a like temper has done before me, I dare say, but it was enough to crush the animal spirits naturally mine. I don't distinctly remember now whence it was, whether in some Sunday sermon, or from some old Greek or Roman story, that I first got possessed of the notion of moral heroism. However that may have been, it took a deep hold on my mind—it lifted me out of the slough of despondency into which I had sunk. I too would be a hero! Love had been my stimulus before, now it was ambition. I resolved I would not *endure* life only, I would live; that I would not flinch before a hard fate, but meet it nobly, and turn its discipline into strength for my coming manhood. I was not happy, but I might do my duty. I was sent to school to learn, and hitherto I had not put my heart into my books. I would reform in that, I would study hard, win the chance of going to college, strive there as I would have striven if my father's eye had been upon me, get some appointment as a clergyman, and devote my life to the duties of one. This was the outline of my plan, filled up with vague notions of self-denial, endurance, and energy, living chiefly to help my neighbor, and conquering my enemies by dint of patient sufferance. I put my new theory into partial practice. I roused myself from that sullen sadness which is never tolerated by one school-boy in another; instead of stealing away whenever opportunity occurred into some unseen corner to weep and bemoan my desolation, I forced myself to join my companions in their riotous games, or I sat down to gratuitous study.

I wore the blue-coat dress for eight years. A few times during that period I paid my guardian a visit, but with this exception, my life was one unbroken monotony. I did my utmost. I studied hard—I loved study for its own sake then—and I succeeded in distinguishing myself. Of course during that long period I had risen above the first trials of my situation; I was master where I had been slave, and envied and calumniated where I had been mocked and ridiculed. But I was not happy. If I did not weep at nights in bed, it was only my incipient manhood that prevented me. Somehow, I had not succeeded in making a friend; I was an awkward exponent of my own feelings; I never acted to worse advantage than when I wished to please. Reserved and painfully conscious of my want of ease and fluency, I often felt what I had never the courage to display, and thought what I had never the self-confidence to express. Yet how I longed for friendship! what romantic dreams and hopes I indulged! Beneath a cold exterior my heart beat high with passionate yearnings for love and sympathy. Walking alone among the cloisters of the hospital, how many a cheerless hour I have cheated by calling to my side an imaginary friend, and pouring forth into his ear the unreserved feelings of a soul that has never found verbal expression yet!

It needs heroism to support, without sinking, a loveless life; but, happily for me, I had learnt to apply to a surer and higher source of moral strength than that which had stimulated me to effort a few years back, and I was able to hold on my way. So far as I knew my duty I strove to do it. I don't think I was conscious of it at the time, but now I know there was a latent feeling in my heart, that the reward would one day come, that I should be allowed to be happy in my own way. And surely my own way was not an unreasonable one! The hope I cherished was, that some day I should be able to speak out my whole heart to some heart that would respond to it.

From Christ's Church I went to college, and served my term there. I have not much to say of this period; I lived a very studious and retired life, and felt my solitude more than ever. I could not court the great, and worse than that, there was an unfortunate and growing tendency

in my nature to seem most reserved and awkwardly cold to those whom I most wished to win. As for my social equals, there was not one who could have filled the place of friend to me.

In the examination for college honors, I was unfortunate, too. How severely I had studied —what a prolonged effort I had made to conquer, as was necessary, my natural shyness and timidity, was, of course, nothing to the purpose if I failed. And I did fail. I will not say that partiality was shown, or that the successful candidate was unworthy; but had I had his unruffled self-possession, I should not have lost the day.

It was a severe disappointment to me. My rival was the favorite of his college, and the darling, I knew, of a happy and wealthy family. Honor, therefore, was not to him what it would have been to me, and as I passed him and looked at his handsome, beaming face, as he stood in the centre of a knot of congratulatory friends, a bitter emotion stung my heart, and I said to myself, with a passionate sense of injustice, "Unto him that hath, shall be given."

There was another trial before me. I had earnestly wished to get a country curacy, but it was not to be so. An appointment was offered me in London, which dependent as I was, I could not refuse. It was a large, poorly-peopled parish, and the rector being an old man my duties were heavy. I did not mind that—I wished to be at work, and I found in my new sphere more satisfaction and happiness than I had ever yet known. In the pulpit I lost my timidity, and found there the power lacking at all other times. The sense of the responsibility and dignity of my position overpowered all other feelings. I felt, and I thanked God for it daily, that from the deadly sin of wrapping up his talent in a napkin he had preserved me. I was esteemed eloquent by the world in general. So it was—though many a time when I have mounted the pulpit, and looked down upon the crowded aisles, my cheek has flushed and my voice faltered with shame, that that mass of immortal beings should have assembled to hear me.

I feel that I am unwilling to come to the chief point in my history, but I must, and I will tell it in a word—I loved. Oh! the ordinary phrase, but the momentous fact; to me, at least, it was so. My nature, full of intensity and strength, unimpaired by indulgence or any other strain upon its powers, fixed itself firmly and irrevocably. My love was a passion—ardent, excessive, but unspoken. What it cost to be silent I shrink from recollecting—I shrink from the remembrance of those sleepless nights, when I lay striving to conquer what was as strong as life, and to order into subservience feelings that mocked my efforts at self-control. What availed the marshaling of arguments against the folly of my self-indulgence! Folly! it was madness, hopelessness; but I loved her.

Her father was one of my parishioners, well born and rich; she was his only child. The first time that I saw Ethel Ingoldsby, she was in her curtained pew; she sat with her body slightly bent forward, her head raised, and her beautiful face, instinct with intellect and enthusiasm, expressive of—. No matter now! I was the speaker, and it is not hard to stir the sympathies of a noble-hearted girl. I was invited to the house frequently, and I went. Mr. Ingoldsby seemed to have taken a kindly liking to me, and his daughter received a great deal of company. Where there were so many already, I felt one more could not make much difference, and I did not deny myself the fatal pleasure of worshiping my idol. Ethel's graceful hospitality and respectful kindness, by awakening my gratitude, increased my unfortunate love. It never deceived me into self-delusion. That she always listened when I spoke, that she always played the music that I preferred, and read the books I ventured to recommend, only showed me how well she read the disadvantages of my lot and character, and how generously she was bent on doing her part to increase my self-confidence. In return, I loved her with a kind of frenzied humility that I shall make no attempt to describe. It was not that I was a poor curate and she a rich lady that I felt her superiority; if I had been titled and wealthier than herself, I should have felt the same. She was beautiful and intellectual, and admired by those whose admiration was a badge of distinction—but that alone would not have moved me. It was her sweet dignity, her womanly modesty and shrinking from display; it was the kindliness which always courted the inferior or neglected, and the delicacy which delighted to notice the obscure—it was this that bound me. This! far more than I can express! I fear at this time I neglected my duties. God forgive me—I have been sorely punished. I carried all day long one thought uppermost; life was not conscious existence to me out of her presence.

There had been a small dinner-party at Mr. Ingoldsby's, to which I was invited. The evening came on very stormy, my home was at the other end of the town, and my hospitable host pressed me to spend the night there. I don't know what induced me to resist so firmly, perhaps the evening had shown me I had better go —or I dreaded being exposed longer to an influence I was beginning to feel it was my duty strenuously to resist.

Ethel looked up—she had not spoken before. "Are you determined to go, Mr. Esthwaite?" she asked. "Is there some urgent necessity for your exposing yourself in such a storm? I think you ought to consider that where health is so valuable as yours, it should not be lightly risked."

I shrank from these words; there was a kind of anguish in hearing courtesy express itself with the tone and look that love might almost have employed. Mr. Ingoldsby had left the room; we were alone for the first time in our lives. Ethel was standing in her composed beauty, in the full light of the fire; yet, as I glanced toward her, I thought she did not look so composed as was her wont. Round the mouth,

and in the ensnaring depths of her expressive eyes, there seemed the signs of some inward emotion or regret. There was a faint color on the cheek, usually so pale; I fancied the hands passively folded before her slightly trembled. Could it be possible that Ethel was suffering from any secret disquiet? Ethel, whom it seemed imperative to me that the whole world should conspire to make happy! Oh! were it so, the right of consolation was not mine. I could not speak one word without speaking more, I could not yield to one impulse but I should lose my control over all. And I felt I should do so if I staid longer. I renewed my resolution of departure. I walked to the window and pushed back the curtains and blinds. "The rain is abating," I said, "and I have an early vestry meeting to attend to-morrow morning. I feel your kindness, but I would rather go, Miss Ingoldsby."

Ethel moved to the window; her light dress touched me as she came near to the spot where I was standing.

She turned toward me with her winning smile and tone—"You see, I suppose, rather what you wish to see than what really is; I think it rains more heavily than ever. You can not go out on such a night, Mr. Esthwaite—you must not."

There was a movement of her little hand, as if in her generous earnestness she would have laid it on my arm.

A vehement impulse seized me to take the half-extended hand, and at all risks pour out into her ear the story of my love, but I conquered it. I felt, however, my resolution was growing feebler, my strength weaker. Another moment, perhaps, I should lose the power of conflict; but if I could not fight I could fly. "I must go," I said, with what must have appeared strange abruptness and ingratitude; and as she still looked at me with a half smile of sweet dissuasion, I added passionately, completely thrown off my guard—"For mercy's sake do not attempt to detain me—I can not stay!"

Ethel's manner changed—her color rose. "My father and I would equally regret to detain any guest against his will," she said. "Good-night, Mr. Esthwaite."

I went home through that heavy storm, but I never felt it. An agonizing conviction was uppermost. After my conduct of that night I could not presume to visit Mr. Ingoldsby's again. Any doubt I had on the subject was removed by the cold and distant manners of that gentleman when we next chanced to meet.

Except in church I had lost the feverish happiness of seeing Ethel. Oh! the storm and struggle of that period! It was absolutely necessary to subdue my love; I could not live with such a hopeless passion raging at my heart; it sapped the springs of duty, it unhinged all my powers.

This reflection roused me to vigorous systematic exertion. True, life had lost its racy savor, but the duties of life were none the less binding because its pleasures had escaped my longing grasp. A heavy cross had been laid upon my shoulders, but I must not flinch from the pilgrimage because I had a burden to bear. There was a future hope of eternal satisfaction and beatitude. I say not mine was a brilliant conquest over self; I did not root out her remembrance. I contented myself with subduing passion and quieting unrest; what remained I hid in my heart. It helped me in my future intercourse with my fellow beings to be more tender, to feel a heartier sympathy, than would have been possible without this hard discipline.

Some nine months after, Mr. Ingoldsby and his daughter ceased to attend my church; but long before that I had ceased to look for comprehension and sympathy in Ethel's upturned face, or to write under the influence of Ethel's future hearing. I did not ask why they had left, but a friend told me. Ethel was going to be married.

They were married, and it was a brilliant wedding party. The bridegroom looked triumphant. The bride—I never looked at her. My nerves were at their fullest tension; I felt the glance of half a moment would unfit me for my duty, and I had resolved to go through with it. Mr. Ingoldsby, who had resumed his former manner toward me, urged me to return and join the bridal breakfast; but I was compelled to refuse. "I would do myself," I said, "the honor of calling upon him on the morrow, but I was not well. A funeral awaited me—he must hold me excused." I watched the gay party to their carriages, and then, when the last was out of sight, took my way out of the church. As I passed the poor-box, I dropped into it, one after another, the golden sovereigns which had burnt the hand that had not dared to fling away the exultant bridegroom's liberal fee. I went home. Once more the struggle was renewed, and once more I gained my sad victory. Years passed on, but they brought with them no change to me but the blessed change of increasing serenity. Occasionally I saw Mr. Ingoldsby, and, as was natural, he often spoke of his daughter. She was well, and so were her little ones, and he said she was happy. I never questioned him, nor did I ever see her after her marriage.

Six years of wedded life and she died. I stood amazed at the effect of this event upon me. I had never expected, never wished to see her when living, yet her death taught me that the mere knowledge of her existence had given my life a charm.

I was reserved to bear one other stroke. It happened one evening, some time after Ethel's death, that Mr. Ingoldsby, upon whom I had called, was talking to me on the subject. He had fallen into a tone of more than usual kindness and confidence. "Mr. Esthwaite," he said, at length, "I will tell you a suspicion I would not breathe to any other man. I do not think Ethel was happy in her marriage. Mr. Feversham was no doubt a kind and liberal husband, but he did not meet all my daughter's wants. You would have satisfied Ethel's heart and in-

tellect both—you might have done so; I had no wish but to see her happy."

I know not what I said—something incoherent, no doubt, for his words raised an idea that seemed to convulse me by its power of mingled agony and rapture.

"Is it possible, Mr. Esthwaite," asked my companion, "that you never read my daughter's heart? I have always considered your conduct as that of a man who felt bound to retreat from a love he had not the power to return."

"My God!" I cried, impelled into the agonized exclamation as the thought of my lost chance, my once possible happiness, passed upon me. Mr. Ingoldsby looked at me curiously. I don't know whether he understood me aright; if he did not, I had not the heart to explain myself.

"Well," he said; "it is a painful and delicate subject, let it pass! Regrets are vain now."

Let it pass! It did pass in time, but that last disclosure made all past agony seem feeble. Ethel had loved me! When I looked back I perceived, I felt that she had. Happiness had been offered me in its highest, fullest form, and I had turned my back upon it! Ethel had suffered then, and through me! I had labored in a vain show; I had offered up her peace at the same stern altar where I had consumed my own.

But my readers are weary of this querulous story; and I have done. I am calm and self-possessed again. Youth has passed long ago, and I am advancing with a quickening pace to another world. It is no breach of Christian fealty to say that I shall welcome the voice which shall call me from this hard warfare with self and sin, and shall whisper to my dying ear —"Enter into thy rest."

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT SHELLFISH.

IT is well known that what naturalists call the *crustacea*, or in other words crabs, lobsters, and the like, change their shells at given intervals, at least until they arrive at a very advanced period of existence. This change is very complete, extending even to the corner of the eyes, to the lining membrane of the stomach and the grinding teeth, with which that stomach is furnished. During the years of growth (a period not satisfactorily determined) this change of an unyielding armor is necessary, inasmuch as without it the animal could not increase in size, but would be forced to remain no larger than what it was at first. The effect of the release from a hard unyielding encasement is to allow the expansion of the whole frame, which suddenly pushes forth its growth, and, this being attained, a new coat of armor is acquired, to be cast off again at a subsequent period. This moult of solid armor is termed by naturalists exuviation.

Reaumur, who watched the progress of exuviation on the river crayfish, describes it as attended with many efforts and much struggling. A few days previous to the commencement of the operation (early in autumn), the creature abstains from all solid nourishment, and the plates of shell on the back and tail will be found to offer less than the usual resistance to the pressure of the finger. Shortly afterward the crayfish appears restless, and rubs its legs against each other; it then throws itself on its back, agitates its whole body, which appears to become distended, until some of the plates are partially burst and raised. Some degree of rest follows these first struggles, but after a short time the animal again exerts its muscular energy. The back plate is now seen to rise gradually from the legs beneath, and in about half an hour the animal has extricated itself from this portion of its shell. By drawing in its head, the antennæ, the eyes, and the legs are dragged out as from a case, but the extrication of the last, being the most difficult and complicated operation, is not effected without great effort, and occasionally even the loss of one or more limbs—a matter of the less consequence, as they will sprout forth again. The hinder parts are withdrawn with less difficulty, the tail-plates being thrown off by a forward motion, attended with a brisk and stretching action. The creature is now seen divested of its armor, which is cast off, appearing unbroken as if no struggle had ever taken place within it.

In the prawn and the shrimp, the process of exuviation has not, we believe, been rigidly watched.

In the lobster, the circumstances attending exuviation, as detailed by Mr. Couch, are different, and this fact is the more surprising when we consider how closely allied the river crayfish is to the marine lobster. The lobster, to the last, is ravenous and vigorous; and instances have been known in which, enticed by the bait, it has entered into the traps on the very eve of casting its shell, insomuch that on the fisherman commencing to handle his prize, the animal has slipped away, leaving an empty husk as the only reward of his labor. A circumstance of this kind afforded Mr. Couch the opportunity of giving a minute description of the creature, when it made its escape (for escape it did), to the no small annoyance of the fisherman, who had calculated on the possession of a prize somewhat above the ordinary magnitude. It does not appear that any extraordinary struggles or contortions have been observed in the lobster when engaged in delivering itself from its trammels, or that the time of moulting is protracted, as in the case with the river crayfish; moreover it is certain that when delivered from its shell, it possesses great activity in effecting its escape.

Reverting to the specimen examined by Mr. Couch, it was found that the case of the horns and feelers was perfect to their minutest extremity; the sheath of the eye-stalk, and the transparent covering of the eyes were uninjured; the joints of the back part of the body with the tail plates were all joined together, and the parts beneath the snout, including the jaws, foot-jaws, nipping claws, and legs, with the breast plate, the lining of the stomach, etc., formed one connected portion. But how was the escape of the animal from its too tightly braced armor effected?

Through the middle of the great back plate ran a line as straight as if it had been cut with a knife, and evidently formed by a natural process of separation. Through this aperture, when expanded, the animal had made its escape.

In the common crab, the exuviation takes place by a separation of the broad back plate from the under plate, the animal lying on its back at the time; this division being effected, the limbs and other parts are easily withdrawn from their sheath. It must be observed, however, that previously to this process, both in the crab, the lobster, and others, the flesh on the claws of the animal shrinks most considerably, otherwise the contents of the great claws in particular could not be extricated, for it does not appear that the shells of the claws in the crab or lobster are split open. The crab when newly extricated somewhat resembles a lump of dough inclosed in skin, and has at first only sufficient strength to enable it to crawl to some place of safety. There it takes as much fluid as will suffice to distend the whole body and its skin or membrane-like covering which is now delicate, flexible, and elastic. There is, in short, a sudden expansion of growth, previous to the growth of the fresh plates of armor, which are, of course, adapted to the newly acquired bulk of the animal.

In the earlier stages of life, the exuviation and sudden pushing forward of growth occur several times in the course of the year, but, as the animal advances toward maturity, they take place at more and more distant intervals, till at last exuviation either ceases or occurs only after lengthened periods. We suspect that after a certain time it ceases, because we have ourselves minutely examined a large Norway lobster, whose back plate formed a bed, upon which a multitude of full-grown mussels were firmly attached, like a phalanx in dense array, presenting a curious picture. In the British Museum, specimens of crabs are to be seen, the back plates of which are covered with a close mass of oysters or mussels; and Mr. Couch has found oysters 2½ inches in length, attached to the back plate of living crabs.

It has been stated that the crab, the lobster, and others, devour their cast-off covering; we greatly doubt this. We possess the stomach of a marine crayfish, filled with the fragments, minutely ground, of shell, apparently either of its own species or a lobster; but this does not prove the statement; it merely informs us that these shell-fish prey upon each other, the weaker falling victims to the stronger. We do not, however, positively deny the fact in question, for we are well aware that the toad rolls up its cast-off cuticle (changed at certain intervals), and swallows it at a gulp.

There is another curious fact in the history of crustaceans, to which we may here advert; we allude to the power with which they are endowed of reproducing their limbs when lost by accident. The loss of a leg is of little consequence; so little so, that when suddenly alarmed, a lobster will often throw off its claws with a jerk. Indeed, usually when a limb is injured, the animal breaks it off at the joint, second to its junction with the trunk, where the growth the most speedily and certainly commences. No pain seems to follow this strange operation; the wound is soon covered with a delicate skin, and a new claw is in due time produced. It remains, however, unprotected with a hard shell until the next time for changing the whole of it arrives, and the new limb seldom or never acquires the size of the corresponding claw, although equally perfect. An analogous circumstance occurs in many lizards, and especially the gecko, which quickly reproduces a lost tail.

THE FAMILY FEUD.

A FRENCH STORY.

THE families of Piombo and Porta, in the island of Corsica, had long been divided by a hereditary feud, called in the language of the country a *vendetta*. It was similar to those enmities which in other parts of Europe were in former ages handed down from father to son, and, before the reign of civilization and of good laws, rendered it the first duty of the successor to revenge his ancestors upon the family and clan of their foes. When Corsica became part of France, an attempt was made to put an end to the dreadful crimes which these vendettas were perpetually causing, but the savage temperament of the nobles presented a powerful obstacle to the success of these efforts. France herself, torn by internal dissensions, could not enforce the supremacy of the law in a distant island, and it was not until Napoleon Bonaparte got the government of that country into his own hands, that a resolute determination was expressed of suppressing these outrages in his native island, their disastrous consequences being well known to that extraordinary individual in his earlier history. The last occasion upon which the revengeful spirit of the Corsicans was displayed in these family broils, took place about the time of Napoleon's election as First Consul of the French Republic, and resulted in the almost mutual extermination of the two races of Piombo and Porta. Such of the family of Piombo as escaped the general destruction took refuge in Paris, and claimed the protection of the First Consul. They consisted of the elder Piombo, his wife, and daughter, a young child of seven years of age, and, as the family of the Bonapartes had once been under the protection of the Piombos, Napoleon willingly received the fugitives, and promised to provide for their future maintenance.

Bartholomeo di Piombo, at the time of his escape to Paris, was verging upon his sixtieth year, but age had neither bent his lofty figure nor dulled the fierce expression of his eyes. He was distinguished even among his countrymen for the sternness and inflexibility of his temper; and if he were unrelenting in the pursuit of his enemies, he was equally steadfast in vindication of his friends. With his character, Napoleon

was not unacquainted, and feeling, perhaps, in his newly-acquired sovereignty, that the presence of a resolute adherent near his person was on many accounts advisable, he gave to his Corsican compatriot a post in his household which was at once honorable and lucrative. The fidelity of Bartholomeo was undoubted, and during the reign of Bonaparte, he was loaded with the imperial favors, raised to the dignity of a count of the empire, and endowed with ample territorial revenues.

In this elevated position stood Piombo when the dynasty of the Bonapartes was precipitated from the throne of France, and gave place to the possession of the Bourbons. He then retired from the palace of the Tuileries, in which he had usually resided, and took up his abode in an ancient hotel, formerly an appanage of a distinguished refugee family, which he owed to the generosity of the dethroned emperor. As circumstances had prevented his taking any active part in the restoration of Napoleon, or in the reign of the Hundred Days, which was concluded on the plains of Waterloo, the Count di Piombo was not excluded from the terms of the amnesty, which was promulgated upon the second return of Louis XVIII. But from that time, he lived secluded in his own domestic privacy, preserving the cold reserve of an attached adherent of the exiled family. Upon the brow of the old count hung a cheerless though imperturbable air, while in his large mansion a uniform stillness seemed to harmonize with the melancholy feelings of its inmates. His aged consort and his youthful daughter were the only beings who participated his solitude, and tended to alleviate its weight and misery.

Before the overthrow of Napoleon, Ginevra di Piombo, the count's daughter, had mingled in the splendor and pomp of the imperial court, of which her grace and beauty had made her a distinguished ornament. Though the exterior advantages she possessed—beauty, rank, fortune, and the favor of an emperor—seemed to have insured her many offers of marriage, yet either her disinclination to leave her parents alone, or the admiration rather than affection which she was calculated to command in society, had hitherto kept her heart and person disengaged. When the events of the political world drove the family into retirement, Ginevra felt even more happy than she had done in the turmoil of a court-life, and, with an admirable fortitude, devoted herself to the care of parents whose only solace in life was now in her—the last and dearest of their children.

After the second return of the Bourbons, and while Paris was witness of many scenes of massacre, it was dangerous for an officer in the uniform of the Imperial Guard to appear abroad. Many of the officers, indeed, of that celebrated corps were proscribed by name, and even those who were not so peculiarly designated, found it expedient to seek shelter until the fury of revenge was a little allayed. While the storm was at its height, a young man in the condemned uniform had taken refuge in the house of a painter and eminent artist in Paris, who was known to be a warm partisan of the late dynasty. As a vigilant search was maintained by the armed police, in the course of which the residences of such persons were repeatedly visited and ransacked, it was necessary for the artist to exercise an extreme caution in succoring the fugitive soldier. He concealed the presence of so dangerous an inmate even from his wife, and secreted him in a closet partitioned off from the saloon in which he gave lessons in painting to several young ladies of the higher classes. This workshop or painting-room was apart from his residence, and, for the benefit of light, placed at the top of an adjoining building in the same court-yard. This was the place which the generous painter selected as the least likely to be suspected, at the same time that it permitted the proscribed officer a means of exercise and relaxation when the room was cleared of the pupils, as the painter was the only person of his own household who ever entered it.

Ginevra di Piombo had for two or three years been a constant attendant at the work-room of M. Servin, the painter alluded to; and both from the admirable talents she displayed in the art, and the well-known attachment of her father to the cause of Napoleon, she was treated by him with the highest respect. At this time, when her occupations were so much curtailed, Ginevra was accustomed to devote a more than usual attention to this elegant and fascinating accomplishment. Thus she was often left behind by her companions, who were either less enthusiastic in the art, or had a more varied scale of amusements. On one occasion, when Ginevra had been so intent upon her pursuit as not only to be left alone, but to be surprised by the shades of evening, as she was preparing hurriedly to depart, she was astounded at beholding the door of the closet gently opened, and a young officer, in a blue and red uniform, with the imperial eagle, tread softly into the room. Equal surprise and embarrassment appeared on the countenances of the young couple as they surveyed each other; and it was fortunate, that precisely at this moment M. Servin ascended the staircase, and entered the apartment. Instantly comprehending how this unexpected interview had occurred, he stepped toward the officer, and said to him: "Monsieur, Louis, you are too impatient in your confinement, but you have nothing to fear from this young lady. She is the daughter of an old friend of the Emperor, so we may make her a confidante in your secret."

The air of sympathy which was already on the features of Ginevra assured the young soldier sufficiently of this truth, even if her beauty had not already disposed him to regard her with an entire dependence. "You are wounded, sir?" said she with much emotion.

"It is a trifle," replied he; "the wound is nearly closed."

His left arm was suspended in a sling, and the paleness of his features bespoke a suffering

which his words belied. Two young beings brought together in a situation so affecting, could scarcely fail to be united by a reciprocal sentiment. Ginevra, thus called upon to act as the guardian and protectress of a brave soldier, suffering in a cause she had been taught to believe as holy and patriotic, felt all the enthusiastic generosity natural to her sex, arise in favor of the oppressed and wounded hero. He, on the contrary, beheld in her something more than human, when benevolence and commiseration were joined to a grace so bewitching and a beauty in itself so attractive. The scene itself was calculated to impress a tender feeling indelibly upon the mind. The softened light, the romance of the incident, the danger to all concerned—every thing conspired to produce those sensations which, seeming to spring only from a feeling mind, yet link hearts together. Ginevra, yet unconscious how deeply the emotion had sunk in her breast, offered her father's purse and influence in aid and protection of the soldier. M. Servin, more prudent, begged her to preserve for some short time the secret even from her father, lest he might be in any way compromised with the government, assuring her that the fugitive was quite safe in his present hiding-place. The officer himself joined in this request; and as there was something delicious in the reflection, that she alone was thought worthy of being intrusted with the fate of a warrior of Napoleon, she consented to abstain from any attempts to alleviate his present misfortune further than to beguile the tediousness of his confinement by her prolonged presence in the saloon.

From that day, Ginevra passed hours in the work-room when all were gone, and he only present who had become to her an object of so intense an interest. She held the brush in her hand, but it seldom touched the easel, while Louis sat by her side, speaking with a fervid eloquence from his eyes. Their conversation was short and broken, for with lovers a monosyllable expresses more than the labored paragraphs of oratory. Sometimes she sung, in a subdued tone, a plaintive air of Italy; and she was delighted to find that Louis was perfect master of the soft dialect which was her own native tongue. From such means, which seem to derive force from their simplicity, is affection most firmly strengthened, until it becomes a passion to which life itself is subordinate. That the conduct of Ginevra in thus submitting to what must strictly be considered a clandestine intimacy, was improper and inexcusable, must certainly be allowed, and the result furnishes the strongest moral which could be drawn from behavior so inconsiderate.

The lengthened visits of Ginevra to M. Servin's now began to attract the notice of the old count and his wife, who so idolized her that her shortest absence was regarded with impatience. They therefore expressed their surprise that she should devote so much time to painting when it caused them unhappiness. To such an appeal, Ginevra could reply only with tears. Her father, excited by so unusual a spectacle, eagerly demanded the cause. His question only redoubled her confusion.

"You are going to surprise us with a picture, then?" said the count, taking her by the hand.

"No," replied she with a sudden energy; "a falsehood shall not even once escape the lips of your daughter—I am not painting."

"What are you doing, then? I trust you are engaged in no improper intimacy?"

"Not improper, I should think," she replied.

"Explain," cried the father; "tell me all."

Ginevra, thus importuned, explained how she had become acquainted with M. Louis, and the interest which he had excited in her bosom.

No declaration could afflict more vehemently the feelings of the old Corsican. He regarded his daughter's affections as peculiarly his own, as due exclusively to himself and her mother. The idea of another person participating in her love, he entertained with abhorrence. Those childish caresses which he now bestowed upon her in his doting fondness he must see indulged in by another. His daughter seemed to forsake him in his old age and in his desolation—to cast him aside as if she loathed him. Such was the selfish conclusion to which the suspicious mind of Piombo led him. He at once forbade Ginevra to think more of her young admirer. She besought and entreated him to consider that her happiness was at stake. It was in vain—he would hear nothing, but declared imperatively she should never marry in his lifetime. So emphatic a denunciation aroused the downcast spirit of his own descendant. "But I *will* marry," said she with a fierceness equal to his own; "your sentence is inhuman."

The determination of Ginevra thus expressed seemed to awe and confound the old count. He resumed his seat without saying a word. His wife now interposed, and took the part of the daughter. Ginevra cast herself at her father's feet. "I will still love you and live with you, my dear father," she cried; "I will never forsake you!"

"Bartholomeo was at last moved. When he learned that the young man was a captain of the Imperial Guard, that he had fought at Waterloo, and, though wounded, had been among the last to leave that fatal field, he consented to interest himself in his behalf, and to receive him into his own house.

A high official personage had been indebted to the Count di Piombo during the Imperial rule for an important favor, and through his influence he now procured the pardon of M. Louis. He was even placed on the roll of officers available for service. Ginevra flew with undissembled rapture to convey this gratifying account to her lover. Having laid aside his uniform for a suit of plain clothes, he accompanied her to her father's house. She led him up the stairs, trembling with anxiety lest the old count should not like him. Piombo was sitting in a window recess in the large saloon, with a grave and forbidding aspect. They advanced toward him,

and Ginevra thus presented her lover: "My father," said she, "I present to you a gentleman whom you will feel pleasure in seeing. This is Monsieur Louis, who fought four paces from the Emperor at Mount St. Jean."

The count did not rise nor relax the severity of his features. "You wear no decoration, sir, I observe," said he coldly.

"It does not become an officer of Napoleon under present circumstances," answered M. Louis, with some timidity.

The reply seemed to gratify the prejudices of the old man, though he said nothing. Madame di Piombo, to break a silence which was at once harsh and uncourteous, hazarded a remark. "What a singular resemblance," exclaimed she, "this young gentleman has to the family of the Portas!"

"It is only natural," replied the young man, upon whom the eyes of old Piombo glared with the fury of a demon; "I belong to that family."

"A Porta!" shouted the count. "Your name?"

"Luigi Porta," replied the officer.

Piombo arose slowly, under an emotion too strong for utterance. His countenance grew livid with rage. His wife took his arm, and drew him gently toward the door. They left the room together, Bartholomeo directing a gesture of vengeance against the unfortunate youth, and a look of horror at his equally wretched daughter.

"What misery in a word!" said Ginevra in a tone of anguish. "Did you not know that our family and yours are hereditary enemies?"

"No," answered her lover; "I was carried from Corsica when I was six years old, on account of some misfortune which happened to my father, but I never knew what it was. I was educated at Genoa with my mother's uncle, and when I left him to enter the army, he told me I had a powerful enemy in France, and that I should therefore take the name of Louis only, by which I have been always known. He told me, likewise, our estate was seized; and since that time I have been engaged in active service.

"You must quit this house," said Ginevra.

"Is, then, this fearful hatred of our fathers between us too?" asked he as he took her hand.

"I can not find it so in my heart," she replied; "but do not now stay since your safety may be threatened. I will find means to communicate with you—but be upon your guard, and it is against my own father I warn you."

"So saying, she conducted him again to the door, and seeing him safely into the street, bade him adieu with all the warmth of affection she had ever previously exhibited.

Ginevra flew to her own room, not for the purpose of dissolving into useless tears, but to enter upon a serious commune with herself as to the course she should pursue. The fearful question she had to solve was, whether she should sacrifice her love, and the happiness of Louis and herself, to gratify the implacable hatred of her father; or to surrender her home, her station, her parents, in favor of a man whom every worldly consideration called upon her to reject? That her father would be immovable in his denunciation, she knew too well. Yet, when did youthful hope despair? She resolved to attempt to argue with him, to reason, to entreat. She could not consent to give up her love for a feud. Besides, she had pledged her faith; and when she thought of Louis, alone and without a friend in the world, a generous sympathy moistened her eyes and nerved her resolution. She determined still to love him and to marry him, even should the paternal malediction fall upon her. The resolute mind of Bartholomeo was inherited by his daughter, and, though she felt for him all the affection and respect natural to their relation, she believed herself not bound to obey what to her seemed a cruel and unjust command. With such sentiments, she descended to the saloon, in which the old count and his wife were sitting in a mournful silence.

The conversation between the father and daughter was not long. Piombo expressed at once his irreversible decree. "Who espouses not my quarrel," said he, "is not of my family. While I live, a Porta shall not be my son-in-law. Such is my sentence."

Ginevra attempted to show that she had no reason to partake of his enmity; that Louis Porta, who was only six years old when he left Corsica, could have done him no harm; that it was a Christian duty to forgive and not to revenge an injury even when inflicted. Her arguments were in vain.

"He is a Porta," replied the implacable old man, "and that is enough."

She then prayed him to regard her happiness, to reflect that, by indulging his hate against an imaginary enemy, he destroyed the peace of mind and the life of his own child. She begged her mother to join in her entreaties; but Bartholomeo was inflexible. "Then, in spite of you," said Ginevra, "he shall be my husband!"

"I will rather see you dead," rejoined her parent, clenching his bony hand. So saying, he threw her from him. "Begone!" said he, "I have no longer a daughter. I will not give you my curse, but I abandon you; you have now no father!"

He now conducted her to the street, and closed the door upon her. Ginevra proceeded to place herself under the protection of Madame Servin, the wife of the painter, who had always expressed great friendship for her, until the day when she should be united to Luigi Porta. But she was destined to experience the insults which are prepared for those who act contrary to the usages of the world. Madame Servin did not approve of her conduct, and begged to be excused from receiving her under her present circumstances. Louis, therefore, obtained for her a small lodging with a respectable matron, near to that he had himself for some time occupied. Here she remained until the marriage could be solemnized. Her mother had traced her retreat, and sent her a variety of things necessary for a young wife, together with a purse of money. A short note

accompanied the present, stating that it was sent unknown to the count, and contrary to his injunctions. In her desolation, this mark of maternal kindness drew from Ginevra a flood of tears and a feeling of remorse, which the consolations of Louis alone could efface.

At length the day of the marriage arrived. Ginevra saw no one around her to hail the event. Louis procured two witnesses, who were necessary to attest the ceremony. One of them had been in the company he commanded in the Guards, and was now keeper of a livery-stable. The other was a butcher, the landlord of the house which was to be their future residence. These good people attended upon the occasion, as if an ordinary affair of business was to be transacted. They were dressed neatly and plainly, though nothing announced that they made part of a nuptial-fête. Ginevra herself was simply habited, conforming to her fortune, and an air of gravity, if not of coldness, seemed to reign around.

As the church and the mayor's office were not far distant, Louis gave his arm to the bride, and, followed by the two witnesses, they proceeded on foot to the place of their espousal. After the formalities were gone through, and their names signed, Luigi and Genevra were united. It was with difficulty they got an old priest to celebrate their union, and to give it the Church's benediction, since the ecclesiastics were all eager in their services to more distinguished couples. The priest hastened over the ceremony, and after uniting them before God, as the mayor had united them according to law, he finished the mass, and left them. The marriage being thus celebrated in its two forms, they quitted the church, and Louis conducted his wife to their humble residence.

For the space of a year from their union as man and wife, Louis and Ginevra enjoyed as perfect a happiness as could fall to the lot of mortals. Though living far apart from luxury or extravagance, they were too much lovers to regard either as essential to their bliss. The time passed gayly onward, and unheeded by the youthful couple, who could not part even for an hour. If Ginevra ever thought of her parents, it was to regret that they could not view and share her happiness. But with the expiration of the year, came care to corrode their joy. With the buoyant feeling of youth, unacquainted with the horrors of poverty, they laughed at its approach. "I can paint, my Louis," said Ginevra; "we can easily support ourselves." And she prepared to exercise those talents for her subsistence which in other days had tended to her amusement. She executed copies from the old masters, and Louis set out to sell them. But he was ignorant of their value, and of the persons from whom to obtain it. He was content to sell them to an old-furniture broker at a very low price. Yet Ginevra was pleased to find that her exertions could earn money, and help to maintain her Louis and herself. She redoubled her assiduity, and finished several pieces; she labored with the zeal and ardor of a proselyte. Her exertions conveyed a reproach to her husband, who was determined no longer to sit in idleness, while his wife worked incessantly. After long consideration, he felt himself equal to no employment save that of copying legal or other documents. He made a tour round the offices of the attorneys and notaries of Paris, soliciting papers to copy. He thus added to their uncertain income, and, by the exercise of industry, they kept poverty at a distance, and beat back the approach of want. At length the hour of suffering and mental anguish arrived, as it will sooner or later to individuals so situated.

At a certain season of the year the law offices in Paris are free from business; and for nearly four months Louis Porta was thrown out of employment. His wife had not for some time had the brush in her hand, as she had just given birth to a son. The fees of the medical men had been raised by disposing of part of their furniture. The remainder would have speedily followed, had not the landlord seized it for rent. The wretched husband saw his wife pining for lack of sustenance, and the infant sucking a dry and exhausted breast. He was without the means of procuring a morsel of bread. With the madness of despair he rushed into the street, and wandered in the midst of the brilliant equipages which crowded the city, and of that reckless luxury which seems so insulting to poverty. He passed by the shops of money-changers, where heaps of gold were exposed, one solitary piece from which would have rendered him frantic with joy. But no resource opened itself in his extremity. Any thing seemed just, if he could save the life of Ginevra—to steal, to rob, to murder. To what crime his frenzy might have led him, is doubtful; but fortune saved him from its commission. He had turned his steps unconsciously toward the hotel of the Count di Piombo. When he arrived at it, the gate stood open. He entered, and sprang upstairs. In a moment he stood before Piombo, who was seated near the fire, for the night was cold and wet.

"Who are you?" cried the old count, starting up in alarm.

"Your daughter's husband," answered Luigi.

"And where is my daughter?" he asked, with a trembling accent.

"On her death-bed from starvation!" shouted Louis with wildness.

"Not yet dead?"

"No."

"Is there any hope left?" urged the father eagerly.

"A piece of gold may save her, if it be speedily applied," replied the husband.

"Here is my purse," said Piombo; "tell Ginevra I have pardoned her, and she may come and see me."

"She will not come in this world, I fear," answered Luigi, as he took the purse and flew from the room.

"Shall we not follow him, and see our daughter—our Ginevra?" said the old man to his wife, who had sat immovable during the preceding dis-

course, while the first tears he ever shed fell down his furrowed cheeks.

"O yes—with all speed!" cried Madame di Piombo. She rang the bell. "Order a coach to the door instantly," said she to the servant who appeared.

At midnight the aged parents entered the room of their unfortunate child. Ginevra had just expired; her infant was also dead. Louis hung over the wretched bed upon which they were extended. The physician whom he had procured in his haste had taken up his hat to depart. It was a scene to move the iron heart even of Piombo. "Our feud is at an end," said he to Luigi Porta. "There lie the last of my race. I am a miserable, broken-hearted old man. I suffer punishment from God for not hearkening to her who is now an angel. Yes, Porta, this is a scene on which thy father might have gloated; but with the corpse of my daughter I bury my enmity."

Such was the concluding scene in the history of the feud betwixt the families of Piombo and Porta, and which can not be contemplated without producing the moral reflection, that the daughter's imprudence and disobedience was not more severely punished than the unchristian enmity and hard-heartedness of the father.

STORY OF THE BURNING SHIP.

LATE in the autumn of 18—, I happened to be in the southern part of the United States, when some affairs of importance required my speedy appearance in Italy. The delay which would have occurred by coming to New York to embark, and the inconvenience of traveling by land at that season, induced me to engage a passage at once in a vessel which was about to sail from Charleston, laden with cotton for Marseilles. The ship was commanded by Captain S——, who was also the owner of the cargo.

Without any noteworthy occurrence, we had arrived within a few days' sail of the coast of Spain, when we spoke a ship which had just come from Marseilles; the vessels exchanged the latest papers of their respective countries, and went on again in their several courses. When the French gazettes were opened within our ship, our captain read with unexpected delight, that so small was the supply of cotton in the market, and so strong the demand for it, that the next vessel which arrived with a freight of it might command almost any price which the avarice of the owner should dictate. The wind, which had been for some days setting a little toward the south, was at this time getting round to the east, and promised to bring us without delay directly to the Mediterranean. The captain perceived that, by availing himself to the utmost of this freshening breeze, he might pretty certainly realize a splendid fortune; a consideration which, as he had for years struggled with little success in the pursuit of wealth, filled him with the most enthusiastic joy. Every sail was expanded to the wind, and we advanced with the greatest rapidity.

On the following morning, a light was descried to the west, apparently directly in the course which we were making; as we proceeded briskly, however, it fell considerably to the south of us, and we perceived that it was a ship on fire. The light increased every moment, and the signal-guns fell upon our ears with distressing rapidity. The captain was at this time pacing the deck, as he had done almost constantly since the intelligence had reached him from the passing vessel, for the restlessness of expectation scarcely allowed him to repose for a moment. His eye was directed resolutely toward the north; and though the light now glared unshunnable, and the frequent shots could not be unheard, and the commotion and exclamations of the passengers could not be unnoticed, his glance never fell upon the object which engrossed all others.

After a few moments of intense wonder and excitement among the passengers and crew at the silence of the captain, the steersman called to him, and asked if he should not turn out to the distressed vessel; but the other rudely ordered him to attend to his own concerns. A little while after, at the solicitation of the whole company on board, I went up to the captain, and said to him, that I deemed it my duty to inform him, that the universal desire of his crew was that relief should be given to the burning ship. He replied with agitation, that the vessel could not be saved, and that he should only lose the wind; and immediately went down to the cabin, and locked the door. He was a kind-hearted man by nature, and, on ordinary occasions, few would have taken greater trouble to benefit a fellow being. But the prospect of riches was too much for his virtue; the hope of great gain devoured all the better feelings of his nature, and made his heart as hard as stone. If his mother had shrieked from the flames, I do not believe that he would have turned from his course.

The crew, in this condition of things, had nothing to do but to lament the master's cruelty, and submit to it. They watched the fiery mass, conscious that a large company of their brethren was perishing within their sight, who, by their efforts, might probably be saved. It was not for several hours that the captain appeared again upon the deck, and from his appearance then, I imagine that the conflict during his solitude must have been severe and trying. I stood near him as he came up. His face had a rigid yet anxious look—the countenance of a man who braved, yet feared some shock. His back was turned to the quarter from which we came, and in that position he addressed to me calmly some indifferent observations. While the conversation went on, he cast frequent and hurried glances to the south and east, till his eyes had swept the whole horizon, and he had satisfied himself that the ship was no longer in view; he then turned fully round, and with an affected gayety, but a real uneasiness which was apparent in the random character of his remarks, drew out his glass, and having, by long and scrutinizing examina-

tion, satisfied his fears, at length recovered his composure.

When we reached our destination, I found a ship just preparing to sail for Florence, and I took my passage, leaving the captain to dispose of his cargo at his pleasure. About eight months after this, when I had almost forgotten the occurrence, I was sitting in the private parlor of a London hotel, when a letter was put into my hands from Captain S——. It stated that the writer, who was in the city, had heard of my arrival, and would esteem it a very great kindness if I would visit him at my earliest leisure; my coming would be of the utmost importance to himself and others; his servant, it added, waited to show me the way. I immediately set out to comply with the request.

Upon entering the room, I was shocked at the change which had taken place in his appearance. He was thin, pale, and haggard, with a wildness of eye that almost indicated that his reason was unsettled. He testified much joy at seeing me, and desiring me to be seated, began his communication.

"I have taken the liberty," said he, "of desiring your company at this time, because you are the only person in London to whom I can venture to make application; and I am going to lay upon you a commission, to which I am sure you will not object. The circumstances of our voyage to Marseilles will occur to your mind without my repeating them. I sold my cargo upon the most advantageous terms, and was rendered at once a rich man. The possession of wealth was new to me, and its enjoyment added, in my case, to its usual gratification, the charm of novelty. In the capital of Paris I spent many weeks of the highest pleasure, until one day, on entering a *café*, I took up a gazette, and my eyes fell upon an account of the awful burning of a British man-of-war. The announcement fell upon me like the bolt of heaven. My heart beat and my frame shivered, but I read every word of the article. The vessel which I passed the day before had seen the light from a great distance, and immediately put back to render assistance, but arrived too late to rescue more than two of the crew. They reported that a vessel passed to the north of them within half an hour's sail, but paid no regard to the repeated signals; upon the commander of that ship, the article concluded, must rest the loss of 200 persons.

"My peace of mind was gone forever. My ingenuity could devise no sophistry which suggested comfort. Wherever I went that day, I was haunted by remorse. I retired to bed, that I might forget in sleep the tortures of the day; but a terrific dream brought before my mind the whole scene of the conflagration, with the roar of the signal-guns. I awoke with horror. Thrice on the same night did I compose myself to sleep, and thrice was I awakened by the repetition of the dream. For many hours on the succeeding day my spirits were shockingly depressed, but the gay company which I frequented gradually restored me to serenity, and by night I was tolerably composed. But the evening again brought terror; the same vision rushed upon my mind, and racked it to agony whenever I fell into a slumber. Perceiving that if I yielded to this band of tormentors, I should quickly be maddened by suffering, I resolved to struggle with remorse, and to harden my heart against conscience. I succeeded always, when awake, in mastering the emotion, but no power on earth could shield me from the torments of sleep. Imagining at length that the prostrate position of my bed might be one cause of the vividness of my dreams, I took the resolution of sleeping upright in a chair, while my servant watched by me. But no sooner did my head drop upon my breast in incipient slumber, than the fire again tortured my brain; the booming guns again rang upon my inward ear. I sought all diversions; I wandered over Europe, seeking to relieve myself from the domination of this fancy by perpetual change of sights and succession of sounds, but in vain. Daily the horrid picture more and more enslaved my imagination, until at length, even in waking, while my eye rested on vacancy, a burning ship was painted in the air, and with my waking ears I heard the eternal guns. The horror has absorbed my being. I am separated by a circle of fire from the world; I breathe the stifling air of hell. Even now, I see nothing but the wide sea and the incessant flame upon it; I hear now the agonizing signals—boom! boom!"

The unfortunate man paused for a moment, and I never yet saw such anguish upon human face. He resumed in a few moments his account.

"This must soon end. I know I shall not survive many hours. I am dying of a raging fever, but I will have no advice or assistance. The purpose for which I have sent for you is briefly this: the whole sum of money which I gained by my ship's cargo is in the Bank of England. I shall order in my will that every cent of it shall be at your disposal. I wish you to discover the families of those who perished in this vessel; you will learn their names by inquiring at the Admiralty. Distribute to them every cent of this money. You will not deny the last request of a dying man? promise me that you will faithfully perform my wish."

I gave him the promise which he desired, and left him.

That night Captain S—— was no more.

INHABITANTS OF A DROP OF WATER.

SUBMITTING a globule of water to the magnifying glasses of a microscope, we are at once astonished by the multitude and variety of living creatures presented to our notice. What diversity of size and shape! They can only be compared to funnels and cylinders, fans and flasks, tops, bells and trumpets, globes and stars, fruits and flowers, tadpoles, fish, beetles, serpents, etc. Equally varied are their movements. Some creep and drag their slow length along; others sport and dance, or whirl and dart, with amazing rapidity, through the waters of this tiny ocean; and yet they no more interfere with

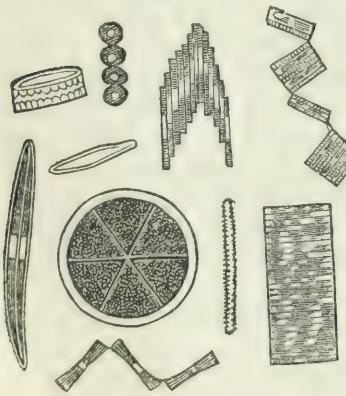
the progress one of another than do the stars in the firmament.



Here is a drop of stagnant water magnified six hundred times its original size. These living beings appear too close together to admit of the existence of a greater number; and yet it is considered that such a drop contains forms of life, which—to whatever perfection microscopic power may attain—human perseverance will never accurately detect. A cubic inch of stagnant water is calculated to contain more than 800,000,000 of living, active, and organized beings.

To add to the astonishment which a contemplation of the vast number of these atoms of life excites, it is to be observed, that these creatures are endowed with a diversity of organs. In some a mouth has been discovered, in others digestive apparatus; in some an eye, and in others organs of locomotion. Nor is color wanting: they are either red, green, blue, or black; yellow, scarlet, sandy, lilac, or a mixture of these and other colors.

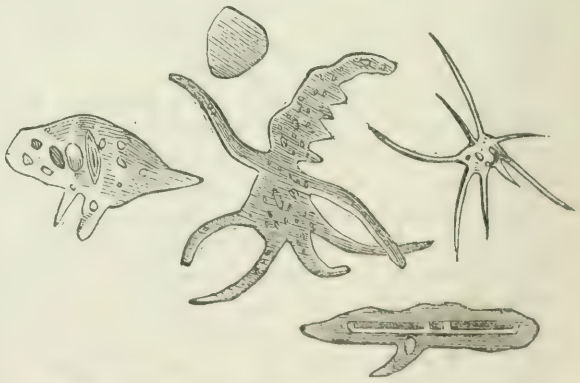
Some of these little animals are so nearly allied to the vegetable world, that botanists claim them as a part of their system. Indeed so gradually and imperceptibly do their confines blend, that it is at present utterly impossible to define exactly where vegetable existence ceases, and animal life begins. The annexed engraving represents some of the doubtful, or imperfectly developed forms of animal life; all of which have one or more shells. It will be observed that several of the fossil animalcules here represented are grouped together. Some adhere side by side, each successive tube protruding beyond its predecessor, somewhat resembling the pipes of an organ; others have a straight shell, three or four times longer than broad, and which viewed sideways has the appearance of a spindle (we have given a dorsal view); and others are elongated and slightly attenuated in the middle. These are called zigzag or true stick animalcules. Inclosed in tubes of a prismatic shape, in the form of a long flat ribbon, are the fragile little wand animalcules. The round chain animalcules are four together. The rayed box animalcule has a cylindrical form; while another of the species has a cellular shape,



FOSSIL ANIMALCULES.

and is of a disc form, with six internal partitions. The little ship animalcule has the appearance of a weaver's shuttle, with two openings in the ventral surface, and two on the back; but it is undetermined to what purposes these openings are applied. Yet these creatures have been ascertained to be able to move on their own axes, and to progress in a manner that we are unable to understand, because we can not see the organs producing locomotion. How amazing to behold flinty tubes, "marching in regiments, keeping the same form, and never varying from that order of procedure in which they set out!" Surely here is sufficient to excite profound admiration of the skill of Him who knoweth neither great nor small, and lead to a devout adoration of that Power who created all things "by the word of His mouth."

An interesting fact with reference to the fossil animalcules may here be noticed. Ehrenberg states that the flinty shells of these creatures form indestructible earths, stones, and rocky masses; and adds, "With lime and soda, we may prepare glass out of invisible animalcules, use them as flints, probably prepare iron from them, and use the mountain meal, composed of them, as food in hunger." Another writer, in his "Thoughts on a Pebble," observes: "Investigation has shown that a great proportion of the mass of the (flinty) pebble is actually composed of the aggregated fossil skeletons of animalcules, so minute as to elude our unassisted vision—yet revealed to us in all their delicacy of structure on the application of the microscope." The layers of flint in chalk beds are considered to be formed of the silicious coverings of these little creatures. The edible clay of Samarang and the bread of the Finns consist in part of their shells.* Ten millions of millions of the creatures forming this earth would probably be required to fill the space of a cubic inch. The thought is overwhelming! But this is not all. The polishing slate so much in request, and the hone by which we give an edge to the razor and mechanical tools, are composed of myriads of these animalcules. Yea, every grain of dust on which we set our feet may have been a living creature!

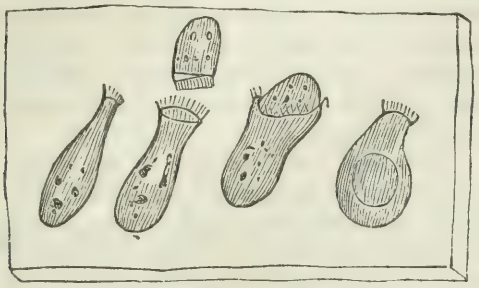


THE PROTEUS IN VARIOUS ASSUMED SHAPES.

We now give attention to some of the more

* According to Dr. Carpenter, this earth contains above 80 per cent. its weight in animal matter.

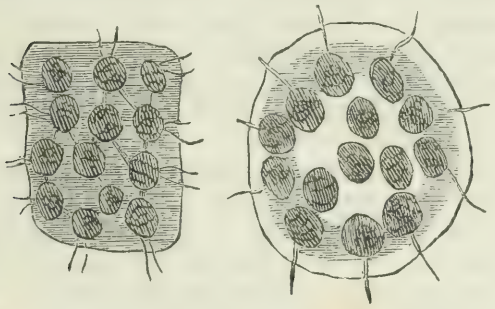
perfectly developed forms of animal life; but must, from want of space, pass over many that it would be otherwise interesting to contemplate. The Proteus consists of a gray-looking mass of jelly; and though its original shape may be termed globular, it is always changing, shooting out a variety of rays, forming temporary oars for locomotion, or accommodating its figure to that of the animalcule it is about to swallow. The flask animalcule is a very beautiful little creature. It resembles a Florence flask of such dimensions as to be barely visible to the naked eye. The mouth is surrounded by a number of animated hairs which move as in the Proteus. The engraving represents this little creature in



FLASK ANIMALCULE.

its ordinary state, preparing to swallow prey almost as large as itself, having the victim partially, and then wholly swallowed.

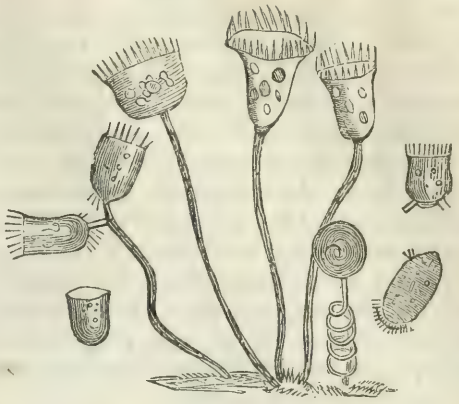
We have now before us a species called Gonia, or tablet animalcules. They have a single shell,



GONIA.

and, in process of self-division, develop themselves in clusters, in the form of a four-cornered tablet or plate. The breast-plate Gonium is of a beautifully transparent green color, and is so called, because, in clusters of sixteen bodies, it is disposed in a quadrangular form, like the jewels in the breast-plate of the Jewish high-priest. The shell of each single creature is nearly round, and resembles a mantle, which they are able to cast off, and form anew. The power which these little creatures possess, when their size is considered, is amazing. The little probosces are all in motion, and the plate may be seen moving horizontally, vertically, and then again on its edges like the rotation of a wheel.

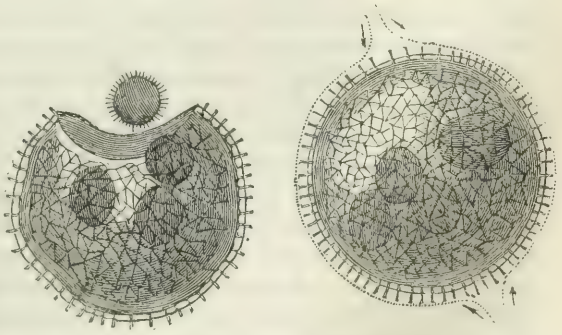
The bell-shaped animalcules must not be lightly passed over. They are beautiful creatures, resembling living wine-glasses, barely visible to the naked eye. The body of the animalcule represents the bell of the wine-glass, which is supported by a slender stem, and attached to some foreign object. It is so sensitive as to be able to coil itself up, or become elongated at pleasure. The mouth, corresponding with the margin of the glass, is



VORTICELLA.

covered with a fringe of quivering, hair-like appendages, by means of which it obtains its food. When in quest of prey the stem is elongated, and the body of the creature turned in the direction where it is most abundant. If alarmed, it suddenly twists its stem into a spiral form, and shrinks from danger. It will be perhaps interesting to inform the reader of the manner in which this creature is propagated. The parent body is spontaneously split into two young animals, as is the case with many other animalcules. Before dividing, the body increases in breadth. A fissure then occurs, extending from the mouth to the stem. "One half sometimes becomes detached, and swims away, leaving the stem fixed to the other half, which then continues to live as it did before." Generally, however, both separate from the original stem. In the newly formed bells, hair-like organs of locomotion show themselves at the bottom of the bell. So soon, however, as the creature finds a convenient station—a stone, plant, or surface of an aquatic insect—it fixes the hinder part of its body, which it soon elongates into a new stem, and again assumes its original appearance.

One of the most beautiful inhabitants of a drop of water is the Volvox, or globe animalcule. "In shape in seems like a microscopic globe, turning round slowly on its own axis—a tiny world rolling



VOLVOX GLOBATOR.

majestically through the little quantity of water that forms its space, guided by some unseen and innate power." The body is a transparent spherical membrane, studded with delicate green spots, which swim about in the interior like wheels within wheels, and covered also with minute

vibrating hairs. But as soon as the growth of the internal globes is complete, the parent membrane bursts, and there issue hundreds and thousands of minute animalcules to an independent existence. Nor is this all. "If," says Professor Jones, "a small portion of the spotted film that surrounds, or rather forms, the body of the animalcule, be examined under more intense magnifying powers, every speck that dots its surface is perceived to be a perfectly formed animal—a monad; so that the envelope of the volvoces is but an assemblage of monads." Can there be any thing more astonishing? "An atom, almost imperceptible to unassisted vision, is composed of multitudes of beings, every one so complex in its structure as to be beyond the reach of our philosophy to understand!"

Here, then, we pause in our study of these minute beings. *We* call them minute; but before the eye of Omnipotence all such distinctions vanish. The small and the weak are regarded by him with the same benignity as the massive and the mighty. We, therefore, have the most powerful inducement to the exercise of an implicit confidence in Him, who not only caused the mountains to rise, the seas to flow, and the planets to revolve in their orbits, but has also created, with various animal functions, *points* of life far beyond the reach of our unassisted vision, and provides them with their daily food.

THE INN BY THE SEA-SIDE.

AN ALLEGORY.

BY ANNA HARRIET DRURY.

PHILALETHES dreamed a dream, and this was the purport thereof.

It was early one bright summer morning, that I found myself near a vast Ocean, on whose shore stood an ancient Inn, of considerable extent and noble architecture. Its front entrance was toward the high road: its foundations were washed by the sea. It seemed to be a place of much resort and traffic: the noise of the mill-stone, the trampling of horses, the voice of the pipe and viol, never ceased within its walls: the courts were full of guests, ever passing to and fro, all too busy with their own affairs to pay any regard to the inquiries of a stranger. Approaching, however, a group of men, engaged in conversation near one of the doors, I requested information touching the nature of the building, whose appearance so strongly excited my interest. The elder, who was called by his companions Gnosis, replied, with grave courtesy, "It has been built an immense time; no one can tell how long: I have carefully examined the stones, the timber, and the iron-work thereof, and I can prove its date to be of the highest antiquity. Its construction is perfect in its simplicity and proportion, and in every way adapted for the reception of the inmates."

Then I, Philalethes, asked again, "And who has built it, and who are those for whom it was erected? *Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest? or who laid the corner-stone thereof?*"

He smiled superior, as he replied, "It is said to belong to a great Proprietor, but He is never seen here, and the people who come, leave it at all hours, and make a very bad use of it. It was a fine estate once, but it is worth very little now."

Then I said, "And is it your residence now?"

"Yes," he replied, "we must stay here for a certain time like the rest: as for me, I find occupation in studying the construction of the edifice, and the depth of its foundations, and those who come after me will reap the fruits of my labors when I am gone."

"Gone whither, O courteous stranger?"

"Across the sea, that dark, unknown boundary that washes our shore. Nay," he added, with a scornful smile, "you must ask the servants of the Inn, if you will hear about that voyage, with which they would keep us in awe like silly children." And he folded his mantle round him and moved away.

"It is true," said another of the group, "we must all cross, sooner or later, so the best way is not to think of it, but enjoy the good things of the Inn while we can. The cellars are full of wine, and the storehouses of dainties; *so let us eat and drink, since to-morrow we must be gone.*"

"And well for us that we must," added a third, whose countenance was clouded with discontent, "an ill-regulated, miserable place, where there is neither fairness, nor order, nor justice, nor honesty. If I had the management of it for an hour, I would work vast changes, so that it should not be recognized again: every thing should be on a different footing: I would build up, and throw down, and plant and destroy, till it should be a palace fit for a king, instead of a den of thieves."

Then came a grave person to me, who was a Servant of the Inn, and he said, "*Who are these that darken counsel by words without knowledge?* Come, and I will tell thee the history of the building, and of those who dwell therein.

"This Inn is the property of a mighty King, who dwells beyond the Ocean; and was prepared by Him for the temporary accommodation of such of His colonists, as He designs should cross the waters, and dwell in His own Royal City. The date of the present edifice is registered in the Records; but the site was evidently occupied by buildings of different kinds—store-houses, laboratories, and such like, as it pleased the King to appoint. And even as it has been said of old, '*that the world by wisdom knew Him not,*' so is it with such as the traveler Gnosis, whose eye can discern the marvels He has wrought, but not the love that designed them."

So I followed the Servant of the King, and from him I learned the meaning of all I saw.

The travelers who came to this Inn never knew how many hours they would remain there: some were sent for before they had time to secure a lodging—some at noon—some at evening: but none remained longer than a day. The King had set up a proclamation that such would be the case, and warned them to be always ready;

for when His summons came, there could be no delay. All, therefore, that was necessary for them to care about was preparing their seafaring garments against the voyage, and settling with the King's treasurer their *Reckoning* for lodging and board.

Both these matters were under peculiar regulations. The dress of the travelers, in the first place, was quite unfit for the voyage they had to take; still more so for residence in the King's country, where the climate was so unlike their own. Therefore a sufficient supply of materials was kept at the Inn, and placed at their disposal directly they arrived, that they might lose no time in making them up to fit themselves. If they neglected to do so, it was at their own peril; for without these garments they could not reach the distant shore. For their Reckoning, also was provision made by the King. The country whence they came had long since become bankrupt, and *no sterling coin* was to be found there: consequently every traveler who reached the Inn arrived penniless, and must have remained so, if the King's Son had not, of his own wealth, provided a sufficient sum for the necessities of every individual. All that was charged against each traveler had only to be brought to the Reckoning Office, and it was immediately transferred to the Prince's account, and an acquittance bestowed in His Name. But as each article had to be accounted and paid for, and the travelers were warned by the Book of Regulations to have their accounts always clear, the Reckoning Office was always open, lest a summons should call them away so suddenly, there might not be time for the important work. It was a terrible thing not to have settled this Reckoning before the voyage; for by the laws of the kingdom, the debtor was not allowed to land, but banished to a *slave-ship*, was doomed to work in chains and misery *till he had paid the uttermost farthing*.

Now to enter this Inn there were many gates; to leave it there was but *one:* the former looked upon the high road; the latter opened directly upon the sea. The entrances were various: there was a princely archway—a flowery porch—a thick oaken door—and a little wicket, entwined with brambles. By one or other of these, the parties entered the Inn, according to their passport, and were conducted to the rooms prepared for them by the King's order. The rooms differed like the gates. There was a suite of apartments hung with cloth of gold, and rich with massive ornament: there was a marble court with fountains, and orange trees, and couches of swansdown: there were rooms plainly furnished, adapted both for comfort and utility: and there was a common hall, much exposed to the weather, and barely provided with necessaries. Unequal as these lodgings appeared, not one was appointed but by the King's order; and the very worst part of the Inn, the common hall, had been chosen by the King's Son for His royal residence, when he visited the building to provide for the travelers' debts.

Then, as I stood in the outer court in the early morning, I looked down the high-road, and behold, a troop of travelers came up to the Inn, and presented themselves at the several doors. A poor widow with three children went in at the Gate of Thorns: her name was Irene, and her face was like a calm summer evening. She was conducted to the common hall. Two men followed her: one, named Ergates, was stout and strong—the other, Agorastes, thin and careworn; the former was laden with tools—the latter carried a ledger and an ink-horn, and a bag of the base coin of his own country. These entered by the Gate of Oak, and took up their abode in the plainly furnished rooms. Next came a mixed train of youths and maidens, singing and waving garlands of flowers, and dancing to the music of their songs and laughter: and these were Chorea, Gelasma, Philos, Aglaia, and many others. They pressed through the flowery porch, plucking the roses as they entered; and I could hear the echo of their dancing feet, and the tinkling of their silver ornaments, as they hurried on to the Hall of the Fountain.

Last of all came a noble cavalcade of trampling steeds and floating banners, and on a white palfrey, whose mane was heavy with jewels, rode a royal and dazzling beauty, named Eugenia. She entered the high archway with a proud, bright glance round, as if the Inn was all her own; and her train, pressing after her, hastened to announce her arrival with the sound of the trumpet, and to burn incense and to strew flowers and rich robes before her steps, as she went on to the chambers that were hung with cloth of gold.

Then said the King's Servant to me, "Come, and I will show thee the dwellings of these people, and how they prepare for their voyage." And he took me to the Treasury of the King, and caused a herald to sound a trumpet, and at the summons, the travelers came together to hear the Royal decree.

They stood without distinction of rank, for in this apartment *the rich and the poor were to meet together*. And the King's Steward spake and said, "Hear, O ye travelers, the words of your Sovereign. Seeing that yourselves and all you have are His, and that this Inn is His, and all its contents are His, and that of His own free love to you He has laid up provision for your wants, and money to pay all you owe—acknowledge that you are poor and helpless, and that you have nothing, and are nothing without Him."

And they all bowed their heads, and said, "It is so."

Then said the King's Steward, "Hear, then, your Sovereign's commands. In this Inn you have only two concerns to care for: the preparation of your garments, and the settling of your accounts. Different as appear your lodgings, the King considers you all as equal; and as equals He will judge you. Let not then any thing induce you to give your thoughts and affections to this place, where you are only to stay for a short time: you know not when you may be summoned—*at even, or at noon-tide, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning*. The King's ships come at all

hours, and his Messengers will find you, wherever you may be. Some will be led away slowly—some hurried off in a moment: but four-and-twenty hours is the utmost of your stay, and many of you will not remain *one*. Be ye therefore ready: let your garments be prepared—let your Reckoning be clear: for in such an hour as ye think not, the King may send for you to visit Him."

Then, as if in answer to the Steward's voice, there arose a faint, plaintive cry; and I looked, and lo, a ship was close at hand, and from its deck came a shadowy form to where Irene and her children were standing. And the Messenger took the youngest child, and it fell in his arms asleep: and he carried it away to the vessel, and its mother saw it no more. And Irene wept, but not for long; and she said to the other two, who cried for the baby to come back, "He is not lost, but gone before; we shall go to him, though he will not return to us."

Then I saw the bright Eugenia beckon her to approach; and she spoke soft words of pity, and offered her a glittering chain, and a purse of the gold of the Colony. But Irene said it was the King's choice for her that she should wear coarse clothing until her white traveling garments were ready; and that no gold would be useful to her that had not the stamp of the King's Treasury. And she took her children in her hand and went to the Reckoning Office, and asked for the bounty of the King's Son, according to His promise: and returned to her own lodging, saying, "*He will gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom.*"

The gay dancers of the Fountain Hall had listened with suppressed reluctance to the Steward's address, and now they began to resume their amusements. They laughed at the poor widow's anxiety about her Reckoning.

"How much hast thou spent of thy large fortune already?" asked one.

"Is thy wardrobe packed up?" asked another.

"You will be ready hours too soon: you must of your superfluity help us poor helpless creatures," said another; and they followed her to the door of the common hall (but they went not in), and the sound of their insulting laughter reached her as she sat at work.

Then up sprung Irene's eldest son, and met them angrily. "What have *you* to do here, mocking our sorrow and poverty? Is it not enough that your entrance was through the roses, and ours among the thorns? that you recline on silken couches by the fountain side, and we lie on the cold stones, and eat a dry crust, obtained with difficulty; but ye must insult one much wiser than yourselves, and laugh where ye should fall and reverence?"

But Irene laid her hand on his arm, and gently drew him back. "What matters it, my son, if we entered among the briers, and rest upon the stones? *It is only an Inn*, remember: we are not going to stay here, and our lodging was chosen by the King, as our home will be to-morrow. *Let them curse, but bless thou;* the more trying our position here, the greater reason we should be ready to depart when our appointed time shall come."

Then I saw that among this poorer part of the Inn the King's Servants were continually passing to and fro; urging them to prepare their garments, and to have their accounts settled in the name of the King's Son. And my guide told me that chamber was the special object of the Prince's love, and was specially committed to their watchfulness: and that to those who would see and appreciate their advantages, it was by far the easiest apartment for getting ready in time—the nearest to the Board of Reckoning, and the Vestry where the King's robes were kept. And he led the way, and I followed him, among these favorites of the King; and he said to the first he met, "And how long is it, O traveler beloved of thy Lord, since thou was at the Board of Reckoning?"

And the man replied, "What have I received that I should be called to a Reckoning? My seat on the stones? my dry crust and cup of water? are these dainties and luxuries that need gold and silver to pay for them?"

And another said, "These grand stories of Kings, and princes, and long voyages to royal cities, are all very well for those who have leisure and education: if we had time, we should like them as well as others; at present we have too much to do, and to suffer. If the Lord of the Inn loved us as you say, He would lodge us differently, and treat us better."

Then said the King's steward, "*Blessed are ye that hunger now, for ye shall be filled.* He that spared not His own Son, shall he not freely give you all things?"

And they said, "What things, when we lack every thing?"

And he said, "The bread that came down from heaven, and the honey from the Rock, and the wine that is drunk new in the City of the King: the robes that will protect you in the tempest, the passport that will admit you into the haven. *Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened to you.*"

And some believed; and some laughed him to scorn.

Then he went into the lodgings of the two men, who had entered by the oaken-door. They were both hard at work. Ergates had set up a forge, and a lathe, and a loom, and his brawny limbs had no rest—first at one, then at the other—and he wiped his brows with his strong hand, and drew many a long, deep breath, for his powers were strained to the utmost. He forged instruments of labor and of war; he wrought wonders of mechanism and skill; and the other travelers thronged to purchase and admire, and marvel at the work of his hands. And the King's Steward saw him toiling on, and said, "And where is thy seafaring robe, O traveler? Is it ready against the voyage?"

And Ergates stopped his loom, and said, "Noble sir, I certainly have not made it yet. I

have no time. I have so many orders on my hands for the furnishing and improvement of the Inn, I have not a moment to think of myself."

But the Steward pointed to the Book of Regulations, where it was written, "*Labor not for the meat that perisheth.*" "*This is the work of the King, that ye believe in him whom He hath sent.*" And he took up a rich fabric of his loom, and threw it into the sea, and bade Ergates look: and lo, it shriveled into tinder, and was scattered to the winds. Then the man trembled, and turned from his employ, and began to arrange his garments; but first one, and then another, came claiming his time and skill, and he forgot the warning he had received, and went on more zealously than ever.

The Steward stopped behind the chair of Agorastes, and saw how he reckoned his piles of coin, and calculated in his heavy ledger; and he said, "And how stands thy Reckoning, O traveler, against the hour of thy departure hence?"

And he waved his hand impatiently, without looking up. "Disturb me not—I have no time; I have just wrought out a mighty scheme that will make me lord of the wealth of all this mansion, and almost equal to Eugenia herself. I will furnish every visitor with robes of fine linen and purple, and vessels of pure gold; and the price they will pay will become a treasure that will buy up the whole of this estate; but I must finish this estimate at once, lest another step in before me. Disturb me not with idle questioning."

And the Steward said, "Thou fool, this day thy Reckoning will be called for; and how will this base coinage pay thy debt?" And he showed him where it was written, "*Riches profit not in the day of wrath.*" "*Sell all thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven.*" But the man was deep in another column of figures, and did not even know when his reprover left him.

Slowly went the Steward on to the Hall of Mirth and Pleasure, and his gray head shook sadly, and for the first time I saw him hesitate. He loved those young and careless creatures, all song, and gayety, and loveliness; for he knew his Prince loved them too; and would fain see them rescued from the sorrow and bondage they were preparing for themselves. He looked at the scattered groups, feasting and amusing themselves by the fountain, and among the flowers, and said in a voice that drew all eyes upon him, "Rejoice, O young travelers, in your youth, and let your hearts cheer you in the days of your youth, and walk in the counsels of your heart, and the light of your eyes: but know ye, that for all this, the King will call you to a Reckoning. Will these garlands clothe you for your ocean path? Will these myrtles clear you of your debts to your Lord?"

Then said Gelasma, the gayest of the youths, "May we not be glad and happy? were we not sent here for that end? We are only just come, and no one thinks of sailing before night: it will be plenty of time when the sun goes down, to begin packing up. Any one can make a traveling robe: it is simple enough."

And Philos said, "We do no harm—we are quite innocent toward the great King, He gives us flowers and fruits and a bright home, and we enjoy them. It will be no great Reckoning we shall have to pay: we do not live in cloth of gold, like Eugenia and her train."

But the Steward replied, "Another hour or two, and the flowers will have faded, and the fruits decayed; what will be left to you then? Your *home* call you this lodging? You are not sure of remaining a moment, and the more the King has brightened your sojourn, the heavier will be your debt at the end."

"And will the King be hard upon us then?" asked the young Aglaia, in a startled tone.

"He will keep his word," said the Steward, "for he can not lie nor repent. He has promised to receive you on His own terms—He has sworn *not* to receive you without them." But Gelasma caught her hand before she could speak again, and whirled her away into the dance.

Then the King's Servant sighed deeply, and said, "*Who hath believed our report?* Lo, these are young, these are ignorant, they know not the law of their Lord, nor the judgment of their King. I will get me to the great men, and speak to them."

So he went up to the stately staircase, thronged with attendants and visitors, carpeted with velvet, and breathing richest perfume, unto the chamber of the Cloth of Gold, where Eugenia held her court. But so closely pressed the crowd round her throne, the Steward could not force a passage; so he lifted up his voice and called to her, "Are thy garments prepared, O Eugenia? Is thy Reckoning paid in the name of the King's Son?"

There rose a shout of derision, and a deep murmur of resentment, "Who is this that speaks thus to our Queen? who calls *her* to a Reckoning, for whom this palace was reared, and whose slaves and servants are we all? Away with such a fellow from our presence, and let him carry his questions to the herd in the hall below!"

The King's Servant heeded none of these taunts: he still kept his eye on the throne, and, at the first pause, again raised his voice. "The day is passing away; the Ships are even now on the ocean; there will be no delay, no respite when they arrive: for all the pomp of thy lodging, the profusion of thy banquets, the boundless liberality of thy King toward thee and thine—how stands thy Reckoning, O Eugenia?"

She heard his voice, and her bright cheek paled: and she beckoned to a white-haired attendant on her person, and bade him carry a rich present to the King's Steward, and request that he would settle for her whatever was his Master's due. But the King's Servant replied, his Master would never look at accounts not presented by the debtors themselves: all that he, or any one could do, was to show the way to the Reckoning Office, and help the travelers to sum

up their liabilities. Eugenia could only be freed in the same manner as the poorest in the Inn.

When Eugenia heard this, she sent to the Steward a casket of rubies and a purse of gold, and a letter of acknowledgment for what she had received, and promised to come herself as is soon as the affairs of her friends were settled: for she had disputes to reconcile—places to arrange—duties to appoint—works to superintend: to visit the banquets of her own apartments—the diversions of the Marble Hall—the labors of the Oak Chamber—even the lodging of those who entered the Gate of Thorns, and who received the fragments of her table, had a share, though small, of her attention: and with all this, how could she find leisure for the Reckoning Office?

And the courtiers round her throne praised her goodness and wisdom; and the voice of the King's Servant was drowned in their applause. So he lifted his hand with a warning gesture, and repeating, "*Now* is the accepted time!" turned, and went his way.

I watched the changing crowd as they pressed upon one another in these magnificent rooms: those in the outer apartments pushing forward toward the throne: those nearest to it, struggling there for pre-eminence. Youth, elegance, rich attire, noble aspect, and impetuous demeanor, marked the greater number: but there were also many other characteristics, quite inconsistent with the condition of travelers in so serious a position as their own. I saw many a fierce glance—many an angry gesture—many a half drawn weapon—as some stronger rival obtained a favorite seat, or a nearer place at the royal board: and there were some that when they had worked their way through half the crowd, were violently thrust back into the antechamber; and others were thrown down and trampled on, and lost in the confusion: and more again, that having attained the object of their striving and struggling, stood round the throne, or reclined at Eugenia's feet, with a listless discontent, that showed of how little value they found it, though despising all who reached it not.

And I said to myself, "Can this be only an *Inn?*"

Nearest to the bright-haired Eugenia, and highest in her favor, stood a youth with golden locks, and starry eyes; fairer than the fairest in the Fountain Hall, and with a voice like a summer bird. He whispered soft notes in her ear; he wove wreaths to lay at her feet; he seemed to live but for her alone. I noticed, that when the King's Servant spoke, the cheek of young Agenor grew pale; and he turned aside, and began to examine the dress that had been given him to prepare, though with caution and secrecy: and when he could escape the ridicule of his companions, stealing down to the Board of Reckoning. But of the rest, I could see but little sign of the journey they were to take. Their account went on swelling with their reckless profusion; they took no thought how it should be defrayed; they covered the board with the richest dainties the storehouse of the Inn contained; but they never thought of the King whose wealth they reveled in, whose commands they were slighting every moment. And so the morning wore on, and it was noon.

Noon—bright, sultry noon—and yet the Inn had grown dark; and as the clock chimed the mid-day hours, the darkness grew deeper still. A breathless awe seized on the travelers, and their eyes turned in terror toward the sea. And there, riding at anchor close to the ancient walls, was a Ship of the Great King, with His broad banner displayed; and a troop of shining Messengers came in at every gate. And then it was I perceived, that in every room, whether hung with velvet, or festooned with flowers, or curtained with plain linen, the walls that seemed so solid, were full of narrow passages leading down to the Gate of Departure; by which one after another of the travelers continually disappeared.

Now this *Gate of Departure* was a fearful place to look upon. It was hewn out of the solid rock, and of such massive thickness as to seem more like a vault than an archway. On its threshold brooded silence; and sorrow and mourning kept the doors thereof. No sound of the cheerful stir or busy strife of the Inn's upper chambers reached this lonely spot, where the only voice was that of the sea, whose hollow roar echoed against the damp, mossy walls. No ray of the noon-day sun relieved its gloom, or warmed its sepulchral chill; but a cold and oppressive mist was continually rolling around it, and every leaf of the dank ivy and tangled weeds that matted the entrance and curtained the top stone, drooped with the dark and heavy dew that was ever falling silently among them.

Then was my heart disquieted within me, when I looked upon this place, and I said to the King's Servant, "Why, since there is but one Gate for all the travelers, is it made so terrible as this?"

And he said, "This *Gate* was once a place of beauty, and the flowers that grew on its threshold were from the land beyond the sea. But the people who came to the Inn brake down the carved work thereof with axes and hammers, and it became a place for briers and thorns: poisonous weeds choked the pathway, and serpents and scorpions lurked in the ruins. Then could none go through in safety, and the fear thereof held every traveler in bondage. But when the King's Son visited the Inn, he went out at the Gate, and cleared the way. The serpents stung him in the side, the thorns pierced his hands and his feet, but they could not bar his progress; he broke up the ground, and rooted out the thorns, and passed through. and since then the Gate has been open to all. There is no sting of brier or of serpent left but what the travelers bear along with them."

Then others of the King's Servants drew near, and talked of the Gate, and of those who had gone out by it. Once past that gloomy threshold, there was no return: no voice of friend, or parent, or of child, could call the traveler back

the command of the King or of his Son alone, had power to stay their progress. Sometimes, it was reported, a face had been seen looking in at the Gate for a moment, as if on the point of return: and there was no sight in all the Inn so much feared by the inhabitants. But One only by His own power, had actually returned, and that was the Prince Himself, who, when His work was fully accomplished, and every obstacle removed, unlocked the inner Gate with His own hand, and bade his servants proclaim through the Inn that *the way to the Holiest was open.*

What the terrors of that victory had been, they could only darkly guess. Fearful sounds had broke forth as of a mighty struggle—and once a cry had rung through the deep, dark vault, that shook the Inn to its foundation. But no serpent's tooth, no poison bough, could stay that glorious One in His work: agonizing as was the contest, He yielded not an inch; but step by step, thorn by thorn, He went on till all were rooted out, and wrote in His own blood on the lintel of the door-post, "*O Death, where is thy sting?*"

. . . . . .

And as I stood and listened, a cry rang through the building—a cry of piercing anguish; and Aglaia, her garland withered, and her light robe torn, came flying to the King's Steward who had warned her before, and clasped him round the knees. "Save me! O save me! they have come to call me away! they have come to call me away, and my Reckoning is not made, and my garments are not ready, and I am undone for ever!"

I looked, and saw a Messenger at a little distance, who seemed waiting to give her time. The Steward saw him too, and he knew no time was to be lost; so he cheered and raised, and urged her on to hasten to the Reckoning Office while it was yet within reach. It seemed a dreadful struggle; for when she attempted to estimate all she had received, and how it had been spent, that she might write it in *the tears of Repentance*, (which are the ink of the King's Counting-house), the echo of the song and the dance—the images of her gay companions, came back to disturb and distract her, and she could hardly proceed at all.

Her young friends tried to console and reassure her, telling her how graceful and fitting was her muslin robe for the journey: but Aglaia was wiser now than the wisest among them: she felt the cold air of the sea chilling her veins, and that nothing but the white dress of the Prince could defend her. Oh! how she clung to the pitying servants—wept at their feet—pressed their hands—deplored her own folly in having wasted so much time, and forgotten she had only a few hours to stay. "Oh take warning by me, dear friends—take warning!" were the last words I heard her utter, as the Messenger, calm and grave, but less terrible than before, folded his arm round her sinking form, and bore her to the Ship. I turned to the Steward to learn what he thought of her destiny, and read hope in his face, though full of sorrow. "Alas!" he said to the awe-struck group who had watched their young friend's distress, "why was not this begun sooner, and all this agony spared? And *why stand ye here all the day idle*, when there is so much work to be done? Remember the hours of darkness, for they shall be many; and put away evil from your ways; for the King has said, that *childhood and youth are vanity.*"

His words were interrupted by a rush of footsteps, and the sound of many voices ringing through a narrow passage that led from the cloth of gold to the low dark gate: and Eugenia, followed by her train burst into the hall. "Hast thou seen him, my father—hast thou seen him? my friend, my brother, my companion—Agenor, with whom I took sweet communion, and with whom I hoped to take my journey to the land of the great King? Hast thou seen him? Did he pass this way? He could not go and leave me thus alone: he was not ready—his time was not come—he had so much to do for me—for all—for the King's service; he can not have been summoned yet—tell me, O tell me, where is he?"

The King's Servant took her hand, and led her to the Gate: the bleak air whistled under the low archway, and struck on her bosom like lead; but she heeded it not—she had fallen on her knees—her hair floating back, her arms extended toward the well-known image just disappearing in the darkness; and all she could utter was the piteous cry, "Come back to me, O Agenor, my brother!"

But Agenor came not back: the voice that was his music once reached not his spirit now: he was gone through the Gate by which was no return, and his place in the great Inn was empty, as the heart of poor Eugenia, who *would not be comforted, because he was not.*

I watched her again later in the day, when she had returned to her princely lodging; but never more did I behold on her brow the proud gladness of her early morning. The shadow of the Gate where Agenor had gone out, remained like a mist upon her sunny brow, and her glance was continually on the ocean, as if watching for his return. Her crowded presence-chamber, her flattering friends, the gorgeous banquet, the homage, the song, and the revel, brought no joyous glow into her fading cheek: they had become a wearisome pageant; and her attendants looked in vain for the gay smiles and playful sallies with which their courtesies were received before. So by degrees they began to be offended, and to weary of her melancholy, and they said one to another, "Let us choose a Sovereign to sit at our banquets who has a bright eye and a joyous laugh; and leave this dull and spiritless creature to get ready for her journey if she pleases." And they drew apart from the throne, and fell to quarreling vehemently among themselves as to which should be the greatest: until from words they came to blows, and swords were drawn, and many who held themselves secure of victory were thrust by their neighbors

unto the wall, and disappeared in the secret passages.

Eugenia gathered her mantle around her, and left the apartment in silence: I asked my guide whither she was going, and he said, "Come and see."

And I looked, and lo, there was a spacious Vestry, where the travelers obtained their sea garments, and where the Book of Regulations lay open for all comers, with a full description of the attire necessary for the voyage. The robe was of a pure white tissue, and it was the *righteousness* of the King's Son; and the mantle was of green, bordered with lilies, and it was the mantle of *Humility:* and the girdle was of fine twined linen, strong and durable, and its name was *Watchfulness:* and the clasp was made of three priceless jewels, *Faith, Hope, and Love*—(but the greatest of the three was Love)—and the shoes were *the preparation of the Gospel of peace.*

Now on the border of most of the robes there was a fringe of pearls, fastened with *a ribbon of blue*, which the Prince Himself had worn when a dweller in the Inn, and which he had ordered his people to wear, as a sign that they were His. And I asked my guide what this meant; and he said, "These *pearls* are chiefly found in the poorest part of the building, and must be carefully gathered and strung by whosoever would wear them. They are very precious in the King's sight, when they fringe His Son's robes, hung on the *blue ribbon*, which is called *Simplicity:* but there are some who are not satisfied with this, but substitute the fringe for the robe, and try to form a garment of the pearls, instead of an ornament; and as there is not time to gather enough of the true gems, they obtain *false pearls* at a cheap rate—glass beads of no value—and so trick themselves out to their own glorification, and the wonder of their friends. But this is not pleasing to their Sovereign; and the first breath of the ocean melts their tinsel away, and leaves them poor and naked."

I saw that Eugenia was selecting her garments; but I could discover no trace of the Prince's white robe. Her dress was *sorrow* and *mourning*, and the mantle was *the spirit of heaviness:* her dark locks were strewn with ashes, and though she wore the jeweled clasp on her girdle, its lustre was hid by a vail, woven in the loom of *Despondency* and *Regret.* Thus draped in sadness, she drew her glittering sandals from her feet, and went unshod to the hall of the poorer travelers, to gather pearls for her garment's fringe.

They were not difficult to find; for since she had wept, her eyesight had grown clearer; and as she went on from one to another, binding up the bleeding hearts, and pouring in oil and wine, the priceless gems of the tears of gratitude grew thickly upon her path, and the blessings of her fellow-travelers were the first music she had listened to since Agenor crossed the sea

But when she would have strung them on her robe, she found they would not hang there. The stuff was too rigid for the Prince's ribbon, and the pearls dropped off, and were broken. And she went to the King's Steward, and said, "Lo, I have borne the burden and heat of the day: I have left all, and followed the Prince; and yet my garment will not bear its fringe; and *I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocency.* When the ear heareth me, it blesseth me; when the eye seeth me, it beareth witness of me; and yet I am disgraced in the sight of my brethren, and my lord acknowledgeth me not. Where is the justice of the King, that giveth thus sowing without harvest, and rendereth not for our work?"

And the King's Servant answered mildly, "Come, and I will show thee how thy pearls should be strung." And he took her to the lodging of Irene, where she had been all day long preparing for her voyage, and that of her children; and when Eugenia looked, she saw her robe was white and glistening, and its border heavy with gems; and yet she was working still—refreshing its gloss from the *fountain opened* by the Prince *for sin and all uncleanness*, shaking off the dust of the Inn from her feet, and lending a helping hand to every neighbor who wanted a friend And the heart of Eugenia yearned on this poor widow, and she cried to her, "How is it that thou hast sorrowed so much, and yet thy garments are white, and thy head lacketh no ointment?"

And Irene replied, "I gave my mourning to the Prince, and He laid it up in His Treasury· He gave me joy for weeping—*the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness:* He told me He was a father to the fatherless, and the Husband of the widow, and that to-morrow I should be with Him. So shall it be with thee, if thou wilt go and do as he bade thee, *casting all thy care on Him, for He careth for thee.*"

Then said Eugenia, "But wouldst thou not prefer a better lodging, and better fare, and a softer couch to rest upon?"

"Nay," said Irene, "*this is but an Inn:* what matters a little inconvenience? If I occupy to-day my Prince's lodging, and to-morrow the place He has prepared for me, am I not royally provided for?"

"And thou art not afraid of the long voyage then—nor of the roaring of the mighty sea?"

"The voice of the sea is that of a familiar friend; at all hours I am listening to its murmur: the breeze that finds such ready entrance through these shattered walls, brings its low solemn murmur to my ears, soft as that in the winding shell. There where my little one has sailed, there where my Prince has walked, my heart can see nothing but a path to my happy home."

"Happy, happy Irene!" said Eugenia, as she turned away, "Why did I not enter by the Wicket of Thorns, and eat the bread of poverty like thee?"

"Because," said a Voice behind her, "the King hath work for thee elsewhere."

She turned, and saw a Shadow by her side,

and knew it was a Messenger of the Great King. "Is mine hour come, O terrible One?" she said, pale as the ashes on her head, and trembling as the aspen in the wind.

"Not yet," said the Voice, "but it is at hand; and I shall follow thee till the moment shall arrive."

"And is my dress right? am I fit for the voyage? lo, I have laid aside all the garments of my joy, *and I have eaten ashes like bread, and mingled my drink with weeping*:—am I not arrayed as a traveler should be?"

Then said the Voice, "This robe is not the Prince's robe, and these ashes are not the anointing of the Holy One. If thou wilt be perfect thou must keep His commandments."

"And my Reckoning, O terrible companion? Will not these pearls He loves so well, pay my debt to the Great King?"

Then said the Voice, "These oughtest thou to have done, and not to leave the other undone. There is no other payment received in this Inn but the unsearchable riches of the King's Son."

Then I heard a voice that said, "*Ho, every one that hath no money, come!*" And Eugenia hastened to obey; and the Shadow followed after.

It was some time before I saw her again, for great confusion and tumult had arisen in the Inn, and angry voices were growing louder and louder. And in the midst thereof the sky, hitherto so bright, clouded over; and soon the lightning flashed in the windows, and the thunder shook the roof: the floods arose against the shore, and hail and rain came down in torrents. Not a room escaped uninjured, and it seemed as if the whole building was about to crumble to pieces. A body of water broke into the apartments of the cloth of gold, overturned the regal board, and swept away some of the richest ornaments and furniture; smote some of the fairest plants in the fountain hall; quenched the furnace, and shivered the loom of Ergates; and flooded the common hall, where it found at last an outlet. And when the storm had a little subsided, there rose around the stewards of the King, the cry of many voices in tribulation and wrath. The crowded dwellers of the common hall came breathing rage and bitterness against the Great King, and against their appointed lodging. "Why are we thrust out from the best rooms, and exposed to cold and heat, and wind and rain? Why are we fed so poorly—tasked so heavily—and despised by our brethren? Why is not the Inn given equally to all, and made strong against the tempest, that the people of the King may all be equal, and may all be at peace?"

And the dancers by the marble fountain came weeping with their faded garlands, and said, "Why are the flowers of this house so swift to perish, and who suffered the serpents to twine among the orange boughs? Why do the fruits turn to ashes, and the thorns spring from the myrtles, and blight and decay creep in among all that is most beautiful and beloved? Who can be happy among such cruel disappointments? Why were we brought here to be mocked with a semblance of pleasure, to find we have *sown the wind, and have only reaped the whirlwind?*"

And the proud inmates of the chief rooms came forth with bitter menaces, and they said, "Why are the annoyances that are meant only for the mean and vile permitted to disturb our palace chambers? Why do we find no peace, no comfort, in our gorgeous banquetings, our velvet drapery, our couches of gold tissue and pearls? Every thing wearies and turns to bitterness; all is vanity and vexation of spirit; we *spend money for that which is not bread, and our labor for that which satisfieth not.*"

And the King's servant answered and said, "And who ever told you, O travelers, that this was a place for you to dwell in? Who told you its roof would let in no water, or that its fruits would know no decay? Were it indeed so, you would never wish to leave it, and the mansions of the King's Royal City would remain unfurnished with guests. *This is but an Inn*, remember—it is not your home."

His voice was interrupted by another cry, more bitter than the preceding. In the endeavor to rescue his property, Ergates had received a blow that broke his right arm and crushed his side: and now when he was brought forth to a place of safety, his lamentations were loud and piteous. "I was just finishing a work, a brilliant work, that would have endured as long as this Inn itself: my name would have been remembered through all ages:—and now all my hope is destroyed, my labor is in vain, my work is ruined, and my hand powerless. Why was I cheated with brilliant prospects, to end so cruelly as this?"

"O traveler," said the King's Servant, "is it the King's fault that thou didst prefer the praise and the profit of a workman of this Inn—the Inn where thou couldst only remain a day—to the happiness of being ready for thy voyage home? Supposing thy name were remembered here with honor by every caravan that passes through—what would it profit *thee* when thou art gone, it may be, to the *Slave-Ship*, where is weeping and gnashing of teeth in chains and darkness? This Inn, strong as it seems to thee, will one day crumble into ruins; the waves of the bottomless sea will sweep over it, and not a trace be left to show where it stood. But the Home to which the King's people are traveling, is built upon sure foundations, in a land where *there is no more sea:* the works wrought there perish not in the using; the glory bestowed there fadeth not away. *Thither cometh no galley with oars, no gallant ship passeth thereby*, to take friend from friend, or child from parent, or leader from the people committed to him: there the trees never wither—no evil beast may harbor therein—*there the inhabitant never saith, I am sick*—no hand is weary, and no heart breathes a sigh;—all are safe *there* forever and forever!"

Then did Irene, and those of every chamber, whose hearts were beyond the sea, lift up their

voices and sing, "Home, blessed home! rest of the weary—comfort of the afflicted—dwelling of our Father and our King! Home! we shall go home! and our journey shall be over; and we shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more, neither shall the sun light on us, nor any heat. For there the lamb that is in the midst of the throne shall feed us, and lead us to living fountains of waters, and the King shall wipe away all tears from our eyes." . . . .

My vision now became rather indistinct of what was going on in the building; but as the storm subsided, I again perceived the apartments of the Cloth of Gold, and that the throne was still vacant. In the faces of the glittering throng was much of consternation and dismay; and by their terrified glances at the doors, and the noise that kept increasing without, it was evident they were expecting an enemy. In fact, the travelers in the common hall, excited by their hardships, and urged on by Agorastes and others for their own covetous ends, had risen in great numbers, and declaring the Inn was their's, and every room in it as much their right as any body's, were rushing up the great staircase to seize on it by force. And the hearts of the gay and proud were like water, *and all faces gathered blackness*, and a murmur arose among them, "Where is Eugenia, our head, our leader? She ordered every thing among us: she must bear the blame. Come and let us seat her on her throne, and see if she will deliver us from the hands of those that hate us." So they sent a deputation in search of her, and they found her at the Board of Reckoning.

A heavy task it had been for her to reckon up the expenses of her bright morning; and a heavy account had the King's Treasurer brought in against her. Rank, power, influence, authority, example, ability—all had to be accounted for: duties neglected, opportunities missed, time misemployed or trifled with; the more stately the lodging, the heavier the price—the higher the position, the deeper the liability. And as the accounts had been so many hours neglected, they were the more difficult to reckon up and calculate: many a page of the book of repentance was turned over in sorrow; and often did Eugenia's heart feel ready to burst with its burden. The shadow of the Messenger was ever about her, gathering round her beauty like a robe, and darkening the lustre of her eyes, like a mountain mist over a deep clear lake. Her cheek was pale with suffering, and her bloom was faded like a flower. But her garments were assuming a traveler's appearance: she had laid aside her weeds for the Prince's robe; and one by one the ashes were dropping from her dark hair. And I heard the King's Treasurer say to her, "Thy Reckoning is well-nigh paid, though it is heavy—*for thou lovest much:* but one thing yet is unaccounted for. *Where is the flock that was given thee—thy beautiful flock?*"

And she blushed and answered, "Lo, I have left all, and followed thee."

Then he said, "The room where the King placed thee is that where thou shouldest be found. Return to thy chamber, and be faithful and vigilant to the end, even if thy crown be like thy Master's, wreathed of thorns."

And then came up her former friends, and they said, "Return thou, and thou shalt be our head. Come, and be thou our ruler, and let this ruin be under thy hand."

And the Voice said, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might: for there is neither work, nor knowledge, nor wisdom, nor device in the journey whither thou art going." So Eugenia went with her people, and the Shadow followed after.

And as soon as the malcontents in the passages saw her face, they remembered how it had shone upon them in their dark lodgings; they recognized their pearls on her dress, and their axes and mattocks dropped from their hands. They said to her, "Return thou, and all thy servants, for not a hair of thine head shall fall to the ground. *Blessed is she that considereth the poor and needy: the King shall deliver her in the time of trouble.*"

Then Eugenia called her friends together, and said, "The day is far spent, and much has to be done. We have wasted the King's substance and neglected His commands. Come, and let us return to His service, and bring all our gold and our silver, and our purple and fine linen, and every thing that we can not carry away with us over the sea; and let us repair the breaches of our Master's house, that we may leave it better than we found it, according to the example of His Son."

Then arose Aristos, Philadelphos, and others like them, and said, "The King and His Son approve and help us, and we their servants *will arise and build.*"

Then all who wore the Prince's robe hastened to bring their rich mantles, and their jewels, and the ornaments, and vessels of their banquets, and they made curtains, and pillars, and bars, and repaired the ruin that the storm had made. They prepared bandages for the wounded, and couches for the weary, and medicine for the sick: and they cleared the way to the Board of Reckoning, and set the Book of Regulations on high among the people, that every one might read it. They lightened the hand of the King's Stewards, and refreshed them with their love and sympathy: and they exhorted one another to diligence and to perseverance in every good work. And Eugenia sent heralds into every apartment to say, "Come, and let us go up to the treasury of our Lord, and let all our debts be transferred to His Name:" and many were stirred up by this summons, and came from all parts of the house, saying, "We were glad when ye said unto us, We will go up to the treasury of the King."

Notwithstanding, it was but too evident how much time had been wasted, and that it would be impossible for the present caravan to finish all that had to be done, before the night came, when none could work. Besides, there were

some who wrought deceitfully, and some from pride, and some to be praised by Eugenia and the King's Servants: and these kept back their riches for themselves, and brought tinsel, and showy cloths of no value to hang on the walls of the King's house: and when they went up to the Board of Reckoning, it was only to display the accuracy of their dealings, and to claim wages at the King's hand for their services in his cause. And when they saw the poor and the timid and the ignorant asking the way to the treasury and the vestry, they hastened to stop their coming, and said, "Give *us* your accounts: the King owes *us* money; we will settle with Him, and all shall be right between you." And they gave them robes of their own weaving, and took presents at their hands, and sent them back to their lodgings unprepared: and suffered them not to see the King's Book, nor to hear the warnings of His Servants. Then I, Philalethes, was moved with anger, and I said to the King's Steward, "Why is this suffered to be?"

And he said, "For the trial of the people, that the King may see who are His, and who truly believe Him. Ever since the Inn was built, there have been some lying in wait to deceive: the King has warned them again and again not to listen to falsehoods like these, which will continue so long as the Inn continueth: but in His City entereth nothing that *loveth or maketh a lie*." . . . .

I stood by the Gate of Departure that evening, when the sun was setting on the water. The Inn was bathed in the golden flow of light, but darkness lay on that solemn and lonely portal—a darkness that might be felt. Many were gathered near, as if in expectation; Irene, calm, placid, and happy, for her eldest boy had just gone home in peace: and Ergates, crippled and worn, but with the light of energy in his eyes, speaking of a work that would endure: and Gelasma, and many more who had been won by her example, and whose smiles shone brighter in the Prince's attire than ever they had done in their own: all busy with their Reckonings, and trimming their dresses with pearls. And lo, there was a strain of lamentation, as one that mourneth for her first-born; and all eyes turned to the great staircase, down which, followed by her weeping friends, came Eugenia. The Shadow that had followed her so long had now assumed a vivid form, and his face was awful to look upon: and as they drew nearer the Gate of Departure, his grew more dazzling, and hers more pale. What she saw I know not; but the agony of a mortal fear was in her eyes. Sounds full of dreadful menace seemed breathing from the impenetrable gloom of the archway: beckoning fingers that pointed to her Reckoning, hiding the Prince's signature, and showing the stains on His robe: the clang of the fetters, of the scourge, of the heavy oars of the Slave-Ship—and the stern accents of One reminding her how He had called, and she had refused—He had stretched out His hand, and she had not regarded—overwhelmed her with unutterable distress. Still she went on, with bowed head and languid step; and it seemed as if she must be engulfed in the waters, for no Ship was at hand to receive her. The Messenger drew her forward, and she reached the threshold of the Gate, and there she sank upon her knees. "I came in full, and I go out empty: when I had abundance, I was an unprofitable steward: when I had opportunity, I was useless and rebellious: the King gave and the King taketh away: though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him!"

"Yea!" said Irene, "and thou shalt not trust in vain! Rejoice, O daughter of tribulation—shout, O chosen of the Mighty One! behold, thy King sendeth for thee, and the hour of thy deliverance is at hand!"

And even as she spake a Ship drew near; and melody that no earthly instrument could breathe, floated from its decks of cedar and its masts of fir. A light streamed from its banner, that illumined the archway and the Gate, and shed over Eugenia's drooping head a halo of celestial glory. The stern Messenger who had stood by her so long, disappeared in that bright glow; and in his stead came a glorious One with extended arms, who raised and bore her away. And the last sounds she uttered were the glad burst of gratitude, "*Surely Thou hast borne our sins, and carried all our sorrows!*"

Terrible was it to turn from this to the scene that immediately followed. A Voice had called on Agorastes, and Agorastes was not ready. How could he be? He had heaped up riches that could not profit, of the perishing gold of the colony; his silver and his gold were cankered, and the rust was in his soul like fire: his careful registers, his columns of calculations, his mighty schemes of finance—what could they avail him now? He had not a mite to defray his debt; not an instant to prepare his garments: and with the cry of those he had robbed and defrauded ringing in his ears, he was dragged to the Slave-Ship, and delivered to the tormentors *till he should pay all he owed.*

The shades of night were just gathering over the building, when one solitary figure went through the Gate. No crowd witnessed her departure, no terrors wrung her spirit; quiet, as had been Irene's stay in the Inn, was the manner in which she left it. The pearls round her white robe shone in the calm moonbeam; the jewels on her girdle gave a steady gleaming ray; they lighted her through the portal as she went singing forth, "Though I walk through the gate of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me. Surely goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and I shall dwell in the presence of my Lord forever!"

So she went up into the Ship, and a chorus of sweet singers that I could not see, the only witnesses of her departure, thus cheered her on her way: "Go, thou who hast believed, for thy Father is waiting for thee at home. *Thine eyes shall see the King in his beauty; thou shalt behold the land that is very far off!*"

A NIGHT AMONG THE WOLVES.*

WHEN a settlement was first made in South Kentucky, one of the great dangers of the colony was the universal presence of the wolf among those prairies and woods. The large, gray, gaunt brute inhabited every solitude of the plains, every recess of the mountain. Around the "Green River" lay heavy forests, into which no one ventured to go unless armed with a gun, and ready to meet the savage animal at every turn. Still, as the soil was fruitful, the climate pleasant, healthy, and equal, the country rich in productions, and every reward offered to industry, no one cared for these perils, and a settlement rose and prospered in that shady wilderness. Farms were scattered over the plain, and the barn-yards were robbed of calves and pigs; belated wayfarers were attacked, and sometimes even a child was carried away.

Gradually there was a population in South Kentucky. There was a town here and there, and there were many plantations, especially a little way below the mouth of the Green River, which pours its waters into the "rolling Ohio." Henderson was one of the most prosperous of these, but it was grievously haunted by wolves.

Henderson took its name—which extended to a whole county—from a family of wealthy planters located there. Now, they had an old black slave called Dick, who was a skillful fiddler, but good for little else. Nothing did he know, and nothing did he like, but the art of charming music from an old violin. Yet he was an important man—the most important "gemman of color" in all that country. Nothing, for forty miles around, could go on without his presence. Who could dance in the Juba ring; who could fly round in the festal circle on "cornshucking-day;" who could bless the merry nuptials of the slaves; who could trip it to the moon at "break-down" feasts, unless Dick the fiddler were there? None of these things could be enacted without him; so he was in continual request. His master was wealthy and good-natured, and allowed him to have very much his own way. He called him, indeed, a "necessary nuisance," because he kept the blacks in good-humor by the magic of his old violin.

It is said that all fiddlers have two characteristics—punctiliousness and punctuality. These, in the case of Black Dick, filled up, as it were, a sort of supplemental moral code. He would indulge you on other points, but unless you kept your appointment, and unless you behaved with propriety, Dick was not only severe, but implacable. It happened once that a grand marriage festival took place among the "colored people" at a plantation about six miles from Henderson. Old Dick, of course, was summoned to act as musician and master of the ceremonies. He dressed himself. He put on his blue coat, with its long tails and flaming gilt buttons. He rolled a brilliant cravat round an immensely high shirt-collar, starched as stiff as Dinah could starch it. He allowed the younger niggers to leave before him, because, though he liked punctuality, he would never demean himself by unbecoming haste, and, when ready—fiddle under his arm—he sallied forth alone.

It had been a severe winter. The cold bright stars were burning deeply in the clear sky. The snow was crisp and crackled under his feet. His way lay, for the most part, along a narrow path through a forest, where there was not a wagon-road for miles, and where at intervals a broad glade opened to the eye, half-full of light from the moon, half-full of shadows from the trees. It was a silent and dismal solitude—such a solitude that the very silence seemed full of echoes, the very loneliness full of beings. But Dick went on regarding nothing but the visions that played before his eyes, of a warm, cheering room, crowded with happy people, of every face beaming with satisfaction as he appeared, of homage yielded to him by old and young, of universal allegiance to his sway, as the viceroy of King Etiquette. Still, dignity and all things considered, he could not but hasten his steps. Perhaps he had lingered too long over the polishing of those brass buttons. Perhaps the setting and trimming of that splendid collar had delayed him beyond his time. Perhaps, too, he was anxious to get as quickly as possible out of the wood. And well he might wish as quickly as possible to get out of the wood. There was a rout of wolves at a distance on every side. They were yelling behind him: the dismal howl was echoed far in front; and right and left they were rushing with uncouth clamor through the forest in pursuit of their prey. Gradually the sounds came nearer. They seemed to be closing round him. He hurried as he heard them amid the crackling bushes. He began to run. He heard them tearing along the faster for his running. He leaped forward mad with horror, for the wood seemed alive with devils, and a pack of hungry wolves appeared charging upon him from every side.

But he soon stopped running. He knew the nature of the wolf: it is very cautious of attacking a human being, and never does so without following him first for a considerable time. If you walk steadily, without seeming afraid, it is still more hesitating. This the old fiddler understood. He kept on at a regular pace, afraid to run, lest the whole rout should be on him at once. But the danger continued to increase. Every moment Dick shuddered as a black form rushed by, and he expected to be seized, for as each brute approached him he heard its jaws snapping with a ring like that of a steel-trap. The pack was evidently gathering. But he knew that a little way on there was an old clearing with a deserted hut in the middle, and this he hoped to reach before the wolves began their attack.

They were, however, becoming each instant more audacious. He could see their wide green eyes sparkling through the thickets around. At

* This adventure actually happened, and is noticed by Webber, the hunter-naturalist.

length, some of them swept by close to his legs, snapping at him as they passed. He struck out with his fiddle. The strings jarred loudly, and, oh! what relief came to his shivering soul when he perceived that the sound made the brutes stand off. He immediately struck his hand violently across the chords. A wolf that was within two yards of him leaped aside in terror. He smote his violin vehemently again and again, and so proceeded, walking rapidly forward, raising that strange music in the woods to terrify the creatures that beset him.

Soon he reached the clearing. It was a broad space, covered with snow, which shone like a pavement of pearl in the watery light of the moon. All round the clear sky appeared like a silver trellis through the lace-like branches of the trees; and in the centre of the field stood an object, which Dick at once recognized to be the hut of which he was in search. He bounded hastily upon the white surface, scraping the strings with his hand until they shrieked harshly; and the wolves roared again with horror. They paused at the edge of the clearing, with tails between their legs, looking after the singular being whom they desired, but feared to attack. It was but for a moment, however. The savage instinct was instantly renewed, and again they gave chase, yelling along, their black shadows hurrying like phantoms over the snow. Still Dick continued striking his fiddle; but even this would not have saved him had he not reached the hut just as the whole pack was at his heels. In he rushed, slammed the rickety door, clambered up a beam, emerged through a hole upon the roof, and there remained perched on the gable, with the frail tenement literally shaking beneath his weight. Lucky it was for him that he had secured this position. The door of the cabin did not for a moment withstand the attack of the wolves who clambered against it, and immediately thronged the interior. They were now wild with rage. They leaped up, they gnashed their teeth, they closed their jaws with that sharp snap, so horrible to the ears of the fiddler, and he almost fell from his roost in despair: but he remembered the effect of his violin. He had not yet drawn the bow from its case, but now did so, and struck it shrieking across the strings, forced all the while to keep his legs kicking high in the air to avoid the trap-like fangs that were only a few inches below. In an instant the yells ceased, and the nigger went on, drawing forth the most wild, hysterical, and grating sounds from his friendly violin.

It was singular to observe, however, that this barbarous noise had no other effect upon the creatures than to astonish them. Even wolves can not be charmed by bad music. When the first surprise was over they renewed their attack. Presently a great gaunt head, lit by two eyes like globes of green fire, was thrust up through the roof!

"Who's dar?" shrieked the negro, mad with horror. An instinct saved him. Just as there seemed no thread of fate to hold him from being dragged down and made the prey of these ravenous brutes, he once more smote his bow upon the fiddle, and began playing with desperate energy "Yankee Doodle." The loud, animating, inspiring notes, caused instantaneous silence among the hungry rout below. Orpheus piping to the brutes, was no unmeaning fable. Dick won a kindred triumph. With astonishment he saw the result of his music. Around him was the most attentive audience that ever listened to his fiddling. But whenever there was the slightest pause the wolves sprang forward and commenced their howl again. Thus the black was forced to labor away, flinging his feet into the air, redoubling his vigor, and filling the whole clearing with this extraordinary harmony. A feeling of professional pride gradually stole over him in spite of his alarm. Now and then a thought of the wedding, of the warm lights, of the sweetened whisky, of the whirling dance, of the homage and admiration of the colored people, came regretful into his mind; but he knew that he was safe so long as he continued to play; so on he went, from *Yankee Doodle* to *Hail Columbia*, searching his memory for every lively strain, to charm away the ferocity of the strange auditors that couched around.

But pleasure, and pride, as well as patience, come to an end. It was a cold night; Dick had walked far and fasted long; his arms were weary of their exercise; he began to feel benumbed, hungry, and exhausted. Nothing, however, could be done but play on, for at every pause those fearful growls began again. There was no contenting that shaggy troop of connoisseurs, fidgeting as they sat, with lolling tongues and perched ears, through several hours of the wildest night that Dick had ever known. The moon went down low in the sky. A deeper shadow crept from under the arches of the forest. The stars seemed more pale, the forms of the trees more bare and gaunt, and the troop of wolves to multiply instead of diminishing.

At last, however, the negroes at the wedding feast became alarmed. They knew that of all the colored people Dick was the very minute-hand of punctuality; when he failed, it was invariably because something or somebody had failed him. Now therefore, that he was hours beyond his time, a serious accident must have occurred. They were all as much concerned by this fear as by the dread of losing the pleasurable excitement of a dance. So they took lanterns and staves, and went out through the plantations to look for him; and when they found him, he was still perched on the roof of the old hut, sawing upon his fiddle, running over all his tunes again, but ready to drop with weariness and cold. The wolves were driven off, and they reluctantly quitted the spot. Their forms might be seen lingering on the skirts of the wood; and as the negroes passed on with their old friend, a howl, rising at intervals, and an occasional rustling among the bushes, showed that the pack was still in wary and determined, but useless, pursuit.

It was long past midnight when Dick arrived

with his fiddle. There was no help for it, however. All that could be done was to go on all next day instead of breaking up in the morning. The doors were wide with welcome. The fires blazed high, and their light danced in ruddy streams over the floor. The corn-cakes were hot and the sweet whisky was abundant, so Dick was cheered after his adventures; and for many, many hours he went on playing to a happy crowd of revelers those airs of merriness which, to save his life, he had been playing all night to a pack of wolves.

BLEAK HOUSE.*

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CHAPTER XLIII.—Esther's Narrative.

IT matters little now, how much I thought of my living mother who had told me evermore to consider her dead. I could not venture to approach her, or to communicate with her in writing, for my sense of the peril in which her life was passed was only to be equaled by my fears of increasing it. Knowing that my mere existence as a living creature was an unforeseen danger in her way, I could not always conquer that terror of myself which had seized me when I first knew the secret. At no time did I dare to utter her name. I felt as if I did not even dare to hear it. If the conversation any where, when I was present, took that direction, as it sometimes naturally did, I tried not to hear—I mentally counted, repeated something that I knew, or went out of the room. I am conscious now, that I often did these things when there could have been no danger of her being spoken of; but I did them in the dread I had of hearing any thing that might lead to her betrayal, and to her betrayal through me.

It matters little now how often I recalled the tones of my mother's voice, wondered whether I should ever hear it again as I so longed to do, and thought how strange and desolate it was that it should be so new to me. It matters little that I watched for every public mention of my mother's name; that I passed and repassed the door of her house in town, loving it, but afraid to look at it; that I once sat in the theatre when my mother was there and saw me, and when we were so wide asunder, before the great company of all degrees, that any link or confidence between us seemed a dream. It is all, all over. My lot has been so blest that I can relate little of myself which is not a story of goodness and generosity in others. I may well pass that little, and go on.

When we were settled at home again, Ada and I had many conversations with my Guardian, of which Richard was the theme. My dear girl was deeply grieved that he should do their kind cousin so much wrong; but she was so faithful to Richard, that she could not bear to blame him, even for that. My Guardian was assured of it, and never coupled his name with a word of reproof. "Dick is mistaken, my dear," he would say to her. "Well, well! we have all been mistaken over and over again. We must trust to you and time to set him right."

We knew afterward what we suspected then; that he did not trust to time until he had often tried to open Richard's eyes. That he had written to him, gone to him, talked with him, tried every gentle and persuasive art his kindness could devise. Our poor devoted Richard was deaf and blind to all. If he were wrong, he would make amends when the chancery suit was over. If he were groping in the dark, he could not do better than do his utmost to clear away those clouds in which so much was confused and obscured. Suspicion and misunderstanding were the fault of the suit? Then let him work the suit out, and come through it to his right mind. This was his unvarying reply. Jarndyce and Jarndyce had obtained such possession of his whole nature, that it was impossible to place any consideration before him which he did not—with a distorted kind of reason—make a new argument in favor of his doing what he did. "So that it is even more mischievous," said my Guardian once to me, "to remonstrate with the poor dear fellow, than to leave him alone."

I took one of these opportunities of mentioning my doubts of Mr. Skimpole as a good adviser for Richard.

"Adviser?" returned my Guardian, laughing. "My dear, who would advise with Skimpole?"

"Encourager would perhaps have been a better word," said I.

"Encourager!" returned my Guardian again. "Who could be encouraged by Skimpole?"

"Not Richard?" said I.

"No," he replied. "Such an unworldly, uncalculating, gossamer creature, is a relief to him, and an amusement. But as to advising, or encouraging, or occupying a serious station toward any body or any thing, it is simply not to be thought of in such a child as Skimpole."

"Pray, Cousin John," said Ada, who had just joined us, and now looked over my shoulder, "what made him such a child?"

"What made him such a child?" inquired my Guardian, rubbing his head, a little at a loss.

"Yes, Cousin John."

"Why," he slowly replied, roughening his head more and more, "he is all sentiment, and—and susceptibility, and—and sensibility—and—and imagination. And these qualities are not regulated in him, somehow. I suppose the people who admired him for them in his youth, attached too much importance to them, and too little to any training that would have balanced and adjusted them; and so he became what he is. "Hey?" said my Guardian, stopping short, and looking at us hopefully. "What do you think, you two?"

Ada, glancing at me, said she thought it was a pity he should be an expense to Richard.

"So it is, so it is," returned my Guardian, hurriedly. "That must not be. We must arrange that. I must prevent it. That will never do."

* Continued from the April Number.

And I said I thought it was to be regretted that he had ever introduced Richard to Mr. Vholes, for a present of five pounds.

"Did he?" said my Guardian, with a passing shade of vexation on his face. "But there you have the man. There you have the man! There is nothing mercenary in that, with him. He has no idea of the value of money. He introduces Rick; and then he is good friends with Mr. Vholes, and borrows five pounds of him. He means nothing by it, and thinks nothing of it. He told you himself, I'll be bound, my dear?"

"O yes!" said I.

"Exactly!" cried my Guardian, quite triumphant. "There you have the man! If he had meant any harm by it, or was conscious of any harm in it, he wouldn't tell it. He tells it as he does it, in mere simplicity. But you shall see him in his own home, and then you'll understand him better. We must pay a visit to Harold Skimpole, and caution him on these points. Lord bless you, my dears, an infant, an infant!"

In pursuance of this plan, we went into London on an early day, and presented ourselves at Mr. Skimpole's door.

He lived in a place called the Polygon, in Somers Town, where there were at that time a number of poor Spanish refugees walking about in cloaks, smoking little paper cigars. Whether he was a better tenant than one might have supposed, in consequence of his friend Somebody always paying his rent at last, or whether his inaptitude for business rendered it particularly difficult to turn him out, I don't know; but he had occupied the same house some years. It was in a state of dilapidation quite equal to our expectation. Two or three of the area railings were gone; the water-butt was broken; the knocker was loose; the bell-handle had been pulled off a long time, to judge from the rusty state of the wire; and dirty footprints on the steps were the only signs of its being inhabited.

A slatternly full-blown girl, who seemed to be bursting out at the rents in her gown and the cracks in her shoes, like an over-ripe berry, answered our knock by opening the door a very little way, and stopping up the gap with her figure. As she knew Mr. Jarndyce (indeed Ada and I both thought that she evidently associated him with the receipt of her wages), she immediately relented and allowed us to pass in. The lock of the door being in a disabled condition, she then applied herself to securing it with the chain which was not in good action either, and said would we go up-stairs?

We went up-stairs to the first floor, still seeing no other furniture than the dirty footprints. Mr. Jarndyce, without further ceremony, entered a room there, and we followed. It was dingy enough, and not at all clean; but furnished with an odd kind of shabby luxury, with a large footstool, a sofa, and plenty of cushions, an easy-chair, and plenty of pillows, a piano, books, drawing materials, music, newspapers, and a few sketches and pictures. A broken pane of glass in one of the dirty windows was papered and wafered over; but there was a little plate of hot-house nectarines on the table, and there was another of grapes, and another of sponge-cakes, and there was a bottle of light wine. Mr. Skimpole himself reclined upon the sofa, in a dressing-gown, drinking some fragrant coffee from an old china cup—it was then about mid-day—and looking at a collection of wall-flowers in the balcony.

He was not in the least disconcerted by our appearance, but rose and received us in his usual airy manner.

"Here I am, you see!" he said, when we were seated: not without some little difficulty, the greater part of the chairs being broken. "Here I am! This is my frugal breakfast. Some men want legs of beef and mutton for breakfast; I don't. Give me my peach, my cup of coffee, and my claret; I am content. I don't want them for themselves, but they remind me of the sun. There's nothing solar about legs of beef and mutton. Mere animal satisfaction!"

"This is our friend's room, sanctum, studio," said my Guardian to us.

"Yes," said Mr. Skimpole, turning his bright face about, "this is the bird's cage. This is where the bird lives and sings. They pluck his feathers now and then, and clip his wings; but he sings, he sings!"

He handed us the grapes, repeating in his radiant way, "he sings! Not an ambitious note, but still he sings."

"These are very fine," said my Guardian. "A present?"

"No," he answered. "No! Some amiable gardener sells them. His man wanted to know when he brought them last evening, whether he should wait for the money. 'Really, my friend,' I said, 'I think not—if your time is of any value to you.' I suppose it was, for he went away."

My Guardian looked at us with a smile, as though he asked us, "is it possible to be worldly with this baby?"

"This is a day," said Mr. Skimpole, gayly taking a little claret in a tumbler, "that will ever be remembered here. We shall call it the Saint Clare and Saint Summerson day. You must see my daughters. I have a blue-eyed daughter who is my Beauty daughter, I have a Sentiment daughter, and I have a Comedy daughter. You must see them all. They'll be enchanted."

He was going to summon them, when my Guardian interposed, and asked him to pause a moment, as he wished to say a word to him first. "My dear Jarndyce," he cheerfully replied, going back to his sofa, "as many moments as you please. Time is no object here. We never know what o'clock it is, and we never care. Not the way to get on in life, you'll tell me? Certainly. But we *don't* get on in life. We don't pretend to do it."

My Guardian looked at us again, plainly saying, "You hear him?"

"Now Harold," he began, "the word I have to say, relates to Rick."

"The dearest friend I have!" returned Mr. Skimpole, cordially. "I suppose he ought not to be my dearest friend, as he is not on terms with you. But he is, I can't help it; he is full of youthful poetry, and I love him. If you don't like it, I can't help it. I love him."

The engaging frankness with which he made this declaration, really had a disinterested appearance, and captivated my Guardian; if not, for the moment, Ada too.

"You are welcome to love him as much as you like," returned Mr. Jarndyce, "but we must save his pocket, Harold."

"Oh!" said Mr. Skimpole. "His pocket? Now, you are coming to what I don't understand." Taking a little more claret, and dipping one of the cakes in it, he shook his head, and smiled at Ada and me with an ingenuous foreboding that he never could be made to understand.

"If you go with him here or there," said my Guardian, plainly, "you must not let him pay for both."

"My dear Jarndyce," returned Mr. Skimpole, his genial face irradiated by the comicality of this idea, "what am I to do? If he takes me any where, I must go. And how can *I* pay? I never have any money. If I had any money, I don't know any thing about it. Suppose I say to a man, how much? Suppose the man says to me seven and sixpence? I know nothing about seven and sixpence. It is impossible for me to pursue the subject, with any consideration for the man. I don't go about asking busy people what seven and sixpence is in Moorish—which I don't understand. Why should I go about asking them what seven and sixpence is in Money—which I don't understand?"

"Well," said my Guardian, by no means displeased with this artless reply, "if you come to any kind of journeying with Rick, you must borrow the money of me (never breathing the least allusion to that circumstance), and leave the calculation to him."

"My dear Jarndyce," returned Mr. Skimpole, "I will do any thing to give you pleasure, but it seems an idle form—a superstition. Besides, I give you my word, Miss Clare and my dear Miss Summerson, I thought Mr. Carstone was immensely rich. I thought he had only to make over something, or to sign a bond, or a draft, or a check, or a bill, or to put something on a file somewhere, to bring down a shower of money."

"Indeed it is not so, sir," said Ada. "He is poor."

"No, really?" returned Mr. Skimpole, with his bright smile, "you surprise me."

"And not being the richer for trusting in a rotten reed," said my Guardian, laying his hand emphatically on the sleeve of Mr. Skimpole's dressing-gown, "be you very careful not to encourage him in that reliance, Harold."

"My dear good friend," returned Mr. Skimpole, "and my dear Miss Summerson, and my dear Miss Clare, how can I do that? It's business, and I don't know business. It is he who encourages me. He emerges from great feats of business, presents the brightest prospects before me as their result, and calls upon me to admire them. I do admire them—as bright prospects. But I know no more about them, and I tell him so."

The helpless kind of candor with which he presented this before us, the light-hearted manner in which he was amused by his innocence, the fantastic way in which he took himself under his own protection and argued about that curious person, combined with the delightful ease of every thing he said exactly to make out my Guardian's case. The more I saw of him, the more unlikely it seemed to me, when he was present, that he could design, conceal, or influence any thing; and yet the less likely that appeared when he was not present, and the less agreeable it was to think of his having any thing to do with any one for whom I cared.

Hearing that his examination (as he called it) was now over, Mr. Skimpole left the room with a radiant face to fetch his daughters (his sons had run away at various times), leaving my Guardian quite delighted by the manner in which he had vindicated his childish character. He soon came back, bringing with him the three young ladies and Mrs. Skimpole, who had once been a beauty, but was now a delicate high-nosed invalid, suffering under a complication of disorders.

"This," said Mr. Skimpole, "is my Beauty daughter, Juliet—a remembrance of Shakspeare—plays and sings odds and ends like her father. This is my Sentiment daughter, Laura—a remembrance of Petrarch—plays a little but don't sing. This is my Comedy daughter, Susannah—a remembrance of Beaumarchais—sings a little, but don't play. We all draw a little, and compose a little, and none of us have any idea of time or money."

Mrs. Skimpole sighed, I thought, as if she would have been glad to strike out this item in the family attainments. I also thought that she rather impressed her sigh upon my Guardian, and that she took every opportunity of throwing in another.

"It is pleasant," said Mr. Skimpole, turning his sprightly eyes from one to the other of us, "and it is whimsically interesting, to trace peculiarities in families. In this family we are all children, and I am the youngest."

The daughters, who appeared to be very fond of him, were amused by this droll fact; particularly the Comedy daughter.

"My dears, it is true," said Mr. Skimpole, "is it not? So it is, and so it must be, because, like the dogs in the hymn, 'it is our nature to.' Now, here is Miss Summerson with a fine administrative capacity, and a knowledge of details perfectly surprising. It will sound very strange in Miss Summerson's ears, I dare say, that we know nothing about chops in this house. But we don't; not the least. We can't cook any thing whatever. A needle and thread we don't know how to use. We admire the people who possess the

practical wisdom we want; but we don't quarrel with them. Then why should they quarrel with us? Live, and let live, we say to them. Live upon your practical wisdom, and let us live upon you!"

He laughed, but, as usual, seemed quite candid, and really to mean what he said.

"We have sympathy, my roses," said Mr. Skimpole, "sympathy for every thing. Have we not?"

"O yes, papa!" cried the three daughters.

"In fact, that is our family department," said Mr. Skimpole, "in this hurly-burly of life. We are capable of looking on and of being interested, and we *do* look on, and we *are* interested. What more can we do! Here is my Beauty daughter, married these three years. Now, I dare say her marrying another child, and having two more, was all wrong in point of political economy; but it was very agreeable. We had our little festivities on those occasions, and exchanged social ideas. She brought her young husband home one day, and they and their young fledglings have their nest up-stairs. I dare say, at some time or other, Sentiment and Comedy will bring *their* husbands home, and have *their* nests up-stairs too. So we get on; we don't know how, but somehow."

She looked very young indeed, to be the mother of two children; and I could not help pitying both her and them. It was evident that the three daughters had grown up as they could, and had had just as little hap-hazard instruction as qualified them to be their father's playthings in his idlest hours. His pictorial tastes were consulted, I observed, in their respective styles of wearing their hair; the Beauty daughter being in the classic manner; the Sentiment daughter luxuriant and flowing; and the Comedy daughter in the arch style, with a good deal of sprightly forehead, and vivacious little curls dotted about the corners of her eyes. They were dressed to correspond, though in a most untidy and negligent way.

Ada and I conversed with these young ladies, and found them wonderfully like their father. In the mean while Mr. Jarndyce (who had been rubbing his head to a great extent, and hinting at a change in the wind) talked with Mrs. Skimpole in a corner, where we could not help hearing the chink of money. Mr. Skimpole had previously volunteered to go home with us, and had withdrawn to dress himself for the purpose.

"My roses," he said, when he came back, "take care of mamma. She is poorly to-day. By going home with Mr. Jarndyce for a day or two, I shall hear the larks sing, and preserve my amiability. It has been tried, you know, and would be tried again if I remained at home."

"That bad man!" said the Comedy daughter.

"At the very time when he knew papa was lying down by his wall-flowers, looking at the blue sky," Laura complained.

"And when the smell of hay was in the air!" said Juliet.

"It showed a want of poetry in the man," Mr. Skimpole assented, but with perfect good-humor. "It was coarse. There was an absence of the finer touches of humanity in it! My daughters have taken great offense," he explained to us, "at an honest man—"

"Not honest, Papa. Impossible!" they all three protested.

"At a rough kind of fellow—a sort of human hedge-hog rolled up," said Mr. Skimpole, "who is a baker in this neighborhood, and from whom we borrowed a couple of arm-chairs. We wanted a couple of arm-chairs, and we hadn't got them, and therefore of course we looked to a man who *had* got them to lend them. Well! this morose person lent them, and we wore them out. When they were worn out, he wanted them back. He had them back. He was contented, you will say. Not at all. He objected to their being worn. I reasoned with him, and pointed out his mistake. I said, 'Can you, at your time of life, be so headstrong, my friend, as to persist that an arm-chair is a thing to put upon a shelf and look at? That it is an object to contemplate, to survey from a distance, to consider from a point of sight? Don't you *know* that these arm-chairs were borrowed to be sat upon?' He was unreasonable and unpersuadable, and used intemperate language. Being as patient as I am at this minute, I addressed another appeal to him. I said, 'Now, my good man, however our business capacities may vary, we are all children of one great mother, Nature. On this blooming summer morning here you see me' (I was on the sofa) 'with flowers before me, fruit upon the table, the cloudless sky above me, the air full of fragrance, contemplating Nature. I entreat you, by our common brotherhood, not to interpose between me and a subject so sublime, the absurd figure of an angry baker!' But he did," said Mr. Skimpole, raising his laughing eyebrows in playful astonishment; "he did interpose that ridiculous figure, and he does, and he will again. And therefore I am very glad to get out of his way, and to go home with my friend Jarndyce."

It seemed to escape his consideration that Mrs. Skimpole and the daughters remained behind to encounter the baker; but this was so old a story to all of them that it had become a matter of course. He took leave of his family with a tenderness as airy and graceful as any other aspect in which he showed himself, and rode away with us in perfect harmony of mind. We had an opportunity of seeing through some open doors, as we went down-stairs, that his own apartment was a palace to the rest of the house.

I could have no anticipation, and I had none, that something very startling to me at the moment, and ever memorable to me in what ensued from it, was to happen before this day was out. Our guest was in such spirits on the way home, that I could do nothing but listen to him, and wonder at him; nor was I alone in this, for Ada yielded to the same fascination. As to my Guardian, the wind, which had threatened to

become fixed in the east when we left Somer's Town, veered completely round, before we were a couple of miles from it.

Whether of questionable childishness or not, in any other matters, Mr. Skimpole had a child's enjoyment of change and bright weather. In no way wearied by his sallies on the road, he was in the drawing-room before any of us; and I heard him at the piano while I was yet looking after my housekeeping, singing refrains of barcaroles and drinking songs, Italian and German, by the score.

We were all assembled shortly before dinner, and he was still at the piano, idly picking out in his luxurious way little strains of music, and talking between whiles of finishing some sketches of the ruined old Verulam wall, to-morrow, which he had begun a year or two ago, and had got tired of; when a card was brought in, and my Guardian read aloud in a surprised voice:

"Sir Leicester Dedlock!"

The visitor was in the room while it was yet turning round with me, and before I had the power to stir. If I had had it, I should have hurried away. I had not even the presence of mind, in my giddiness, to retire to Ada in the window, or to see the window, or to know where it was. I heard my name, and found that my Guardian was presenting me, before I could move to a chair.

"Pray be seated, Sir Leicester."

"Mr. Jarndyce," said Sir Leicester in reply, as he bowed and seated himself, "I do myself the honor of calling here—"

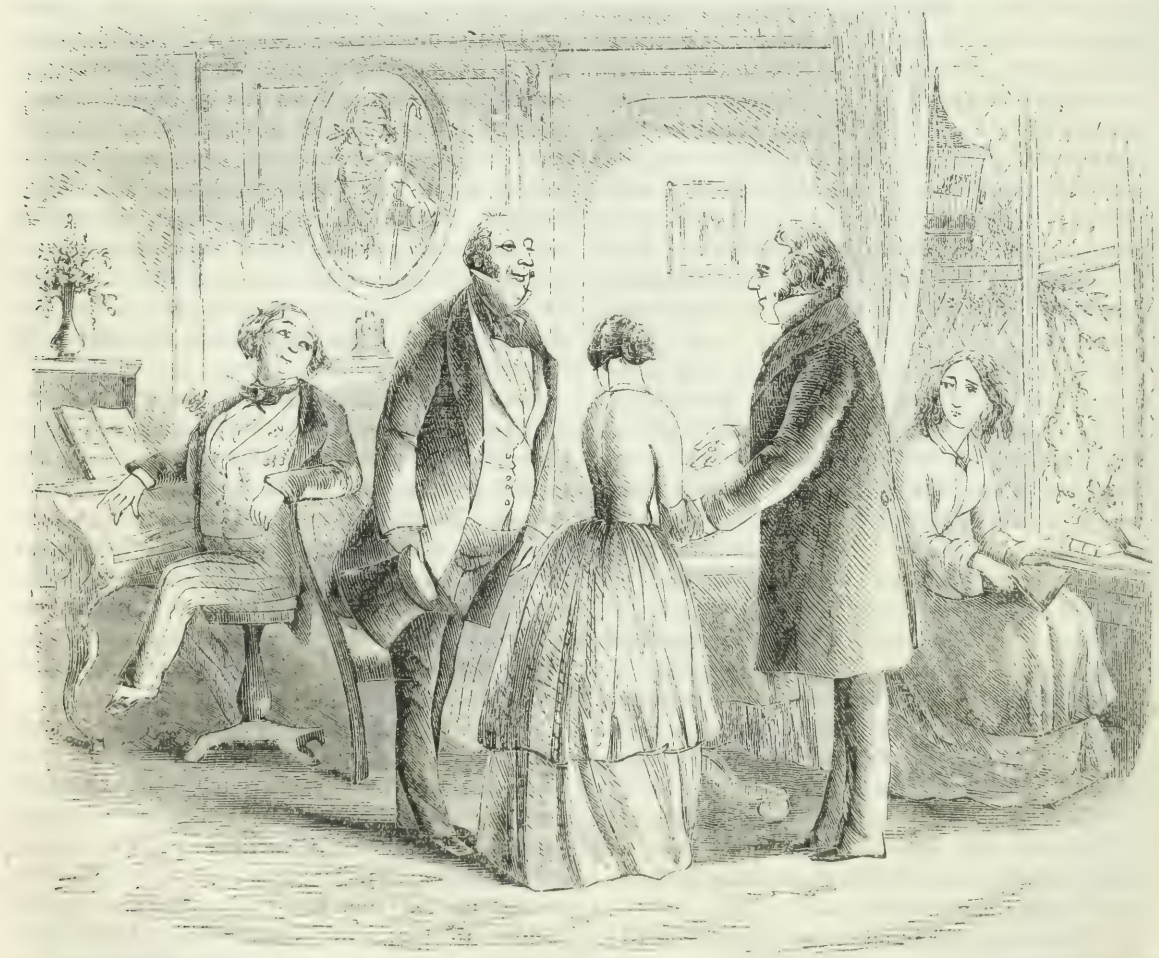
"You do *me* the honor, Sir Leicester."

"Thank you—of calling here on my road from Lincolnshire, to express my regret that any cause of complaint, however strong, that I may have against a gentleman who—who is known to you and has been your host, and to whom therefore I will make no further reference, should have prevented you, still more ladies under your escort and charge, from seeing whatever little there may be to gratify a polite and refined taste, at my house, Chesney Wold."

"You are exceedingly obliging, Sir Leicester, and on behalf of those ladies (who are present) and for myself, I thank you very much."

"It is possible, Mr. Jarndyce, that the gentleman to whom, for the reasons I have mentioned, I refrain from making further allusion—it is possible, Mr. Jarndyce, that that gentleman may have done me the honor so far to misapprehend my character, as to induce you to believe that you would not have been received by my local establishment in Lincolnshire with that urbanity, that courtesy, which its members are instructed to show to all ladies and gentlemen who present themselves at that house. I merely beg to observe, sir, that the fact is the reverse."

My Guardian delicately dismissed this remark without making any verbal answer.



SIR LEICESTER DEDLOCK.

"It has given me pain, Mr. Jarndyce," Sir Leicester weightily proceeded. "I assure you, sir, it has given—Me—pain—to learn from the housekeeper at Chesney Wold, that a gentleman who was in your company in that part of the county, and who would appear to possess a cultivated taste for the Fine Arts, was likewise deterred, by some such cause, from examining the family pictures with that leisure, that attention, that care, which he might have desired to bestow upon them, and which some of them might possibly have repaid." Here he produced a card, and read, with much gravity and a little trouble, through his eye-glass, "Mr. Hirrold—Herald—Harold—Skampling—Skumpling—I beg your pardon—Skimpole."

"This is Mr. Harold Skimpole," said my Guardian, evidently surprised.

"Oh!" exclaimed Sir Leicester, "I am happy to meet Mr. Skimpole, and to have the opportunity of tendering my personal regrets. I hope, sir, that when you again find yourself in my part of the county, you will be under no similar sense of restraint."

"You are very obliging, Sir Leicester Dedlock. So encouraged, I shall certainly give myself the pleasure and advantage of another visit to your beautiful house. The owners of such places as Chesney Wold," said Mr. Skimpole with his usual happy and easy air, "are public benefactors. They are good enough to maintain a number of delightful objects for the admiration and pleasure of us poor men; and not to reap all the admiration and pleasure that they yield, is to be ungrateful to our benefactors."

Sir Leicester seemed to approve of this sentiment highly. "An artist, sir?"

"No," returned Mr. Skimpole. "A perfectly idle man. A mere amateur."

Sir Leicester seemed to approve of this even more. He hoped he might have the good fortune to be at Chesney Wold when Mr. Skimpole next came down into Lincolnshire. Mr. Skimpole professed himself much flattered and honored.

"Mr. Skimpole mentioned," pursued Sir Leicester, addressing himself again to my Guardian; "mentioned to the housekeeper, who, as he may have observed, is an old and attached retainer of the family—"

("That is, when I walked through the house the other day, on the occasion of my going down to visit Miss Summerson and Miss Clare," Mr. Skimpole airily explained to us.)

"That the friend with whom he had formerly been staying there, was Mr. Jarndyce." Sir Leicester bowed to the bearer of that name. "And hence I became aware of the circumstance for which I have professed my regret. That this should have occurred to any gentleman, Mr. Jarndyce, but especially a gentleman formerly known to Lady Dedlock, and indeed claiming some distant connection with her, and for whom (as I learn from my Lady herself) she entertains a high respect, does, I assure you, give—Me—pain."

"Pray say no more about it, Sir Leicester," returned my Guardian. "I am very sensible, as I am sure we all are, of your consideration. Indeed the mistake was mine, and I ought to apologize for it."

I had not once looked up. I had not seen the visitor, and had not even appeared to myself to hear the conversation. It surprises me to find that I can recall it, for it seemed to make no impression on me as it passed. I heard them speaking, but my mind was so confused, and my instinctive avoidance of this gentleman made his presence so distressing to me, that I thought I understood nothing, through the rushing in my head and the beating of my heart.

"I mentioned the subject to Lady Dedlock," said Sir Leicester, rising, "and my Lady informed me that she had had the pleasure of exchanging a few words with Mr. Jarndyce and his wards, on the occasion of an accidental meeting during their sojourn in the vicinity. Permit me, Mr. Jarndyce to repeat to yourself, and to these ladies, the assurance I have already tendered to Mr. Skimpole. Circumstances undoubtedly prevent my saying that it would afford me any gratification to hear that Mr. Boythorn had favored my house with his presence; but those circumstances are confined to that gentleman himself, and do not extend beyond him."

"You know my whole opinion of him," said Mr. Skimpole, lightly appealing to us. "An amiable bull, who is determined to make every color scarlet!"

Sir Leicester Dedlock coughed, as if he could not possibly hear another word in reference to such an individual; and took his leave with great ceremony and politeness. I got to my own room with all possible speed, and remained there until I had recovered my self-command. It had been very much disturbed; but I was thankful to find, when I went down-stairs again, that they only rallied me for having been shy and mute before the great Lincolnshire baronet.

By that time I had made up my mind that the period was come when I must tell my Guardian what I knew. The possibility of my being brought into contact with my mother, of my being taken to her house—even of Mr. Skimpole's, however distantly associated with me, receiving kindnesses and obligations from her husband—was so painful, that I felt I could no longer guide myself without his assistance.

When we had retired for the night, and Ada and I had had our usual talk in our pretty room, I went out at my door again, and sought my Guardian among his books. I knew he always read at that hour; and as I drew near, I saw the light shining out into the passage from his reading-lamp.

"May I come in, Guardian?"

"Surely, little woman. What's the matter?"

"Nothing is the matter. I thought I would like to take this quiet time of saying a word to you about myself."

He put a chair for me, shut his book, and put it by, and turned his kind attentive face toward

me. I could not help observing that it wore that curious expression I had observed in it once before—on that night when he had said that he was in no trouble which I could readily understand.

"What concerns you, my dear Esther," said he "concerns us all. You can not be more ready to speak than I am to hear."

"I know that, Guardian. But I have such need of your advice and support. O! you don't know how much need I have to-night."

He looked unprepared for my being so earnest and even a little alarmed.

"Or how anxious I have been to speak to you," said I, "ever since the visitor was here to-day."

"The visitor, my dear! Sir Leicester Dedlock?"

"Yes."

He folded his arms, and sat looking at me with an air of the profoundest astonishment, awaiting what I should say next. I did not know how to prepare him.

"Why, Esther," said he, breaking into a smile, "our visitor and you are the two last persons on earth I should have thought of connecting together!"

"O yes, Guardian, I know it. And I, too, but a little while ago."

The smile passed from his face, and he became graver than before. He crossed to the door to see that it was shut (but I had seen to that), and resumed his seat before me.

"Guardian," said I, "do you remember when we were overtaken by the thunderstorm, Lady Dedlock's speaking to you of her sister?"

"Of course. Of course I do."

"And reminding you that she and her sister had differed; had 'gone their several ways?'"

"Of course."

"Why did they separate, Guardian?"

His face quite altered as he looked at me. "My child, what questions are these! I never knew. No one but themselves ever did know, I believe. Who could tell what the secrets of those two handsome and proud women were! You have seen Lady Dedlock. If you had ever seen her sister, you would know her to have been as resolute and haughty as she."

"O Guardian, I have seen her many and many a time!"

"Seen her?"

He paused a little, biting his lip. "Then, Esther, when you spoke to me long ago of Boythorn, and when I told you that he was all but married once, and that the lady did not die, but died to him, and that that time had had its influence on his later life—did you know it all, and know who the lady was?"

"No, Guardian," I returned, fearful of the light that dimly broke upon me. "Nor do I know yet."

"Lady Dedlock's sister."

"And why," I could scarcely ask him, "why, Guardian, pray tell me why were *they* parted?"

"It was her act, and she kept its motives in her inflexible heart. He afterward did conjecture (but it was mere conjecture), that some injury which her haughty spirit had received in her cause of quarrel with her sister, had wounded her beyond all reason; but she wrote him that from the date of that letter she died to him—as in literal truth she did—and that the resolution was exacted from her by her knowledge of his proud temper and his strained sense of honor, which were both her nature, too. In consideration for those master-points in him, and even in consideration for them in herself, she made the sacrifice, she said, and would live in it and die in it. She did both, I fear: certainly he never saw her, never heard of her from that hour. Nor did any one."

"O Guardian, what have I done!" I cried, giving way to my grief; "what sorrow have I innocently caused!"

"You caused, Esther?"

"Yes, Guardian. Innocently, but most surely. That secluded sister is my first remembrance."

"No, no!" he cried, starting.

"Yes, Guardian, yes! And *her* sister is my mother!"

I would have told him all my mother's letter, but he would not hear it then. He spoke so tenderly and wisely to me, and he put so plainly before me all I had myself imperfectly thought and hoped in my better state of mind, that, penetrated as I had been with fervent gratitude toward him through so many years, I believed I had never loved him so dearly, never thanked him in my heart so fully, as I did that night. And when he had taken me to my room and kissed me at the door, and when at last I lay down to sleep, my thought was how could I ever be busy enough, how could I ever be good enough, how in my little way could I ever hope to be forgetful enough of myself, devoted enough to him, and useful enough to others, to show him how I blessed and honored him.

CHAPTER XLIV.—The Letter and the Answer

My Guardian called me into his room next morning, and then I told him what had been left untold on the previous night. There was nothing to be done, he said, but to keep the secret, and to avoid another such encounter as that of yesterday. He understood my feeling, and entirely shared it. He charged himself even with restraining Mr. Skimpole from improving his opportunity. One person whom he need not name to me, it was not now possible for him to advise or help. He wished it were; but no such thing could be. If her mistrust of the lawyer whom she had mentioned were well-founded, which he scarcely doubted, he dreaded discovery. He knew something of him, both by sight and by reputation, and it was certain that he was a dangerous man. Whatever happened, he repeatedly impressed upon me with anxious affection and kindness, I was as innocent of, as himself; and as unable to influence.

"Nor do I understand," said he, "that any

doubts tend toward you, my dear. Much suspicion may exist without that connection."

"With the lawyer," I returned. "But two other persons have come into my mind since I have been anxious." Then I told him all about Mr. Guppy, who I feared might have had his vague surmises when I little understood his meaning, but in whose silence after our last interview I expressed perfect confidence."

"Well," said my Guardian. "Then we may dismiss him for the present. Who is the other?"

I called to his recollection the French maid, and the eager offer of herself she had made to me.

"Ha!" he returned, thoughtfully, "that is a more alarming person than the clerk. But, after all, my dear, it was but seeking for a new service. She had seen you and Ada a little while before, and it was natural that you should come into her head. She merely proposed herself for your maid, you know. She did nothing more."

"Her manner was strange," said I.

"Yes, and her manner was strange when she took her shoes off, and showed that cool relish for a walk that might have ended in her death-bed," said my Guardian. "It would be useless self-distress and torment to reckon up such chances and possibilities. There are very few harmless circumstances that would not seem full of perilous meaning, so considered. Be hopeful, little woman. You can be nothing better than yourself; be that, through this knowledge, as you were before you had it. It is the best you can do, for every body's sake. I sharing the secret with you—"

"And lightening it, Guardian, so much," said I.

—"Will be attentive to what passes in that family, so far as I can observe it from my distance. And if the time should come when I can stretch out a hand to render the least service to one whom it is better not to name even here, I will not fail to do it for her dear daughter's sake."

I thanked him with my whole heart. What could I ever do but thank him! I was going out at the door, when he asked me to stay a moment. Quickly turning round, I saw that same expression on his face again; and all at once I don't know how, it flashed upon me as a new and far off possibility that I understood it.

"My dear Esther," said my Guardian, "I have long had something in my thoughts that I have wished to say to you."

"Indeed?"

"I have had some difficulty in approaching it, and I still have. I should wish it to be so deliberately said, and so deliberately considered. Would you object to my writing it?"

"Dear Guardian, how could I object to your writing any thing for *me* to read?"

"Then see, my love," said he, with his cheery smile; "am I at this moment quite as plain and easy—do I seem as open, as honest and old-fashioned, as I am at any time?"

I answered, in all earnestness, "Quite." With the strictest truth for his momentary hesitation was gone (it had not lasted a minute), and his fine, sensible, cordial, sterling manner was restored.

"Do I look as if I suppressed any thing, meant any thing but what I said, had any reservation at all, no matter, what?" said he, with his bright clear eyes on mine.

I answered, most asuredly he did not.

"Can you fully trust me, and thoroughly rely on what I profess. Esther?"

"Most thoroughly," said I with my whole heart.

"My dear girl," returned my Guardian, "give me your hand."

He took it in his, holding me lightly with his arm, and, looking down into my face with the same genuine freshness and faithfulness of manner—the old protecting manner which had made that house my home in a moment—said, "You have wrought changes in me, little woman, since the winter day in the stage coach. First and last you have done me a world of good, since that time."

"Ah, Guardian, what have you done for me since that time!"

"But," said he, "that is not to be remembered now."

"It never can be forgotten."

"Yes, Esther," said he, with a gentle seriousness, "It is to be forgotten now; to be forgotten for a while. You are only to remember now, that nothing can change me as you know me. Can you feel quite assured of that, my dear?"

"I can, and I do," I said.

"That's much," he answered. "That's every thing. But I must not take that at a word. I will not write this something in my thoughts, until you have quite resolved within yourself that nothing can change me as you know me. If you doubt that in the least degree I will never write it. If you are sure of that on good consideration, send Charley to me this night week—'for the letter.' But if you are not quite certain, never send. Mind, I trust to your truth, in this thing as in every thing. If you are not quite certain on that one point, never send!"

"Guardian," said I, "I am already certain. I can no more be changed in that conviction, than you can be changed toward me. I shall send Charley for the letter."

He shook my hand and said no more. Nor was any more said in reference to this conversation, either by him or me, through the whole week. When the appointed night came, I said to Charley as soon as I was alone, "Go and knock at Mr. Jarndyce's door, Charley, and say you have come from me—'for the letter.'" Charley went up the stairs, and down the stairs, and along the passages—the zig-zag way about the old-fashioned house seemed very long in my listening ears that night—and so came back, along the passages, and down the stairs, and up the stairs, and brought the letter. "Lay it on the table Charley," said I. So Charley laid it on the table and went to bed, and I sat looking at it without taking it up, thinking of many things.

I began with my overshadowed childhood, and

passed through those timid days to the heavy time when my aunt lay dead with her resolute face so cold and set; and when I was more solitary with Mrs. Rachael, than if I had had no one in the world to speak to or to look at. I passed to the altered days when I was so blest as to find friends in all around me, and to be beloved. I came to the time when I first saw my dear girl, and was received into that sisterly affection which was the grace and beauty of my life. I recalled the first bright gleam of welcome which had shone out of those very windows upon our expectant faces on that cold bright night, and which had never paled. I lived my happy life there over again, I went through my illness and recovery, I thought of myself so altered and of those around me so unchanged; and all this happiness shone like a light, from one central figure, represented before me by the letter on the table.

I opened it and read it. It was so impressive in its love for me, and in the unselfish caution it gave me, and the consideration it showed for me in every word, that my eyes were too often blinded to read much at a time. But I read it through three times, before I laid it down. I had thought beforehand that I knew its purport, and I did. It asked me would I be the mistress of Bleak House.

It was not a love letter, though it expressed so much love, but was written just as he would at any time have spoken to me. I saw his face, and heard his voice, and felt the influence of his kind protecting manner, in every line. It addressed me as if our places were reversed: as if all the good deeds had been mine, and all the feelings they had awakened, his. It dwelt on my being young, and he past the prime of life; on his having attained a ripe age, while I was a child; on his writing to me with a silvered head, and knowing all this so well as to set it in full before me for mature deliberation. It told me that I would gain nothing by such a marriage, and lose nothing by rejecting it; for no new relation could enhance the tenderness in which he held me, and whatever my decision was, he was certain it would be right. But he had considered this step anew, since our late confidence, and had decided on taking it; if it only served to show me, through one poor instance, that the whole world would readily unite to falsify the stern prediction of my childhood. I was the last to know what happiness I could bestow upon him, but of that he said no more; for I was always to remember that I owed him nothing, and that he was my debtor, and for very much. He had often thought of our future; and, foreseeing that the time must come, and fearing that it might come soon, when Ada (now very nearly of age) would leave us, and when our present mode of life must be broken up, had become accustomed to reflect on this proposal. Thus he made it. If I felt that I could ever give him the best right he could have to be my protector, and if I felt that I could happily and justly become the dear companion of his remaining life, superior to all lighter chances and changes than Death, even then he could not have me bind myself irrevocably, while this letter was yet so new to me; but, even then, I must have ample time for reconsideration. In that case, or in the opposite case, let him be unchanged in his old relation, in his old manner, in the old name by which I called him. And as to his bright Dame Durden and little housekeeper, she would ever be the same, he knew.

This was the substance of the letter; written throughout with a justice and a dignity, as if he were indeed my responsible Guardian, impartially representing the proposal of a friend against whom in his integrity he stated the full case.

But he did not hint to me, that when I had been better-looking, he had had this same proceeding in his thoughts, and had refrained from it. That when my old face was gone from me, and I had no attractions, he could love me just as well as in my fairer days. That the discovery, of my birth gave him no shock. That his generosity rose above my disfigurement, and my inheritance of shame. That the more I stood in need of such fidelity, the more firmly I might trust in him to the last.

But *I* knew it, I knew it well now. It came upon me as the close of the benignant history I had been pursuing, and I felt that I had but one thing to do. To devote my life to his happiness was to thank him poorly, and what had I wished for the other night but some new means of thanking him?

Still I cried very much; not only in the fullness of my heart after reading the letter, not only in the strangeness of the prospect—for it was strange though I had expected the contents—but as if something for which there was no name or distinct idea were indefinitely lost to me. I was very happy, very thankful, very hopeful; but I cried very much.

By-and-by I went to my old glass. My eyes were red and swollen, and I said, "O Esther, Esther, can that be you!" I am afraid the face in the glass was going to cry again at this reproach, but I held up my finger at it, and it stopped.

"That is more like the composed look you comforted me with, my dear, when you showed me such a change!" said I, beginning to let down my hair. "When you are mistress of Bleak House, you are to be as cheerful as a bird. In fact, you are always to be cheerful; so let us begin for once and for all."

I went on with my hair now, quite comfortably. I sobbed a little still, but that was because I had been crying; not because I was crying then.

"And so Esther, my dear, you are happy for life. Happy with your best friends, happy in your old home, happy in the power of doing a great deal of good, and happy in the undeserved love of the best of men."

I thought, all at once, if my Guardian had married some one else, how should I have felt, and what should I have done! That would have been a change indeed. It presented my life in

such a new and blank form, that I rang my housekeeping keys and gave them a kiss before I laid them down in their basket again.

Then I went on to think, as I dressed my hair before the glass, how often had I considered within myself that the deep traces of my illness, and the circumstances of my birth, were only new reasons why I should be busy, busy, busy—useful, amiable, serviceable, in all honest unpretending ways. This was a good time, to be sure, to sit down morbidly and cry! As to its seeming at all strange to me at first (if that were any excuse for crying, which it was not) that I was one day to be the mistress of Bleak House, why should it seem strange? Other people had thought of such things, if I had not. "Don't you remember, my plain dear," I asked myself, looking at the glass, "what Mrs. Woodcourt said, before those scars were there, about your marrying—"

Perhaps the name brought them to my remembrance. The dried remains of the flowers. It would be better not to keep them now. They had only been preserved in memory of something wholly past and gone, but it would be better not to keep them now.

They were in a book, and it happened to be in the next room—our sitting room, dividing Ada's chamber from mine. I took a candle and went softly in to fetch it from its shelf. After I had it in my hand, I saw my beautiful darling, through the open door, lying asleep, and I stole in to kiss her.

It was weak in me, I know, and I could have no reason for crying; but I dropped a tear upon her dear face, and another, and another. Weaker than that, I took the withered flowers out, and put them for a moment to her lips. I thought about her love for Richard; though, indeed, the flowers had nothing to do with that. Then I took them into my own room, and burned them at the candle, and they were dust in an instant.

On entering the breakfast-room next morning, I found my Guardian just as usual; quite as frank, as open, and free. There being not the least constraint in his manner, there was none (or I think there was none) in mine. I was with him several times in the course of the morning, in and out, when there was no one there; and I thought it not unlikely that he might speak to me about the letter; but he did not say a word.

So, on the next morning, and the next, and for at least a week; over which time Mr. Skimpole prolonged his stay. I expected, every day, that my Guardian might speak to me about the letter; but he never did.

I thought then, growing uneasy, that I ought to write an answer. I tried over and over again in my own room at night, but I could not write an answer that at all began like a good answer; so I thought each night I would wait one more day. And I waited seven more days, and he never said a word.

At last Mr. Skimpole having departed, we three were one afternoon going out for a ride; and I being dressed before Ada, and going down, came upon my Guardian, with his back toward me, standing at the drawing-room window looking out.

He turned on my coming in, and said, smiling, "Ay, it's you, little woman, is it?" and looked out again.

I had made up my mind to speak to him now. In short, I had come down on purpose. "Guardian," I said, rather hesitating and trembling, "when would you like to have the answer to the letter Charley came for?"

"When it's ready, my dear," he replied.

"I think it is ready," said I.

"Is Charley to bring it?" he asked, pleasantly.

"No. I have brought it myself, Guardian." I returned.

I put my two arms round his neck and kissed him; and he said was this the mistress of Bleak House; and I said yes; and it made no difference presently, and we all went out together, and I said nothing to my precious pet about it.

CHAPTER XLV.—In Trust.

One morning when I had done jingling about with my baskets of keys, as my beauty and I were walking round and round the garden I happened to turn my eyes toward the house, and saw a long thin shadow going in which looked like Mr. Vholes. Ada had been telling me only that morning, of her hopes that Richard might exhaust his ardor in the chancery suit by being so very earnest in it; and therefore, not to damp my dear girl's spirits, I said nothing about Mr. Vholes's shadow.

Presently came Charley, lightly winding among the bushes, and tripping along the paths, as rosy and pretty as one of Flora's attendants instead of my maid, saying, "O if you please, miss, would you step and speak to Mr. Jarndyce!"

It was one of Charley's peculiarities, that whenever she was charged with a message she always began to deliver it as soon as she beheld, at any distance, the person for whom it was intended. Therefore I saw Charley, asking me in her usual form of words, to "step and speak" to Mr. Jarndyce, long before I heard her. And when I did hear her, she had said it so often that she was out of breath.

I told Ada I would make haste back, and inquired of Charley, as we went in, whether there was not a gentleman with Mr. Jarndyce? To which Charley, whose grammar, I confess to my shame, never did any credit to my educational powers, replied, "Yes, miss. Him as come down in the country with Mr. Richard."

A more complete contrast than my Guardian and Mr. Vholes, I suppose there could not be. I found them looking at one another across a table; the one so open, and the other so close; the one so broad and upright, and the other so narrow and stooping; the one giving out what he had to say in such a rich ringing voice, and the other keeping it in in such a cold-blooded, gasping, fish-like manner; that I thought I never had seen two people so unmatched.

"You know Mr. Vholes, my dear," said my Guardian. Not with the greatest urbanity, I must say.

Mr. Vholes rose, gloved and buttoned up as usual, and seated himself again, just as he had seated himself beside Richard in the gig. Not having Richard to look at, he looked straight before him.

"Mr. Vholes," said my Guardian, eying his black figure, as if he were a bird of ill omen, "has brought an ugly report of our most unfortunate Rick." Laying a marked emphasis on most unfortunate, as if the words were rather descriptive of his connection with Mr. Vholes.

I sat down between them; Mr. Vholes remained immovable, except that he secretly picked at one of the red pimples on his yellow face with his black glove.

"And as Rick and you are happily good friends, I should like to know," said my Guardian, "what you think, my dear. Would you be so good as to—as to speak up, Mr. Vholes?"

Doing any thing but that, Mr. Vholes observed:

"I have been saying that I have reason to know, Miss Summerson, as Mr. C.'s professional adviser, that Mr. C.'s circumstances are at the present moment in an embarrassed state. Not so much in point of amount, as owing to the peculiar and pressing nature of liabilities Mr. C. has incurred, and the means he has of liquidating or meeting the same. I have staved off many little matters for Mr. C.; but there is a limit to staving off, and we have reached it. I have made some advances out of pocket to accommodate these unpleasantnesses, but I necessarily look to being repaid, for I do not pretend to be a man of capital, and I have a father to support in the Vale of Taunton, besides striving to realize some little independence for three dear girls at home. My apprehension is, Mr. C.'s circumstances being such, lest it should end in his obtaining leave to part with his commission; which at all events is desirable to be made known to his connections."

Mr. Vholes, who had looked at me while speaking, here merged into the silence he could hardly be said to have broken, so stifled was his tone: and looked before him again.

"Imagine the poor fellow without even his present resource," said my Guardian to me. "Yet what can I do? You know him, Esther. He would never accept of help from me, now. To offer it, or hint at it, would be to drive him to an extremity, if nothing else did."

Mr. Vholes hereupon addressed me again.

"What Mr. Jarndyce remarks, miss, is no doubt the case, and is the difficulty. I do not see that any thing is to be done. I do not say that any thing is to be done. Far from it. I merely come down here under the seal of confidence and mention it, in order that every thing may be openly carried on, and that it may not be said afterward that every thing was not openly carried on. My wish is that every thing should be openly carried on. I desire to leave a good name behind me. If I consulted merely my own interests with Mr. C., I should not be here. So insurmountable, as you must well know, would be his objections. This is not a professional attendance. This can be charged to nobody. I have no interest in it, except as a member of society and a father—*and* a son," said Mr. Vholes, who had nearly forgotten that point.

It appeared to us that Mr. Vholes said neither more nor less than the truth, in intimating that he sought to divide the responsibility, such as it was, of knowing Richard's situation. I could only suggest that I should go down to Deal, where Richard was then stationed, and see him, and try if it were possible to avert the worst. Without consulting Mr. Vholes on this point, I took my Guardian aside to propose it, while Mr. Vholes gauntly stalked to the fire, and warmed his funeral gloves.

The fatigue of the journey formed an immediate objection on my Guardian's part; but as I saw he had no other, and as I was only too happy to go, I got his consent. We had then merely to dispose of Mr. Vholes.

"Well, sir," said Mr. Jarndyce, "Miss Summerson will communicate with Mr. Carstone, and we can only hope that his position may be yet retrievable. You will allow me to order you lunch after your journey, sir."

"I thank you, Mr. Jarndyce," said Mr. Vholes, putting out his long black sleeve, to check the ringing of the bell, "not any. I thank you, no, not a morsel. My digestion is much impaired, and I am but a poor knife and fork at any time. If I was to partake of solid food at this period of the day, I don't know what the consequences might be. Every thing having been openly carried on, sir, I will now with your permission, take my leave."

"And I would that you could take your leave, and we could all take our leave, Mr. Vholes," returned my Guardian, bitterly, "of a Cause you know of."

Mr. Vholes, whose black dye was so deep from head to foot that it had quite steamed before the fire, diffusing a very unpleasant perfume, made a short one-sided inclination of his head from the neck, and slowly shook it.

"We whose ambition it is to be looked upon in the light of respectable practitioners, sir, can but put our shoulders to the wheel. We do it, sir. At least, I do it myself; and I wish to think well of my professional brethren, one and all. You are sensible of an obligation not to refer to me, miss, in communicating with Mr. C.?"

I said I would be careful not to do it.

"Just so, miss. Good-morning. Mr. Jarndyce, good-morning, sir." Mr. Vholes put his dead glove, which scarcely seemed to have any hand in it, on my fingers, and then on my Guardian's fingers, and took his long thin shadow away I thought of it on the outside of the coach, passing over all the sunny landscape between us and London, and chilling the seed in the ground as it glided along.

Of course it became necessary to tell Ada where I was going, and why I was going; and of course she was anxious and distressed. But she was too true to Richard to say any thing but words of pity and words of excuse; and in a more loving spirit still—my dear, devoted girl!—she wrote him a long letter, of which I took charge.

Charley was to be my traveling companion, though I am sure I wanted none, and would willingly have left her at home. We all went to London that afternoon, and finding two places in the mail, secured them. At our usual bedtime, Charley and I were rolling away seaward, with the Kentish letters.

It was a night's journey in those coach times; but we had the mail to ourselves, and did not find the night very tedious. It passed with me as I suppose it would with most people under such circumstances. At one while my journey looked hopeful, and at another, hopeless. Now I thought that I should do some good, and now I wondered how I could ever have supposed so. Now it seemed one of the most reasonable things in the world that I should have come, and now one of the most unreasonable. In what state I should find Richard, what I should say to him, and what he would say to me, occupied my mind by turns with these two states of feeling; and the wheels seemed to play one tune over and over again all night.

At last we came into the narrow streets of Deal: and very gloomy they were, upon a raw misty morning. The long flat beach, with its little irregular houses, wooden and brick, and its litter of capstans, and great boats, and sheds, and bare upright poles with tackle and blocks, and loose, gravelly, waste places, overgrown with grass and weeds, wore as dull an appearance as any place I ever saw. The sea was heaving under a thick white fog; and nothing else was moving but a few early rope-makers, who, with the yarn twisted round their bodies, looked as if, tired of their present state of existence, they were spinning themselves into cordage.

But when we got into a warm room in an excellent hotel, and sat down, comfortably washed and dressed, to an early breakfast (for it was too late to think of going to bed), Deal began to look more cheerful. Our little room was like a ship's cabin, and that delighted Charley very much. Then the fog began to rise like a curtain; and numbers of ships that we had had no idea were near, appeared. I don't know how many sail the waiter told us were then lying in the Downs. Some of these vessels were of grand size: one was a large Indiaman, just come home: and when the sun shone through the clouds, making silvery pools in the dark sea, the way in which these ships brightened, and shadowed, and changed, amid a bustle of boats putting off from the shore to them, and from them to the shore, and a general life and motion in themselves and every thing around them, was most beautiful.

The large Indiaman was our great attraction, because she had come into the Downs in the night. She was surrounded by boats; and we said how glad the people on board of her must be to come ashore. Charley was curious, too, about the voyage, and about the heat in India, and the serpents and the tigers; and as she picked up such information much faster than grammar, I told her what I knew on those points. I told her, too, how people in such voyages, were sometimes wrecked and cast on rocks, where they were saved by the intrepidity and humaity of one man. And Charley asking how that could be, I told her how we knew at home of such a case.

I had thought of sending Richard a note, saying I was there, but it seemed so much better to go to him without preparation. As he lived in barracks, I was a little doubtful whether this was feasible, but we went out to reconnoitre. Peeping in at the gate of the barrack-yard, we found every thing very quiet at that time in the morning; and I asked a sergeant standing on the guardhouse-steps, where he lived. He sent a man before to show me, who went up some bare stairs, and knocked with his knuckles at a door, and left us.

"Now then!" cried Richard, from within. So I left Charley in the little passage, and going on to the half-open door, said, "Can I come in, Richard? It's only Dame Durden."

He was writing at a table, with a great confusion of clothes, tin cases, books, boots, brushes, and portmanteaus, strewn all about the floor. He was only half-dressed—in plain clothes, I observed, not in uniform—and his hair was unbrushed, and he looked as wild as his room. All this I saw after he had heartily welcomed me, and I was seated near him, for he started upon hearing my voice, and caught me in his arms in a moment. Dear Richard! He was ever the same to me. Down to—ah, poor, poor fellow!—to the end he never received me but with something of his old merry boyish manner.

"Good Heaven, my dear little woman," said he, "how do you come here. Who could have thought of seeing you! Nothing the matter? Ada is well?"

"Quite well. Lovelier than ever, Richard!"

"Ah!" he said, leaning back in his chair. "My poor cousin! I was writing to you, Esther."

So worn and haggard as he looked, even in the fullness of his handsome youth, leaning back in his chair, and crushing the closely written sheet of paper in his hand!

"Have you been at the trouble of writing all that, and am I not to read it after all?" I asked.

"Oh, my dear," he returned, with a hopeless gesture. "You may read it in the whole room. It is all over here."

I mildly entreated him not to be despondent. I told him that I had heard by chance of his being in difficulty, and had come to consult with him what could best be done.

"Like you, Esther, but useless, and so *not* like you!" said he, with a melancholy smile. "I am away on leave this day—should have been gone in another hour—and that is to smooth it over

for my selling out. Well! Let bygones be bygones. So this calling follows the rest. I only want to have been in the church, to have made the round of all the professions."

"Richard," I urged, "it is not so hopeless as that?"

"Esther," he returned, "it is indeed. I am just so near disgrace as that those who are put in authority over me (as the catechism goes) would far rather be without me than with me. And they are right. Apart from debts and duns, and all such drawbacks, I am not fit even for this employment. I have no care, no mind, no heart, no soul, but for one thing. Why, if this bubble hadn't broken now," he said, tearing the letter he had written into fragments, and moodily casting them away, by driblets, "how could I have gone abroad? I must have been ordered abroad; but how could I have gone? How could I, with my experience of that thing, trust even Vholes unless I was at his back?"

I suppose he knew by my face what I was about to say, but he caught the hand I had laid upon his arm, and touched my own lips with it to prevent me from going on.

"No, Dame Durden! Two subjects I forbid —must forbid. The first is John Jarndyce. The second, you know what. Call it madness, and I tell you I can't help it now, and can't be sane. But it is no such thing; it is the one object I have to pursue. It is a pity I ever was prevailed upon to turn out of my road for any other. It would be wisdom to abandon it now, after all the time, anxiety, and pains I have bestowed upon it! O yes, true wisdom. It would be very agreeable, too, to some people; but I never will."

He was in that mood in which I thought it best not to increase his determination (if any thing could increase it) by opposing him. I took out Ada's letter, and put it in his hand.

"Am I to read it now?" he asked.

As I told him yes, he laid it on the table, and, resting his head upon his hand, began. He had not read far, when he rested his head upon his two hands—to hide his face from me. In a little while he rose, as if the light were bad, and went to the window. He finished reading it there, with his back toward me; and, after he had finished and had folded it up, stood there for some minutes with the letter in his hand. When he came back to his chair, I saw tears in his eyes.

"Of course, Esther, you know what she says here?" He spoke in a softened voice, and kissed the letter as he asked me.

"Yes, Richard."

"Offers me," he went on, tapping his foot upon the floor, "the little inheritance she is certain of so soon—just as little and as much as I have wasted—and begs and prays me to take it, set myself right with it, and remain in the service."

"I know your welfare to be the dearest wish of her heart," said I. "And O, my dear Richard, Ada's is a noble heart!"

"I am sure it is. I—I wish I was dead!"

He went back to the window, and laying his arm across it, leaned his head down on his arm. It greatly affected me to see him so; but I hoped he might become more yielding, and I remained silent. My experience was very limited; I was not at all prepared for his rousing himself out of this emotion to a new sense of injury.

"And this is the heart that the same John Jarndyce, who is not otherwise to be mentioned between us, stepped in to estrange from me," said he, indignantly. "And the dear girl makes me this generous offer from under the same John Jarndyce's roof, and with the same John Jarndyce's generous consent and connivance, I dare say, as a new means of buying me off."

"Richard!" I cried out, rising hastily, "I will not hear you say such shameful words!" I was very angry with him indeed, for the first time in my life; but it only lasted a moment. When I saw his worn young face looking at me, as if he were sorry, I put my hand on his shoulder, and said, "If you please, my dear Richard, do not speak in such a tone to me. Consider!"

He blamed himself exceedingly; and told me in the most generous manner, that he had been very wrong, and that he begged my pardon a thousand times. At that I laughed, but trembled a little too, for I was rather fluttered after being so fiery.

"To accept this offer, my dear Esther," said he, sitting down beside me, and resuming our conversation—"once more, pray, pray forgive me; I am deeply grieved—to accept my dearest cousin's offer is, I need not say, impossible. Besides, I have letters and papers that I could show you, which would convince you it is all over here. I have done with the red coat, believe me. But it is some satisfaction, in the midst of my troubles and perplexities, to know that I am pressing Ada's interests in pressing my own. Vholes has his shoulder to the wheel, and he can not help urging it on as much for her as for me, thank God!"

His sanguine hopes were rising within him, and lighting up his features, but they made his face more sad to me than it had been before.

"No, no!" cried Richard, exultingly. "If every farthing of Ada's little fortune were mine, no part of it should be spent in retaining me in what I am not fit for, can take no interest in, and am weary of. It should be devoted to what promises a better return, and should be used where she has a larger stake. Don't be uneasy for me! I shall now have only one thing on my mind, and Vholes and I will work it. I shall not be without means. Free of my commission, I shall be able to compound with some small usurers, who will hear of nothing but their bond now—Vholes says so. I should have a balance in my favor any way, but that will swell it. Come, come! You shall carry a letter to Ada from me, Esther, and you must both of you be more hopeful of me, and not believe that I am quite cast away just yet, my dear."

I will not repeat what I said to Richard. I know it was tiresome, and nobody is to suppose

for a moment that it was at all wise. It only came from my heart. He heard it patiently and feelingly; but I saw that on the two subjects he had reserved, it was at present hopeless to make any representation to him. I saw too, and had experienced in this very interview, the sense of my Guardian's remark that it was even more mischievous to use persuasion with him than to leave him as he was.

Therefore I was driven at last to asking Richard if he would mind convincing me that it really was all over there, as he had said, and that it was not his mere impression. He showed me without hesitation a correspondence making it quite plain that his retirement was arranged? I found, from what he told me, that Mr. Vholes had copies of these papers, and had been in consultation with him throughout. Beyond ascertaining this, and having been the bearer of Ada's letter, and being (as I was going to be) Richard's companion back to London, I had done no good by coming down. Admitting this to myself with a reluctant heart, I said I would return to the hotel and wait until he joined me there: so he threw a cloak over his shoulders and saw me to the gate, and Charley and I went back along the beach.

There was a concourse of people in one spot, surrounding some naval officers who were landing from a boat, and pressing about them with unusual interest. I said to Charley this would be one of the great Indiaman's boats now, and we stopped to look.

The gentlemen came slowly up from the waterside, speaking good-humoredly to each other and to the people around, and glancing about them as if they were glad to be in England again. "Charley, Charley!" said I, "come away!" And I hurried on so swiftly that my little maid was surprised.

It was not until we were shut up in our cabin-room, and I had had time to take breath, that I began to think why I had made such haste. In one of the sun-burnt faces I had recognized Mr. Allan Woodcourt, and I had been afraid of his recognizing me. I had been unwilling that he should see my altered looks. I had been taken by surprise, and my courage had quite failed me.

But I knew this would not do, and I now said to myself, "My dear, there is no reason—there is and there can be no reason at all—why it should be worse for you now, than it ever has been. What you were last month, you are to-day; you are no worse, you are no better. This is not your resolution; call it up, Esther, call it up!" I was in a great tremble—with running—and at first was quite unable to calm myself; but I got better, and I was very glad to know it.

The party came to the hotel. I heard them speaking on the staircase I was sure it was the same gentlemen because I knew their voices again—I mean I knew Mr. Woodcourt's. It would still have been a great relief to me to have gone away without making myself known, but I was determined not to do so. "No my dear, no. No, no, no!"

I untied my bonnet and put my vail half up—I think I mean half down, but it matters very little—and wrote on one of my cards that I happened to be there with Mr. Richard Carstone; and I sent it in to Mr. Woodcourt. He came immediately. I told him I was rejoiced to be by chance among the first to welcome him home to England. And I saw that he was very sorry for me.

"You have been in shipwreck and peril since you left us, Mr. Woodcourt," said I, "but we can hardly call that a misfortune which enabled you to be so useful and so brave. We read of it with the truest interest. It first came to my knowledge through your old patient poor Miss Flite, when I was recovering from my severe illness."

"Ah! little Miss Flite!" he said. "She lives the same life yet?"

"Just the same."

I was so comfortable with myself now, as not to mind the vail, and to be able to put it aside.

"Her gratitude to you, Mr. Woodcourt, is delightful. She is a most affectionate creature, as I have reason to say."

"You—you have found her so?" he returned. "I—I am glad of that." He was so very sorry for me that he could scarcely speak.

"I assure you," said I, "that I was deeply touched by her sympathy and pleasure at the time I have referred to."

"I was grieved to hear that you had been very ill."

"I was very ill."

"But you have quite recovered?"

"I have quite recovered my health and my cheerfulness," said I. "You know how good my Guardian is, and what a happy life we lead; and I have every thing to be thankful for, and nothing in the world to desire."

I felt as if he had greater commiseration for me than I had ever had for myself. It inspired me with new fortitude, and new calmness, to find that it was I who was under the necessity of reassuring him. I spoke to him of his voyage out and home, and of his future plans, and of his probable return to India. He said that was very doubtful. He had not found himself more favored by fortune there, than here. He had gone out a poor ship's surgeon, and had come home nothing better. While we were talking, and when I was glad to believe that I had alleviated (if I may use such a term) the shock he had had in seeing me, Richard came in. He had heard down-stairs who was with me, and they met with cordial pleasure.

I saw that after their first greetings were over, and when they spoke of Richard's career, Mr. Woodcourt had a perception that all was not going well with him. He frequently glanced at his face, as if there was something in it that gave him pain; and more than once he looked toward me, as though he sought to ascertain whether I knew what the truth was. Yet Rich-

ard was in one of his sanguine states, and in good spirits; and was thoroughly pleased to see Mr. Woodcourt again, whom he had always liked.

Richard proposed that we all should go to London together; but Mr. Woodcourt having to remain by his ship a little longer, could not join us. He dined with us, however, at an early hour; and became so much more like what he used to be, that I was still more at peace to think I had been able to soften his regrets. Yet his mind was not relieved of Richard. When the coach was almost ready, and Richard ran down to look after his luggage, he spoke to me about him.

I was not sure that I had a right to lay his whole story open; but I referred in a few words to his estrangement from Mr. Jarndyce, and to his being entangled in the ill-fated chancery suit. Mr. Woodcourt listened with interest, and expressed his regret.

"I saw you observe him rather closely," said I. "Do you think him so changed?"

"He is changed," he returned, shaking his head.

I felt the blood rush into my face for the first time, but it was only an instantaneous emotion. I turned my head aside, and it was gone.

"But it is not," said Mr. Woodcourt, "his being so much younger or older, or thinner or fatter, or paler or ruddier, as there being upon his face such a singular expression. I never saw so remarkable a look in a young person. One can not say that it is all anxiety, or all weariness; yet it is both, and like ungrown despair."

"You do not think he is ill?" said I.

"No. He looked robust in body."

"That he can not be at peace in mind, we have too much reason to know," I proceeded. "Mr. Woodcourt, you are going to London?"

"To-morrow, or the next day."

"There is nothing Richard wants so much, as a friend. He always liked you. Pray see him when you get there. Pray help him sometimes with your companionship, if you can. You do not know of what service it might be. You can not think how Ada, and Mr. Jarndyce, and even I—how we should all thank you, Mr. Woodcourt!"

"Miss Summerson," he said, more moved than he had been from the first, "before Heaven, I will be a true friend to him! I will accept him as a trust, and it shall be a sacred one!"

"God bless you!" said I, with my eyes filling fast; but I thought they might, when it was not for myself. "Ada loves him—we all love him, but Ada loves him as we can not. I will tell her what you say. Thank you, and God bless you, in her name!"

Richard came back as we finished exchanging these hurried words, and gave me his arm to take me to the coach.

"Woodcourt," he said, unconscious with what application, "pray let us meet in London!"

"Meet?" returned the other. "I have scarcely a friend there, now, but you. Where shall I find you?"

"Why, I must get a lodging of some sort," said Richard, pondering. "Say at Vholes's, Symond's Inn."

"Good! Without loss of time."

They shook hands heartily. When I was seated in the coach, and Richard was yet standing in the street, Mr. Woodcourt laid his friendly hand on Richard's shoulder, and looked at me. I understood him, and waved mine in thanks.

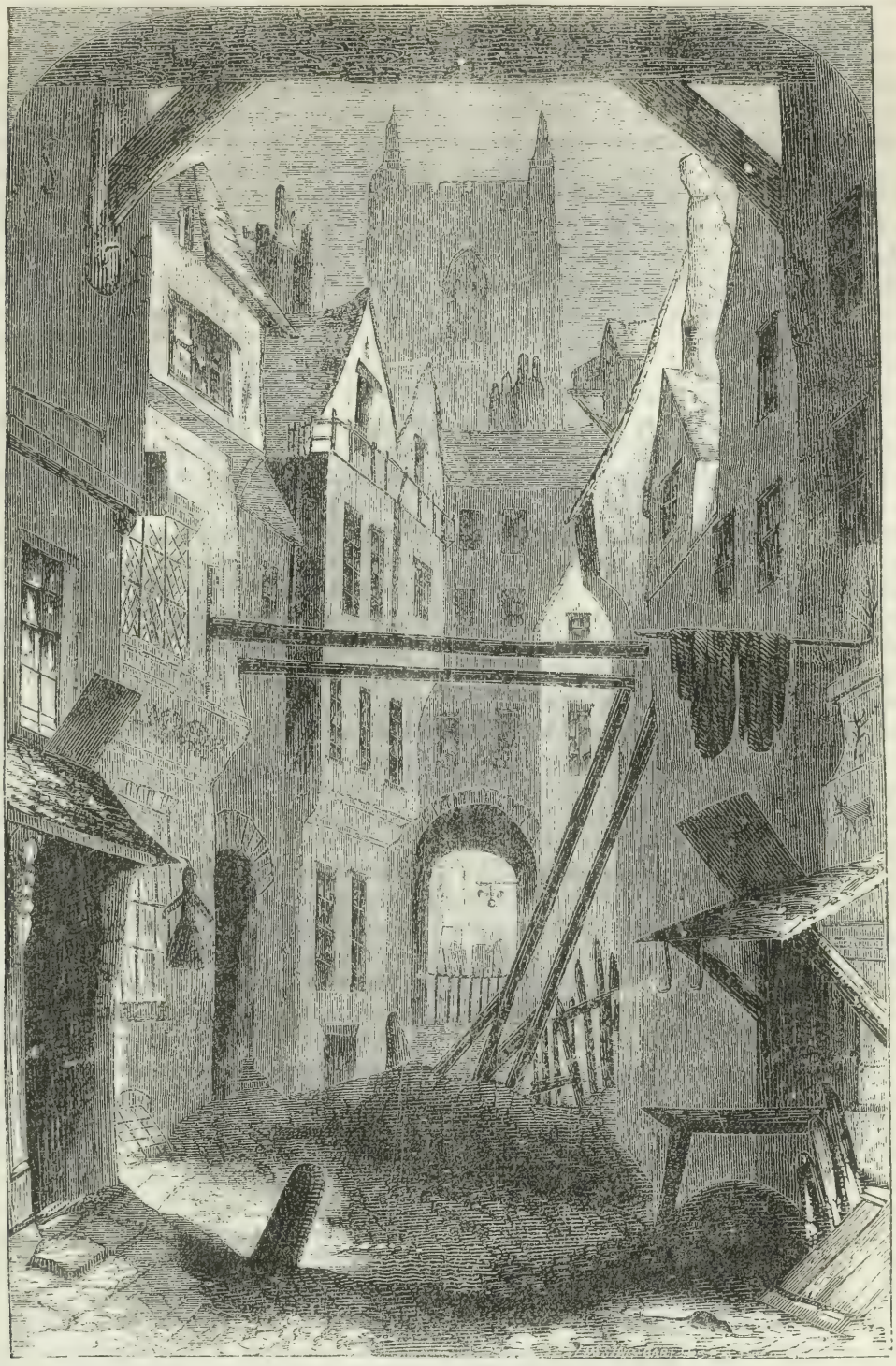
And in his last look as we drove away, I saw that he was very sorry for me. I was glad to see it. I felt for my old self as the dead may feel if they ever revisit these scenes. I was glad to be tenderly remembered, to be gently pitied, not to be quite forgotten.

CHAPTER XLVI.—Stop Him!

Darkness rests upon Tom-all-alone's. Dilating and dilating since the sun went down last night, it has gradually swollen until it fills every void in the place. For a time there were some dungeon lights burning, as the lamp of Life burns in Tom-all-alone's, heavily, heavily, in the nauseous air, and winking—as that lamp, too, winks in Tom-all-alone's—at many horrible things. But they are blotted out. The moon has eyed Tom with a dull cold stare, as admitting some puny emulation of herself in his desert region unfit for life, and blasted by volcanic fires; but she has passed on, and is gone. The blackest nightmare in the infernal stables grazes on Tom-all-alone's, and Tom is fast asleep.

Much mighty speech-making there has been, both in and out of Parliament, concerning Tom, and much wrathful disputation how Tom shall be got right. Whether he shall be put into the main road by constables, or by beadles, or by bell-ringing, or by force of figures, or by correct principles of taste, or by high church, or by low church, or by no church; whether he shall be set to splitting trusses of polemical straws with the crooked knife of his mind, or whether he shall be put to stone-breaking instead. In the midst of which dust and noise, there is but one thing perfectly clear, to wit, that Tom only may and can, or shall and will, be reclaimed according to somebody's theory but nobody's practice. And in the hopeful meantime, Tom goes to perdition head foremost in his old determined spirit.

But he has his revenge. Even the winds are his messengers, and they serve him in these hours of darkness. There is not a drop of Tom's corrupted blood but propagates infection and contagion somewhere. It shall pollute, this very night, the choice stream (in which chemists on analysis would find the genuine nobility) of a Norman house, and his Grace shall not be able to say Nay to the infamous alliance. There is not an atom of Tom's slime, not a cubic inch of any pestilential gas in which he lives, not one obscenity or degradation about him, not an ignorance, not a wickedness, not a brutality of his committing, but shall work its retribution, through every



TOM-ALL-ALONE'S.

order of society, up to the proudest of the proud, and to the highest of the high. Verily, what with tainting, plundering, and spoiling, Tom has his revenge.

It is a moot point whether Tom-all-alone's be uglier by day or by night; but on the argument that the more that is seen of it the more shocking it must be, and that no part of it left to the imagination is at all likely to be made so bad as the reality, day carries it. The day begins to break now; and in truth it might be better for the national glory even that the sun should sometimes set upon the British dominions, than that it should ever rise upon so vile a wonder as Tom.

A brown sunburnt gentleman, who appears in some inaptitude for sleep to be wandering abroad rather than counting the hours on a restless pillow, strode hitherward at this quiet time. Attracted by curiosity, he often pauses and looks about him, up and down the miserable by-ways. Nor is he merely curious, for in his bright dark eye there is compassionate interest; and as he looks here and there, he seems to understand such wretchedness, and to have studied it before.

On the banks of the stagnant channel of mud which is the main street of Tom-all-alone's, nothing is to be seen but the crazy houses, shut up and silent. No waking creature save himself appears, except in one direction where he sees the solitary figure of a woman sitting on a doorstep. He walks that way. Approaching, he observes that she has journeyed a long distance,

and is footsore and travel-stained. She sits on the doorstep in the manner of one who is waiting, with her elbow on her knee and her head upon her hand. Beside her is a canvas bag, or bundle, she has carried. She is dozing probably, for she gives no heed to his steps as he comes toward her.

The broken footway is so narrow, that when Allan Woodcourt comes to where the woman sits, he has to turn into the road to pass her. Looking down at her face, his eye meets hers, and he stops.

"What is the matter?"

'Nothing, sir."

"Can't you make them hear? Do you want to be let in?"

"I'm waiting till they get up at another house—a lodging-house—not here," the woman patiently returns. "I'm waiting here because there will be sun here presently to warm me."

"I am afraid you are tired. I am sorry to see you sitting in the street."

"Thank you, sir. It don't matter."

A habit in him of speaking to the poor, and of avoiding patronage or condescension, or childishness (which is the favorite device, many people deeming it quite a subtlety to talk to them like little spelling books), has put him on good terms with the woman easily.

"Let me look at your forehead," he says, bending down. "I am a doctor. Don't be afraid. I wouldn't hurt you for the world."

He knows that by touching her with his skillful and accustomed hand, he can soothe her yet more readily. She makes a slight objection, saying, "It's nothing;" but he has scarcely laid his fingers on the wounded place when she lifts it up to the light.

"Ay! A bad bruise, and the skin broken. This must be very sore."

"It do ache a little, sir," returns the woman, with a started tear upon her cheek.

"Let me try to make it more comfortable. My handkerchief won't hurt you."

"O dear no, sir, I'm sure of that!"

He cleanses the injured place and dries it; and having carefully examined it and gently pressed it with the palm of his hand, takes a small case from his pocket, dresses it, and binds it up. While he is thus employed, he says, after laughing at his establishing a surgery in the street:

"And so your husband is a brickmaker?"

"How do you know that, sir?" asks the woman, astonished.

"Why, I suppose so, from the color of the clay upon your bag and on your dress. And I know brickmakers go about working at piecework in different places. And I am sorry to say I have known them cruel to their wives too."

The woman hastily lifts up her eyes as if she would deny that her injury is referable to such a cause. But feeling the hand upon her forehead, and seeing his busy and composed face, she quietly drops them again.

"Where is he now?" asks the surgeon.

"He got into trouble last night, sir; but he'll look for me at the lodging-house."

"He will get into worse trouble if he often misuses his large and heavy hand as he has misused it here. But you forgive him, brutal as he is, and I say no more of him, except that I wish he deserved it. You have no young child?"

The woman shakes her head. "One as I calls mine, sir, but it's Liz's."

"Your own is dead. I see! Poor little thing!"

By this time he has finished, and is putting up his case. "I suppose you have some settled home? Is it far from here?" he asks, good-humoredly making light of what he has done, as she gets up and courtesies.

"It's a good two or three-and-twenty mile from here, sir. At Saint Albans. Do you know Saint Albans, sir? I thought you gave a start like, as if you did!"

"Yes, I know something of it. And now I will ask you a question in return. Have you money for your lodging?"

"Yes, sir," she says, "really and truly." And she shows it. He tells her, in acknowledgment of her many subdued thanks, that she is very welcome, gives her good-day, and walks away. Tom-all-alone's is still asleep, and nothing is astir.

Yes, something is! As he retraces his way to the point from which he descried the woman at a distance sitting on the step, he sees a ragged figure coming very cautiously along, crouching close to the soiled walls—which the wretchedest figure might as well avoid—and furtively thrusting a hand before it. It is the figure of a youth, whose face is hollow, and whose eyes have an emaciated glare. He is so intent on getting along unseen, that even the apparition of a stranger in whole garments does not tempt him to look back. He shades his face with his ragged elbow as he passes on the other side of the way, and goes shrinking and creeping on, with his anxious hand before him, and his shapeless clothes hanging in shreds. Clothes made for what purpose, or of what material, it would be impossible to say. They look, in color and in substance, like a bundle of rank leaves of swampy growth, that rotted long ago.

Allan Woodcourt pauses to look after him and note all this, with a shadowy belief that he has seen the boy before. He can not recall how, or where; but there is some association in his mind with such a form. He imagines that he must have seen it in some hospital or refuge; still he can not make out why it comes with any special force on his remembrance.

He is gradually emerging from Tom-all-alone's in the morning light, thinking about it, when he hears running feet behind him; and looking round, sees the boy scouring toward him at great speed, followed by the woman.

"Stop him, stop him!" cries the woman, almost breathless. "Stop him, sir!"

He darts across the road into the boy's path, but the boy is quicker than he—makes a curve—ducks—dives under his hands—comes up half-a-

dozen yards beyond him, and scours away again. Still the woman follows, crying, "Stop him, sir, pray stop him!" Allan, not knowing but that he has just robbed her of her money, follows in chase, and runs so hard, that he runs the boy down nearly a dozen times; but each time he repeats the curve, the duck, the dive, and scours away again. To strike at him, on any of these occasions, would be to fell and disable him; but the pursuer can not resolve to do that; and so the grimly ridiculous pursuit continues. At last the fugitive, hard-pressed, takes to a narrow passage, and a court which has no thoroughfare. Here, against a hoarding of decayed timber, he is brought to bay, and tumbles down, lying gasping at his pursuer, who stands and gasps at him until the woman comes up.

"O you Jo!" cries the woman. "What? I have found you at last!"

"Jo," repeats Allan, looking at him with attention; "Jo! Stay. To be sure! I recollect this lad some time ago being brought before the coroner."

"Yes, I see you once afore at the Inkwhich," whimpers Jo. "What of that? Can't you never let such an unfortnet as me alone? An't I unfortnet enough for you yet? How unfortnet do you want me fur to be? I've been a-chivied and a-chivied, fust by one on you and nixt by another on you, till I'm worrited to skins and bones. The Inkwhich warn't *my* fault. *I* done nothink. He wos wery good to me, he wos; he wos the only one I knowed to speak to, as ever come across my crossing. It an't wery likely I should want him to be Inkwhich'd. I only wish I wos, myself. I don't know why I don't go and make a hole in the water, I'm sure I don't."

He says it with such a pitiable air, and his grimy tears appear so real, and he lies in the corner up against the hoarding so like a growth of fungus or any unwholesome excrescence produced there in neglect and impurity, that Allan Woodcourt is softened toward him. He says to the woman, "Miserable creature, what has he done?"

To which she only replies, shaking her head at the prostrate figure more amazedly than angrily: "O you Jo, you Jo. I have found you at last!"

"What has he done?" says Allan. "Has he robbed you?"

"No, sir, no. Robbed me? He did nothing but what was kind-hearted by me, and that's the wonder of it."

Allan looks from Jo to the woman, and from the woman to Jo, waiting for one of them to unravel the riddle.

"But he was along with me, sir," says the woman—"O you Jo!—he was along with me, sir, down at Saint Albans, ill, and a young lady, Lord bless her for a good friend to me, took pity on him when I dursn't, and took him home—"

Allan shrinks back from him with a sudden horror.

"Yes, sir, yes. Took him home, and made him comfortable, and like a thankless monster he ran away in the night, and never has been seen or heard of since, till I set eyes on him just now. And that young lady that was such a pretty dear, caught his illness, lost her beautiful looks, and wouldn't hardly be known for the same young lady now, if it wasn't for her angel temper, and her pretty shape, and her sweet voice. Do you know it? You ungrateful wretch, do you know that this is all along of you, and of her goodness to you?" demands the woman, beginning to rage at him as she recalls it, and breaking into passionate tears.

The boy, in rough sort stunned by what he hears, falls to smearing his dirty forehead with his dirty palm, and to staring at the ground, and to shaking from head to foot until the crazy hoarding against which he leans rattles.

Allan restrains the woman, merely by a quiet gesture, but effectually.

"Richard told me," he falters, "—I mean, I have heard of this—don't mind me for a moment, I will speak presently."

He turns away, and stands for a while looking out at the covered passage. When he comes back, he has recovered his composure; except that he contends against an avoidance of the boy, which is so very remarkable, that it absorbs the woman's attention.

"You hear what she says. But get up, get up!"

Jo, shaking and chattering, slowly rises, and stands, after the manner of his tribe in a difficulty, sideways against the hoarding, resting one of his high shoulders against it, and covertly rubbing his right hand over his left, and his left foot over his right.

"You hear what she says, and I know it's true. Have you been here ever since?"

"Wishermaydie if I seen Tom-all-alone's till this blessed morning," replies Jo, hoarsely.

"Why have you come here now?"

Jo looks all round the confined court, looks at his questioner no higher than the knees, and finally answers:

"I don't know how to do nothink, and I can't get nothink to do. I'm wery poor and ill, and I thought I'd come back here when there warn't nobody about, and lay down and hide somewheres as I knows on till arter dark, and then go and beg a trifle of Mr. Sangsby. He wos allus willin fur to give me somethink, he wos, though Mrs. Sangsby she was allus a-chivying on me—like every body every wheres."

"Where have you come from?"

Jo looks all round the court again, looks at his questioner's knees again, and concludes by laying his profile against the hoarding in a sort of resignation.

"Did you hear me ask you where you have come from?"

"Tramp, then," says Jo.

"Now, tell me," proceeds Allan, making a strong effort to overcome his repugnance, going very near to him, and leaning over him with an

expression of confidence, "tell me how it came about that you left that house, when the good young lady had been so unfortunate as to pity you, and take you home."

Jo suddenly comes out of his resignation, and excitedly declares, addressing the woman, "that he never known about the young lady, that he never heern about it, that he never went fur to hurt her, that he would sooner have hurt his own self, that he'd sooner have had his unfortnet ed chopped off than ever gone a-nigh her, and that she wos wery good to him, she wos." Conducting himself throughout as if in his poor fashion he really meant it, and winding up with some very miserable sobs.

Allan Woodcourt sees that this is not a sham. He constrains himself to touch him. "Come, Jo. Tell me?"

"No. I dustn't," says Jo, relapsing into the profile state. "I dustn't, or I would."

"But I must know," returns the other, "all the same. Come, Jo."

After two or three such adjurations, Jo lifts up his head again, looks round the court again, and says in a low voice, "Well, I'll tell you somethink. I was took away. There!"

"Took away? In the night?"

"Ah!" Very apprehensive of being overheard, Jo looks about him, and even glances up some ten feet at the top of the hoarding, and through the cracks in it, lest the object of his distrust should be looking over, or hidden on the other side.

"Who took you away?"

"I dustn't name him," says Jo. "I dustn't do it, sir."

"But I want, in the young lady's name, to know. You may trust me. No one else shall hear."

"Ah, but I don't know," replies Jo, shaking his head fearfully, "as he *don't* hear."

"Why, he is not in this place."

"Oh, ain't he, though?" says Jo. "He's in all manner of places, all at wunst."

Allan looks at him in perplexity, but discovers some real meaning and good faith at the bottom of this bewildering reply. He patiently awaits an explicit answer; and Jo, more baffled by his patience than by any thing else, at last desperately whispers a name in his ear.

"Ay!" says Allan. "Why, what had you been doing?"

"Nothink, sir. Never done nothink to get myself into no trouble, 'sept in not moving on and the Inkwhich. But I'm a-moving on now. I'm a-moving on to the berryin ground—that's the move as I'm up to."

"No, no, we will try to prevent that. But what did he do with you?"

"Put me in a horsepittle," replied Jo, whispering, "till I was discharged, then giv me a little money—four half bulls, wot you may call half-crowns—and ses, 'Hook it! Nobody wants you here,' he ses. 'You hook it. You go and tramp,' he ses. 'You move on,' he ses. 'Don't let me ever see you nowheres within forty mile of London, or you'll repent it.' So I shall, if ever he does see me, and he'll see me if I'm above ground," concludes Jo, nervously repeating all his former precautions and investigations.

Allan considers a little; then remarks, turning to the woman, but keeping an encouraging eye on Jo: "He is not so ungrateful as you supposed. He had a reason for going away, though it was an insufficient one."

"Thank'ee, sir, thank'ee!" exclaims Jo. "There now! See how hard you wos upon me. But ony you tell the young lady wot the genlmn ses, and it's all right. For *you* wos wery good to me too, and I knows it."

"Now, Jo," says Allan, keeping his eye upon him, "come with me, and I will find you a better place than this to lie down and hide in. If I take one side of the way and you the other, to avoid observation, you will not 'hook it,' I know very well, if you make me a promise."

"I won't, not unless I wos to see *him* a-coming, sir."

"Very well. I take your word. Half the town is getting up by this time, and the whole town will be broad awake in another hour. Come along. Good day again, my good woman."

"Good day again, sir, and I thank you kindly many times again."

She has been sitting on her bag, deeply attentive, and now rises and takes it up. Jo, repeating, "Ony you tell the young lady as I never went fur to hurt her, and wot the genlmn ses!" nods and shambles, and shivers, and smears and blinks, and half laughs and half cries a farewell to her, and takes his creeping way along after Allan Woodcourt, close to the houses on the opposite side of the street. In this order, the two come up out of Tom-all-alone's into the broad rays of the sunlight and the purer air.

CHAMOIS HUNTING IN THE MOUNTAINS OF BAVARIA.

THERE are places in Berchtesgaden where a whole mountain-ridge has but a single outlet—one spot only by which even a chamois can pass out. If, therefore, this be stopped up by artificial means, a natural inclosure of rocks is at once formed, shutting in, like a park wall, the game for many miles. This circumstance shows at once the abruptness of their formation. The stags, that might otherwise cross the lake by swimming, are prevented from doing so by poles moored in deep water, and left to float on the surface. When the deer have reached the poles, their progress is arrested; for, being out of their depth, they are unable to climb over them; and turning, swim back again to the shore.

It was here that a friend of mine performed an exploit which hardly the boldest hunter could surpass—a deed so very perilous that I never think of the several circumstances attending it, without feeling something like giddiness and being ill at ease. Yet there is a strange charm in danger; and, as a child will ask for a tale to

be repeated which it has already often heard and been frightened at, so I inquired again about my friend's adventure when, the other day, we were once more together.

"Tell me, Arco," said I, "the story of your going after the buck you shot near the Konigs See—the terrible place, you know, where in coming back you grew giddy and sat down, and thought you would never be able to get out again."

"That was on the Ober See where you mean, just opposite Thal Berg Wand; but I thought you knew the story already."

"So I do," I replied; "you told it us all a long time ago, one day after dinner; but I don't remember the particulars exactly, and I should like to hear it again."

"Well," said he, "this was how it happened:—I had wounded a chamois, and as usual he climbed up and passed along a wall of rock, where we lost sight of him. We knew that he would not be able to get out further on, for it was a terrible place, I can tell you."

"And very high up, was it not?" I asked, interrupting him, "right over the lake."

"Three thousand feet," he replied; "not an inch less—that I am certain of: it was a perfect wall of rock, and below was the lake. But I do not mean to say that the water was directly at the foot of the rock, though from the great height it looked as if it were so. It was perhaps fifty or sixty feet off, but that did not make much difference. Nor was the wall of rock, though it looked so, as perpendicular as a plummet-line; sometimes it receded, and then advanced again, as is always the case. If you had fallen, you might have bounded off from some projecting crag once or twice, but would at last have dropped into the lake, though not quite at the foot of the mountain. Well, we all said that the chamois, if left quiet, would be sure to come down again, and that it was better to leave him now and not follow him. The thing was, I believe, if the truth were told, none of us had any wish to go along that narrow ledge; and we therefore persuaded ourselves the best thing would be not to disturb him. But we first made a fire to prevent his coming back, and thus had him safe where he was till the morrow."

"This was in the afternoon?"

"Yes, and we then went home. The next day, when out stalking, I looked across with my glass from a mountain opposite to where I thought he must be; and sure enough I saw him on a projecting ledge, leaning against a pine that grew out of a crevice in the rock."

"Was he not dead then?" I asked.

"Yes, he was dead; but he must have expired while leaning against the tree, for he was sitting exactly as if alive; had no tree been there, he would have rolled over, and we should never have seen any thing more of him. Well, I then went to see about fetching him out, but they all said it was quite impossible to get along the ledge. However, the chamois was there, and I was determined not to lose him without at least making a trial to reach the place. So I went first, and a young forester and one of the woodcutters followed."

"How broad was the ledge?" I asked.

"It was nowhere broader than from here to there," he replied, pointing to two lines in the flooring of the room, marking a space of seventeen inches wide; "*broader than that it was nowhere*—of that I am certain; but in many parts it was not larger than this border," pointing to some inlaid woodwork, seven inches wide; "and on one side, rising up above you, the wall of rock, and on the other a depth of 3000 feet down to the lake. We went along some way, when there, right before us, was a gap—not very broad, it is true, but still too wide to step across, or even for a jump. The cleft was, perhaps, five and a half feet wide, and below in the chasm it was wild and frightful to look at."

"But how was it possible to pass?"

"We had a tree cut down, and flung the stem across, and went over one after the other. At last we reached the place where the chamois lay. It was a green spot, just large enough for us three to stand upon—as nearly the size of this round table as may be (forty-two inches in diameter), only it was rather longer at one end, which gave us more room to open and clean the chamois. Now we had to return, and to carry the buck with us; that was the most difficult part of our undertaking."

"It was in going back you grew giddy, was it not?"

"Yes, for the first time in my life. It was not exactly giddiness either, but rather fright—a feeling that now it was all over with me, and that I should never come out again. But there was no time to lose, or it would really have been all over with me; so pulling out my flask, I took a long draught of the spirit that was in it, and sat down to recover myself."

"But where?—not on the narrow ledge surely?"

"Yes, on the ledge, with my feet hanging over. I was obliged to sit down. I sat there for about a quarter of an hour. But then came the getting up—that was a difficult piece of work; for as the ledge was narrow, I could not turn as I should have done any where else; for, if I had, my shoulder, or elbow, or head might have knocked against the rock behind me, and that, causing me to lose my balance, would have sent me over; so I was obliged to get first one foot up very carefully, and then at last the other, and when that was done, all the rest I managed well enough. Nothing on earth, however, should ever induce me to go that way again."

"How long was the way altogether?" I asked—"the ledge that projected from the face of the rock."

"Altogether about two hundred yards. But then you must not think it was every where so narrow as this strip of wood, though often it was not broader; nor was the rock at our side every where quite perpendicular; but sometimes

it sloped back, now more, now less, which of course made it much easier for us. If it had been the whole way so narrow, nobody in the world could have borne it; and the rock was not every where quite smooth; but here and there, exactly perhaps where the ledge was narrowest, would be a little roughness or projection, on which we could hold with our fingers; and that, you know, was quite enough to make the passage possible. For example, at the gap across which we flung the tree; there, rising up from below, was the point of a rock. We could just lay hold of it, by stooping down as we crossed our narrow bridge. This was a lucky chance, for without such help we could not possibly have passed, there being nothing on either side to steady ourselves by: the cleft in the rock went all the way up, and to walk across that fir-tree like a rope-dancer, three thousand feet high in the air, was no joke. As it was, that chance piece of rock helped us over capitally."

"But the rock, I suppose, rose some height beside you, did it not? for, if not, it must have been very difficult to make an aid of it in crossing."

"No," replied my friend, "the rock only came up just to about the tree. That was the difficulty: we had to stoop down, almost sitting on the ground, and planting one foot firmly on the ledge, to slide the other forward, till we thought we could manage to reach as far as to the point of rock, without losing our balance. We tried first of course, then stretched out one hand further and further till at last we had reached it. Once in our hand it was all right. Then the other foot was to be gently advanced close to the first; and again slided carefully forward to the opposite ledge; and when it was firmly planted there, and we thought we were well balanced, the bit of rock was let go, and the foot still on the middle of the tree was quickly brought up beside the other. Luckily the rock rose just in the centre of the gap; for if it had been nearer one side or the other we could not have accomplished the passage, as it would then have been impossible to reach and lay hold of the stone, while one foot was still on firm ground."

"When you came back, how did you lift the chamois over the gap?" I inquired. "You surely did not carry him over?"

"No indeed, it was as much as we could do to get over ourselves, without having a dead weight like that at our backs. When we had him so far, we pushed him forward on the tree, till one of us on the opposite side could lay hold of his fore legs and pull him over; but we tied him first to a rock: we dared not trust to our being able to hold him; for had he slipped while in our hands, he would have pulled us over too."

"But," said I, "to me it is unintelligible how it is possible to get along a ledge so narrow, when you have a wall close beside you. Your own shoulder or hip, knocking against it, must make you lose your balance. It is all very well when the face of the rock inclines away from you; but when straight up—that is what I do not understand." And I tried to move alongside the wall of the room with my body close against it.

"In that way of course you can not," said he, watching me. "For it is an old joke to place a person with one foot close against a wall, parallel with it, and to tell him to lift up the other. He is unable to do it of course; he loses his balance at once; but move your foot a little, with your toes to the wall, and heel overhanging the ledge," he continued, and trying the experiment himself, while he spoke—"no, that is not quite enough yet—a little more—ah! yes, that will do now. You see *now* I can lift up the other foot." And turning with his face to the wall, he moved a step in advance. "And then, as I said before, the wall is seldom quite straight, and one can hold on a little here and there. But it was not merely ourselves—there was the tree—we had to go back and drag the tree along the ledge."

"I only wonder that you found any one to accompany you. I am surprised, that when the others saw you were determined to venture, they did not let you make the attempt alone."

"No, no," he replied, "they would not do that; first they think that they climb better than any one else; and that, where a gentleman goes, they can also. Beside this, I must say, all those fellows in the mountains never desert you in time of need: they have a feeling of honor, which I never met with in a like degree elsewhere. I went, and that was enough; they would be sure not to stay behind."

"It is the only time you were giddy: I suppose it is the ugliest place you ever were in, is it not?"

"Why, yes, I can not remember having been in any more dangerous. But what was so disagreeable in this case, was having to return by the same path; that makes the matter a thousand times worse. In going the first time, if you do feel uncomfortable, you have the consolation of knowing that you are leaving the danger behind you, and that every step brings you nearer the accomplishment of your undertaking. Besides, the first time the difficulties are all new; you are not aware how great they are, till you are in the very midst of them and they are half over; and, before you have time to get ill at ease, they are nearly passed: but in coming back again the same way, you have a foreknowledge of the danger to be incurred; you remember what you felt when in the difficult situation the first time, and have an unwillingness, a thorough disinclination, to endure the same once more. All is so fresh in your mind, that you hang back when called on to do it over again. And as you proceed, in approaching some ugly place, your thoughts are occupied with it all the while; instead of being calm, you are excited, and fancy makes the difficulty greater even than it is. If fear once gets hold of you under such circumstances, you are almost surely lost. It was fear, not giddiness, that overcame me, and made me sit down; for had I been giddy, I could not have looked, as I did, into the depth below; but it

was a feeling of horror at the place I was in, a shuddering dread that I could not shake off. What I drank saved me; without it I should not have been able to free myself from that overwhelming anxiety."

"PATIENCE IS GENIUS!"

THIS was the maxim of Buffon, the naturalist. He used to aver that men did not so much differ one from another in the gifts of intellect as in the practice of the virtue of patience: and he held, that by dint of indefatigable industry, perseverance, and labor, nearly all things could be accomplished.

Labor is the price set upon every thing valuable; nor has any man, whatever his genius, risen to eminence in any art, profession, or calling, except by dint of unwearied industry and patient labor. And Buffon was not far wrong in his assertion that the genius of great men consisted mainly in their superior patience.

Dr. Johnson once remarked that "the mental disease of the present generation is impatience of study, contempt of the great masters of ancient wisdom, and a disposition to rely on unassisted genius and natural sagacity; the wits of these days have discovered a way to fame which the dull caution of our laborious ancestors dared never attempt."

The remark is as applicable at this day as it was in Johnson's time. Our young men are still eager to arrive at great results without the drudgery of labor. They would be scientific and learned, rich and wise, without paying the inevitable price—hard work. They get a smattering of many things, but very few are at the pains to bottom a subject. They resemble too much that lady of fashion who, desirous of brushing up her knowledge of foreign languages, engaged a master on the express condition that he did not plague her with verbs and participles.

The present age being so decidedly mechanical—our leading inventions resulting in the triumph of science at the expense of labor—there is a strong tendency and desire to arrive at results suddenly, without undergoing the dull plodding which our laborious ancestors were willing and obliged to confront. In education, as in other things, we invent "labor-saving processes," seek for short cuts to science, learn "French in twelve lessons," or by means of a sixpenny pamphlet, which advertises to do it "without a master." We think to learn chemistry by listening to popular lectures on the subject at mechanics' institutes; and when we have inhaled laughing-gas, seen green water turned to red, and phosphorus burnt in oxygen, we have got our smattering of chemistry—the most that can be said of which is, that though it is better than nothing, it is yet good for nothing. And so do we also learn popular astronomy by means of an orrery, transparencies, and the magic lantern; and geology by the aid of pictures and "highly interesting models." We may not believe now that there is a royal road to knowledge, but we seem to believe very firmly in a "popular" one. We have science spiced by puns, and art seasoned with anecdotes. We have now got Comic Grammars, Comic Histories of England and Rome, and by-and-by we may possibly arrive at a Comic Euclid. Thus do we "make things pleasant" on the road to knowledge; and imagine we are being educated when we are only amused.

But it will not do. To be really wise, we must labor after knowledge; to be learned, we must study; to practice self-culture successfully, we must be diligent and self-denying: to be great in any thing, we must have patience. Remember the principle of Apelles—"No day with out a line;" and the axiom of Napoleon—"An hour lost is a chance for misfortune in the future." A young man ought to bring himself to revolt in feeling at a lost hour, as if it were a crime; he needs to watch himself carefully hour after hour, and every night, before going to rest, balance the accounts of his day's employment. If he do this, it will soon become a habit, and a most valuable one.

It is astonishing how much may be done by economizing time, and by using up the spare minutes—the odds and ends of our leisure hours. There are many men who have laid the foundations of their character, and been enabled to build up a distinguished reputation, simply by making a diligent use of their leisure minutes. Professor Lee acquired Hebrew and several other languages during his spare time in the evening, while working as a journeyman-carpenter. Ferguson learnt astronomy from the heavens while herding sheep on the Highland hills. Stone learnt mathematics while a journeyman-gardener. Hugh Miller studied geology while working as a day-laborer in a quarry. By using up the orts and offal of their time—the spare bits which so many others would have allowed to run to waste—these and a thousaud more men have acquired honor, distinction, and happiness for themselves, and promoted the well-being and general advancement of the world.

Haydon, in his lectures on painting, has given some excellent advice on this subject. He says: "Always look temptation in the face, and never shirk it. There is no being takes so many shapes as Miss Mary Idleness. She is a beautiful devil, with lustrous teeth, raven hair, black eyes, and a nose and cheeks, chin and dimple, lips, and forehead not to be mentioned; and the worst is, whatever she proposes is always for your good. If you have genius, industry alone will make you ready for its inspirations; if you have not, industry, at least, will give you knowledge. I am no friend to that lachrymose croaking about 'time of life;' I am just as able now, at fifty-eight years, to set to work in a new acquirement, as at eighteen years—and perhaps, more able. 'Were I to begin the world again,' said Reynolds; he would do all sorts of things he had neglected to do, and follow Michael Angelo's steps. Now, he had been saying this forty years. Why did he not, at once, like Tintoretto, write over the door of his painting-room 'The day to Titian, the night to Michael An-

gelo?' and in six months we should have had his limbs more like legs and thighs than ninepins. Why? because he had only the consciousness of imperfection, without the sufficient power (or *will*) to impel the remedy. After lamenting this to Burke, he would sit down to a game of whist, or sojourn to the club to listen to the declamations of Johnson."

It is *will*—force of purpose—that enables a man to do or be whatever he sets his mind on being or doing. A holy man was accustomed to say, "Whatever you wish, that you are: for such is the force of our will, joined to the Divine, that whatever we wish to be, seriously, and with a true intention, that we become. No one ardently wishes to be submissive, patient, modest, or liberal, who does not become what he wishes."

Even at advanced years men can accomplish much, if they determine forthwith to begin. There are many late learners in the world: Sir Henry Spelman only commenced the study of science when between fifty and sixty years of age; and after this he became a most learned antiquarian and lawyer. Franklin did not fully begin his philosophical studies till he had reached his fiftieth year. Boccaccio was thirty-five when he commenced his studies in polite literature; and Alfieri was forty-six when he began the study of Greek. Dr. Arnold was above forty when he learned German, for the purpose of being able to read Niebuhr's works. When Dryden came up to London from the provinces, dressed in Norwich drugget, somewhat above the age of thirty, he did not even then know that he could write a line of poetry; and he was sixty-eight when he commenced the translation of the Æneid. Scott was upward of thirty before he published his *Minstrelsy*, and what a life of hard work was his after that. Handel was forty-eight before he published any of his great works; and Mehemet Ali was above forty when he learned to read and write. Indeed, hundreds of instances might be given of men who struck out an entirely new path, and successfully entered on new studies, at a comparatively advanced age. None but the sick or indolent will ever say, "I am too old to study."

One of the most striking illustrations of industry, and of Buffon's maxim that "patience is genius," is afforded in the life and labors of Sir Isaac Newton. It is related of him, that when he was questioned respecting the mental qualities which formed the peculiarity of his character, he referred it entirely to the power which he had acquired of *continuous attention*. "When he was asked," says Mr. Whewell, "how he made his discourses, he answered, 'By always thinking about them;' and at another time, he declared, that 'if he had done any thing, it was due to nothing but *industry and patient thought;* I keep the subject of my inquiry constantly before me, and wait till the first dawning opens gradually, by little and little, into a full and clear light.'"

When William Cecil, afterward Lord Burleigh, was at St. John's College, in order that he might daily devote several hours to study without interruption, he made an agreement with a bell-ringer to be called up every morning at four o'clock. But his strength was soon seriously impaired thereby, and he contracted a painful humor in his legs, of which, however, he got subsequently cured. At sixteen he delivered a public lecture on the logic of the schools, and three years later, on the Greek language. He studied all subjects, including law, antiquities, and heraldry, recording with his pen any thing that appeared to him worthy of notice. His dispatch of business was extraordinary, his maxim being, "The shortest way to do many things is to do only one thing at once;" and he never left a thing undone with a view of recurring to it at a period of more leisure. When business pressed, he rather chose to encroach on his hours of meals and rest than omit any part of his work. Even when laboring under pain he was carried to his office for dispatch of business. An eye-witness says of him, that for a period of twenty-four years he never saw him idle for half an hour together; and if he had no particular task, which rarely happened, he would still busy himself in reading, writing, or meditating.

As a concluding illustration, take the career of the late Sir S. Romilly. He was the son of a jeweler, descended from a French refugee; he received little education in his early years, but overcame all his disadvantages by unwearied application, and by efforts constantly directed toward the same end: his life is a lesson of facts, worth more than volumes of moral sentiments. "I *determined*," he says in his autobiography, "when I was between fifteen and sixteen years of age, to apply myself seriously to learning Latin, of which I, at that time, knew little more than some of the most familiar rules of grammar." He took a lesson of an hour daily from a teacher, and devoted the greatest part of his remaining time to poring over Cæsar, Livy, and Cicero. "In the course of three or four years, during which I thus applied myself, I had read almost every prose writer of the age of pure Latinity, except those who have treated merely of technical subjects, such as Varro, Columella, and Celsus. I had gone three times through the whole of Livy, Sallust, and Tacitus; I had read all Cicero, with the exception, I believe, only of his academic questions, and his treatises *De Finibus* and *De Divinatione*. I had studied the most celebrated of his orations, his *Lælius*, his *Cato Major*, his treatise *De Oratore*, and his *Letters*, and had translated a great deal of Homer. Terence, Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and Juvenal, I had read over and over again." At the same time he acquired and studied Greek, and "went through the most considerable of the Greek historians, orators, and philosophers, in the Latin versions which generally accompanied the Grecian text." He studied also geography, natural history, and natural philosophy, and obtained a good acquaintance with other branches of general knowledge.

At sixteen he was articled to Mr. William M. Lally, one of the sworn clerks in Chancery; he worked hard, became solicitor-general under the Fox administration in 1806, and so on advanced to the highest celebrity in his profession. Yet he was always haunted by a painful and almost oppressive sense of his own disqualifications, if we may judge from his autobiography, and never ceased laboring to remedy them. In 1817, he says: "The highest office and the greatest dignity that the Crown has to bestow might make me miserable; it is impossible that it could render me happier than I already am. One great source of misery to me in such a situation the public, and even my own most intimate friends, little suspect—it is the consciousness that I am not qualified to discharge properly its important duties."

In somewhat like manner, Sir Walter Scott said, seriously, in his autobiography, "Through every part of my literary career, I have felt pinched and hampered at my own ignorance."

Such is true wisdom! While many think themselves learned, who have gained but a smattering of knowledge, from "comic" primers and "popular" lectures, the wiser a man really becomes, the more he begins to feel as the sage of old did, when he said, "The longer I live, the more persuaded I become that I know nothing."

THE FRENCH SPY SYSTEM.

AMONG the many families which rose into notice under the empire of the first Napoleon, few held a more distinguished position in the Parisian society of the day than that of the Countess B——. Her house, at the period of which we speak, was the rendezvous of all the celebrities of the time—marshals of France, statesmen, artists, men of letters, alike crowded to her saloons. The Baron M—— was one of her most frequent guests, and had the reputation of being as witty and amusing a personage as could be met with; in consequence, his company was very generally sought, even by the highest circles, in which, though but little was known of his family or connection, he had found means to obtain an excellent footing.

One evening, in the winter of 1805, a brilliant party was assembled in the gay saloons of the Countess B——, when a gentleman, well known to all, arrived in breathless haste, and apparently much excited. He made his way as quickly as possible to the countess, and all crowded round to hear what great piece of intelligence he had to communicate.

"We are all I think," he said, "well acquainted with Baron M——, who is so constant a visitor here. I regret to say that I have just learned, in the most positive manner, that he is undoubtedly a spy; he has in fact been seen to enter and to leave the cabinet of Monsieur Fouché."

The assembled guests were thunderstruck at this unexpected announcement, each one endeavoring to recollect what indiscreet expression might have passed his lips in the presence of the treacherous baron; and all naturally enough, feeling extremely uneasy at the possibility of being called upon to answer for some long-forgotten words, spoken, as they thought, in the security of private society. The hostess of course was most indignant at the insult which had been put upon her, and could hardly believe in the truth of the accusation.

However, something must be done; the baron was momentarily expected; and unless he were able to clear himself from this serious imputation, he must be at once expelled from the society. After some discussion, therefore, it was decided that, upon the arrival of Baron M——, the countess should request a few minutes' private conversation with him; that she should take him into another room, and having told him of what he was accused, should ask if he had any explanation to offer, as otherwise she should be obliged to signify to him, that he must discontinue his visits.

In the midst of the invectives which were poured forth on the head of the unfortunate baron, that worthy made his appearance. Immediately all was silent; and though he advanced to greet his friends with his customary easy assurance, he evidently saw that all was not right, as his most intimate associates of yesterday avoided speaking to him, or at most, gave him the slightest possible salutation.

Not being, however, very easily abashed, Baron M—— proceeded, as usual, to make his bow to the hostess, who at once, as had been agreed, said to him: "Monsieur le Baron, may I request the favor of a few words with you in private?"

"Certainly, madame," replied the baron, offering his arm, which she declined to take, and led the way to an ante-chamber.

The countess, feeling naturally very nervous at the part she had to perform, at length said, with some hesitation: "I know not whether you are aware, Monsieur le Baron, of the serious accusation which hangs over you; and which, unless you can remove or explain satisfactorily, must for ever close my doors against you." The baron was all attention, as the countess continued: "I have been informed, upon what appears to be undoubted authority, that you are in the pay of Monsieur Fouché—that you are, in short, a spy."

"Oh," replied the baron, "is that all? I will not attempt to deny it; nothing can be more true: I *am* a spy."

"And how," exclaimed the lady, "have you dared to insult me and my guests, by presuming to present yourself night after night at my house, in such an unworthy manner?"

"I repeat," said the baron with all possible coolness, "that I am in the pay of Fouché; that I am a spy: and in this capacity, upon some subjects, I am tolerably well informed, of which, Madame la Comtesse, I will give you a proof. On the last pay-day, at Monsieur Fouché's, you received your pay, for the information you had brought him, immediately after I had received mine."

"What!" cried the countess; "dare you in-

sinuate any thing so infamous? I will have you turned out of the house instantly."

"Softly, madame," answered the baron: "that I am a spy, I have not attempted to deny; that you are likewise a spy, I have long known, and can readily prove. We are in the same boat—we sink or swim together: if you proceed to denounce me, I shall also denounce you; and there is an end of both of us. If you uphold me, I will uphold you, and we shall go on as before."

"Well," said the lady, considerably embarrassed at finding that her secret was known, "what is to be done? I am in a most difficult position."

"Not at all, madame," replied the baron. "I will tell you what to do: take my arm, and we will return together to the drawing-room, where you will announce that my explanation has been satisfactory."

The countess, seeing there was nothing else to be done, determined to make the best of it, and as she advanced into the room said, with one of her sweetest smiles: "I am delighted to tell you, that Monsieur le Baron has been able to give me an explanation, which, though I can not divulge it, is in all respects perfectly satisfactory to me, and therefore, I am sure, it will be so to you." The guests were at once relieved from a weight of anxiety, the evening passed off with the utmost hilarity, and the baron regained the good opinions he had lost. It was not until long afterward that the real facts of this singular history became known.

THE LODGINGS THAT WOULDN'T SUIT.

MY landlady was a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old woman, with the kind of superficial sharpness of eye that bespeaks a person whose mind has always moved within the same small circle. When, or at what age she began the business of letting furnished apartments, or whether she was born in it, and grew up of nature and necessity a landlady, I do not know; but there she was, as intimate with her house and every thing that concerned it as a limpet is with its shell, and as ignorant, too, as that exclusive animal is of the outside world. Her connection with that world was of a peculiar kind. She never visited it but when driven by the force of circumstances, and then it was as a beleaguered garrison makes a sortie against the enemy. Her natural foes were the tradespeople who dealt in any thing she wanted, and the result of a conflict between them, if it involved but the fortunes of a half-penny, colored her whole day. It was not frequently, however, that she was driven to this aggressive warfare, for my landlady was a great dealer at the door, and lived in a state of perpetual hostility with the venders of sprats-O, and live soles.

Her house, or at least the parlor floor which I inhabited, bore a curious resemblance to herself, being a little, spare, neat, clean-looking old floor. It consisted of a sitting-room and bedroom in excellent preservation. What the age of the furniture may have been, it was impossible even to guess; but for all practical purposes, it was as good as new. There was no gloss on it—there never is in a lodging-house—but neither was there a single grain of dust. Though kept constantly clean, it had never been rubbed in its life; and that was the secret of its longevity. The carpet, though as whole as the rest, was not in other respects so fortunate. Its color was so completely faded, that you could not tell what it had originally been; the pattern might have been matter of endless controversy; and it exhibited a decided gangway from the door to the fire-place. Its dimensions might be thought scanty, for it did not cover the entire floor; but then, it must be considered, that this carpet was intended for the comfort of the lodgers' feet, not of those of the six cane-bottomed chairs ranged at wide intervals along the walls. On the mantle-piece there stood a lion of Derbyshire spar, and flanking him on each side a vase of stoneware; the background being formed by a long narrow horizontal mirror, divided into three compartments, with a black frame.

These apartments, for which I paid twelve shillings a week, were not particularly cheerful. They had, indeed, rather a cold, solitary look; and sometimes in the morning at breakfast-time, I would fain even have prolonged the ministering of the dirty maid-of-all-work, by asking questions. But Molly had doubtless been ordered not to speak to the lodgers, and therefore she answered curtly; and, slamming down, or whisking off the things, went her way. I had at length recourse to my landlady herself, and found her so much more communicative, that I suddenly conceived the wild idea of being able to select from her reminiscences the materials for a story—with which I had already resolved to delight the public, if I could only think of a plot. She was not at all disinclined to speak. Indeed I believe she would have made no scruple of telling me the history of all her lodgers, from the epoch when things began to settle down after the Norman Conquest; for it was to some such period I referred in my own mind the first appearance in her window of "Lodgings to Let." But somehow her lodgers had no history to relate. Her favorite hero was a gentleman, who every now and then brought her in news from the world that Parliament was going to impose a tax upon furnished lodgings. This was a very exciting subject. So far as it went, she was so unscrupulous a democrat, that I began to be fearful of political consequences if we were overheard; indeed, she did not hesitate to set the whole boiling of them at defiance, saying, in answer to my caution, that if she *was* took up in such a cause, she would soon let them know they had got the wrong sow by the ear!

But since my landlady had not a story, why not tell it? There was in it a young gentleman—and a young lady—and a mother—and a journey—and a legacy: all the requisite materials, in short—only not mixed. It would be something new—wouldn't it?—to give a love-story without

a word of love, without an incident, and without a dénouement. Such was my landlady's no-story; and we will get it out of her.

"The lady and her daughter?" said she. "Well, I don't know as there is any thing particular to tell about them. They were respectable people, and excellent lodgers; their rent was as punctual in coming as the Saturday; they staid fourteen months, and then they went away."

"You have not mentioned their name?"

"Their name? Well, sure*ly* I must have known their name when I went after the reference; but as they knew nobody, and were known to nobody, I soon forgot it. We called the mother the Parlor, and the daughter the Young Lady; for you see, at that time there was no other young lady in the house. Their occupation? As for that, the mother marketed, and the daughter sewed, sitting in the chair at the window. Sometimes they walked, sometimes they read, sometimes they chatted. They did nothing else as I know of. They lived on their means, like other lodgers. All lodgers that stay fourteen months have means. You *be* so green, mister, you make me laugh sometimes!"

"I only wanted to know what was their station, how they lived, and—"

"Lived? oh, very respectable! A baked shoulder, we shall say, on the Sunday, with potatoes under it; Monday, cold; Tuesday, hashed; then, maybe, a pair of live sole for the Wednesday; Thursday, a dish of sassengers; Friday, sprats-O; and on Saturday, bread and butter in the forenoon, with a saveloy or a polony at tea, made up the week—respectable. I know what a lady is, mister"—here the landlady fixed her eye upon me severely—"and them *were* ladies!"

"I have no doubt at all of it; and the young man was of course something like themselves?"

"He was like nothing but a mystery at the Coburg! I don't know as even he were a young man. He might just as well have been a middle-aged or an elderly man. There he sat at the parlor window opposite, with a book in his hand; but it was easy to see that it was our window he was reading, where the young lady was sitting, as I have told you, sewing in her chair. Day after day, week after week, month after month, there was he looking, and looking, and looking; till the picture, I dare say, gathered upon his eye, and he could see little else in the world."

"The young lady, I hope, returned the looks?"

"She, poor dear! Lor' love you, she was so short-sighted, that she could not tell whether it were a house or a hedge on the other side of the street. She did so laugh when I told her there was a young man a-looking at her! Then, when she turned her poor blind eyes in the direction, promiscuous like, how he snatched away his head, as if he had been a-stealing something! It was a great misfortune for him that I had put my oar in, for all his long, lonely, quiet looks were now at an end. The young lady could not refrain from turning her head sometimes; and every time she did so, it gave him such a spasm! but when, at last, she got up, now and then, as if to look, full length, at something in the street, he fairly bolted off from the window. He could not stand *that* by no manner of means; little knowing, poor soul! that the eyes that had bewitched him did not carry half-way across the street."

"That is excellent, mistress," said I, for we were evidently coming to the pith of the story; "but they no doubt met at last?"

"You shall hear—you shall hear," replied my landlady; "but I must first tell you, that one day, when he had been driven away out of sight by the full length of the young lady, I went out for a couple of chops to their dinners. Well, I was ever so long gone—for I was not to be done so easily out of a ha'penny a pound—but in coming home, as the young lady was still sewing away, I thought I would just pass by the other side before crossing over. And so, mister, while going by the house, I looked in at his window promiscuous—and there was a sight to see! He had retired to the other end of the room, where he was sitting with his back to the wall, his two elbows on a table before him, and his chin resting on his knuckles; and thus had he been staring for an hour right across the street, unseen and alone, with that young lady before him, like a vision of his own calling up. As for the meeting of the two—"

"Stop, mistress! Before you come to that, describe the young man."

"The young man, if he were a young man, was a grave, steady, sedate, quiet individual, who might have been all ages from twenty-five to fifty. He wore black clothes and a white cravat; his hat was always as smooth as satin; his boots looked as if they had been French polished; his hair was brown, and combed smooth; his face gray; and he walked as if he was measuring the pavement with his steps. He left the house at one hour, and returned at another, neither a minute earlier nor later; and he indulged his poor heart with the young lady for the very same space of time every day."

"And the heroine?"

"The what, mister?"

"The young lady—I beg pardon."

"Oh, she was a nice sort of person, of two or three-and-twenty; light-hearted, but quiet in her manners; with a good complexion; pretty enough features, taking them all together; and light-blue eyes, with the hazy appearance of short-sight."

"Then, go on to the meeting."

"I'm a-coming to it. It was one day that the Parlor and the Young Lady were out; and the live sole being fried beautiful, I was standing at the window, wondering what ever could be keeping them, and it just one. So, as the church-clock struck, I sees my young man, as usual, open his door and come out, and after a sweeping glance with the tail of his eye at our window, walk away down the street, so steady that one or two stepped out of his line, thinking he was a-measuring the pavement. Well, who should be coming, right in his front, as if for the express

purpose of meeting him, but our two ladies! I declare, it put me in mind of the appointment in the paper for the sake of Matrimony with somebody as has honorable intentions and means secrecy. The young man went on for a while, as if he meant to cut right through between the mother and daughter; but his courage failed him at last, and he stopped at a window, and stared in at the bill, 'Day-school for Young Ladies,' till they had passed some time. He then set off again, and disappeared without turning his head."

"And is this the meeting, mistress?" said I, with some indignation.

"To be sure it is," said my landlady, "and the only meeting they ever had; for that very day the Parlor received a letter from France, or Scotland, or some other place abroad, which made her give me a week's warning; and at the end of that time they went off, and I never saw them more."

"And is this your story, mistress?" said I, getting into a downright rage.

"I told you from the first, mister," replied my landlady, flaring up, "that I had no story to tell, and if you don't choose to hear the end of it, you may do the other thing!"

"It is the end my dear madam, that I am dying to hear. You have so interesting a way with you, that really—"

"Well, well. It was eight months before I heard any thing about the ladies; but then I had a few lines from the Parlor, telling me that she had given up all thoughts of returning to London, as her daughter was now well married, and she was to live with her. I hardly knew at first what the letter was about, or who it was from; for the young man had gone too, soon after them—to one of the midland counties, I heard—and what with crosses of my own, and the tax that was a-going to be laid upon lodgings, I had forgotten all about them. By the end of a year, things were very dull with me. The parlors were empty, and the two-pair-back had gone off without paying his rent. One day I was sitting alone, for the girl was out, and thinking to myself what ever was to be done, when, all of a sudden, a knock came to the door, that made my heart leap to my mouth. Not that it was a loud, long knock, clatter, clatter, clatter; nor a postman's knock, ra—tatt; nor a knock like yours, mister, rat-at-at-at: it was three moderate, leisurely strokes of the knocker, with precisely the same number of seconds between them; and I could have sworn the strokes were knocked by the young man, for many a time and oft had I heard them on the door on the other side of the way."

"I hope to goodness you were right?" said I.

"Never was wrong in my life," said my landlady, "when I *felt* any thing. Black coat, white cravat, smooth hat, glossy boots, brown hair, gray face—all were unchanged. He looked steadily at me for some seconds when I opened the door, and I was just going to ask him how he did—when at last he said: 'Lodgings?'

"'Yes, sir,' said I, 'please to step in;' and I showed him into the parlor. He looked at every thing minutely, but without moving from where he stood near the door: at the table, the chairs, the fire-place, the chimney-glass; I am sure he noticed that the tail of that lion was broken (but the hussy tramped for it, *I* can tell you!)—nothing escaped him; and at last he looked at the window, and at the chair the young lady used to sit in as she sewed; and then, turning quietly round, he walked out.

"'What do you think of them?' asked I, anxiously, as I followed him.

"'Wouldn't suit,' said he; and so he went his way. I was a little put out, you may be sure—"

"I'll take my corporal oath of that!" remarked I.

"But not so much as you think, mister," said my landlady; "for I could not help feeling sorry for him. But yet I own, when the very same thing occurred next year—"

"Next year!"

"On the very day, hour, minute, second; the same knock, the same look in my face, the same inspection of the room, the same gaze at the young lady's chair, and the same answer: 'Wouldn't suit!' The next year—'

"My dear madam!—how long is that ago?"

"Well—a matter of twenty year."

I was glad it was no worse; for a misgiving had come over me, and my imagination was losing itself in the distance of the past.

"The next year," continued my landlady, "and the next, and the next, and the next, were as like as may be. Sometimes the parlor was let; but it was all one—he would see it, 'as it might do for another time;' and the lodgers being out, he did see it, and still it wouldn't suit. At last, I happened one year to be out myself, forgetting that it was the young man's day; and, my! as the thought struck me when coming home, it gave me such a turn! I felt as if I hadn't done right. I was by this time accustomed to the visit, you see, and always grew anxious when the time came. But it was of no consequence to him; only he stared twice as long when the door was opened and he saw a strange face. But he went in all the same, looked at every thing as usual—wouldn't suit. At all these visits of inspection, his stay was of the same length to a minute; and when he went away, I found—for I did watch him once—he walked straight to the coach-office.

"Well, mister, you may think, as years passed on, that I saw some difference in the young man's appearance. But he didn't grow a bit older. His hair changed, but his gray face was still like granite stone. His pace became slower; but for that, he only came the sooner, so that he might have the same time to look, and get back to the coach at the proper moment. Then he seemed to tremble a little in his walk; but he had now a cane to keep him stiff and upright; and he still looked as if he was a-measuring the pavement, only taking more pains to it. I can not think what it was that made me

care so much about that old young man, for I never in my life exchanged more words with him than you have heard. But once, when the clock was fast, and he hadn't made his appearance at the hour, I sat quaking in my chair, and grew so nervous that, when at last the knock came, I started up with a scream. But this was after we had been well-nigh a score of years accustomed to each other. Earlier, I was sometimes cross; that was when we had hardly any lodgers, and the parlor never *would* suit. But it was all one to him. He didn't mind me a pin—not even when, being in better humor, I once asked him to sit down. He just looked as usual—as if there was nobody in the world but himself. I was so nettled, that I thought of repeating the invitation, and pointing to the young lady's chair: but it was a bad thought, and I am glad now I kept it down.

"He grew more and more infirm; and at last, when one year he came and went in a coach, although he would not make use of coachee's arm either in coming down or going up the steps, I had a sore heart and dim eyes looking after him. The next year, you may be sure, I was at my post as usual; but when it came near the hour, I was so fidgety and nervous, that I could not sit down, but kept going from the parlor window to the door, and looking up at the clock. The clock struck—there was no knock. Poor old young man! In ten minutes more, there was the postman's knock, and I took the letter he gave me into the parlor—slow and desolate-like. The girl was out; we had hardly any lodgers; things were very bad with me—I was sore cast down. But business is business; and I opened the letter, which was no doubt about the apartments, for I never got any other. This time, it was from a country attorney, telling me of that Death, and of a clause in the will, leaving a hundred pounds to me for my trouble in showing *the lodgings that wouldn't suit*. Mister, I was took all of a heap! The whole twenty years seemed to be upon my brain. The young man—the young lady—the long, long love-looks across the street—the meeting he couldn't stand, that was like Matrimony in the papers—the visits to the parlor where she had lived, and sat, and never saw him—the gray face—the sinking limbs—the whitening hair—the empty lodgings—the hundred pounds! I was alone in the house; I felt alone in the world; and straightway I throws the letter upon the table, plumps me down in a chair, and burst out a-crying and sobbing."

Here my landlady stopped; and here ends a tale that wants, methinks, only incident, plot, character, coloring, a beginning, a middle, and an end, to be a very good one. But all these it receives from the reader, who is acquainted with the inner life of that old young man, and is able, if he chose, to write his history in volumes; and whose memory brings before him some unconscious image, which gave a tone and direction to the thoughts of years, and supplied a Mecca of the heart for his meditative visits, without affecting in any sensible degree the cold, calm look, and the measured step with which he paced through the cares and business of the world.

Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

THE past month has been meagre in events of interest and importance. The extra session of the Senate continued up to the date of closing this Record; but its proceedings had been without special significance. Its principal business had been the confirmation of sundry nominations to office made by the President. The debate on Central American affairs, which engaged attention at the adjournment of the regular session, has been continued from time to time, but without result. On the 9th of March, Mr. Clayton, Secretary of State under President Taylor, entered upon an extended and elaborate vindication of the treaty concluded by himself and Mr. Bulwer, in the course of which he discussed the Monroe doctrine of excluding European powers from any further colonization upon this Continent—insisting that it had never received the sanction of the Government of the United States in any form. On the 14th, Mr. Mason replied to him, and was followed by Mr. Douglas on the same side; both these gentlemen insisted upon requiring from Great Britain the most exact and scrupulous adherence to the provisions of the treaty. On the 15th, Mr. Clayton rejoined, and on the 16th, Mr. Douglas again spoke at length upon the subject, urging and re-enforcing the views he had before presented. On the 21st Mr. Everett made an extended and very eloquent speech in elucidation of the whole subject, in which he traced the history and explained the importance, from their position, of the Central American States, vindicated the action of our Government in regard to them, and set forth somewhat fully his views of the reasons which render peace and forbearance the true policy of our Government, and the best means of attaining unlimited prosperity and power.—With this exception no debate of importance has engaged the attention of the Senate during the month. A correspondence of some interest between Mr. Rives, the American Minister in Paris, and Mr. Webster, Secretary of State, in regard to the change of the French Government, effected by the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, has just been published. Mr. Webster, in a letter dated March 8, 1852, states that M. Sartiges, the French Minister at Washington, had called upon him, and complained of some expressions in one of Mr. Rives's dispatches, as implying censure of the Revolution, and as being thus an unwarrantable interference in the domestic affairs of France. Mr. Webster adds that he assured Mr. S. that Mr. Rives had not designed to call in question, even by imputation, the manner in which the rights of the French authorities had been obtained, and that he

would direct Mr. Rives to make such a statement to the French Government, and to disavow any intentional disrespect. Mr. Rives, in reply, first vindicated the course he had pursued in declining to recognize the new Government in France until directed so to do by instructions from home, and then proceeded to show that his dispatches to his own Government were matters not supposed to be within the cognizance, and certainly not within the jurisdiction of the French Government or its embassadors, and that M. Sartiges had no right to complain of language or sentiments which they might contain. He quoted Mr. Webster's letter to Chevalier Hulsemann, to prove that our Government had distinctly repelled the claim of foreign powers thus to supervise communications from its agents abroad to their own Government. And upon these grounds Mr. Rives declined to present any apology or explanation to the French Government for the language used in his dispatches, or to read to the French Minister Mr. Webster's dispatch.——The diplomatic corps at Washington paid their respects to President Pierce in a formal visit, soon after his inauguration. M. Bodisco, the Russian Minister, being the senior member of the body, tendered their congratulations upon his accession in a brief address. They declared their conviction that the incontestable prosperity of this country, though largely due to the national energies, is mainly to be attributed to the continuance of peace, as one of the most essential elements of the expansion of the productive capacities of all countries, and the maintenance of which contributes so efficiently to spread and extend the general welfare. The address added an expression of the desire of the respective governments represented, for the continuance of the good understanding now so happily existing. The President, reciprocating these expressions of national amity, said that in the conduct of our relations with other powers he should of course "look, in the first instance, to what the interests and honor of the United States may require, which necessarily include a strict observance of national engagements, and a faithful adherence to those sacred principles of justice which are the common law of Christendom."

From CALIFORNIA we have intelligence to the 18th of March, but it has little general interest. The Legislature was still in session, but its transactions were exclusively of local importance. The question of dividing the State continued to be agitated, but without any public demonstrations. Bills had been introduced into the Legislature for the relief of emigrants by the overland routes. The news from the mines continued to be highly favorable, so far as the product of gold was concerned, but bloody and atrocious crimes seemed to be increasing. A Mexican named Joaquin, with a gang of some fifty men, had created great alarm by his daring robberies. Armed expeditions had gone in pursuit of him, but without success. There are indications that the reports of the extraordinary richness of the gold mines in Australia may attract thither some of the miners in California, but thus far they have had but little effect. All the mines in California seem to be yielding abundantly.

MEXICO.

The political revolution noticed in our last has been consummated, and Santa Anna is again President of the Mexican Republic. The votes of the several departments were officially counted on the 17th of March, and showed eighteen for Santa Anna, and five for all others. He was then formally declared President, and his inauguration was to take place on his reaching the capital. It will be remembered that Senor Escobar was sent by the authorities of Vera Cruz to Carthagena to invite Santa Anna's return before the result of the election was known. Escobar has since published a report of his mission, dated on board the steamer Dee, and addressed to the Governor and Legislature of Vera Cruz. He says he found Santa Anna at Turbaco, about five miles from Carthagena, where he had given prosperity to a half-ruined town, and won the profound gratitude and respect of the inhabitants. In reply to his inquiries, Escobar gave him a detailed statement of the political condition of Mexico, the course of the Government in regard to the Tehuantepec dispute, and the probability that the Republic would be compelled to yield to the demands of the United States. The next day Santa Anna expressed the profoundest concern for the condition and fate of the country, without revenue, owing large debts the interest on which she is unable to pay, without an army, the frontiers abandoned to savage incursions, the frontier States undermined by traitors influenced and protected by Americans, Lower California threatened, Yucatan sustaining an Indian war in which it can not triumph, Tehuantepec threatened, and Mexico, in these critical circumstances, abandoned to an imbecile and corrupt administration, he could see none but the most gloomy prospects overhanging the Republic. The interview lasted for two or three days, at the end of which Escobar invited Santa Anna to return, and put himself again at the head of affairs. In reply he spoke of his disinclination to leave the tranquil life he was then leading—of his past services and sufferings, and the ingratitude with which he had been treated in return for them, and of the profound degradation of the whole political and civil society of Mexico. Unless the Mexicans had come to see that the root of their sufferings was in themselves—that their lax morals and indifference to the venality and corruption of their public men were the real cause of the deplorable condition of their country, and were willing to make a strong and earnest effort for their redemption, it would be useless for him to attempt any thing on their behalf. Escobar, in reply, sought to reassure him on all these points, and to convince him that a very large body of influential and intelligent citizens, who had hitherto held themselves aloof from political affairs, were ready to rally around him, and that his presence would cause anarchy to fly, and restrain the counsels of those who wished to convert Mexico into a colony. After two days' deliberation, Santa Anna told him, in reply to these entreaties, that his heart could only be Mexican; that, notwithstanding the past, he wished to show to his compatriots how dear they were to him; that their misfortunes were his, and he could never be indifferent to them; that, looking at objects from a distance, their deformities were better seen; that he did not wish that history should one day say that he had been deaf to the call of his country when she honored him with a call to meet the common danger, and that he had seen with indifference her fate; that he desired to end his days in the spot he had chosen as a residence for his family; that his only wish was to see his country happy; and that, casting aside every thing tending to detain him, he resigned himself to give the last proof of his patriotism, although history taught him to place no confidence in the passing enthusiasm of the masses. "I hold," he said, "that independence is the greatest of our blessings, and every good citizen should

defend it with all his power, and I can not be deaf to the voice of my countrymen, nor fail to appreciate the high honor they have conferred upon me in calling me to help them out of the labyrinth in which they have been involved, and above all to save our nationality, now in such imminent peril from the grasping spirit of our neighbors, and the indolence and treason of a few Mexicans. Return in the next packet, and in giving an account of your mission to those who sent you, tell them from me that in the next month of March I will leave this port for the shores of Mexico. On my arrival there I will call around me those persons of influence who are true lovers of their country. I will confer with them; and if I find co-operation, if I find sincerity and a good will to abnegate capricious and mistaken opinions; and finally if I find men of heart to make an obstinate defense of our rights against the aggressors from the North, and that the only cry is INDEPENDENCE OR DEATH, then will I lend myself cheerfully to new sacrifices; for, in truth, I can not survive the disappearance of the Mexican nationality, and I desire to bury myself in its ruins, if, after the Mexicans have done their duty, the great Regulator of the destinies of nations should order for us such a fate. But if my hopes should not find encouragement equal to my desires, which can never be other than the weal and glory of our nation, I will return disconsolate to this retirement, and deplore the blindness of a people that obstinately believe it can do every thing when it leaves the only path left open to it, and will not imitate others, who, like them, have found themselves in a similar situation." These declarations are important, as indicating the spirit and the purposes which are henceforth to be dominant in the councils of the Mexican Republic.

SOUTH AMERICA.

From *Buenos Ayres* we have details of the siege of the city, which continued without result to the 2d of February. The besieging forces had surrounded the town on all but the water side, and were commanded by Col. Lagos and four or five others, all of whom had cordially joined in the movement against Urquiza on the 10th of September, and had been promoted by the local government to situations of high trust and importance. Their troops were five or six thousand in number, and they had confined their operations to skirmishes and measures designed to deprive the city of provisions. The force mustered for the defense of the city numbered five or six thousand, mainly of young men engaged in business, and wholly inexperienced in war. The streets had been barricaded and fortified with cannon, and a good deal of spirit was shown in their defense. Col. Pedro Rosas had been sent to the south to raise troops for the relief of the city, and the Government had promised to send him officers and infantry; but the steamboat intended for that service had been intercepted by Urquiza, so that he was left without support. Rosas himself, after two or three engagements with the forces of Urquiza, was himself captured, and his troops dispersed. An embassy was about to be sent to Brazil to enlist the aid of that government against Urquiza, but with slight hopes of success. An attack upon the city was daily expected.

GREAT BRITAIN.

No event of importance has distinguished the month in England. The attention of Parliament has been mainly absorbed by domestic affairs. A motion to withdraw the grant of government aid from Maynooth College, engaged attention for several successive days: an amendment, which proposed to include in the withdrawal all Parliamentary grants for purposes of religious endowments, was discussed at length, and on the 2d of March was negatived by a vote of 262 to 68. Lord John Russell moved to go into committee upon a proposition to remove the Jewish disabilities, and in support of the motion made an able and influential speech upon the general subject. The motion was carried by 234 to 205, and a resolution, declaring the expediency of removing the disabilities in question, and directing a bill to be brought in for that purpose, was carried without a division. A bill was accordingly introduced, and upon its second reading, on the 11th of March, was extensively discussed. Sir Frederic Thesiger opposed it with great warmth, urging as a conclusive argument against it that if this bill passed, gentlemen must be ready to throw open Parliament to men of all religions, and of no religion at all. Lord John Russell, in reply, said that the imposition of disabilities on religious grounds was dictated by the same principle which punished by the rack and the stake of old, and which imprisoned the Madiai at the present day. The second reading was carried by a vote of 263 to 212, and the third reading was set down for the 11th of April.——A bill proposing to give to the Canadian Legislature complete control of the estates hitherto reserved by the Crown for the clergy, was introduced, and resisted with great warmth by Sir John Pakington, who took occasion to vindicate his share in the government of Lord Derby, and to urge the injustice and impolicy of the measure proposed. On the other hand its passage was advocated as a necessary concession to the Canadian people—its enactment having been prayed for by the Legislative Council and Assembly of the colony, and being in evident conformity with the spirit of the age. The bill had its second reading on the 4th of March, the vote being 275 to 192; and it subsequently passed.—Foreign affairs have engaged attention in Parliament to some extent. On the 3d of March Lord Dudley Stuart called the attention of the House to the affairs of Turkey as affected by the contest in Montenegro, sketching the history and condition of the latter country in a speech of considerable length, and commenting freely on the designs of Austria upon Turkey. Lord John Russell, in reply to a motion for copies of dispatches upon the subject, expressed his concurrence in the opinion that England ought to maintain the independence of Turkey, and said that such a contingency as her dismemberment would produce a general war in Europe. International law, good faith, and policy dictated the maintenance of the integrity of Turkey. After entering into the history of the Montenegrin war, he said that, in answer to representations made to the Austrian Government assurances had been given that the latter held the same views as the English government on the subject, and though he could not state the precise terms of the arrangement that had been made, the intervention of France and England had been successful, and he trusted that the late differences were over. The course adopted by England had been to give Turkey such advice as would preserve her honor and maintain her independence.—On the 14th of March further inquiries were made by Mr. Disraeli as to the result of the differences between Austria and Turkey, to which Lord John Russell replied that official intelligence had been received from Constantinople of the final adjustment of all those differences. Count Leiningen, on behalf of the Austrian Govern

ment, had demanded that the former *status* should be re-established in Montenegro, and that it should be evacuated by the Turkish troops:—the ports of Kleck and Suterina were also required to be closed, and indemnity to be paid for injuries inflicted on Austrian subjects. The Sublime Porte had conceded all these points, and thus removed all grounds of difference with Austria.—The Earl of Aberdeen had stated in reply to inquiries that no demand had been made by Austria or France for the expulsion from England of political refugees. Lord John Russell, in making a similar statement, added that if such a demand ever should be made, it would be met by a distinct and indignant refusal. At the same time it was intimated that the Government would exercise special vigilance to prevent conspiracies in England against the peace of European Governments.—No less than eight members of the House of Commons have been unseated upon proof of having obtained their election by bribery.—The increased frequency of Railway accidents, has attracted the attention of the Government, and led to the proposal of preventive measures:—nothing effective, however, has yet been done.—A deputation of gentlemen connected with the newspaper press has asked the attention of the Government to the tax on advertisements and urged its total repeal, or if that be refused, its reduction one half.—Bulwer, the novelist, has been elected President of the Associated Societies of the University of Edinburgh.—The news from Australia continues to be highly encouraging. The gold diggings yielded abundantly—the price of labor was very high, and the prospects for the season were very good. Gold discoveries had been reported in New Zealand.—From the Cape of Good Hope intelligence has been received of further engagements between the English troops and the Kaffir forces in the Orange River district, in which the former lost some fifty men.

THE CONTINENT.

Nothing of special interest has occurred in FRANCE during the month. The Emperor is said to be anxious to expedite his Coronation, at which it is understood the Pope has consented to be present and assist; but the date for the ceremony has not yet been fixed. Several members of the Legitimist party have been offered seats in the Senate but have refused. The Count Camarata, grandson of the Princess Eliza, elder sister of Napoleon I. committed suicide in Paris, lately by blowing out his brains. He was but 27 years old, and filled a post of honor in the Council of State. He had been speculating deeply in the funds, and had sustained heavy losses. His embarrassments are supposed to have prompted the act. Only a few days after, Mlle. Marthe, an actress with whom he had been on terms of criminal intimacy, suffocated herself with the fumes of charcoal in her boudoir. A monument is to be erected to Marshal Ney on the spot where he was executed, at the end of the Avenue of the Luxembourg. Marshal St. Arnaud has surrendered the portfolio of Minister of War and is succeeded by M. Ducos. The funeral of the wife of M. Raspail, the celebrated Republican leader, was made the occasion of a large and imposing public demonstration. About a thousand pardoned political offenders have been brought back to France. M. Orfila the great French chemist, celebrated especially for his writings on poison, died at Paris on the 12th of March. He bequeathed 120,000 francs to the Academy of Medicine to found scientific prizes.

From AUSTRIA there is no news of interest. The assassin whose attempt upon the Emperor's life has been already noticed, has been executed. He was a Hungarian, named Lebenyi; repeated examinations, not unlike torture in many of their features, failed to draw from him any acknowledgment that he had accomplices in the attempt. Great disaffection continues to manifest itself in every part of Hungary: a conspiracy has been detected within the fortress of Komorn for its surrender, in which the provost was implicated. He was immediately executed, with a number of accomplices. Four Hungarian prisoners of note were executed at Pesth on the 30th of March. They were Karl Juhbal, professor of mathematics, and formerly tutor in the family of Kossuth; Karl Devenyujfala, a lieutenant in a regiment of hussars; Caspar Nozslopy, a landed proprietor, advocate, and magistrate—an efficient actor in the revolution of 1849; and Samuel Sarkozy, a private soldier. General Haynau died at Vienna on the 14th of March. Leopold von Buch, the celebrated Prussian geologist, died at Berlin on the 4th.

In LOMBARDY the most harsh and oppressive measures have been resorted to by the Austrian government in punishment for the Milan insurrection. A great number of executions have taken place, many more prisoners have been condemned to death, and decrees of confiscation have been issued against all the Lombard exiles or residents in foreign states. There are upward of thirty thousand of the latter in Sardinia alone, many of whom have been residing there with the permission of the Austrian Government. The value of the confiscated property is said to exceed two hundred millions of dollars.

In TURKEY fresh difficulties arose with Russia, which threatened for a time to be still more formidable than those with Austria. Prince Menschikoff had arrived at Constantinople as the special envoy of the Czar, accompanied by a son of the veteran Nesselrode, and a very large and brilliant staff. On his way he reviewed the Russian troops on the frontier, and on his arrival conducted himself with so haughty and ostentatious a disregard of all the usual forms of diplomatic intercourse, as to leave upon the public mind a very strong conviction of hostile intentions. His demands upon the Turkish government are said to relate to the custody of the Holy Places, a subject upon which all the great powers are jealously interested, and France especially sensitive. This mission is said to have resulted in the concesssion of all his demands, though no details of the negotiation have yet been received.

Editor's Table.

RELIGIOUS LIBERTY—What is it? The right to believe and worship according to the decision of one's own conscience. Nothing would seem more compactly logical than such a definition, and yet when we come to take a close look at it, a new question, full as difficult as the old one, starts up in every term. *Right—belief—worship—conscience.* There may be sometimes claimed the *right* to do *wrong*. There may be a belief the outward manifestation of which is at war with the exercise of any other belief, however pure and holy. There may be a worship not only most revolting to every other worship, but destructive of all that is most healthy in the civil and temporal relations of mankind. There may be a conscience so exclusive, so individualizing, so narrow in itself, and yet so determined to bring within its own jurisdiction all social and political questions, as to be utterly incapable of any organic harmony. Or, what is the most impracticable and unmanageable of all difficulties, there may be a religion so utterly intolerant as to render some degree of intolerance toward itself a matter of necessity on the part of every other creed. If belief were ever separate from acts—if faith had nothing to do with works—if worship were ever solitary and unsocial, instead of being, from its very nature, filled with all sympathetic action and re-action—if the higher or spiritual interests of humanity did not tend to draw within their sphere all lower relations—if it were not an unchangeable law of our responsibilities as moral and religious beings that the most sacred truths are ever those which are capable of perversion to the most tremendous evils—then might we regard the question as of easy solution, and look with some degree of tolerance upon that shallow rhetoric which ever prates so flippantly about the "entire separation of the temporal and the spiritual," as though this were one of the first truths, and most practicable measures of political philosophy.

But we can not sever the question from these aspects without doing a greater injury to humanity than ever came from any amount of religious intolerance. Shall we shrink from the avowal, or boldly make the declaration, that we would rather live in an age—ay, and meet the fearful responsibilities of an age in which men burned each other for religious belief, than of one in which a soulless infidel indifference has so withered all hearts that the fact of martyrdom comes to be regarded as among the extravagant Quixotisms of an unintelligible phase of humanity. But such a supposition can not be indulged. Men can not be thus indifferent. The bare possibility of issues and interests such as are presented by the thought of another and an eternal life, must call up an intensity of feeling which no affectation of infidel indifference can disguise, even among those who have gone the farthest in denying to man any other than an animal and material nature.

Here we have the solution of that otherwise inexplicable fact, that infidels and theophilanthropists—yes, even professed atheists—can be as persecuting as the most bigoted sectarians, and even more unrelenting. The intolerance of the religious bigot, like all other intolerance, is from hell; but then it allies itself with a higher principle, which, although it can never sanctify, may give a serious dignity to its unholy partner. We do not speak of sheer hypocrisy; to that clearly belongs another and a darker name. But real bigotry, even in its worst form, has some redeeming quality. It has a reason to assign for its proceedings, which atheism can never plead in behalf of its more hellish cruelties. Bigotry may sometimes melt, but infidelity has no heart. What is man, if its creed be true? What are his rights or wrongs, if all religion be a dream? Of what consequence is his freedom of thought, or freedom of action? What matters it whether he think truly or falsely, or think at all, upon any thing else than the gratification of his more immediate animal appetites?

Thus with its very capacity of persecuting and being persecuted religiously, is connected that which gives our race its highest dignity. The risk of the greatest evil is the price of the greatest good. The loss of the beliefs, or disbeliefs, in the perversion of which bigotry has its birth, would be a sorer calamity to our world than any amount of religious intolerance. But we are wandering from the issue first proposed. We may not be able to settle the momentous question so much agitated in past times, and now again brought up with new aspects of interest; but if we can convince any of its immense difficulty, it will be no small gain to the blessed cause of charity—that heavenly charity, which, though ever "*rejoicing in the truth*," yet "hopeth all things," "endureth all things"—"believeth all" the good it can, even of the intolerant and the unbelieving.

Perhaps the best way of setting forth the wide range it embraces, would be to present two extreme cases which may seem to give us the outermost limits of the question. It is only a few months since that a man and his wife were condemned in Tuscany to a severe imprisonment. The crime alleged, as we find it in the judicial sentence itself, was that of *impiety in abandoning the Roman Catholic religion for that which is called the Protestant or Evangelical, and of proselyting others to that belief—not only by denying the truth of the Catholic tenets, but by reading and teaching others to read the Bible translated by Diodati, and the book of Common Prayer printed in London by the Society for the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge.* Now, in view of this case, thus truly stated, we are not going to indulge in any exclamations about the "Nineteenth Century," or the "dark ages," or the "progress of the human mind." We give it as an example of what seems clearly to us in America, and, as we think, to all Protestants in Europe, a *gross violation of religious liberty.*

But now for another example. In a certain part of this State there is at present, or has been until very recently, a religious community of men and women, avowedly practicing the most unrestrained intercourse, discarding marriage as an anti-Christian yoke, and all this not only on the ground of *right*, but *conscientious* duty. It is defended as a proper and commanded manifestation of Christian feeling. It is a work of conscience and religion. The fact may seem incredible, and yet the present statement is made on the most unquestionable authority.

What an immense distance between these two cases. And yet there are those, on either extreme, who would contend that the same principle applies to both; while they differ only in this, that the one class of apologists would say that the claim of liberty in either case is equally valid; the other, that it is equally to be disallowed.

Again: in one country marriage is fenced round by the strictest religious ceremonies. In another, its creation and dissolution, *at will*, are claimed as conscientious rights, or, perhaps, polygamy defended as a religious duty. Take another set of examples, which carry us still farther into the interior of the great question. In one country all consciences are squared to one particular form of the oath. In another, its entire abolition is demanded on the ground that such appeals to Heaven are, in every case, and in every form, political sanctions of an offensive dogma, and, therefore, invasions of that most sensitive thing—the objector's religious or irreligious liberty. So, too, the observance or non-observance of religious days, national observances of religious acts, either by enactment or recommendation, may by some be regarded as in themselves a violation of the rights of conscience, on the ground of their being public recognitions of religious tenets, to the grievous wrong and damage of those who do not hold them. Sometimes the objection is made to rest on the calculations of political economy. Prayer in our legislative bodies, besides being a dangerous violation of conscience and the Constitution, is a waste of money, because a waste of that precious time, of which our law-makers are known to be so very frugal. Even laws for the protection of conscience in one direction may be deemed infringements of it in another; so delicately interwoven are the social, moral, political, and religious relations of mankind.

And now we are getting into the very kernel of the great inquiry. We are coming where doubt begins to gather over the clearest minds. Despotism threatens in this direction; licentiousness in that. Here the most sacred *rights* are in danger of invasion; there the most sacred *duties* become impracticable. There may be even claimed the religious liberty of intolerance. A curious instance of this kind has lately occurred, showing what very odd forms and colors this cameleon question may sometimes assume. The republican government of New Granada has lately proclaimed universal toleration, and granted to the people the religious liberty of choosing and paying their own pastors. The Archbishop of this emancipated country resists the ordinance,—for doing which he is compelled to leave the state. And now the very persons who have been most violent in their denunciations of the poor Madiai are getting up meetings of sympathy for the lost *religious liberties* of this persecuted ecclesiastic.

In the midst of this confusion the extreme cases must notwithstanding be clear to all thinking and serious minds. The common sense, as well as the moral sense, of rational and christianized humanity is shocked at the inconsistent claims set up by both the ultra parties, and in which, whether designedly or not, they support each other in their respective extravagances. If you condemn the Tuscan government in the case of the Madiai, you must not approve of laws to prevent Mormons from having as many wives as they please, or Perfectionists from violating, under the plea of conscience, all the chaste decencies of human life. So argues a leading ecclesiastical authority on one side. "He is right," chimes in a brother from the opposite benches, "right in his conclusions although there may be some error in his premises." "We are no bigots," say they, "but we *do* love consistency, and *as good Protestants ourselves*, we would advise our Protestant friends to take the beam out of their own eyes before they attempt to pick motes out of the eyes of others," &c. &c. An editorial writer of very liberal opinions has lately exposed the fallacy of this sweeping argument in a masterly manner. His clear mind and strong common sense would not permit him to stultify himself by an assent to so glaring and undiscriminating a sophism. He does not hesitate, however, to compare the condemnation of the Madiai with the judicial action in respect to a witness, not condemned to a severe imprisonment, not dying in a dungeon, but simply excluded from being sworn on the ground of his atheism. We wonder at this. If he could so clearly and sensibly separate from religious intolerance the cases of polygamy or licentiousness on the ground of the public or organic good, why could he not have carried the distinction a little further? The law and the court inflict no penalty on the offered witness; they only exclude him in self defense. The question simply is—shall the oath be wholly abolished? An exception on the ground of form (as in the case of certain religious scruples) does not drive us to this terrible issue; an exception on the ground of irreligion, or a total want of religious belief, clearly does. Shall society be wholly deprived of that security for truth and the right administration of justice which comes from such an appeal to the Invisible Judge? Let the rule of admission be carried to its utmost limit. Let it take in every man who sincerely believes in a *divine* retribution for perjury, whether in this world or another. But let us not confound a most manifest case of religious persecution with the effort to preserve the last link that connects human government, of any kind, with the government of God.

But the great question of religious liberty is not thus to be settled. The intolerant religionist and the infidel anarchist are not to be allowed thus to play into each other's hands. We are not to throw away a principle because there may be many difficulties and many perversions in its application. This principle is, that the State has to do with morality, has to do with conscience, has to do with education, has to do, in these ways, with religion and all the most vital interests of humanity. It can not ignore Christianity and the Bible, any more than it can legislate without regard to civilization, and the progress of science. It can not ignore any thing which has a deep hold upon the minds and feelings of the masses under its jurisdiction. It may not pass specific laws on specific subjects, but in all these departments its general course of legislation must be for or against certain predominant views. This is not a matter of theory but of actual fact. Government *must* favor the infidel or the believer. It can not part what God has joined together. It can not separate political prosperity from morals, or morals from religion, or religion from worship, or worship from faith in some revelation from the invisible world. The instinctive law of self preservation, belonging by necessity to all organic bodies, would give it some jurisdiction here if there were no other ground. The lowest doctrine of utilitarianism would give it some right to interfere in these high concerns; but the whole question assumes a still higher aspect when we regard the State as a necessary educating power for truth or falsehood, good or evil—as, in other words, the primary depository of those ideas of right, of justice, of sovereignty, of punishment, of law, which, because first brought out here, become the types of those higher manifestations of the same ideas that have their perfection in the more immediate government of God.

This position, which can be most triumphantly maintained against all opponents on either side, we would use as an argument, not certainly in favor of religious oppression of any kind, but against those

who would pervert it to any such end. In such a case as that of the Madiai it is not enough to say that they were prosecuted for an *offense against the State*, or even for the protection of a certain form of religion alleged to be connected with the moral and political welfare of the State. The plea is good in *form*, as a lawyer would say, but this is not enough; it must be good in *fact*. We can not hide such a case as this under an abstract principle, and there rest it. The court in Tuscany may not look beyond their written law, but this will not avail for the nation itself, or for those who would plead its cause before the general tribunal of other nations. The particular grounds on which this high power is exercised must be made clear in themselves, irrespective of any other issues which may be adroitly, yet most falsely, connected with them.

"Religious liberty," says the Tuscan Judge in his sentence of the Madiai, "is not violated when citizens are called to answer for their *external acts*, and liberty of conscience is even *protected* when one preserves another from the danger of being seduced to abandon his religion." The same ground has been taken by a well known authority on this side of the Atlantic. The State it is maintained, does not interfere with conscience *subjectively*, or with that inward exercise of belief which manifests itself in no outward act, and this is given as a sufficient answer to the complaint of intolerance! Now with all possible respect for those whose circumstances compel them to reason in this manner, we must pronounce it a most egregious trifling with an exceedingly grave and important subject. It is sufficient to say, that in this aspect the State does not meddle with conscience, simply because it can not. The whole matter is out of the reach of its arms whether secular or spiritual. No process it can issue can be served within these privileged grounds. The keenest hell-hounds the Inquisition ever trained for the scent of heresy can not enter this heaven-defended domain as long as the outer gate remains unopened by any "*external act*." So too, to put it gravely forth as a sufficient answer in such a case as this, that the parties were condemned for a "civil offense," is even a worse trifling than the other. It is very much like the shield which the brethren on the other extreme would interpose to some of the greatest crimes. They would call them "*political offenses*," and the magic name takes away at once all their enormity. Standing by itself, the justification in the one case is just as good as the ground of charge in the other. The secular power might make this plea, and did make this plea, when carrying out the most atrocious sentences of a Dioclesian or a Bonner.

We can exercise all charity for the high Roman Catholic authority to whom we have alluded. Surrounded as he is by those of a different faith, and chafed by the sometimes wantonly insulting language of Protestant meetings, every allowance is to be made for the difficulties of his position. The same pleas, however, can only be characterized as the most contemptible equivocation, when used by those pseudo-Protestants who are ever ready to rake up for condemnation the long past acts of Puritans, while inventing all sorts of apologies for this most recent outrage of religious tyranny. If the Puritans punished men and women for running naked through the streets, or for systematically, and in the name of peace, disturbing congregations when engaged in public worship, they did that which was perfectly right. If they visited men with penalties for believing in the Quaker doctrines, or for joining in the Quaker worship, or for persuading other men to do the same, it was a wicked persecution that should strip them of all commiseration for what they might have suffered from Elizabeth and from Laud.

Equally preposterous, too, is the pretense that this ground for the State's interference presents any new aspect of the question by which it is separated from the admitted intolerance of past ages. Nothing is more common than to speak of our ancestors as having been entirely ignorant of the *principle* of religious toleration. They did not understand, it is said, this distinction between the spiritual and the temporal, which at the present day is so clear to every man who makes a speech from the stump, or writes a paragraph for a newspaper. Now, it does not require any wide acquaintance with the history of religious controversies to show that this is a wholly gratuitous assumption. They did understand the principle; they erred in making the application—often from the blindness of a cruel bigotry—sometimes from motives that admit of palliation, if not of defense. This same distinction was made by the Fathers; it was made by the Schoolmen; it is found put forth by writers in the Romish Church, and in the works of our earliest Reformers. Let any one examine the controversy, once so famous in its day, out of which there arose in England the first Puritan party. In that discussion, Archbishop Whitgift and the very learned and able Puritan Cartwright took substantially the same fundamental position. One made it the ground of his charge; the other conceded it fully in his defense. The State interfered in religious questions—when it did interfere—solely on the ground of its own protection against anarchy, and of the permanent political good of its citizens or subjects. The same *principle* remains; for it belongs to the everlasting nature of things—the ideal constitution of the State. We, however, possess more light on the *question of fact*—a light which is simply the result of longer experience on the earth. What are the limits of safety? It was thought, at one time, not safe to tolerate Puritans. The argument ran after this style: Puritanism will lead to heresy—heresy to infidelity—infidelity to irreligion—irreligion to immorality—immorality to licentiousness—licentiousness to insecurity for all rights of persons and property, and finally, to the subversion of all government. So the Puritans, too, may be supposed to have reasoned afterward; and so, to some extent, are we compelled to reason yet. It is ever a question of *fact*, on which we have new light from age to age; and if we refuse to avail ourselves of that light, which is truly progressive, we incur all the fearful responsibility of those who would apply a principle, on the one hand, to facts it did not embrace, or on a failure to see their way perfectly clear in this, would throw it away altogether. Most true is it that we must have our abstract principles, as unyielding as the earth, and as immutable as the heavens. Here must be no compromise. But in the application of those principles, we are ever to be governed by facts, by consequences, by experience, by history, which is the world's experience—in a word, by a wise and wisely-calculated expediency. This is that solemn responsibility of action, and of judgment, which God has cast upon us, and from which two classes of men are ever seeking, yet seeking in vain, to escape. They are the fanatical abstractionist, the generalizing radical, on the one hand, and the unreasoning advocate of a blind authority, on the other. But there is, in truth, no easier path. There are no sheltering abstractions

of the rationalist, no reason-defying dogmas of the religionist that can relieve from such a responsibility. The State *may* interfere—the State *must* interfere with morals and religion. But it is at her peril—at her corporate peril—at the individual peril, and the solemn individual accountability of all engaged in her transactions. She can not be neutral, and yet she must see to it that she does not persecute that which is good, that she does not tolerate what is certainly evil, under whatever plea of conscience it may claim its mischievous liberty.

But how is this to be ascertained? By experience, we answer, by history, by the best lights Heaven has given us. "The times of this ignorance God winked at." They may not have known, in the days of Queen Elizabeth that it was safe to tolerate Puritans. But we know it. We know that from them and their institutions have come the best and safest models of civil government—far safer than those that now stand trembling over the Italian volcanoes. Experience has shown, too, that the limits of toleration may be carried much farther than this, so as to embrace those who may differ widely from the Puritan theology, if they yet hold to that great truth in which the foundation of every social fabric must rest, and without which all human government is but an edifice built upon the sands or the waters—in other words, any religion which is truly serious, and maintains an awe-aspiring belief in a human—personal—accountable—immortality. We would be the last to underrate the temporal as well as spiritual value of a wider and more definite orthodoxy; but let this one tenet universally prevail, neither frozen by superstition on the one hand, nor evaporated by a rationalizing naturalism on the other, and the State is politically safe. An organism thus vitalized will be stable, will be healthful, will be substantially free, whatever its outward forms. Despotism can not crush it; revolutions will not convulse it; the supercilious tory and the fawning demagogue will both stand away from the presence of this most conservative and yet most liberal and fraternizing element in human society. Any thing which falls short of this can not be called a religion; and although it may be entitled to toleration as an opinion, has no right to demand that, for its sake, the law should ignore the oath, or the observance of sacred time, or any principles which have ever been held to lie at the foundations of education, or to furnish the best sanctions for the conscientious discharge of civil and social duties.

Away then with these sweeping applications of misstated general ideas. God has not given us reason, conscience, and the Bible, that we should pervert them to any such abuse, or seek to escape from the moral discipline, and perilous responsibility, which were intended as their necessary accompaniments. The State has a right to protect itself against those whom it may deem enemies to its organization. "Therefore," some might say "all the guillotinings of the first French Republic" were justifiable. These victims suffered for "*civil offenses*," and we have no right to look beyond the record. Precisely in this manner reasons the astute Mr. Brownson—so reason some of the more violent Catholic journals—so reason those admirable Protestants whose *via media* ever leads directly to St. Peter's—so also hint, if they do not dare openly to endorse the argument, their infidel allies who find it so difficult to disguise their hatred of the truths for which the Madiai suffered. A strange unity of thought and feeling seems to pervade all these apparent extremes; while, to their honor be it said, not a few of the best and most sincere Catholics among us have unhesitatingly condemned the outrage.

But the simplest statement of the case is enough to brush away all this wretched sophistry. What right had the Tuscan authorities to shut their eyes to the fact that for three centuries, the most enlightened, the most moral, the best governed countries in Europe and America had been just those in which the religion of the Madiai had exerted the predominant moral influence? Could they have really thought that the reading of "Diodati's Translation of the Bible," and the English "Book of Common Prayer," or the teaching others to read them, was full of danger to their political institutions? If so, what must we think of such institutions? or can we regard them as really worth preserving? What right had they to take it for granted that Italian morals were so superior to those of the rest of the civilized world, as to have their purity endangered by the outward tolerance of the religion of Chalmers, of Doddridge, of Hall, of Beveridge, and of Arnold? In the light of modern history it certainly looks like a very strange assumption, that the Christianity of England, of Scotland, of the United States, of Prussia, of Holland, would be destructive of the *morals*, and, in this way, of the political prosperity so richly enjoyed in such countries as Tuscany, Portugal, Naples, Mexico, and the Southern Americas. This case of the Madiai has startled Protestants every where. The Republicans of New York, the King of Prussia, and the Nobility of England, have taken the same alarm at a measure, which, more than any thing else in our day, seems likely to reproduce the convulsions and religious wars of the sixteenth century.

We can not close without a friendly word to our Roman Catholic fellow-citizens. When Protestants are charged with the intolerance of their co-religionists, they may repudiate, they may disavow; they may say, not only that it is no part of any Protestant creed, but that it belongs to no ecclesiastical action which may not be condemned by them without any injury, direct or indirect, to any article of their faith. Is it so in respect to Rome? Can Roman Catholics make the same plea—the same distinction between what belongs to the *essence* of their religion, and those *accidents* which receive change and modification from age to age? Some of their best minds do take this ground, heartily, we believe, and honestly. Is it the *common* opinion of those among us? If so, it is time to proclaim it in some emphatic manner—to proclaim it fearlessly, uninfluenced by Protestant taunts on the one side, or any ultramontane extravagances of opinion on the other. They owe it to the land in which they have such unbounded toleration. They owe it to their own Church, if they would get her out of the false position (as they might call it) into which European politics seems to be driving her, and from which no means, perhaps, would more avail for her rescue, than the firm, unbiased, unmistakable protest of her many children, lay and clerical, on this side of the Atlantic. This we would the more ardently hope for, because there are signs in the present and coming aspects of the world, that both Roman and Protestant Christians may yet have need, not only of mutual tolerance, but of mutual alliance, against a cruel and intolerant foe.

Editor's Easy Chair.

WE do not know how we can better open our "Easy" budget for May-time, than by cataloguing a few of the wonderful things which will then be swimming upon our city tide of talk, for the first time.

The great World's Exhibition, though not positively finished (we can hardly hope that), will be rapidly progressing toward its Crystal seemliness, and thousands of anxious exhibitors will be intent upon the disposition of their stores. What show will be made, and how much American nationality will grow proud of the show, remains to be seen. It is certain, however, that enough will be gathered within and around the Glass Palace, of what is new, and of what is strange, to draw together swarms of the up-country people. We shall regard it, if nothing more, as a capital spot to study the various phases of character and action which belong to our widely-distributed countrymen; and if the gout does not beleaguer us, we shall count on many a pleasant saunter under the crystal arches, taking note of what may by-and-by suggest a page or two of pictures for our Easy Chair gossip.

Report from abroad speaks commendingly of foreign interest in the show; and it is certain that, on no former occasion will there have been offered to our untraveled countrymen such opportunity for surveying, at a glance, the riches of European mechanism.

We count greatly, and very hopefully, upon the effect of this foreign display upon our artisans, who, though they have no rivals in such products of mechanical skill as subserve the *merely useful*, have heretofore lacked those studies of the graceful and ornamental which, we are assured, will be abundantly represented. The time is not far off, we feel sure, when we shall have no need of foreign designers of our plate and jewelry; and when our most admired furniture will not, as now, date from Paris.

Besides the Exhibition itself, rumor tells of a thousand attractions which will belong to the New York May. The Hippodrome has grown up even in advance of rumor, and Franconi, the great purveyor for the Parisian circus-goers, has conceived and executed a plan which will throw even the old Roman arenas into the shade. It is surely novel, and pleasant to think that, under decorated awnings, we may idle an hour of our coming summer time in the view of Arabian coursers, and Arab riders—of elephants and Indian *luxe*—of ostriches and wild African hunters—of Roman chariots, and mock Roman matrons.

Beside this transported luxury from the old world, a tall tower has risen near by, from which the enterprising projectors are to show the startled country people such a panorama of New York life as will stir their dreams for a twelvemonth to come. Nor will that panorama rank badly with the widest that European tower-tops can show. The green waters of our embracing sea, the green tufts of our outlying islands, the dainty spires of our thickening churches, the laughing pennants of our commercial forests, the shining roofs of our world of homes, and the fleeting shadows of our flecked May-sky, will make up a picture that will only suffer for the lack (how long shall the lack last?) of a St. James's, or a Regent's Park.

Even more than ever, in the whirl of spring dust (and the reader will recall tearfully the winds of March), have we felt the need of some sheltering field of grass and trees, where the tired eyes and lungs may repose, and the whole man drink in from leaves and sunshine rich months of health. We feel ourselves lonely in recurring again and again to this advocacy for parks; can no kindred feeling be stirred? Will senseless jealousies of up-towns and down-towns, or the yet more irrational plea of rich against poor, defeat forever the claims of health and of nature?

Nor least among the other May attractions will be the Combined Opera troupe, to which we have already made allusion. The theatres too are all taxing their highest powers, and will, without doubt, show crowded benches.

But more than any, or all of these, will be the show of the town's growth; a miracle to us who live ever under its widening shadow, and a far greater miracle to those who make their annual pilgrimages from the out-lying country towns, where growth has all the slumbersome slowness of the revolving seasons.

The accumulated stores, the sculptured fronts, the square-long hotels, the gorgeous restaurants (where counters repose on marble statues), and marble-paved courts (where waters play in crystal fountains), will be found added to the New York of the spring-time of 1852. Beside these things, smooth granite pavement has crept up to the regions of old quietude, and old quietude (in the shape of drowsy streets and silver bell-pulls) has crept farther and farther to the west, until now, you can almost drop your cards at the very gates of the Crystal Palace.

Yet more, the people have thickened upon the walks since the May-time we chronicled a year ago. There are more beards and barons; more Italian faces, and English plaids; more cosmopolitan talk and dress; and more liveried carriages at the doors of mesdames the glovers and the milliners. All this makes pleasant sight-seeing for our rural visitors—to say nothing of ourselves—the city moralists. The stir, and growth, and bustle quickens the blood in the face, and starts new fancies that grow apace, and blend into imaginative pictures, such as hang all around the walls of our office solitude.

And if we can feed our humors pleasantly upon the city growth and gain, how much more can they—the ten thousand readers of our chronicle—who come up to our May fête for the first time in a life? Strange as it may seem, such visitors do come to our city; and here and there we have fallen upon them, on the decks of the hither-bound boats, and have regaled ourselves with the naïve expressions of wonder, and the bolstered American pride, with which some stout New Hampshire father of a family will point out to his awe-struck daughters (with the handle of his cotton umbrella) the marvelous shot-tower, where pellets of lead fall five hundred feet into a vast vat of boiling oil; and the grim palace of Blackwell's Island, looking guilt out of all its windows; and the farther palace (very magnificent to up-country eyes) where poor lunatics disport themselves in the sunny corridors; and the charming country-seats of wealthy nabobs along the Hell-gate shores (always shut up, and looking dreadfully like fever and ague): all these things, we say, we have been delighted to look upon, with some stout New Hampshire man, fresh and free-born, playing the unconscious cicerone.

We have even followed such a man through all the sad uproar of a steamboat landing, when the wonder and the awe have given place to a few hearty anathemas upon the persistent and impudent cabmen; and when the delight of the daughters in "snuffy brown dresses," has given place to a delirious fear of pick-pockets, madmen, aldermen, and murderers; and have followed them, with their um-

brellas, band-boxes, and carpet-bags, to some such great hotel as the Irving House. Here the newly-come countryman's wonder is complete; he proposes to register his name in the bar-room; and being dispossessed of this intent, he indulges in an immense degree of wonder at the marvelous aptitude of the brisk young gentleman with a pen behind his ear, who assigns him rooms, listens to two bells, and gives three distinct orders in a breath.

The poor girls above (who has not seen such) are bewildered with our gilded parlors; they fancy the sister country ladies (now bedizened at the hands of some city Lawson) the undoubted leaders of *ton;* and they fairly shiver at the thought of the brown and white barèges, which make up their stock of holiday attire. Then, from the window—such a bustle—such a palace of marble—such equipages—"Oh, la, suz!"

But, unfortunately, the world of railroads, and the thickening profits of the country (for California gold is now showing its count on beef and grain) are dispelling fast these old-time characteristics. New York, and New York modes and glories are betalked under the shadow of the granite hills; and our President's country cousins are, we venture, as well posted at Stewart's and Wallack's, as they are in Tammany Hall!

Even our host of the Mountain House itself (for we stole a visit there not a year back) shocked us with his talk of "avenues" and Wall-street; and spoke with a ludicrous and painful familiarity of the Sixth-avenue Railroad, and the Canal-street station. Only one spot has been reached by us, in the course of our rural haunts for the last ten years, where New York seemed indeed distant, and where the townsfolk talked with a measurable and commendable veneration of that far away city, where the churches were higher than a whaler's mainmast; and where a great and august body of aldermen sat in council, and labored honestly (beautiful *naïveté*), day after day, for the good of the commonwealth! It is needless to say that they were living in comparative ignorance.

The spot alluded to is Block Island. We commend it warmly to the retiring aldermen as a summer resort. We think they would there be treated with that attention and respect, which every man, however depraved may be his real character, is naturally supposed to desire.

This allusion brings us back pleasantly to a topic which has been alluded to, during the month of March, in several city papers—we mean dirty streets. We have observed quite a number of warm articles upon the subject—nearly as warm as those upon the Henry Clay catastrophe, or that of the Reindeer. They have dropped off in piquancy, and in rhetorical display, after much the same fashion. We have a great respect for the press, and (spare our blushes) for editors. But we do heartily wish their indignation were longer lived, or more effective. Every year, to judge by the piquant paragraphs about dust, and mud, and rowdyism, we anticipate a delightful and salubrious change of policy. Every year we count upon the new Council as the offspring of a better feeling, and of an enlarged humanity. Every year we anticipate a delicious succession of clean shirt collars and passable side-walks. But, every year the same hum-drum mummery of old men droning at their hoes, mocks us in the street; every year adds to the reputation of the city foulness, and every year, our new cousins of the Council become

> "An offense to all sound society,
> And a stench in the nose of piety."

The national metropolis, the papers tell us, is thriving under the auspices of the new administration: the great city skeleton is taking on year by year a little of that fullness of development, which one day or other, will make the place gigantic. The Capitol is to be pushed forward under the auspices of the old architect, Mr. Walters; and the tower, commemorative of Washington, is rising with its motley compound of material. The grounds, too, are undergoing that process of education, which was planned by Mr. Downing; and which is to give us, in one city at least, some approach to the beauty of the *Jardin Anglais.*

The poor Ailanthus-tree, against which Mr. Downing had taken a freak of dislike, has we observe, been outlawed by Congress. In extensive grounds, subject to nice cultivation, the outlawing may be advisable; but we hope that its gaunt, weird limbs may lift their pleading fingers still, in our cities. For Heaven's sake, and for Nature's sake, let us not carry our *fashionable* likes and dislikes into the forest; as we carry them to the Opera, and the Lecture Room, and —— every where else! Let us not turn our silver poplars, or our maples, or elms, or any thing that has thus far escaped, into Kossuths, and Jenny Linds, and Eleazer Williamses! Pray, do not let us lionize trees, as we do men and women; but suffer them to grow up quietly, and innocently, in God's own sunshine away from dinner parties, and newspaper puffs, and *fêtes champêtres!*

Paris has seen a winter of gayety: not only the Emperor's marriage, and the talk of the new and crowning beauty of the court, has made gay the chat; but the carnival has been more brilliant than for years before. The placards of balls and theatres have assumed an English guise; and British and American adventurers have thronged the Saturday evening gatherings of the *Salle de l'Opéra.* Among other dainty attractions of the winter has been a magnificent ball given for the benefit of the poorer members of the dramatic corps: all the actresses of the capital, from the Opera Royal, to the ninepenny boards of Montmartre, were among the lady patronesses; and the adventures, and *contretemps*, and disappointments of the evening, give rich food for the inventive Paris journalists. The ease and pliancy, with which such trifles are worked over by by French paragraphists into the roundness of tragic or comic episodes, is wonderful. We can not but regret that our paragraphists of the daily papers should not possess the aptitude for making a pleasant joke of our city misfortunes. We commend the study to their care.

The new Empress, in virtue of her position, is receiving all manner of gifts, and is serving as the point to all manner of paragraphs.

The spring has opened with gorgeous greenness upon the terraces of the Tuileries, and upon the parterres of St. Cloud. The flowers before the windows of the palace are in richest blossom; and every thing bespeaks a continued season of bloom. In contrast with this pleasant story of the blooming things in the Paris gardens, how ridiculous is our metropolitan show of trees and of flowers! Not an azalia, or a laurel, or a rhododendron is growing in all the city, under our city protection: the very plants which make the crowning glory of St. James and of the Luxembourg—American in origin, and of American luxuriance—are absolutely unknown to the frequenters of our squares and parks. Let the doubter look only for illustration at that skirting circlet of shabby bushes which surrounds the mag-

nificent fountain of the Park! Was there ever a scurvier grouping of shabbier foliage, so shabbily tended? Consumptive pines with their shortened lives all exuded in nodules of resin;—a tawny English yew, scarce two feet high, sighing at the brim of the empty basin;—half-dead arbor-vitæs, shaking like diseased paralytics;—scrubby small shrubs struggling painfully between the dusty air, and the periodic dampness of our great fountain! Are the projectors, and tenders of these things to be reached by ridicule? Or are their sensibilities, and their tastes as dead out of them, as their dying trees? May we not hope that the step which has been taken in the direction of a scientific arboriculture, by the authorities at Washington, shall by-and-by have its emulators and patrons here?

To return to Paris: the papers tell us of the death of Madame Raspail, the wife of the eminent state prisoner. She has been little known, but the poor husband has lived a strange and troubled life. With high merit as a chemist, his ardent sympathies have led him into almost every mine of revolt which has been sprung in France, since the days of Charles the Tenth.

Suffering a long imprisonment for treason to the government of Louis Philippe, he gained liberty under the Republic of 1848, only to fall victim again to the unfortunate Polish revolt of the succeeding summer. His look (as we remember him) is noble; his hair white and flowing; his eloquence real and impassioned; and his sympathy for the poor un feigned and enthusiastic. With every inducement to maintain quiet, in the hope of most honorable maintenance, and high reputation in his profession, he has yet leaped into that tide of revolution which has borne him away from all the quiet shores of home-life, and drifted him cruelly against hard prison walls—from whose windows he now sees his wife, the model of maternal love and of conjugal devotion (as he says with thrilling plaintiveness) borne to her tomb, with thousands of people mourners.

The Bourbon matter, about which we dropped a hint a month ago, has created some speculations in Paris; and has been met, accidentally, but opportunely, by a true history of the lost Dauphin. Still, however, our valorous friend, Mr. Hanson, keeps by the old story of the genuine character of his royal friend; and poor Eleazer remains a martyr to the American curiosity and the American paragraphists. Whatever may be the truth of the matter, we consider it a rare bit of misfortune, that the old gentleman could not have ended his life in his quiet Indian pulpit; and gone down to his grave with the simple epitaph of having done, in the regions of his Indian adoption, a good honest man's work!

Dreams of royalty can hardly quicken his blood now with any hopefulness: and his royally anxious friends will, with all their animated zeal, only thrust night-mare visions upon the old gentleman's brain, and perplex the serenity of his age, with the worst canker of life.

Has Mr. Brady secured his portrait for the National Daguerreotype Gallery? We have, thus far, remarked no unusual press of carriages at his door.

We ventured a word or two, a month or two since, upon the office-seekers of the new administration. The result has fully justified our observations; and the crowd and earnestness of the seekers has awakened public opinion to the sad policy which has so long thrown discredit upon our administrative action. So far from any approach toward moderation, each new executive is beset with accumulated difficulties; nor can any diminution of the annoyance be hoped for, until a radical change is effected in our system;—such change as would secure to competent and deserving officers permanent place. Economy, as well as justice, would dictate such plan; and we shall continue to hope for the advent of such reform as unremittingly as we hope for clean metropolitan streets, or honest members of Council, or a New York Park, or any other most improbable good.

It would be curious to compute the amount of time and temper which has been sacrificed by disappointed aspirants after official place. It would surely largely outweigh all the gratifications and all the emoluments which the successful enjoy. The atmosphere of Washington is not favorable to a modest bearing; and we know of no quarter of the world where retiring modesty will so soon grow brazen, or girlish bashfulness so soon slight the embarrassments of the saloon, as our noisy capital. A man has need there to wear his claims upon his tongue, and a lady to wear her modesty—in private. Presumption goes further, in a world of clamor, than any virtue of quietude; and delicacy of character is as much lost at our seat of government as it is among our City Fathers.

But while we talk thus recreantly of the national metropolis and its officials, let us record, with worshipful regard, those crumbs of favor which have been thrown out to members of the literary craft. It is pleasant to observe that some opposition journals have recognized the propriety of Mr. Hawthorne's appointment to a lucrative post; and have not condemned the friendly feeling which has made Mr. Pierce the worthy patron of a worthy friend.

The strong common sense which belongs to Mr. Hawthorne's character, will undoubtedly fit him for any unexpected duties which may fall upon his office of Consul; and the old routine of shipments and certificate-making goes on, under the hands of the old clerks, with the regularity of a parish clock. We can not doubt that the new incumbent will, during his consular period, make such forays into the border country of Lancashire, and mouldy Cheshire, and mountainous Wales, as will reveal themselves, by-and-by, glowingly upon the next duodecimo pages of Ticknor and Fields.

Mr. Fay, too, another denizen of the world of letters, has received the nomination to the post of resident Minister in Switzerland. He has served a long apprenticeship at diplomacy; and the tongue of political envy is silent, in view of the well-earned reward for his labors. Why are not these appointments, and such as these, both better and more graceful returns from a grateful people, than the British pensions from the Government? And while our diplomacy is a straight-forward, matter-of-fact dealing of man with man, liable at any moment to be revised and corrected by an inquisitive Congress, why should not scholarly attainments be permitted to adorn its office; and the country find honor in the name and the repute of its ministers?

We must confess that we regard very fondly these repeated recognitions of the truth (so long doubted) that the pursuit of letters does not of necessity drive out strong, practical sense from a man's mental organization, and that good business capacity may, after all, co-exist with the exercise of high imaginative powers, and the habits of the pen.

Akin to this subject matter, we may not pass by

silently the new stir in relation to an International Copyright. And, however the question may be finally settled, we welcome the discussion, and the interest in the discussion, as so many tokens of the increased consideration which is given, both by people and by Government, to the making and the printing of books. Twenty odd millions of people in our commonwealth are furnishing a host of readers; and it behoves Government and people to consider wisely, what sort of reading is to be furnished, and what sort of pay the furnishers are to receive.

It is not a little curious to observe in this connections, the varying and contradictory reports, which find their way into the divided journals, in respect of the emoluments of authors. One newspaper gravely assures us, that American writers are a motley company of poor starving characters, grateful for the smallest crumbs of favor, living by hook and by crook, and dragging out a pitiful existence—like the Scriptural Lazarus—at the tables of Mr. Publisher Dives!

Another, equally well informed, takes occasion to enumerate the beautiful country seats which have sprung into existence under the touch of industrious pens, and enumerates with a most excellent and worthy glow of feeling, the large estates which have been amassed at the hands of American writers.

Between the two stories, we must confess that we are somewhat puzzled to get at the truth of the matter. We do not remember ever to have seen a *bona fide* statement of an author, over his own signature; from which we infer that they are an exceedingly cautious race; being ready (if the tide serves) to live upon the credit of a large capital, and equally ready to enlist sympathy for their neglected attainments.

Sir Bulwer Lytton is said to have remarked in the House of Commons, that under the existence of a Copyright law, he would have made some sixty thousand pounds in this country; but it is very much easier (as every dealer in Erie knows) to say what one would have made, than to tell what one has made. It was, however, a pleasant fancy of the Baronet's; and, rich or poor, we could lay our hands on the heads of a great many American writers who would, we think, be rejoiced to entertain a prospect of even one-third less imaginative power!

After all, twenty millions of reading people are making a market for books which the old world has never dreamed of. Good books are to be sold henceforth in the world's history by tens of thousands, as they once sold by hundreds. Take this magazine, for instance, that your eye is resting on, rolled off from steam-engines, night and day (for the daylight is too short), until the issue has reached the once incredible number of one hundred and twenty thousand! And as they fall from the groaning press, gathered up, stitched, bound, packed, carted away by tens of hundreds, shipped on sea-going steamers by thousands more—filling whole express cars on every railway that stretches its iron lines across the country, and delivered, by tens of thousands, safely and promptly, upon the first day of the month, in a thousand towns, at distances a thousand miles asunder!

Is not this one of the miracles of the age?

And for us—the ubiquitous Editor—lolling in our chair, is it not a pleasant contemplation, that we are feeling the pulse of so many patients? chatting with them—showing them pictures—telling them the story of every country—cracking their sides with *Punch*—giving laces and *talmas* to their daughters—cheering them with Chesney Wold—fighting all Napoleon's battles—bringing copper from Lake Superior, and finally taking their hand in just this chit-chat way, and saying, in a fatherly fashion—God bless you, dear Reader, and keep you safely for another month!

Editor's Drawer.

NOW is "ye merry month of Maye" in the "old country," and on this, the first day thereof, they are dancing around May-poles on many a soft and verdant sward, crowning "Queens of May" with garlands of flowers, and "making glad the air with the sound of the pipe and the tabor."

But May-day in Gotham! How different the scene! For days and nights that are past—days fatigueful and nights restless—preparations have been made for the annual clearances. The air at night-fall has been murky with the smoke that hangs above the streets from ancient straw-beds, sepulchres of countless hordes of little vermin-people that till now had "possessed themselves in great contentment," in the enjoyment of sanguinary forage; and lo! to-day, in all the dusky thoroughfares, great and small, wide and narrow, short and long, move wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, litters, piled up and running over with chairs, bedsteads, bureaus, crockery, looking-glasses—an omnium-gatherum of *every thing*, in short, that would make up the intermingled compound that PUNCH once described as constituting chaos!

He that has never "moved" in Gotham on the first of May, can not have the slightest conception how much "personal property" he stands possessed of! Things utterly forgotten "turn up" in so many out-of-the-way places; things, too, about which quandaries arise, whether they shall be taken away or left behind; and things, above all, taken or left, that excite the same quandary in the house that you are going *into* as the one which you *leave*—(and there is the *double* bother of moving!)—oh, who that has "moved" among the moving circles of New York on May-day, but has seen and understood all this?

We once knew a wag who, on the evening before the first of May, put up *two* "Number Eighteens" on two houses that were just alike, and that adjoined each other, in the same street. Two families were moving out, and two coming in; and, as he lived opposite, in his own dwelling, the wicked joker sat at the front window and watched the inextricable "confusion worse confounded" that ensued when the two in-coming families piled their children and furniture alternately into one another's houses; looking occasionally at the number—then disputing—then putting one another's little "tow-heads" out of each other's houses, pitching chairs and the like into the street; and finally, like two grimalkins, hanging by a string over a clothes-line, getting into a regular "catter-clawing!"

"Three removes," says "Poor Richard," in his old-time Almanac, "are as bad as a fire," and there are thousands this day in New York who can confirm the truth of the remark. And some day or other "moving," as an *annual* matter, will be found to be a custom more generally honored in the breach than in the observance.

WHAT are we coming to, in this enlightened era? Are we gradually turning into a nation of Spiritual Rappers, or believers in Spiritual Rappings? One would think so, to hear of the hundreds of "spiritual circles" that are forming, or have been formed, in different places, north, south, east, and west; of the distinguished men and "strong-minded women" who

are announcing their adhesion to all the alleged "mysteries" of the delusion; and particularly to notice the fact that State Conventions of Rappers and believers are called, to discuss the marvelous matters involved in this wonderful and supernatural "*Ism.*"

Well, "it may be so:" perhaps there is "something in it:" a friend of ours is decidedly of opinion that there *is*. He is a "philosopher," and he accounts for the spiritual ghosts, and especially for their great and increasing numbers, in this way:

"It is a philosophical fact," he argues, "and one that has been often *tested*" (many "philosophers" give you just such *data* and proof as this) "that the particular particles which go to make up the human body are changed entirely every seven years, passing entirely away. Thus, a *ghost* of every human body is every seventh year 'impelled into space,' and like the concentric rings of an onion, or the successive 'grains' of a tree, once made, are of course *somewhere;* and what should prevent these shadows of the former man appearing, when there happens to be a 'medium' for them?"

This "argument," it will be seen, is a strong one (?) but it doesn't account for the "rappings." How can a shadow make a *noise?* "*That's* the question."

A man in a sister city, "fond of amusement," and one who "*would* have his joke," explains the rapping phenomena in *another* way—one which he *saw* himself, and part of which he *was*.

He was invited one evening to visit a "circle" at the house of a friend, who was himself a skeptic, but whose wife and two daughters had the firmest belief in the existence and the extent of the spiritual manifestations.

"When we came into the parlor," said he, "we found seated around a table of some six feet long, some eight persons of both sexes. The two 'mediums,' a girl of seventeen, and a young man of twenty, apparently, sat at each end. An evening newspaper or two lay on the table, and there was a little general conversation, turning upon some then current topic of the day.

"At length, the low hum of this general conversation gradually subsided; the persons who sat silently around the table, began to look vaguely toward each other occasionally; and every now and then a low sigh from some one of the invited guests, betokened the general desire that 'the spirits' should begin."

("This," thought we, "is one of the most striking preparations that could be made for the *approach* of the spirits." And so it *was*, and the operators knew it too.)

"Presently, a pale-faced, thoughtful-looking young man, a widower, upon whose forehead the perspiration stood in beaded drops, and who seemed intensely engrossed in the scene, said:

"'Will not the spirits now communicate, Mr. ——?'

"The 'medium' addressed replied:

"'In one moment, sir, we will see.'

"There were several 'brilliant flashes of silence' after this, before the medium replied to the question. At length *he* said, amidst the profoundest stillness—

"'Will the spirits communicate with Mr. ——, of —— Street, Philadelphia?'

"Two affirmative raps, as if they had been made by a hand with a glove upon it, were now heard from beneath the table.

"Other questions were now put, for the same party, who was now in full communion, and the rapping answers were satisfactory—to *him;* but not so to a keen-eyed, thin-visaged Yankee, who said:

"'Look o' here! ask 'em to ask *me* something. *I* should like to *try* 'em!'

"The request was granted: 'Will the spirits communicate with Mr. Jerothnel Cobb, of ——, Connecticut?'

"There was no response. 'Won't they do it?' said he. 'Ask 'em why not?'

"'Will the spirits *not* communicate with Mr. Jerothnel Cobb, of ——, Connecticut?—or *will* they *now* communicate?'

"Directly under his chair, and with a noise so loud that it started him to his feet, came two *thumps* that might have been made with a heavy hammer.

"'Jehoshaphat!' he exclaimed, 'what on airth *is* that?'

"But the 'operators' themselves were scarcely less startled, and knew as little whence the sounds came from, as Jerothnel himself.

"The simple fact was, that before we went into the parlor, I had stipulated with the servant-girl, that when I made an 'accidental' but peculiar stamp with my foot upon the floor, she should make, with the top of a broom-handle, from the basement below, two rousing thumps on the ceiling over head. And that little act, which is very simple in itself, has made my Yankee friend a firm believer in the spiritual manifestations!"

"Not quite so easily caught, however, was another friend of my acquaintance, who visited a 'circle' somewhere 'down-east,' not many weeks ago. The usual formula, such as I have partly described, had been gone through with, when the 'inquisitor' was placed in communication with the spirit-oracle. He *says* the result of the rappings was the following dialogue:

"'Is my father living or dead?'

"'He is deceased.'

"'Of what disease did he die? Of fever?' The rap was in the affirmative.

"'How long was he ill? Four weeks?'

"Rap 'yes,' as before.

"'How old was he?' in the same *mental* method.

"'Sixty years.'

"And in this way sundry other questions were asked, all of which were answered with equal promptness. But when the 'operators' asked of the 'subject' whether his questions had been correctly answered, as the rapping replies were rendered by the 'spiritual alphabet,' he replied, with an unmoved countenance not apparently *very* much disappointed:

"'No, *Si-i-r-r!* My father was killed by a man blasting rocks, and he wasn't thirty-eight when he died!'

This "subject" ever thereafter moved in a very different "spiritual circle."

We find in "The Drawer" the following extract from a paper entitled "*A Familiar Treatise on Astronomy:*"

"It has been decided that, viewed from the moon, our globe presents a mottled appearance; but as this assertion can rest on no better authority than the Man in the Moon, we may well decline putting the smallest faith in it.

"It is calculated that a day in the moon lasts just a fortnight, and that the night is of the same duration. If this be the case, the watchmen in the moon must be cruelly over-worked and daily laborers must be fatigued in proportion. The only articles we get from the moon are, moonlight and madness. *Lunar*

caustic, an article of commerce, is not derived from the moon.

* * * * *

"Comets are at present, although very luminous bodies, involved in considerable obscurity. Though there is plenty of light in comets, we are almost entirely in the dark concerning them. All we know about them is, that they are often coming, but never come; and that, after frightening us now and then, by threatening destruction to our earth, they turn sharp off, all of a sudden, and we see no more of them. Astronomers have gazed at them; learned committees have sat upon them; and old women have been half frightened out of their wits by them; but notwithstanding all this, the comet is so utterly mysterious, that 'thereby hangs a *tail*,' is all we are prepared to say respecting it!"

Some punning poetical Piscator once wrote these lines on the stone erected to the memory of Izaak Walton, the venerable Father of Trout-Fishing:

"Death wandered by the sea,
And struck by Walton's looks,
Broke Izaak's line of life,
And took him off the hooks."

Walton died in December, 1683.

"Speaking of trout: there is reason to fear that the following, which comes from New Hampshire, is, as the newspapers say, 'too good to be true:'

"As two men in Enfield, in the upper part of Keene, were last week crossing a pond, in pursuit of a moose, one of them being thirsty, and perceiving a hole which had been cut through the ice by some fishermen, he stooped down to drink. Being possessed of a long red nose, a fish supposed he had some bait, and made bold to snap at it, when the man suddenly throwing his head back drew out a trout which weighed three pounds and four ounces!"

We often read very poetical accounts of ascending above the clouds in a balloon, and the wonderful things beheld in the upper regions, but it is "a virtue somewhat rare" for aeronauts to tell the whole truth, or very much to enlarge upon matters, in case of failure; yet here follows a case of the latter description, by a companion-voyageur:

"The process of inflation seemed to have very little effect upon the balloon; and it was not until about five o'clock that the important discovery was made that the gas introduced into the bottom had been escaping out of the top, through a small hole.

"Six o'clock arrived, and, according to public promise, the supply of gas was cut off, when the balloon, that had hitherto worn such an appearance as just to afford the hope that it might in time be full, began to present an aspect which induced a general fear that it must shortly be empty.

"The spectators becoming impatient for the promised ascent, the ropes were now cut, and the ascent commenced in earnest.

"The majestic machine now rose slowly to the height of eight feet, amid the most enthusiastic cheering, when it rolled over among some trees, amid the most frantic laughter. With singular presence of mind the intrepid aeronaut now threw out every ounce of ballast, which caused the balloon to ascend a few feet higher, when a tremendous gust of easterly wind took us triumphantly out of the inclosure, the palings of which we cleared with the greatest nicety.

"The scene at this moment was magnificent. The silken monster, in a state of flabbiness, rolling and fluttering above, while below us were thousands of spectators actually shrieking with merriment. Another gust of wind carried us rapidly forward, and, bringing us exactly on a level with, and over a coach-stand, we swept every driver off his box, when the enthusiasm of the vast concourse reached its climax. We next encountered the gable end of a house, and the balloon being by this time thoroughly collapsed, our aerial trip was brought to an abrupt conclusion."

The "intrepid aeronaut's" companion goes on to say, that the last thing he remembered was being carried home on a litter, and of seeing the "vast multitude," whose laughter had now turned to sneers and shouts of anger, tearing the balloon into fragments, and bearing away the pieces in indignant triumph!

It does not require a very old person, who has lived in the country, to remember the time when instrumental music of any kind in a church was considered little less than sacrilege. A bass-viol has set many a congregation at loggerheads, and the clergymen, especially, used to set their faces hard against the innovation. We remember a clergyman, whose voice and warning against the instrument had been overruled, who rose to give out the morning psalm with the following "introductory remarks:"

"You may *fiddle and sing* the one hundred and twenty-fifth psalm!"

The following capital anecdote strikes us as in point:

"Many years ago there was in the eastern part of Massachusetts a worthy old Doctor of Divinity, who, although an eminently benevolent and good man and true Christian, yet loved a joke as well as the most inveterate jokers. It was before church-organs were much in use, and it so happened that the choir of the church had recently purchased a double-bass viol. Not far from the church was a pasture, and in it a huge town-bull. One hot Sabbath in the summer he got out of the pasture, and came bellowing up the street. About the church there was plenty of untrodden grass, green and good, and Mr. Bull stopped to try the quality—perchance to ascertain whether its location had improved its flavor: at any rate the reverend doctor was in the midst of his sermon, when—

"*Boo! woo! woo!*" went the bull. The doctor paused, looked up at the singing seats, and, with a grave face, said:

"I would thank the musicians not to tune their instruments during the service-time; it annoys me very much!"

The people stared, smiled, and the minister went on—

"*Boo! woo! woo!*" went the bull again, as he passed another green spot.

The parson paused again, and addressed the choir:

"I really wish the singers would not tune their instruments while I am preaching. As I remarked before, it annoys me very much!"

The people now fairly tittered, for they knew that *he* knew as well as any one what the case really was. The minister went on a third time with his discourse, but had not proceeded far, before—

"*Boo! woo! woo!*" came again from Mr. Bull.

"The parson paused once more, and again exclaimed:

"I have twice already requested the musicians

in the gallery not to tune their instruments during sermon-time. I now *particularly request* Mr. L—— to desist from tuning his big fiddle while I am preaching!"

This was too much. L—— got up, too much agitated at the idea of "speaking out in meeting," and stammered out:

"It is not *me*, parson B——; it's that confounded town-bull!"

It is needless, we presume, to add, that that "big fiddle" was not again heard in *that* church!

HERE is a charmingly simple little *Home-Picture*, whose truthfulness will be admitted by thousands among the country readers of "The Drawer:"

"One autumn night, when the wind was high,
And the rain fell in heavy plashes,
A little boy sat by the kitchen-fire,
A-popping corn in the ashes:
And his sister, a curly-haired child of three,
Sat looking on just close to his knee.

"The blast went howling round the house,
As if to get in 'twas trying;
It rattled the latch of the outer door,
Then it seemed a baby crying:
Now and then a drop down the chimney came,
And sputtered and hissed in the bright, red flame.

"Pop! pop! and the kernels, one by one,
Came out of the embers flying;
The boy held a long pine-stick in his hand,
And kept it busily plying;
He stirred the corn, and it snapped the more,
And faster jumped to the clean-swept floor.

"Part of the kernels hopped out one way,
And a part hopped out the other;
Some flew plump into the sister's lap,
Some under the stool of the brother:
The little girl gathered them into a heap,
And called them 'a flock of milk-white sheep.'

"All at once the boy sat still as a mouse,
And into the fire kept gazing;
He quite forgot he was popping corn,
For he looked where the wood was blazing.
He looked, and he fancied that he could see
A house and a barn, a bird and a tree.

"Still steadily gazed the boy at these,
And pussy's back kept stroking,
Till his sister cried out, 'Why, George,
Only see how the corn is smoking!'
And, sure enough, when the boy looked back,
The corn in the ashes was burnt quite black.

"'Never mind!' said he, 'we shall have enough,
So now let's sit back and eat it;
I'll carry the stool, and you the corn—
It's good—nobody can beat it'
She took up the corn in her pinafore,
And they ate it all, nor wished for more."

THE aphorisms or directions for the better style of manners which should prevail in New York, purport to come from a French work. Some of them are certainly sufficiently "Frenchy" for such a paternity:

"When you hear a man insisting upon points of etiquette and fashion; wondering, for instance, how people can eat with steel forks and survive it, or what charms existence can have for persons who dine at three, without soup and fish, be sure that that individual is a snob."

"It is almost unnecessary to mention that the table-cloth is not the place to put your salt. Bread is the only comestible which the custom of well-bred people permits to be laid off your plate."

"If you break a vase or statuette, or any *étagère* knick-knack in the house of an acquaintance, never seem to mind it. Treat it as a matter of no consequence—even if you know that it wrings his pocket."

"Always precede a lady in going up stairs. This maxim is a legacy from a maiden-aunt."

"Do not go to an evening party in black gloves. *If your feelings are too deeply lacerated for yellow kids, stay at home.*"

"Never ask your wife to sing for a friend. Ten to one he detests vocal music, unless of the very highest order. Show, but do not "show off," your children to strangers. Recollect, in the matter of children, how many are born every hour, each one almost as remarkable as yours in the eyes of its papa and mamma."

"Keep your nails cut short. None but barbers' boys and gamblers are entitled to the distinction of a long Chinese talon."

"When you meet a friend in a public place, do not shout out his name so that every by-stander may know who he is."

"Never ask a friend the price of a thing he has bought, nor praise things by their prices."

"Moderation is the best general rule for conduct in social life. Moderation in manners, moderation in language, moderation in dress, moderation in every thing but personal neatness. With these, a kind and yielding spirit, and a decent share of self-respect, a man can glide smoothly through the world, if not pleasantly."

"One last counsel—a hard one to follow—learn to grow old gracefully."

Not a few of these maxims are well worthy of heed by one who would be considered "a gentleman."

"NOT long since, in an elaborate article in this Magazine upon "*John Randolph of Roanoke*" many anecdotes were given of this eccentric man. The following recent one, which has a Virginia origin, is very characteristic:

"He was traveling through a part of Virginia in which he was unacquainted: during the meantime, he stopped during the night at an inn near the forks of the road. The innkeeper was a fine gentleman, and, no doubt, of one of the *first families of the Old Dominion*. Knowing who his distinguished guest was, he endeavored during the evening to draw him into a conversation, but failed in all his efforts. But in the morning, when Mr. Randolph was ready to start, he called for his bill, which, on being presented, was paid. The landlord, still anxious to have some conversation with him, began as follows:

"'Which way are you traveling, Mr. Randolph?'

"'Sir?' said Mr. Randolph, with a look of displeasure.

"'I asked,' said the landlord, 'which way are you traveling?'

"'Have I paid you my bill?'

"'Yes.'

"'Do I owe you any thing more?'

"'No.'

"'Well, I'm going just where I please; do you understand?'

"'Yes.'

"The landlord by this time got somewhat excited, and Mr. Randolph drove off. But to the landlord's surprise, in a few minutes sent one of the servants to inquire which of the forks of the road to take. Mr. Randolph not being out of hearing distance, the landlord spoke at the top of his breath, 'Mr. Randolph, you don't owe me one cent; just take which road you please.'

"It is said that the air turned blue with the curses of Randolph."

ACCORDING to Michaud, the traveler, there is a

singular funeral custom in Egypt, which seems to us as beautiful as it is poetical. The procession bearing the corpse to the cemetery pauses before the doors of the friends of the deceased, to bid them a last farewell, and before those of his enemies, to effect a reconciliation before they are parted forever. It was on this theme that a writer in Blackwood's Magazine, some twenty years ago, penned, among others, the following admirable lines:

"Rest ye—set down the bier,
One he loved dwelleth here.
Let the dead lie
A moment that door beside,
Wont to fly open wide
Ere he drew nigh.

"Hearken!—he speaketh yet—
'Oh, friend! wilt thou forget
(Friend more than brother!)
How hand in hand we've gone,
Heart with heart linked in one—
All to each other?

"'Oh, friend! I go from thee,
Where the worm feasteth free,
Darkly to dwell.
Giv'st thou no parting kiss?
Friend! is it come to this?
Oh, friend, farewell!'

"Uplift your load again,
Take up the mourning strain!
Pour the deep wail!
Lo! the expected one
To his place passeth on—
Grave! bid him hail.

"Here dwells his mortal foe;
Lay the departed low,
Even at his gate.—
Will the dead speak again?
Utt'ring proud boasts and vain,
Last words of hate?

"Lo! the cold lips unclose.—
List! list! what sounds are those,
Plaintive and low?
'Oh thou, mine enemy!
Come forth and look on me
Ere hence I go.

"'Curse not thy foeman now.
Mark! on this pallid brow
Whose seal is set!
Pard'ning I pass away.—
Then—wage not war with clay—
Pardon—forget.'"

This will remind the reader of the beautiful words of Irving, in his "Rural Funerals:" "Who can look down upon the grave, even of an enemy, and not feel a compunctious throb that he should ever have warred with the poor handful of earth that lies mouldering before him?"

"THE Drawer" is hardly a place where its readers would be likely to look with the expectation of encountering a sermon; but here is one by an old and eccentric English divine, that is so brief, terse, and to the point, that we can not resist the inclination to print it. Many a discourse of an hour's length has contained not half its impressive inculcations:

"'Be sober, grave, temperate.'—TITUS ii. 9.

"I. There are three companions with whom you should always keep on good terms.

"*First*, Your Wife.

"*Second*, Your Stomach.

"*Third*, Your Conscience.

"II. If you wish to enjoy peace, long life, and happiness, preserve them by temperance. Intemperance produces:

"*First*, Domestic misery.

"*Second*, Premature death.

"*Third*, Infidelity.

"To make these points clear, I refer you:

"*First*, To the Newgate Calendar.

"*Second*, To the hospitals, lunatic asylums, and work-houses.

"*Third*, To the past experience of what you have seen, read, and suffered, in mind, body, and estate.

"Reader, *decide!* which will you choose? TEMPERANCE, with happiness and long life; or INTEMPERANCE, with misery and premature death?"

FROM among the "*Odds-and-Ends*" in our receptacle is the following passage from a record thus entitled, which describes the pursuits of an idle metropolitan "observer" in a manner that would have done no discredit to "Elia:"

"If I discover a fight in the street, I join the ring and take upon myself the duties of master of ceremonies. I hold the hats and coats of the combatants (for I am sorry to say that some of my fellow-citizens are not to be trusted with such articles, they having the unworthy habit of abstracting from them handkerchiefs and pocket-books, and sometimes even disappearing with the articles themselves), keep the circle wide and roomy, pull a man off when he has got his antagonist down, see that there is no gouging or biting, and in a general way conduct the affair in such a manner that each party has fair play.

"I am always on hand when a man is run over, or falls from a building, help carry him to the nearest apothecary's shop, and am always one of those remaining inside when the door is closed. By these means I have an opportunity of seeing where the man is hurt, and what are his prospects of recovery, what remedies are applied, and how he bears his misfortune; and thus gain a great deal of useful information.

"I attend the parades of the 'Light Guards' and the 'Tompkins Blues,' see them go through their performances, their manœuvres and drills, and thus pick up a little knowledge of the art of war, to place at the service of my country in time of need. When the 'Brass Band' comes out with these companies, I am not too proud to march along with the boys on the side-walk, and keep step with the music. It does me good. It excites my martial spirit; it arouses my 'American feelings;' it makes me think of the Revolution: it calls to mind the 'times that tried men's souls;' in short, it makes me a more patriotic citizen and a greater lover of my country.

"I attend all the fires. I am an honorary member of Number Fourteen, and am in favor of retaining in his office the present chief engineer. I only work at the engine when there is a lack of hands, my general occupation at fires being of a supervisory character. I help females and small children to escape from the flames, take care of valuable packages that are thrown into the streets, pick up pieces of china and looking-glasses, that are cast down for preservation from the upper stories, and see how a stop is finally put to the flames.

"I go very frequently to funerals—particularly if there are carriages in attendance. When I see an invitation in the newspapers, closing thus: '☞ Carriages in front of Saint Paul's at precisely four, P.M. ☜' I am punctual to the minute, select a good hack, and oftentimes mourn as sincerely for a man I never saw, as those whom he loved when living, and *remembered* when dying.

"It is my delight to take a seat on the stone foundation of the iron fence opposite the Museum, and listen to the music that is there nightly discoursed. Our audience is large, and not perhaps

what would be called 'select.' But we are all amateurs, and really and unaffectedly fond of music. We assemble, not to show ourselves, 'to see and be seen,' but to hear. Any little difficulties that it might naturally be supposed would arise about seats, are avoided by the high-toned and conciliatory spirit of the audience. The regulations of the street are well settled and well known. There are no 'front seats reserved for the ladies,' no 'private boxes;' no seats taken in Box No. 2, or No. 13; no cries of "Hats off in front," and no calls of "Trallope!" All is decency and order. Every thing is regulated by the great and glorious principle of *equality*. The gentleman who first gets the best seat keeps it as long as he pleases, and when he vacates it, the one who happens to be nearest takes it. The best seats are on the foundation of the fence, and as I usually go early, I generally secure one of these. Next to these, the curb-stone is considered the most eligible. After these come the leaning-places, such as lamp-posts, the fence, etc. The performance commences at "early candle-lighting," and continues generally until about eleven o'clock. The well-known modesty of the performers forbids me to speak of them in the terms my gratitude would prompt; but I may be permitted to remark, that better music can no where be had for less money. If I might be allowed to make a distinction, where distinctions are always invidious, I would say that the gentleman who performs on the clarionet, and he who blows the French horn, are both of them performers of peculiar power and great wind."

Hasn't this "the smack" of some of the very best humorists of the old English school?

CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR DRAWER.

We happened to be supping at the Tontine Hotel, New Haven, the other evening, with a Hibernian friend somewhat known in the political and literary world. A dish which had contained stewed oysters was before us—but the oysters had already been appropriated, and nothing but the soup remained. At length, after long exploration with a fork, our companion drew out a diminutive clam from the depths of the savory fluid, and at once exclaimed, to our intense horror (for we are pun-haters upon principle), "*de profundis clamavi!*" ("de profundis clam have I!")

The following curious epitaph is said to be inscribed upon a monument in Lichfield church, Hants, England:

"The Hvsband, speakinge trewly of his wife,
Read his losse in hir death, hir praise in life.

Heare Lucie Quinsie Bromfield buried lies,
With neighbours sad deep weepinge, hartes, sighes, eyes.
Children eleven, tenne livinge, me she brought,
More kind, trewe, chaste was noane, in deed, word, thought.
Howse, children, state, by hir was rul'd, bred, thrives.
One of the best of maides, of women, wives,
Now gone to God, her heart sent long before;
In fasting, prayer, faith, hope, and alms' deedes stoare.
If anie fault, she loved me too much.
Ah, pardon that, for there are too fewe such!
Then, reader, if thou not hard-hearted bee,
Praise God for hir, but sighe and praie for mee.

Here by hir dead, I dead desire to lie,
Till, rais'd to life, we meet no more to die
1618."

A certain honorable member of the House of Commons, in the course of a speech said, "the paper which *lays* on the table," but was immediately corrected by another honorable member, who said, "the honorable member should say *lie*, hens *lay*." In the course of the evening, the second honorable member was on his legs, and at the end of his speech said, "with these observations I shall *set* down;" but the first retorted on him with the correction, "the honorable member should say *sit*, hens *set*."

The following curious piece of information is extracted from an English Journal.

Weight of American revolutionary officers.

On the 10th August, 1778, the American officers at West Point were weighed, with the following result:

	lbs.		lbs.
Gen. Washington	209	Col. Michael Jackson	252
Gen. Lincoln	224	Col. Henry Jackson	238
Gen. Knox	280	Lt. Col. Huntingdon	212
Gen. Huntingdon	182	Lt. Col. Cobb	182
Gen. Greaton	166	Lt. Col. Humphreys	221
Col. Swift	319		

Only three of the eleven weighed less than two hundred pounds—a result which does not confirm the Abbé Raynal's theory of the deterioration of mankind in America.

We often hear of the "Solid Men of Boston," but we very much doubt if our Yankee friends themselves are aware that this is the title of a song, by Captain Morris, in the "*Asylum for Fugitive Pieces*," published by Debrett, 1786, 12mo, vol. ii. p. 246. It is otherwise entitled "Billy Pitt and the Farmer," and begins:

"Sit down, neighbors all, and I'll tell a merry story,
About a British farmer and Billy Pitt the Tory,
I had it piping hot from Ebenezer Barber,
Who sailed right from England, and lies in Boston harbor."

It describes very amusingly an incident which was reported to have occurred to Pitt and Dundas, on their return from a convivial meeting at "Daddy Jenky's," and was for a long time a very popular song.

There exists another song, set to music, directed against the Prince of Wales, Charles Fox, and their party. It begins:

"Come, listen neighbors all, and I'll tell you a story,
About a disappointed Whig who wants to be a Tory.
I had it from his bosom-friend, who very soon is going
To Botany for seven years, for something he's been doing."

It ended:

"Solid men of Brighton, look to your houses;
Solid men of Brighton, take care of your spouses;
Solid men of Brighton, go to bed at sun-down,
And do not lose your money to the blacklegs of London."

Which is the earlier version, we are unable to say.

It is said that Charles I., on looking at a portrait of himself the day before his execution, made this anagram on the *Carolus Rex* inscribed on it, *Cras ero lux*. Again, Henry IV., of France, is said to have made the anagram, *Je charme tout*, on the famous *Marie Touchet*.

The following lines are often written in Bibles, and other works of a devotional nature:

"This is Giles Wilkinson, his book.
God give him grace therein to look:
Nor yet to look, but understand,
That learning's better than house and land:
For when both house and land are spent,
Then learning is most excellent."

THE following formula used to be much used in the country:

"John Smith is my name,
America my nation,
—— is my dwelling-place,
But Christ is my salvation.
And when I'm dead and in the grave,
And all my bones are rotten;
This when you see, remember me,
Though I am long forgotten."

Another in Latin used to be very common, and reminds us of the "Stolen from No. — Broadway," so commonly inscribed upon ash-boxes in our good city of Gotham.

"Gideon Snooks,
Ejus liber.
Si quis furetur,
Per collum pendetur,
Similis huic pauperi animali."

Here follows a figure of an unfortunate individual suspended "in malam crucem."

THE wags at Washington have found a new reading for the following well-known lines:

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

It appears that the correct version is—

"Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the faults I see,
That *Marcy* I to others show,
That *Marcy* show to me."

WE heard a capital story related the other day of a practical joke played last winter, by one of the newly-elected members of Congress from this city. We believe that it has never appeared in print, but even if it has, it is so good that it will bear repeating. It seems that the proprietor of an establishment, somewhere in the neighborhood of the City Hall, had a pet crow, which, to the great grief of its owner, breathed its last one evening last December, of a chronic plethoric condition, induced by long surfeiting. Our new candidate for legislative honors happened to be present at the decease, and after condoling with the family in a tone of mock gravity, proposed that a coroner's inquest should be held over the corpse. This suggestion provoked a good deal of merriment, and resulted in the proposal of a bet by our waggish M. C. that he would bring the coroner to the spot that very night, with twelve chosen men, to sit upon the departed bird. The bet was accepted, and off started the proposer in search of the required functionary. It was one of the bitterest nights of the winter. Both snow and sleet were driving furiously—the pavement was coated with ice, and the air was as raw as in Siberia. Nothing daunted by the unpropitious weather, our friend, enveloped in his cloak, proceeded directly to the residence of the assistant coroner, somewhere not very far up town. This inferior officer he found at home, but the superior had already gone to his residence in the upper part of the city. "That is particularly unfortunate," remarked the wag; "his presence is immediately required for an inquest upon the body of a gentleman of the highest distinction who an hour since fell dead in front of ——'s house."

"God bless me! who is it?"

"The famous Colonel Crow, who served with so much distinction in the Mexican war, and who, you will recollect, was aid-de-camp to Scott from Vera Cruz to the capital."

"Crow—Crow—I don't remember.

"How, sir! are you so ignorant of your country s history, that you do not recollect the gallant charge of Colonel Crow at the head of the forlorn hope at Chapultepec?"

"Let me see—let me see—oh, yes: well, I do begin to recollect indistinctly—yes, yes—I remember the circumstance now perfectly. You don't say that he has fallen dead! What is to be done?"

"Why, there is but one thing to be done—you must take a carriage and go for the coroner—it would never do to wait till the morning. I will remain here until you return."

This piece of advice was immediately followed. In due course of time, back came the vehicle, with the coroner in it. He had been found by his assistant "tucked in" for the night, and was at first unwilling to "turn out." But when his recollection of the feats of Colonel Crow had become as distinct as that of his deputy, he immediately understood that so eminent a personage must not be neglected. The member from the —— district jumped into the carriage with the official, and the coachman was directed to drive toward the scene of the accident.

"Don't you think," said ——, after a pause, "that we would do well to pick up the jury on our way down?"

The coroner assented to the propriety of the course proposed, and seeing a light in a window hard by (it was now past midnight), the coachman was directed to stop in front of the door. On entering the house, a jolly, paunchy Englishman was found consoling himself after the labors of the day with a pipe and mug of ale. The occasion of the visit was stated, and the Britisher requested to step into the carriage. He protested—refused—and was only induced at last grumblingly to comply by a threat of force. Once more the carriage started, and other jurors were picked up from among the pedestrians still in the streets, until in a short time the vehicle became full. Then there was nothing to be done but to walk the rest of the way, as more jurors must be had. The weather, far from moderating, had become worse than ever, and it was as dismal a party as could well be seen that, somewhere in the small hours of the morning, entered the house of grief. The corpse was in a back room, and before entering the apartment of death, —— proposed that the coroner should swear his jury, that no time might be unnecessarily lost. This was accordingly done with all becoming solemnity, and then the doors were thrown open, and they were ushered into the funeral chamber. A bed stood in the room, and under a sheet was seen the accurately defined form of a human body. Many sententious remarks were made by the "sworn men and true," upon the uncertain tenure of human life, after which —— slowly walked to the bed, pulled down the sheet, and exposed the sable bird of night extended upon a pillow! The scene that followed can be imagined—the indignation—the swearing—the threatening. The big Englishman pitched into the coroner, stopping between every blow to ask him how he dare personate so respectable a functionary, and in his name call honest men from their firesides, to be the victims of so outrageous a hoax. The poor coroner could not make it be believed that he was a victim himself. A miscellaneous scrimmage ensued, in the midst of which the author of the whole misunderstanding took occasion quietly to withdraw.

Literary Notices.

Charles B. Norton has issued another magnificent volume, by CHARLES B. STUART, Engineer in Chief of the United States Navy, containing a description of *The Naval and Mail Steamers of the United States*, and forming an appropriate companion to his previous excellent work on the *Naval Dry Docks*. In this volume we have an extensive collection of details in regard to the origin and progress of our National Steam Marine, illustrated by a variety of well executed engravings. The plan of the work includes a minute history of the different naval steamers that have been constructed or purchased by the United States Government since 1813, a period of forty years, together with an account of the steamers now employed in the mail service, with elaborate and detailed specifications. In the course of the work, a gratifying proof is presented of the rapid progress of naval architecture in this country, in connection with steam, and the high degree of perfection which the art has already attained. It is scarcely three years since the pioneer steamer Atlantic, of the Collins line, made her first voyage over the ocean from which she derives her name. During this time the ships of that celebrated line have made good their claim to unrivalled speed, excellence of model, and beauty of internal arrangement. A clear idea of these admirable vessels, which are justly the objects of national pride, can be obtained by every reader from Mr. Stuart's lucid and thorough descriptions. In point of elegant workmanship, this volume is fully equal to its predecessor, and reflects the highest credit on the printers, engravers, and bookbinders, who have had a hand in its preparation. A more perfect specimen of the typographical art has rarely if ever proceeded from the American press.

Mrs. PULSZKY's long-expected work on American society has been published by Redfield, with the title of *White, Red, and Black*, showing that it treats of the races of those three different colors. The title-page bears the names both of Mrs. Pulszky and her husband, the latter contributing the due amount of political speculation, statistical statements, and the more heavy portions in general; while the lady confines her nimble pen to descriptions of scenery, manners, and character, narratives of passing events, criticisms of society, and personal sketches. The tone of the work, which of course would be highly favorable to liberal principles in politics, is for the most part catholic and free from prejudice, although the authors have been betrayed into numerous errors of detail, which is not surprising, when we take into view the rapidity of their tour, and the inherent disadvantage of speaking a foreign language. In his political remarks, Mr. Pulszky evidently aims at impartiality as regards different parties and different sections of the country. He has not lent himself to any exclusive influences—has observed freely and boldly with his own eyes—and calmly brings forward the results at which he has arrived by processes of reflection. Even his comments on slavery as it exists in the United States, show no tincture of the bitterness and acerbity which are often expressed on this subject by European travelers. "Declamations against the institution uttered by foreigners," he wisely observes, "are of no use," and as wisely abstaining from them, views the question only on the broad grounds of political economy.

But the most readable portions of the work are Mrs. Pulszky's naïve confessions of the impressions she received from the various aspects of American society. In New York she was struck with the extravagant dresses of the ladies who figure in Broadway, the free-and-easy manners of the children, and the motley, though monotonous architecture of the streets. The hotel-life, which is so much in fashion here, seemed to her exceedingly awkward. She could never accustom herself to its want of privacy, nor understand how it was possible for people who might have homes of their own, to herd together in a hotel.

On arriving at Philadelphia, the first thing was to make acquaintance with the famous oysters and terrapins of that city, which she discusses with proper unction, while she soon after gets a view of the neatness and simplicity that characterize the spacious Quaker streets. The city did not impress her as beautiful or attractive; she felt the want of public monuments; every one in the streets looked too much pre-occupied; even the rosy faces of the young girls had an air of precocious seriousness. She was better pleased with Baltimore. The city gave her the impression of sprightly gayety; the red brick houses had a cheerful look; the people were wide awake, as they moved to and fro in the streets. The negro women, with their gaudy costume of purple, yellow, and blue, clustering together in hilarious groups, and talking over the affairs of the day, gave vivacity to the scene, and reminded one of the glowing South, in spite of the masses of snow and ice which obstructed the paths. The aspect of the population was freer and more joyous than at the North. The gentlemen were more lively and communicative in their conversation; the ladies were exquisitely beautiful, with dazzling skin, rich hair, brilliant eyes, and ruby lips; at once stately and graceful in their deportment; skilled in music: no wonder that "their society was most pleasant."

Our fair tourist, strange to say, was disappointed in New Orleans. It had not the aspect of a Southern city. No balconies, few verandas, no flat roofs as in Italy, no public fountains, and with but little shade from the squares and gardens. For so hot a climate, the people cared little for refreshment. The ices are bad, and few called for. The gentlemen are too much absorbed in business, speculations, and politics, to mind the temperature. They are out at all hours—chewing, smoking, drinking, and walking about the streets, at noon as well as night; but the ladies are rarely to be seen before sunset. In the theatre, dressed in white, with garlands and nosegays of fresh flowers, they present a spectacle of surpassing loveliness.

Passing through Massachusetts, on the way to Boston, the travelers were charmed with the picturesque cultivation of the Connecticut River valley, though the soil is poor compared with the Western bottoms. The verdant hedges and light wooden palings were an agreeable change from the huge rail-fences that give a rough aspect to Western scenery. The country reminded them more of Europe than any thing they had yet seen on this side the ocean. Northampton was a gem of beauty, with its stately houses, surrounded by rich groups of ancient elms and maples. The views in the vicinity were like some of the loveliest valleys of the Maine in Germany.

In this lively, gossiping manner, the work hits off the characteristics of many of the most interesting portions of the United States. We have no doubt that it will be read with interest every where;

and its kindly spirit will redeem it from harsh censure on account of its frequent errors.

A new *Universal Atlas*, by J. W. Lowry, an eminent English geographer, has been published by Harper and Brothers, containing one hundred Maps of the various countries of the world, with a convenient and copious Index. These maps are constructed on proportional scales, which are distinguished by precise indications, and afford every facility for ready and accurate comparison of different portions of the earth's surface. They are executed with remarkable neatness, and embodying the latest geographical discoveries, will be found highly valuable both for seminaries of learning and the private student.

Lippincott, Grambo, and Co. have published a popular legal work entitled *Elements of the Laws*, by Thomas L. Smith, a former Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Indiana. It presents a brief digest of the system of civil and criminal law in force in the United States, affording a knowledge of the various branches of practice, convenient, no doubt, to a large class of persons, who have not the leisure or inclination to master more voluminous works. The principles discussed are, for the most part, elucidated with perfect clearness; the language is simple and precise; there is no parade of technical terms; on the contrary, every thing is brought down to the common level, although, as is often the case in works by professional writers for popular use, too much is taken for granted as regards the previous knowledge of the reader. Several points are passed over too slightly—several are altogether omitted—which though too familiar to the jurist to need explanation, involve the very questions on which an uninformed reader might the most earnestly wish for light. However, in law as in medicine, the man who would escape without burning his fingers, had better trust to a discreet adviser.

Three Tales, translated from the French of the Countess D'Arbourville, by Maunsell B. Field, M. A. In tenderness and pathos, these exquisite stories are scarcely inferior to *Paul and Virginia*. The writer is a French lady of rank, who has employed her leisure hours in the composition of various works of the imagination, without any view to bringing them before the public. The present tales, entitled *Christine van Amberg*, *Resignation*, and *The Village Doctor*, were printed for private circulation; but soon after their appearance, they attracted the attention of the highest critical authorities, and won the most glowing tributes of admiration. Free from the unnatural sentiment and immoral tendencies of a large portion of modern French romance, they exhibit an inimitable portraiture of refined and beautiful passion, in a style of singular sweetness, simplicity, and power. The translator has shown equal good taste in the selection of the stories, and in clothing them with such an appropriate English costume. His version is imbued, to a remarkable degree, with the spirit of the original. While closely following the language of the author, it abounds in frequent felicities of expression, and natural, idiomatic turns, which give it almost the air of a new composition. Mr. Field well deserves the gratitude of his countrymen for opening to them such a delightful and unexpected vein of French literature. (Harper and Brothers.)

The Bourbon Prince. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This little work, giving the history of the Royal Dauphin, Louis XVII. of France, is condensed from the recent elaborate work of M. Beauchesne, who has made the fate of the Dauphin the subject of profound investigation for several years. His volumes contain a multiplicity of details which have not before been given to the public; they are sustained by authentic evidence, and leave no room for doubt that the unfortunate son of Marie Antoinette died from the barbarous treatment he had received from his jailers, toward the close of the last century.

The Dauphin was born March 27th, 1785, and succeeded to the title by the death of his elder brother, about four years afterward. At that time, he was a child of remarkable beauty. His form was of delicate and graceful proportions; his forehead large and open; his clear blue eye, fringed with long, dark eyelashes, of exquisite sweetness; his complexion had the fresh colors of the rose; his light flaxen hair curled in natural ringlets upon his shoulders. His manners, even at that early day, charmed all beholders. He displayed equal precocity of intellect and amiableness of disposition. Never was a child more tenderly attached to his mother. He had a great love of study, and made rapid progress in the various branches of education. But his career was soon interrupted by the storms of the revolution. He early became acquainted with sorrow, by the outrages inflicted upon his father and mother. During the imprisonment of the Royal family in the Temple, his character rapidly developed. He appeared to have no regrets for the Tuileries or Versailles, and never mentioned their names. He seemed to forget his playthings and the tastes of childhood. After the execution of Louis, the Dauphin was separated from his mother by the Committee of Public Safety. He was borne to another part of the tower, and committed to the charge of his tutor, the brutal Simon.

This man was a shoemaker by trade. The ferocity of his disposition was expressed in the hideousness of his appearance. He was about fifty-seven years of age, of inferior stature, thick set, with a swarthy complexion, and black hair, which grew down to his eyebrows, harsh, bushy whiskers, and a repulsive expression of countenance. His wife was about the same age, very fat, and very ugly, with a complexion as coarse and dark as her husband's. Under these terrible guardians the child suffered every indignity. He was often subjected to cruel blows. His health, at length, gave way under his persecutions. His body suffered as much from weakness as his mind did from grief, but as yet his moral condition preserved its innocence. He was deprived of his books, and of all the means of mental improvement. His forced idleness increased his sufferings. Without any diversion, he gave himself up to sad thoughts and recollections. His books were used by Simon to light his pipe. His writing materials were thrown helter-skelter into a corner. His playthings were broken or thrown away. He was plied with revolutionary songs, coarse and bloody jokes, and dreadful oaths. It was the wish of his tyrants to destroy his moral feelings, as well as his intellect and his bodily vigor.

Simon compelled the Prince to wait upon him at table, and to descend to the most vile and humiliating offices. To the ill-treatment of the child, was added a free indulgence in wine, in order to omit no effort both to destroy his body and corrupt his heart. He was never addressed but with an oath—never commanded but with a threat—and every attempt was made to force him to sing obscene verses and regicide songs. In consequence of this treatment, the Prince had become much changed. The elasticity of childhood was gone. He was spiritless, feeble, and inanimate. His expression, once so radiant with joy, was sad; his fresh and rosy com-

plexion was yellow; his limbs were stretched out beyond their usual proportion; his back was bent; and he had almost lost the power of sleep.

After the death of the Queen, he was removed from the care of Simon. No successor was appointed. For the sake of better security, he was confined in a single room, without fire or light. He was thrust into this prison January 21, 1794. During the period of his confinement here, he never breathed the air of heaven, and hardly saw the light of day, except through his iron bars. He did not even see the hand that doled out to him his scanty food, and heard no sound but the harsh grating of the locks, except at night, when he was told by a rude voice that it was time for him to go to bed. Many days, many weeks, many months passed on in this way. His body and mind had both suffered greatly from want of air, neglect, and solitary confinement. His hands could hardly lift the crockery plate which held his food, nor his jug of water, which were put upon the shelf of the wicket by a kitchen servant, who was forbidden to speak a word to the prisoner. For some time, the child had ceased to sweep his room. He was no longer able to move the straw mattress of his bed, nor to change the sheets, which were soiled by constant use. He had no clean linen—his clothes were all in tatters—nor could he wash or clean himself. He was now so feeble, that he could scarcely move. The remains of his food were scattered about on the floor, or on his bed, and his room was infested with rats, mice, spiders, and all kinds of vermin.

In July, a person named Laurent was appointed guardian to the children in the Temple. He was a man of education, of considerable intellect, and of refined manners. On being taken to the apartment of the Prince, he was almost poisoned by the foul atmosphere which came through the iron bars. The officers called on the child to get up, but no noise or threats could make him stir. They could only see through the grating, by the dim light of the lantern, something like a living object crouched on the bed. The door was broken open. A horrible sight was presented to the visitors. On a filthy bed, in this dark room, the air of which reeked with corruption, lay the child, half covered with some scraps of dirty linen and an old pair of ragged trowsers, unable to move, his back crooked, his face wan and sad with grief, his lips colorless, his cheeks hollow, and his complexion of a sickly greenish hue. His large eyes, protruding from his brow, were made more conspicuous by the emaciation of his face, and had darkened into a dull, leaden tint, instead of their former soft and brilliant blue. His head and neck were eaten up with open ulcers; his legs were elongated out of all proportion with his small, meagre body; his wrists and knees were covered with black and blue swellings; and the nails of his hands and feet had grown like birds' claws. He was covered with filth and overrun with vermin.

Laurent was struck with compassion. He was determined to relieve the condition of the child as far as it was in his power. The Prince was removed to another room. Laurent ordered him a bath, and some clean linen—his hair was cut and combed—and he was placed on a comfortable bed. A surgeon was sent for to dress his sores. He was provided with a complete new suit of clothes. The wretched child did not know what to make of such kindness. An assistant to Laurent was now appointed. His name was Gomin. He was a mild, kind-hearted man, and was greatly overcome when he saw the misery and suffering of the Prince. He was able to make some favorable changes in his condition, but soon after the health of the child began to decline more rapidly. He had frequent attacks of fever, and the swelling of his knees and wrists increased. He could hardly walk, and Gomin and Laurent were frequently obliged to carry him in their arms.

Laurent, at length, requested to be relieved from his duties in the Temple, and a new guardian, named Lasne, was appointed in March, 1795. He was a house-painter by trade, a good-natured man, but with considerable force of character. He was untiring in his services. He did every thing in his power to enliven and amuse the Prince, whose disease now made rapid strides. The fatal moment was at hand. The government was informed of the danger. On the 6th of May, M. Dessault, an eminent surgeon of Paris, was summoned to attend the prisoner. On his arrival at the tower, he examined him carefully, and prescribed some simple remedies. He was of opinion that the Prince was affected with scrofula, but that the disease might yet be checked. He advised sending the patient into the country, where, with change of scene, fresh air, and careful treatment, he might revive. They had great difficulty in persuading him to take his medicines. His weakness now became extreme. It gave him too much pain to walk. Lasne would carry him out, however, every fine day upon the platform of the tower. During M. Dessault's attendance for a fortnight, no benefit was received by the Prince. His weakness and prostration increased. He did not speak, but expressed by his face and gestures his gratitude for the good physician's care. Meantime, M. Dessault did not come as usual, and it was found that he had died on the 1st of June. For this reason, the Prince remained for six days without any medical attendant. M. Pelletan was then sent for. But he found his patient in a hopeless condition. He did, however, what he could for his relief. The child was removed into an airy chamber. On the 7th of June, M. Dumangin, another physician, came to the tower, to consult with M. Pelletan. They found the patient weak, and evidently passing away. They could do nothing. In the evening, Gomin found him somewhat brighter. At night, by the rules of the Temple, he was forced to remain alone. Lasne was the first to ascend to the room in the morning. Gomin was afraid to go, lest he should find the child dead. When the physician arrived, he was sitting up. The visit was a short one. Lasne thought him better, but he was undeceived by the physician, who reported him in a dangerous condition. When they had gone, Gomin took his place by the side of the bed, to which the patient had returned. He kneeled down by the child, and prayed fervently. The child took his hand, and pressed it to his lips. Gomin observed that he was still, and said to him, "I hope you do not suffer now."—"Oh, yes," replied the child, "I am suffering, but much less—the music is so sweet." There was no music either in the tower or neighborhood. No noise reached the chamber where the Prince was dying. Gomin asked him, in surprise, "Where do you hear the music?"—"Above."—"How long since?"—"Since you have been on your knees. Don't you hear it? Listen! listen!" And the child raised his feeble arms, and opened his large eyes lighted up with ecstasy. In a few moments, the child started again, exclaiming, in transport, "In the midst of all the voices I heard my mother's!" With his eye fixed as upon a vision, he seemed to listen to distant music. An instant after

he crossed his arms upon his breast, with an expression of sinking upon his face. His breathing was no longer painful; but his eye seemed to wander, looking from time to time toward the window. Lasne now came up from below to relieve Gomin. As he took his seat by the bed, the Prince looked at him for a long time with a fixed and dreamy gaze. At last he said, "Do you think my sister has heard the music? How happy it would have made her?" He then said, "I have one thing to tell you." Lasne approached and took his hand. He listened to hear what he wished to say. But in vain. His last words had been spoken. He dropped his head upon the breast of his guardian, who laying his hand upon his heart found that it had ceased to beat.

Thus perished, June 8th, 1795, the unhappy heir of the crown of France. His brief, eventful history is fully set forth in this volume, which apart from its value as an authentic record of the Dauphin's fate, possesses the charm of a romance in the touching beauty and tragic pathos of its narrative.

Ticknor, Reed, and Fields have issued three additional volumes of their beautiful edition of DE QUINCEY'S *Writings*, containing *Essays on the Poets and other English Writers, and Historical and Critical Essays*. No previous volume of this erratic author contains richer specimens of racy speculation, audacious criticism, or learned whimsicalities. The grave humor of his illustrations is an admirable foil to the hair-splitting subtlety of his analysis, and the frequent profoundness of his reflections. Among the subjects treated of in these volumes, are "The Poetry of Wordsworth," "The Philosophy of Roman History," "The Essenes," "Homer and the Homeridae," "Cicero," "Style," "Rhetoric," "Secret Societies;" but it is rarely that the title of the essay furnishes any clew to the course of thought in which the writer will indulge before its close.

The third edition of CICERO'S *Brutus*, edited by Professor BECK, has been issued by John Bartlett, Cambridge. The whole work, text as well as notes, has been subjected to a careful revision.

The same publisher has brought out a translation of STÖCKHARDT'S *Chemical Field Lectures for Agriculturists*, edited by JAMES E. TESCHEMACHES. This work is intended as a popular treatise on agricultural chemistry, and comprises the results that have been established by the latest discoveries. A great amount of valuable information on the practical details of husbandry is presented in an intelligible manner, and is suited to engage the attention of the actual cultivator no less than of the scientific amateur. The interest and utility of the work are enhanced by the judicious notes of the editor, whose eminence as a scientific horticulturist is well known to the public.

Tales of the Southern Border, by C. W. WEBBER. (Published by Lippincott, Grambo, and Co.) A new series of Border Tales by one of our most graphic delineators of Southwestern manners and scenery. It embraces several fugitive sketches, now published for the first time, together with a selection from the tales which have already appeared, but which are here presented in a revised and more perfect form. Mr. Webber writes in most cases from personal experience. But where he has not been an immediate actor in the scenes which he describes, he is so familiar with similar incidents, as to give an air of remarkable freshness and reality to his narrative.

Principles of Organic and Physiological Chemistry, translated from the German of Dr. CARL LÖWIG, by DANIEL BREED, M.D. (Published by A. Hart). This admirable treatise, which was designed as an introduction to the voluminous work of the author on Organic Chemistry, presents a complete though succinct view of the subject in all its manifold and profound relations. It has been prepared expressly for laboratories, medical and scientific schools, colleges, and so forth, and no competent judge can turn over its leaves without perceiving its remarkable adaptation to the purpose. Containing not only all the old facts, but also the recent discoveries which relate to the products both of the animal and vegetable kingdom, it endeavors to ascend to the primitive law, which unites such a vast mass of materials in a vital unity. As a rare model of thorough scientific discussion and statement, we rejoice to see this work in a form which will make it accessible to the American student. The translator has overcome the uncommon difficulties of his task with intelligence and skill.

Harper and Brothers have published a new novel by EMILY CARLEN, entitled *The Lover's Stratagem*, filled with naïve and lively representations of Swedish life.

MACAULAY has been elected a member of the French Academy in place of Dr. LINGARD. Two candidates were proposed, MACAULAY by GUIZOT, and GROTE by DE TOCQUEVILLE. In France, Macaulay's reputation must have justified his election; if it were not justified by his nearer affinity to what Frenchmen have been taught to consider the true historic type. The brilliant style, and easy, yet abundant erudition of Macaulay, assimilate him more to the French type; while the laborious, deep-thinking, but somewhat cumbrous work of Grote, reminds us more of the German type.

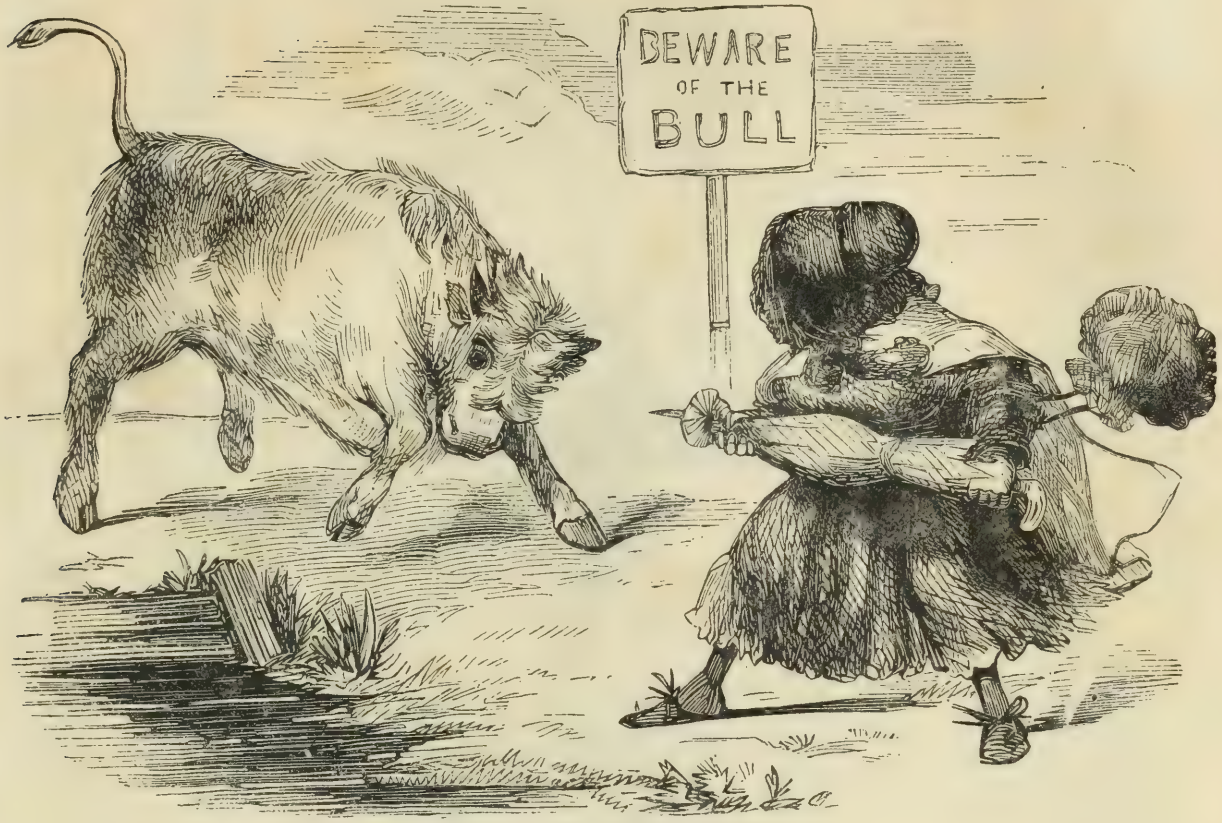
CHARLES DICKENS hitherto has not had any thing like the popularity in France which might have been expected from his immense renown in England and the United States. His *David Copperfield*, however, has made a decided hit—it is already in its third edition, and its popularity will no doubt cause the French to receive any of his future works with equal favor, and perhaps even to begin to admire those of the past. The translator of *Copperfield* is M. AMEDEE PICHOT, the well-known editor of the *Revue Britannique*, and the translator of Lord BYRON; but he has thought fit, for some reason which we do not pretend to understand, to change the title to the somewhat silly one of *The Nephew of My Aunt*.

A complete, minute, and exact map of France is about to be terminated, after thirty-five years' incessant labor, and at an expense of nearly $2,000,000. It has been executed by the officers of the staff and the engineers. It is the grandest work of the kind ever undertaken in any country of the world.

A complete collection of the *Literary Works of the Emperor Napoleon the Great* is being made at Paris. Napoleon, when young, was not unambitious of gaining literary reputation, and he employed his pen on tales and essays. Among them are *A Roman Corse;* a series of *Notes on my Infancy and Youth;* a tale or play called *The Earl of Essex; The Mask*, an Eastern tale; *Giulio*, a sentimental tale; and *A Dialogue on Love*, rather free in thought and expression.

A Translation of Mr. MACAULAY'S *Essays*, &c., has appeared in German, at Brunswick, in 6 vols. The sixth volume contains the *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

Comicalities, Original and Selected.



OH! GOOD GRACIOUS!



OBJECTIONABLE CHILD.—"Lor! Pa, are you going to Smoke? My eye: won't you catch it when Ma comes home, for making the Curtains smell!"



FIRST SPORTSMAN.—My Gun went off by Accident. I'm very sorry your Nose is spoilt—but I'll pay for a wax one?

SECOND SPORTSMAN.—Blow your wax Noses! I'd rather have my own! Get a wax Nose yourself, and see how you like it!



INDIVIDUAL (*who is not over strong in his head, or firm on his legs*). "D-D-D-D-oes Waltzing—ever—make—you—Giddy? Because, I—shall—be—happy—to—sit—down—whenever—you're—tired!"

GIRL (*who is in high dancing condition*). "Oh dear, No—I could Waltz all Night!"

Fashions for May.



FIGURES 1 AND 2.—WALKING DRESS, AND YOUNG LADY'S COSTUME.

THE month of May, like the early morning, or like opening youth, suggests ideas of freshness, simplicity, and grace. Whatever superficial observers may say of the fickleness of Fashion, her changes and variations are at bottom based upon a sense of the fitness of time, place, and occasion. This is really the first of the spring months, though the Almanac would persuade us that it is the last. It is the season of budding foliage and opening flowers; and costumes, in their way, should imitate nature. Hence good taste condemns the massy materials and ornate styles which are proper at other seasons, and enjoins a chaste and elegant simplicity in harmony with external nature. These characteristics are exemplified in the costumes which we now offer for the present month.

FIGURE 1.—WALKING DRESS of light purple silk; the skirt is very long and extremely full: it is woven *à disposition*, the stripes being pink, green, and white. Shawl of richly embroidered china crape, with very deep frings, above which is a narrow blue border, producing an extremely elegant effect. Bonnet of fancy straw, trimmed with black lace and narrow light purple velvet: the curtain is of white satin; and the strings of very broad satin ribbon.

FIGURE 2.—EVENING COSTUME for a young lady of sweet sixteen. The hair is arranged *à la Médicis;* the bandeaux are turned back and each terminates in a long cork-screw curl, which hangs down behind the ear, and falls on the neck. A moss rose with leaves and a bud is placed as an ornament above the hollow formed by the bandeau. Frock of white tartanelle. Body low and round at the waist, where it is slightly gathered behind and before, but is plain at top. Skirt rather ample, trimmed with ten small flounces between two and three inches deep, crimped and fastened down at intervals by slight stitches. At the edges of the body, sleeves, and each flounce, are sewed on flat, like braid, narrow ribbons of white satin, No. 1, but leaving a quarter of an inch of the tartan beyond it at the top of the body and on each flounce. Four tufts of roses without leaves ornament the front of the body; the lowest replacing the bow at the waist. A white satin ribbon, No. 22, forms a scarf, and is so arranged as to represent a round bertha behind, and revers in front. It is fastened at the waist and falls in long floating ends on skirt. A tulle habit-shirt covers the neck, and is gathered into an embroidered insertion and terminated by a narrow lace.



FIGURE 3.—HOME DRESS.

HOME DRESS.—Head-dress of hair. Orange *gros de Tours* robe; *corsage Elizabeth*, not quite high behind, and opening in a long V on the bosom; it terminates in a festooned *basquine;* there is a little fullness on the shoulder, and also at the bottom of the waist, which forms the shape in a most graceful manner: the corsage and *basquine* are trimmed with white *effile;* a butterfly bow at the bottom of the waist completes the trimming: the sleeves, tight at the top, gradually widen as they descend: there are four separate stages, each ornamented with stripes and *effile:* two deep flounces decorate the skirt, each bordered *en suite.*

Another very simple and unpretending costume for the carriage or promenade, may be styled the QUAKERESS. It is particularly adapted for materials of a dark or subdued color. The body is very high and plain behind; the front is formed of five small hollow plaits fastened on the epaulette and crossing on the breast. It is easy to conceive the graceful and unpretending effect produced by this simplicity of form, and how this crossing of the breasts sets off the body by widening the shoulders. The skirt follows the crossing or lapping over the body, and is trimmed with a band of velvet vandyked on each side. This trimming is repeated on the body, but then there is only one row of vandykes outside. The sleeves are quite straight, cut right down the stuff and trimmed like the rest of the dress.

This same toilet may be made of tarlalane for a young lady, and then it will be a family ball or evening party dress. The *Quakeress* body will be cut as follows: It will be low, square across the bosom, and then a fichu of tarlatane like the dress will be put on the body, high and formed of five crossed plaits. Sleeves short with regular plaits.

For full EVENING COSTUME, we have a robe of pink taffety; the skirt with two broad flounces of the same material. The flounces are scalloped at the edges, and above the scalloping there is a design of flowers, stamped in eyelet holes. A row of white lace, about four inches in breadth, is attached to the edge of each flounce. The corsage has a shawl bertha, descending in front of the waist. Like the flounces, it is edged with scalloping, and is stamped in an open pattern; below the scalloping there is a row of white lace. The short sleeves are formed of a silk frill, edged with stamping, and a lace frill under it. Round the waist there is a small basque of silk, and lace corresponding with the flounces and the other parts of the dress. The front piece of the corsage is composed of rows of lace and stamped silk set on the echille form. The head-dress consists of a net of gold, bordered with *dentelle d'or*, and on each side roses, with long pendent sprays. Demi-long white kid gloves, with trimmings of gold and silver passamenterie.

A very becoming DINNER DRESS has been made of light green satin: the front of the skirt trimmed with a double *bouillonée* of tulle, of the same color as the satin. These *bouillonées*, which widened at the bottom and became narrow and close together as they approached the waist, were interspersed with small bows of green satin ribbon, disposed in the quincunx form, and becoming progressively smaller and closer together as they ascended to the waist. The corsage, which was half-high, was trimmed with the same *bouillonées*, producing the effect of a bertha or *revers* round the top; and the ends of the sleeves were trimmed to correspond. The hair arranged in a double plait. The back hair disposed in plaits, and fixed by a large comb, placed very backward, near the nape of the neck. On one side of the head was a water-lily, made in crape.



FIGURE 4.—MORNING DRESS.

MORNING DRESS.—This needs no extended description. The cap is composed of black lace, and adorned with flowers. Robe of *gros de Naples;* the corsage made quite high in front, and trimmed with black lace.